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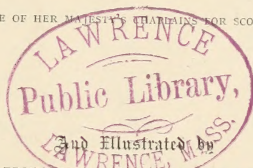
GOOD WORDS

FOR 1884

EDITED BY

DONALD MACLEOD, D.D.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS FOR SCOTLAND



H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE, GEORGE REID, R.S.A.,
L. LHERMITTE, G. L. SEYMOUR, M. LALANNE,
W. H. J. BOOT, G. MONTBARD, P. MACNAB, S. REID,
AND OTHERS

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Engraved by]

"A tall, white, graceful figure holding a lamp a little above her head."

[C. Roberts.

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PICTURES FROM AIX-LES-BAINS.

By H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE.

WITH NOTES BY THE EDITOR.



At Aix-les-Bains.

AIX-LES-BAINS is perhaps without a rival among European Spas, both on account of the extraordinary variety and power of the mineral waters which abound in the district, of which it is the chief town, and of the beauty of its scenery. Not a few of the most celebrated continental Spas are situated in such dull regions, that only the greater suffering of disease could ever induce any human being to endure the lesser infliction which the *ennui* of their depressing monotony imposes. They are trying enough places for the patients, who have to hobble or creep day by day, early and late, to the fountains, to swallow the prescribed tumbler of clear steel-sharp water, putting all the teeth

on edge, or to gulp down with wry face the addled-egg concoction of nature's laboratory, which is supposed to be so excellent for weak digestions. But such patients have their compensations. There is a certain satisfaction in the consciousness of duty carefully fulfilled. They may even enjoy the routine of bathing and drinking. They have to work out their own cure, and that work gives them some relief from the oppressive stupidity of their surroundings. When along with troops of fellow-sufferers they march in the maze of the morning and evening promenade round the Kiosk, under which the town musicians regularly perform, they perchance find a certain tone of happy, or even triumphant,



Bourget.

greeting in the thump of the drum and twang of the fiddle. Polka and waltz, albeit impossible for them in a literal sense, have yet a strain of congratulation. The sharp time of the merry notes so stimulates their activity, that they can step out wonderfully with the rheumatic or gouty limb, and even delude themselves into the pleasing belief that there is a graceful measure in their movements, and that it is the earnest of approaching suppleness.

But it is otherwise with the relative or friend of the patient, who has out of affectionate interest in the sufferer to accept the rôle of valetudinarian without the excitement of any known complaint to while away the time. With all patience must such an one pass the weary hour in the "Parc" or hang about the shop-windows, every object in which he has long ago learned by heart, until the bather emerges from the mysterious gates of the "Etablissement des Bains." Wearily has he to mince his gait to the march of the invalids. There is not a feature of the countenances, not a twirl of the moustaches of these musicians that does not become impressed upon his memory. He could in his sleep reproduce the movements of that baton as it conducts the oft-repeated programme. The one-o'clock table-d'hôte, especially if the Spa happens to be one of those small German villages whose Brunnen is its solitary attraction, leaves him helpless for the rest of the day. The afternoon excursion becomes impossible after a repast on fowls, which by some subtle process have been deprived of all the sap and nutriment usually discovered elsewhere in animals,

similarly framed, but which in the present instance have been so evaporated that nothing is left when the deceptive breast is carved but chips as tasteless as wood; or on *kaltfleisch*, sometimes good, but as frequently of the consistency of stewed Axminster carpet; or on beef, which has been wrung till all its juices have been squeezed into the soup, then carefully dried, and finally heated once more and served with sauce *à la maître d'hôtel*. But what if there is no excursion worth taking? Then dulness grows till the monotony becomes that of the courtyard of a prison. There are no mountains to lift the thoughts and to feed the soul with the prospect of distant but ever-changing glories. There are no valleys rich in wild flowers, and where nature forms her own marvellous groupings of form and colour. The monotony of straight roads and straight lines of poplars, and flat featureless lands chequered with patches representing proprietary rights, or covered with dust-begrimed vines, is in exasperating harmony with the small formalisms and horrible regularity of the routine which dwells in slumberous, or rather nightmare persistency over the scene of nature's healing ministry.

It is otherwise at Aix-les-Bains. The surroundings are as delightful as the waters are health-giving. Mountain and lake, wooded hills and verdant valleys, with the command of an endless variety of excursions by land and sea, render it one of the liveliest as well as loveliest spots in Europe. Besides the interest of the present, it has an historic past to give it dignity. The fame of the mineral

waters goes back to the time of Julius Cæsar. After the subjugation of the Allobroges a Proconsul discovered the value of these fountains, and to the present day the remnants of temples and baths attest the importance attached to the "Aquæ Allobrogum" by the ancient world. What looks like a triumphal arch, but was really the Columbaria (or receptacles for the funeral urns) of a great Roman family, stands in front of the modern bath-house, and the foundations of not a few buildings display marks of Roman handicraft. It seems incongruous to associate

such prosaic complaints as gout or rheumatism with the soldiers of the mighty Cæsar, but in all probability these springs have, in their day, soothed the twinges and supplanted the joints of more than one great patrician. It is comparatively of recent date, however, that the great value of these waters has been recognised. A century ago there were no proper baths at Aix, and the poor people who collected there in twos and threes had to plunge into the natural fountains without any protecting roof. The true revival of the importance of Aix dates from the days of

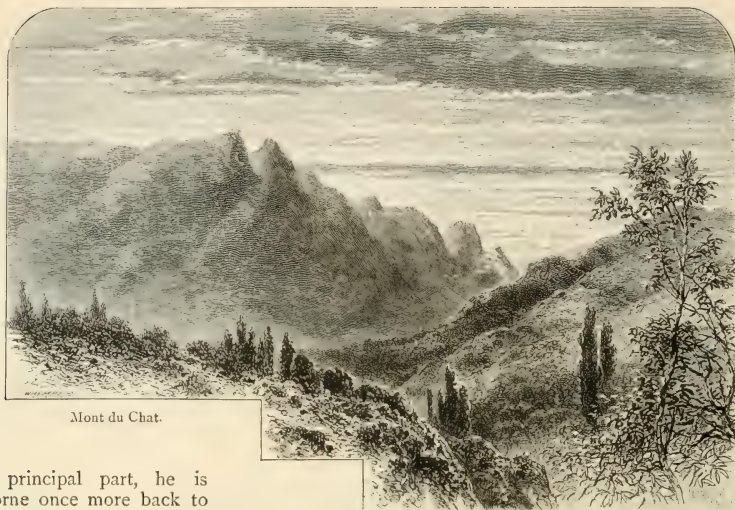


The Lake of Bourget, from Lamartine's Seat.

Victor Emmanuel, under whose reign much was done for it. When Savoy was ceded to France, Napoleon III., with characteristic astuteness, saw the importance of adding to its attractions, and large sums were voted out of the Imperial treasury for increasing the comforts and beauty of the town. He thus pleased as well as enriched his new subjects.

The mineral waters are various in kind, for the neighbourhood of Aix-les-Bains abounds in medicinal springs. Besides the two famous sources at Aix which supply waters useful for different cases of ailment, there are within easy access the scarcely less renowned waters of Marlioz, the Eaux de

Challes, the Eaux de Montiers, the Eaux St. Gervais, and the Eaux de la Caille—each of which has some virtue peculiarly its own. If we are to believe guide-books, the ailments which can be ameliorated or cured by these various sources are almost as numerous as are the ills which flesh is heir to. The method of treatment is in some of its aspects curious. There is a large staff of licensed porters, bathers, and shampooers, under the charge of some of whom the patient is placed, and when the hour of treatment arrives he is carried in a kind of sedan-chair from his bedroom to the bath, and after having been put through a number of operations in which the douche and shampooing form



Mont du Chat.

a principal part, he is borne once more back to his bed, and left to slumber under the influence of the sweet reaction.

Aix-les-Bains is situated in a delightful valley, surrounded by well-wooded hills, beyond which rise mountains which may almost be classified as belonging to the Higher Alps. The range of Revard, on whose lower slopes the town is built, the heights of Tresserve, Mouxy, and Saint Innocent rise in the nearer foreground; while the towering summits of Dent de Nivolet and Mont du Chat stand like sentinels to the east and west—ceaseless watchers of the rising and the setting sun. For these mountains are so situated that they catch alternately the glory of morning and evening, and alternately cast their long shadows across woodland and lake. The Lake of Bourget, which the muse of Lamartine has made classical, is not actually visible from Aix, but a short walk from the town leads to points of view which command the long sheet of sea, reflecting the villages, castles, convents, and church towers that are scattered along its shores. The climate is delicious. Figs and almonds, vines and pomegranates abound in the meadows and gardens, and chestnut and oak clothe the hills. This luxurious vegetation, be it remembered, is at an elevation of 850 feet above the sea, and amply attests the ameliorating influence of the wall of mountains which protect the valley from the cold winds of the north and east.

Among the great charms of Aix are the

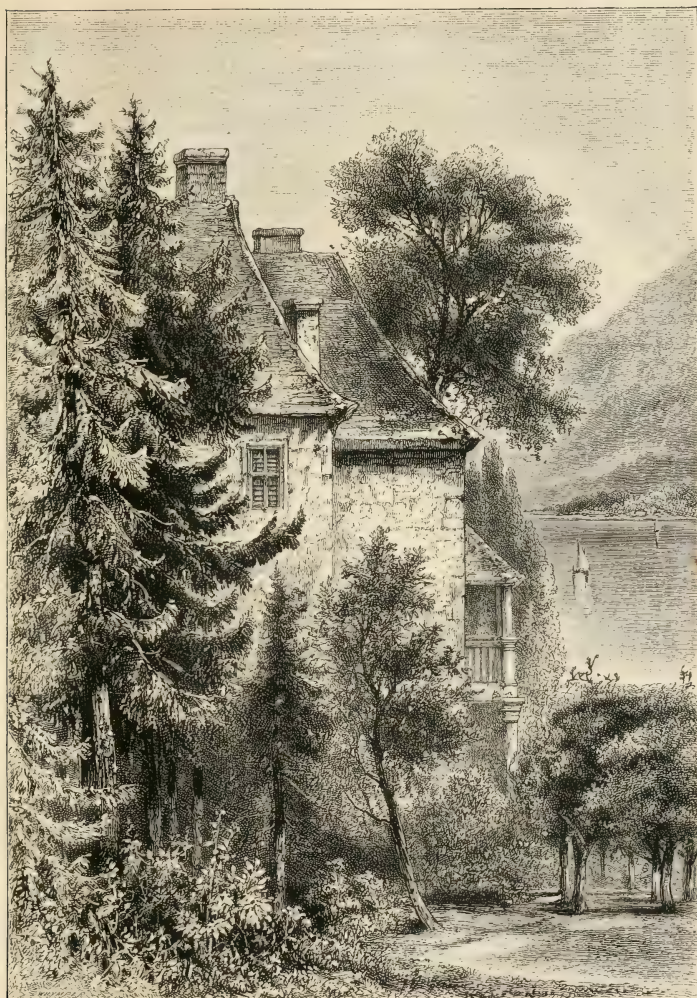
numerous and exquisite excursions which can be made from it. There are many short walks, and of these perhaps the most interesting is to "Lamartine's Seat," on the top of an eminence between the town and the Lake of Bourget. Three trees mark the spot, where we can contemplate the view which inspired some of the loveliest lines of the poet. Lamartine has indeed immortalised the district. His semi-autobiographical romance, *Raphael*, written late in life, derives much of its colouring from the scenery around Aix, and his earliest poem—"Les Méditations"—contains various passages descriptive of the view from his favourite seat :—

"Souvent sur la montagne, à l'ombre du vieux chêne,
Au coucher du soleil, tristement je m'assieds ;
Je promène au hasard mes regards sur la plaine,
Dont le tableau changeant se déroule à mes pieds.

"Ici gronde le fleuve aux vagues écumantes ;
Il serpente, et s'enfonce en un lointain obscur ;
Là, le lac immobile étend ses eaux dormantes
Où l'étoile du soir se lève dans l'azur.

"Au sommet de ces monts couronnés de bois sombres,
Le crépuscule encore jette un dernier rayon ;
Et le char vaporeux de la reine des ombres
Monte, et blanchit déjà les bords de l'horizon."

It was when he was a refugee from France during the Hundred Days, that he first came to Savoy, and there fell in love. When he returned once more to Aix, after the Battle of Waterloo, he had lost the object of his affections, and it was under the influence of consequent sadness that he gazed upon scenes which were associated with her presence.



Engraved by]

Château Bon-Port.

[J. W. and E. Whymper.

The tone of melancholy which breathes through his "Méditations" is the more touching when we remember the circumstances under which they were written.

"Ainsi, toujours poussés vers de nouveaux rivages,
Dans la nuit éternelle emportés sans retour,
Ne pourrions-nous jamais sur l'océan des âges,
Jeter l'ancre un seul jour ?

"O lac ! l'année à peine a fini sa carrière,
Et près de flots chéris qu'elle devait revoir,
Regarde ! je viens seul m'asseoir sur cette pierre
Où tu la vis s'asseoir !

"O lac ! rochers muets ! grottes ! forêts obscures !
Vous que le temps épargne ou qu'il peut rajeunir,
Gardez de cette nuit, gardez, belle nature,
Au moins le souvenir !

"Qu'il soit dans ton repos, qu'il soit dans tes orages,
Beau lac, et dans l'aspect de tes riantes coteaux,
Et dans ces noirs sapins, et dans ces rocs sauvages
Qui pendent sur tes eaux !

"Qu'il soit dans le zéphir qui frémit et qui passe,
Dans les bruits de tes bords par tes bords répétés,
Dans l'astre au front d'argent qui blanchit ta surface
De ses molles clartés !

"Que le vent qui gémit, le roseau qui soupire,
Que les parfums légers de ton air embaumé,
Que tout ce qu'on entend, l'on voit ou l'on respire,
Tout dise : ils ont aimé !"

The longer excursions embrace the Lake of Bourget, visiting the Abbey of Haute-Combe, or such delightful places as Chambéry, or

Annecy with its sweet lake and the "Gorges du Fier," Grenoble and the famous convent of the Grande Chartreuse, or even the Alps of Dauphiné and the Waldensian valleys across the frontier. There are few finer drives than from Grenoble to Susa by Briançon and Mont Genève. The glaciers on the higher Alps are numerous and quite visible in all their grandeur from the road. The only drawback used to be—for we speak of a time some twenty-six years ago—the rapacity of the innkeepers. Although the district is as much out of the beaten track of tourists as the most remote valley in the Tyrol, yet the charges, even in the most wretched hamlets, are beyond belief. I retain to the present day a lively recollection of a passage of arms with an hotel-keeper at Bourg d'Oysans, which lasted the best part of a forenoon, and ended in an appeal to the Juge de Paix, who proved as great a rascal as mine host. It was a foolish attempt on my part to resist robbery, but having taken a stand, I was obstinate enough to fight it out.

The views which have been so graciously furnished by Her Royal Highness Princess Beatrice, embrace some of the most characteristic scenery around Aix-les-Bains.

BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA.

By M. LINSKILL,

AUTHOR OF "CLEVEDEN," "HAGAR," "ROBERT HOLT'S ILLUSION," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—AT THE BLACK SWAN.

"Yet earth saw one thing, one how fair !
One grace that grew to his full on earth ;
Smiles might be sparse on her cheeks so spare,
And her waist want half a girdle's girth,
But she had her great gold hair."

ROBERT BROWNING.

"**H**AS tha seen yon woman, Isaiah ?"
"Whya no : Ah'll nut saäy 'at Ah've clearly seen her, Peter ; but Ah've heerd tell on her."

"What, already ?"

"Ay, already. They were talkin' on 'er doon at Reuben's, as Ah com' by. Foälks seem puzzled-like."

"At that Ah doän't wunder, Isaiah. Things is puzzlin'."

"Soä 'twould seem. . . . She's desptert grand-lookin'—hes a turn o' the head like a princess, they saäy. An' 'twas added 'at the man was old, an seemed of a commoner sort, an' carried hisself in a humbler manner."

"Ay, so he does, but he's no common man. Anyways, I'm mista'en if he is."

"You seed 'em, then ?"

"Ay, but 'twere nobbut a flash like, as they went along t' passage. There's naught but Leäh i' t' hoose. Ah reckon oäd Luke 'll be rether 'stounded when he comes heäme."

So ran conversation in the kitchen of the Black Swan, the principal inn at Rippon-gill, one October evening not many years ago.

As Peter Crosswold had intimated, it was early times for gossip about the strangers to be passing from lip to lip. It was not yet half an hour since the train had stopped at the little wayside station to set down the two passengers whose arrival was creating so much stir.

There were very few people on the platform. The place was dimly lighted ; the luggage—there was an immense quantity of it—had been extricated slowly and with difficulty. Then the two strangers had passed

up the dark, steep, little street to the inn, not asking for directions as to the way.

"Seems as if they knew summat about t' pleaaice," said Bellman Dykes, who had assisted in housing the heavier luggage at the station, and had been handsomely rewarded.

"Ay, an' I hev a fancy mysel' 'at Ah've seen the gentleman afore," said Reuben Folds, the blacksmith. He had caught a glimpse of the strangers as they passed the blazing light of the forge, he had heard a soft sweet voice asking, "Are you tired? are you very tired?" and his big bare arm had hung down in a listless way more than once for a minute or two as he tried to recall the little he had seen and heard. It was tantalising to have so bare an account to give. The Black Swan knew little of him as a rule; but this evening was exceptional. It was not long before Reuben Folds and Bellman Dykes were joining in the speculative conversation that was being carried on in the smoky atmosphere of the inn kitchen.

As Peter Crosswold had said, there was no one but Leah in the house, and the willing handmaiden was well-nigh distracted between the half-comprehended requirements of the company up-stairs, and the increasingly vehement demands of the company in the kitchen. It was a self-evident fact that the girl had no time for conversation; yet she had been somewhat bitingly reproached for her reticence concerning the strangers. Reproach was met with retort, and high words were beginning to be heard above the jingle of glasses, the scraping of feet on the sanded floor, and the sharp yapping of "Turk," Isaiah Scott's lean sheep-dog.

"Thoo can talk talk anuff when there's neä 'casion," said Isaiah, as Leah put down his third glass of ale with a bang that sent part of its contents flying across the table.

"Then Ah'd better keep my talk till 'casion comes," retorted the girl, darting in and out amongst the group for the empty glasses that she should have refilled ten minutes ago. The confusion was increasing rapidly.

"Thoo forgis 'at mah sixpence is as good as ony fine laädy's sixpence 'at iver was coined," said one who had waited thirstingly. "Tell us what they call her, Leah?" said another. "An' Ah'll bring tha a fairin' fra Birkan Brigg."

Suddenly—very suddenly—there was an instant silence, an instant cessation of other things than sound. Every head was turned in one direction, pipes were removed from the smoker's lips, and glasses were replaced

noiselessly on the table. A singular unanimity of expression, both in countenance and attitude, came over the little assemblage. It seemed more than mere surprise, mere admiration.

The cause of all this was only a girl who stood there in the doorway of the inn kitchen, shrinking a little from the general gaze; a tall, white, graceful figure holding a lamp a little above her head, so that the light fell full upon her face.

No one there had ever dreamed that such a face could be. It was very pale, very pure, faultless in outline as a cameo. The richly curved mouth smiled a little, as if some words had been overheard. The eyes smiled, too—they were large dark eyes, keen, observant, yet liquid, lovely, and intent with human lovingness. They were deeply set, and looked deeper for the overshadowing of the heavy, shining, pale gold hair, hair of the kind that looks richer for any confusion it may be in. Altogether there was about her that rare look of superior organization which we name distinction. Her dress was consistent, and the air of picturesque carelessness with which it was worn took nothing from its inherent becomingness. Her wide-brimmed velvet hat with its creamy feathers was pushed away from her forehead, her long paletot of rich white fur was open at the throat. Apparently the girl had had no time to take off her travelling attire.

"It is only this letter," she said, speaking to Leah, who had hurried to the doorway. "Can you send it to the post at once, please? My father will be obliged if you can. It is important."

More than one volunteer stepped forward, winning gracious thanks, and smiles that were found to be bewildering, even in remembrance. The white figure disappeared with her lamp. The amazed group sat in silence a little while; and when conversation began again it was carried on in a curiously subdued manner. The stranger's wonderful beauty, her grace, her exquisitely musical voice and accent, had left a unity of impression that was at least conducive to social harmony.

CHAPTER II.—FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

"Festus. He wrote a poem.

Student. What was said of it?

Festus. Oh, much was said—much more than understood.

One said that he was mad, another wise;

Another wisely mad.

Student. And what said he of such?

Festus. He held his peace."

P. J. BAILEY.

THE up-stairs parlour to which the young lady returned was undoubtedly the best

inn's best room ; yet it was a little dingy, a little tawdry. But the lamplight did not emphasize its tawdriness ; and there was even an air of comfort about the fireside. A big coal fire blazed in the old-fashioned grate ; the tea-table was drawn near it ; the ancient three-cornered arm-chairs looked very hospitable.

One of the chairs was occupied. A gentleman sat there who was apparently either sad or very weary ; it might be that he was both.

His clasped hands drooped listlessly from the arm of his chair, his eyes were fixed dreamily on the fire, and an air of unconscious abstraction hung about him, seeming as if it were the outcome of his natural and permanent tone of mind rather than of any passing mood.

It may be said at once that he was a man of note among such as understood, and noticeable in his way ; but people were seldom impressed at first sight of him. Some openly confessed to disappointment ; and the damaging epithet, "commonplace," was uttered with a finality of tone from which there seemed no appeal. All the same the epithet was misleading.

Confessing by negatives he was not handsome, nor was he tall, nor had he any commanding personality that could be discerned without occasion. Yet the man's thought-furrowed face, his broad firm brow, his expression of a keen if somewhat visionary intellectuality, were things not to be passed over if you wished to read his character from such outward and visible signs as it had impressed upon him.

It has been said that he was a noted man, this must be qualified ; and it can only be qualified by a paradox.

Noel Irving Bartholomew was known through the length and breadth of the art world of England—nay, beyond this limit—as an artist who was comparatively unknown ; that is to say, comparing his public recognition with his recognised genius. He had made his mark distinctively at thirty years of age. He was now nearly fifty, and the outer world was waiting yet for the masterpiece that was to place him, not amongst the immortals, there were those who judged him placed there already ; but amongst the fortunate few who are, even in their own day, honoured alike of the critic, the connoisseur, and the utterly uncultivated.

It was some provoking perversity in the man, so it was said, that prevented him doing full justice to his own genius ; some lack of the force that springs of ambition, or some

incomprehensible indifference to his rightful place in the world's estimate.

All this was known to Noel Bartholomew ; something more than this was understood of him.

One day a lady who had seen him at his own studio at Kensington, was speaking of him to a younger and more fashionable artist. The lady praised the older man—praised him for the noble work he had done, for the unassuming way in which he spoke of it, for the beautiful absence of self-assertion observable in the man himself.

"Ah, yes !" said the young man, speaking out of his store of rapidly assimilated modern ideas. "Yes, that is entirely true. It is his want of self-assertion that has left him in the shade. No man comes to the front without it in these days. If one cannot assert one's self, one must at least have friends to do the asserting. The latter is the more dignified way ; but it is slower, and considerably less certain."

So far as Noel Bartholomew was concerned, this was only a small part of the truth. Other causes than lack of the power of self-laudation had tended to keep him from the forefront of the time. The world that talked so much of the man, and assumed such intimate knowledge of him, of his life, and of his work, would, if the truth could have been laid bare, have been surprised to find that after all it had known nothing ; that it had interested and amused itself solely by conjecture.

The first thing experience of life had really taught him, was the value of silence concerning the greater facts of his life. He had acquired the gift ; he had found that it cost him friends, and he had also found that it was a cause of misunderstanding. Nevertheless he had proved its wholesomeness.

"There are artists with half his talent who are making money as fast as if they were coining it," said a gentleman who was admiring one of Bartholomew's pictures ; it hung on the wall of one of the finest studios in London.

The owner of the studio paused a moment.

"Are you sure that Bartholomew has any talent at all ?" he asked.

The visitor understood.

"You mean that he has genius ? Granted ; but why then does he turn it to so little practical use ?"

"Is pure genius, *sans* talent, of practical use to anybody ?" asked the artist, knowing the thing he spoke of. "Is it not rather a tyrannous thing, oft enough blind in its tyranny, cruel in its imperiousness ? A man who is blessed with it, if blessing it be, can do no other than obey it. He must obey,

do the thing he is moved to do, or he must do nothing. It is talent that can do as it will, that can foresee, calculate, make certain that every step is a step onward. Noel Bartholomew is a fool in the estimation of men of talent."

There were times, and they recurred often, when he was a fool in his own estimation.

It was only natural that as he sat there in the dingy parlour of the Yorkshire inn some grave thoughts should beset him. His daughter, who sat at his feet, with her fair shining head resting upon his knee, refrained from trying to distract his thoughts.

Let him think, let him grieve; he would turn to her for comfort when he wanted it.

There was no one else to comfort him now. Three years ago, just when the world had begun to see some possibility of his doing himself justice at last, his wife had died. She had gone from him suddenly, and the shock had overpowered him so grievously that his friends had despaired of his full return to life and the work of life. They saw no reason yet for being sanguine. It was at their instance that he was about to try what change of scene would do.

This was not the change they had desired



"Back to the Yorkshire village where he had first met his wife."

for him; but here he had in a quiet, deliberate way expressed his wish to decide for himself. He would go back to the Yorkshire village where he had first met his wife. If he might not go there, it would be useless going elsewhere.

It was night now, and only that morning he had, with painful unwillingness, snapped the last thread that bound him to the life he had lived and loved so many years; for so long as his wife lived he had enjoyed existence in his own way, if not in the world's way. His undeserved obscurity, if such it could be called, had not been undesired; and his comparatively small gains had never been so small as to narrow his soul's life, to com-

pel him to live it within the deadening grasp of anxiety. He had been able to provide all necessary things and some luxurious ones for his little household, but he had given no thought to the future. Latterly he had taken no thought for the present, he had lived in the past. To-night the past was more vividly with him than ever.

Was it possible that twenty years had come and gone since he sat there before, twenty years of labour, of aspiration, of success, of failure!

There had been a great gain at the beginning, an expansion of his own life in the quiet sunshine that another life had made. Then there had been a long peace, a long

satisfaction. Had it been quite good for him, that great unbroken calm?

He could never be quite sure. It had been beautiful; he had been grateful; it was over. That was the sum of the years.

He was grateful still. It was as much gratitude as affection that was moving in him now as he laid his hand gently on his daughter's head.

"What a patient child you are, Genevieve!" he said tenderly.

"Am I, father?" she replied, lifting a smiling face. "But it is so easy to be patient when one is happy."

"Then you are really happy? You do not yet regret?"

The girl hesitated a moment.

"One has regrets," she said. "It is not easy to leave a place one loves, and friends who have been always kind. But it has not been so hard as I thought it would be."

"You did dread it then?"

"I dreaded some things, breaking up the home most of all. But it was soon over, and now I am glad; for the best is yet to be."

"Wait till after to-morrow before you say that."

"To-morrow! You are thinking of the journey over the moor? Ah! I shall love the moor as I love the sea. I am impatient for to-morrow."

Noel Bartholomew smiled, and caught back a short, quick sigh as he did so. Genevieve had inherited her temperamental cheerfulness, with other things, from her mother. He was thankful for it always, and he had never been more thankful than during the past few weeks of confusion, pain, perplexity, indecision.

Now and then his gratitude was mingled not a little with fear, with self-reproach. Was the child really as light-hearted as she seemed? Had she no life of her own that she should thus with such pliant gracefulness of spirit lend herself to the needs of another life? Were there no depths, no undercurrents of personal desire? Had her existence no aim in it as yet? Was it in truth the utterly impersonal thing it seemed to be?

He was glad that she should say so much as this. "One has regrets; it has not been easy." It seemed to reassure him. Had there been effort or tension underneath she would not have gone so near the cause of it. The small confession was valuable to him.

No, the uprooting had not been easy; the last wrench had been harder far than Noel Bartholomew would ever dream.

An hour later Genevieve stood alone in

the small, oddly-arranged bedroom that she was to occupy. She took note of it, that she might describe its oddities for her father's amusement. There was the heavy four-post bedstead—Leah had drawn the great crimson moreen curtains all round it; the looking-glass was placed on the top of a tall chest of drawers which stood opposite to the window; the toilet-service was ranged ornamentally—most of the things upside down—on a carved oak bridewain in the corner. Over the mantelshelf there was an engraving—a "Daughter of Jephthah," with wistful eyes that seemed to look down into the dim candlelight, wondering, comprehending, offering sympathy.

Genevieve stood looking into the pathetic eyes awhile, thinking of the beautiful dream that came across the ages to the poet, of the words that the daughter of Gilead sang to him in his dream:

*"Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,
The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
Beneath the battled tower."*

*"The light white cloud swam over us. Anon
We heard the lion roaring from his den;
We saw the large white stars rise one by one,
Or, from the darken'd glen,*

*"Saw God divide the night with flying flame,
And thunder on the everlasting hills;
I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became
A solemn scorn of ills."*

The words passed through Genevieve's brain as music might have passed, only the last cadence remaining, singing itself, so to speak, over and over to her as she moved about the sombre little room. It seemed to be growing less sombre near the window. There was a pale light struggling to get in, and when Genevieve drew the curtain aside she discovered a little rude stone balcony overhanging a wide garden.

There were some great white flowers growing down there in the misty moonlight. What were they? she wondered, as she stepped out through the window. She could not tell, but she remained standing there, looking over the old townlet, that seemed all composed of turreted castles, minarets, tall campaniles, standing straight and vague and still in the silvery haze. There was no sound, only from the dim room behind a refrain came that was like a chant:

*"He spake, and grief became
A solemn scorn of ills."*

Have we not all of us, somewhere in the dim recesses to which we seldom penetrate, an impression that we never touch the highest chords that even the lowest of life's ills can yield?

Save for the one great bereavement Gene-

vieve had known but little of any of life's sterner sorrows. Her eighteen years of life had been years of such steadfast-seeming good that until lately no ideas of any grave change had presented themselves. Nothing had been wanting. Love had been there, and friendship; the finer sort of intellectual people had come and gone across her path; art of every kind had taught her the canons of loveliness; music had stolen in upon the days with sweetness, and swept across the nights with power to soothe, to uplift. Yet is it strange to say that in all this there had been no full satisfaction? Is it incomprehensible to admit that while this fair life was passing it had not seemed to be the ideal life for which the soul of the girl was yearning?

It could not be said that she was dissatisfied; yet she was conscious of activities that she could neither deaden nor repress; conscious of want, of lowness, of human and spiritual narrowness. Others, looking on, seeing only the external, had judged that a life so manifestly unselfish must needs be ideal enough for any real woman; but the self-sacrificing are seldom the self-conscious, at any rate so far as the sacrifice is concerned.

CHAPTER III.—THORNERDALE: THE FIRST PART OF AN OVERTURE.

"Ah! desolate hour when that shall be,
When dew and sunlight, rain and wind,
Shall seem but trivial things to thee,
Unloved, unheeded, undivined."

ALL Rippongill was astir by seven o'clock. It was a still, misty morning, and mild for October. Genevieve was hardly disillusionized when she came out from the inn and stood in the steep little street. The commonplace houses, the ugly chimneys had the same stately and architectural effect that they had had in the moonlight; and the people who were moving about the streets seemed to vanish like sad ghosts into the white unknown distances.

"I am sorry, very sorry," said Mr. Bartholomew, joining his daughter. "You will see nothing, dear, if it keeps like this all day."

"Eh, but it never will, maister; it'll niver keep on i' this gaait all t' daay," said old Luke Acomb, the landlord of the Black Swan. The old man had an air of quite unusual importance in the eyes of the rustic group that had gathered about the archway that led to the inn yard. Was he not the host of these distinguished guests? And did not every one know that he had volunteered to drive the carrier's waggon that was to convey them and their numerous belongings all the way from Rippongill to Murk-Marishes? "They're

summat," said a quick intellect in the crowd, "or else oäd Luke 'ud niver ha' crossed Langbarugh Moor wiv a heavy leaäde like yon at this time o' year."

"Ah's capped altogether," was the reply. "Did tha iver see a laädy like yon wiv all her white furs an' feathers ridin' iv a carrier's waggin?"

"Can't saäy 'at iver Ah did. But what were they te deä? If it hadn't ha' been Birkan Brigg cattle-fair there'd ha' been half-a-dozen traps to get. As it is naebody could get yan for neither love nor money."

This was quite true. Noel Bartholomew, thinking of his daughter, had declined the carrier's waggon unhesitatingly at first; but Genevieve had besought him to accept of it. What could be more delightful than the big, round-topped, picturesque vehicle? It would hold everything, shelter everything, and it offered chances of a quite new experience.

It was all packed now, seats were prepared, rugs lying ready, the two horses were being harnessed. There was no lack of help, of advice, of comment. Leah was there in the middle of all the excitement, watching for an opportunity. She had a tiny basket in her hand, an ancient foreign thing with a cord of faded blue silk.

"It's nobbut a little cheese-caäke or two, miss, if ya'd hev 'em to eat on t' road; an' there's two or three o' them apples 'at ya said leuked sa bonny on t' tree." Leah was blushing; she looked very nervous, but she was altogether happy when Genevieve took the basket with a sweet surprised smile and graceful thanks. The small incident repeated itself over and over in Leah's mind all day; and everywhere in the empty upper rooms she seemed to see the kind beautiful eyes; they had more than once looked into hers with something that was akin to pity.

There was quite a leave-taking—thanks, smiles, sixpences, good-wishes; then Genevieve and her father went up the street, old Luke shouting fussily that he would soon overtake them. They passed the church, the old-fashioned rectory, the few cottages that straggled along the lane. There were some dahlias and hollyhocks dripping in the mist, vague faces looked out from cottage-doors, wandering eyes watched the two strangers gliding swiftly away into the mystery beyond.

"Will they come back agaain, mother?" asked a small speculative Yorkshireman. He was looking out between the divided trunk of a gnarled apple-tree.

"That's mair nor Ah can tell tha, honey," said the woman, feeling somehow as if the

child's question was of the nature of a foreboding. She stood some time straining her eyes in the effort to peer into the silver haze that was upon the hills. It showed no signs of lifting yet. It seemed to move on and on, unshrouding little by little a farmstead, a group of pensive cattle, a clump of fir-trees, a dark hill-top, then veiling them again hastily in white mist, in still silence.

"It is as if one had to be silent to be in keeping with things," said Mr. Bartholomew in his quiet, emphatic way. He was awaking to the fact of his own taciturnity.

"But you do not dislike it, father? It is not depressing?"

"Depressing!—no, except in the sense that most beautiful things are depressing. You remember Keats:—

'Ay, in the very temple of Delight
We'll d Melancholy has her sovran shrine.'

Genevieve paused awhile—a long while it seemed as they walked on side by side.

"It is strange!" the girl said at last, "how the two things, sadness and loveliness, appear twined together, so to speak, and there is such a weight of testimony that it is so. You quoted Keats just now. I thought of Shakespeare making Jessica say, 'I am never merry when I hear sweet music;' of Shelley's beautiful line, 'Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought;' of Milton's *Penseroso*. I suppose if we had been at home amongst the books we could have found a hundred such indorsements."

"Yes; that reminds me again to be glad that we brought so many books. I thought of them in the night, and I was glad for your sake. Every volume seemed a mitigation of my cruelty."

"Of your cruelty to me; but what of old Luke's horses?"

"I think I hear them behind us."

"Panting along under Homer and Plato, Shakespeare and Milton, Shelley and Keats, Ruskin and Carlyle; under poets, historians, essayists; under novels from Scott's first to Mrs. Oliphant's last; under all these books and countless others, and my father is afraid that he will see his daughter fading away from the face of the earth for very weariness, for very disgust of a life unoccupied, unencouraged, unsolaced."

"Your father fears nothing of the kind, and his daughter knows it."

"But he does fear?"

"Which is only natural."

"Seeing that he is not an unnatural father. But, oh! he is tiresome at times."

Conversation was becoming difficult. Old

Luke Acomb was gaining upon them with the lumbering waggon, and the pair of stout well-fed horses. As he came up he stopped.

"Noo. Ya'll be gittin' in a bit? T' young laädy steps oot bravely, but she'll be tired by noo, Ah reckon. We're three miles fra' t' Black Swan."

"And we have nearly twenty to travel yet," said Mr. Bartholomew. "What do you say, Genevieve? Will you get in? I know you are impatient for the new experience."

"So I am," admitted the girl; "and it looks enchanting inside the waggon. But not yet, not yet," she said, with a smile and a little wave of her hand to old Luke as she turned away. "The rapture of rest is in exact proportion to the intensity of weariness. I wish to be weary."

"Your wish is likely to be gratified," said Mr. Bartholomew.

"Before we reach Murk-Marishes? Yes, I suppose so. That thought alone will prevent me from dissipating my resources to too great an extent. I have no wish to arrive at the Hags in a defenceless condition."

"Defenceless?"

"That was the word I used. I meant a state of not being able to defend myself."

"From whom?" asked Mr. Bartholomew.

"From Miss Craven."

"You are going to be afraid of her?"

"I think so. I may even say that I have a presentiment that it will be so."

"And that presentiment arises out of descriptions given by me?"

"Entirely out of your graphic descriptions."

"Tell me what you see in that curious imagination of yours?" said Mr. Bartholomew, after a brief wondering pause.

"I will . . . To begin with, I see a Yorkshirewoman."

"You will find that that epithet is less descriptive than it may seem."

"But there is such a thing as a typical Yorkshirewoman?"

"Yes; a thing that is to be found more frequently on the stage and in third-rate novels than in any of the three Ridings of Yorkshire."

"Still it exists? For me it is to be personified by Miss Craven. I see her distinctly. She is a middle-aged woman, tall, large, angular. Her hair, which you describe as being black twenty years ago, is iron-grey now, very smooth and straight; and her dark eyes look hard; in fact, her whole expression is one of hardness, keenness, and shrewdness; and the corners of her mouth are not quite free from the suspicion of sarcasm."

She carries herself well for a woman who has done the greater part of the work of a farmhouse for about thirty years; and there is a certain dignity about her, a something not to be trifled with. She will speak the dialect, and her speech will be as curt as her manner. . . . Again I say that I wish to arrive at Murk-Marishes not too much exhausted to be able to hold my own."

Bartholomew smiled—his smile looked graver than it was, his mouth being concealed by a somewhat heavy and inelegant moustache.

"That is not ill-done, dear," he said. "Keep it in mind; you will have both time and opportunity for comparison of the real with the ideal. . . . Meanwhile, you observe that the mist is rising?"

The scene was changing with rapidity. They had reached the top of the long winding lane that led down into Thornerdale. The broad valley was at their feet, filled with soft bright haze, which a light breeze was sweeping upward and onward, confusing, mingling all things. Now and then, by moments at a time, the sun struggled through, throwing silvery lances across the vale, disclosing vague colours, indefinite forms. Here and there points of the tall dark upland stood out, first on one side, then on the other, now near at hand, and now far away in the great blue-white distance. The transitions were rapid, bewildering. You could not overtake a complete picture.

Noel Bartholomew and his daughter stood awhile on the brow of the hill. There were a few houses scattered about, bright-eyed children came running up the road; a tiny inn stood by the wayside among the crimson and orange blackberry leaves. When old Luke came up his horses stopped quite naturally—they stopped quite naturally many times that day; but they were not taken out of the waggon till they got to Thorne Head, which was twelve long miles from the Black Swan at Rippongill.

Passing through Thornerdale, Genevieve at last made practical acquaintance with the interior of a carrier's waggon. It was less enchanting than it had promised to be. She was slow to confess her disappointment, but confession had to be made. The jolting was terrible, the strange stuffiness more terrible still. It was not endurable for more than a quarter of an hour at a time, not unless she sat on the edge of the waggon beside old Luke, where the breeze could blow upon her face. This she professed to enjoy with enthusiasm.

Beyond doubt it was an enjoyable thing to pass through Thornerdale on a perfect autumn day. As the morning wore the sun began to pour down brilliantly, glittering on village steeples, lighting up busy farmsteads, gilding the refined gold of beech and maple, painting the flowers that grew in the cottage gardens, sparkling in the stony little beck that ran rippling and foaming along. Blackbirds flew chuckling across the pathway; thrushes sang their autumn songs among the leaves that were fluttering down. It was strangely stimulating. Genevieve did not fail to notice the keen living light that had come into her father's eyes. The comprehension of the present moment was in them, and an intensity that was like a promise for the future.

So far it had not been a silent journey. Old Luke seemed to be explaining or relating something all through the dale. At village inns, at garden gates, by farmyard walls, he had himself to explain, his presence there, the intentions of his fellow-travellers, so far as he knew them. Hardly a wayfaring man passed by unquestioned, uninformed. The old man did not appear to be noting how fast the day was going.

CHAPTER IV.—LANGBARUGH MOOR: THE SECOND PART OF AN OVERTURE.

"This young brilliant Ayesha was one day questioning him, 'Now am not I better than Kadjah? She was a widow, old, and had lost her looks; you love me better than you love her?' 'No, by Allah!' answered Mahomet; 'No, by Allah! She believed in me when none else would believe.'"

AFTER an hour of rest and refreshment at Thorne Head, it was observable that old Luke was less communicative; it might be that there was less to be communicated. The bare rugged hillside was not suggestive of local or personal narrative.

Genevieve and her father were walking up the hill, over a stony pathway with fading bracken and dark whin on either hand. There was only the hill-top before them, always the hill-top with its outline of gaunt furze bushes against the sky. They lingered a little to let the waggon pass well in front; then they turned and looked backward down the dale.

"The overture is in two parts," said Noel Bartholomew. "The first part is ended; the second has begun."

"As a rule I enjoy overtures," said Genevieve. "I have enjoyed this so far. It was beautiful; it was new, and despite its variety it had that highest of all excellences—unity of effect. I shall not forget Thornerdale."

"And I can answer for it that you will not forget Langbarugh Moor."

"Probably not, since I have never seen a real moor."

"You do not expect to see the heather in bloom?"

"No; the bloom is past, I know. I shall be watching daily for its appearance about the beginning of next August."

"You can contemplate that?"

"As one contemplates dawn after sleepless nights."

"I did not know that you had been so restless!"

"Restless! no; but London is never quiet. How should it be with its three or four millions of unquiet souls? To live in the midst of them, or but just outside of them, is to think, to wonder, to be anxious, to run the risk of being faithless. Here, between the purple heather and one's self there will be nothing—nothing but God's pure air."

"Then you are anticipating peace, freedom from anxiety, deliverance from the pressure of modern ideas?"

"These exactly. Not the sleepest of the lotus-eaters craved more eagerly for 'dreamful ease' than I do now."

"The craving came on as you passed through Thornerdale?"

"About midway through the dale."

"It was born of the sunshine, the lowing of cattle, the pine-trees, the purple hills, the crisping ripples, the downward streams over which the long-leaved flowers droop and weep?"

"Certainly Tennyson is wonderful."

All this while the two were walking upward. The sun had gone suddenly behind a bank of sullen grey. There was a chill in the air. The fuzzy hill-top looked black against the sullen sky.

"What is there when one arrives at the top of this hill?" asked Genevieve, after walking upward for half an hour in silence.

"Another hill-top."

"And after that?"

"Another."

The bank of grey cloud was drifting rapidly all over the sky now; the withered bracken, amber and lilac, crimson and ivory-white, vivid green and warm russet brown, was beginning to bend quiveringly to the breeze that swept with increasing force across the moor. The great stretches of dead heather shuddered in masses; the tiny yellow leaves flew sadly away from the sloethorn; the black-faced moorland sheep were moving restlessly from hillock to hillock, and showed a tendency to congregate. It was fully evident that bad weather was approaching.

"It is only a question of time," said Mr. Bartholomew, looking at his daughter with apprehension. "We shall find old Luke at the next inn. He will probably know something of what we have to expect."

The small stone hut known as the Moor Edge Inn, and which Genevieve did not care to enter, stood on the top of the last rise in the ascent of the slope of Langbarugh Moor. The great wild waste itself lay beyond. There was nothing to burst upon the sight. Slowly, and with a sense of oppressiveness, you became aware that you stood looking out over an apparently boundless desolation. The purple-black barrenness stretched like a gloomy sea from the one horizon to the other. The grey, flying scud seemed as if it touched the dark distance. A few weather-blanchd boulders rested here and there among the dead, brown masses of ling and furze; the road stretched away, white and winding, till it was lost in the rugged curves. A flight of crows passed with sinuous movement and hoarse, derisive, mocking notes.

"Noo; this didn't leuk varry promisin'," said old Luke, coming out from the warm turf fire with evident reluctance. "Ya'll ha' te bide insahde o' t' waggin' Ah reckon."

"You think we are going to have a storm?" asked Mr. Bartholomew. Genevieve detected a loss of buoyancy in his tone as he spoke.

"Whya, we sall hev a sup o' raäin, an' a bit o' wind, but there'll be nowt to hurt onybody."

This ought to have been reassuring; but it had become quite evident by this time that the journey would not be accomplished by daylight. To be out on Langbarugh Moor on a dark stormy night was something Noel Bartholomew had not prepared for. It was not that he had any fears for himself, or even for his daughter, she could be sheltered, and he was capable of physical endurance if the need came. A certain amount of real hardship, of real danger would probably have awakened within him the qualities necessary for meeting such adventures. But the present event fell short of adventure. It was simply disappointing, depressing. Genevieve saw the mood coming over him. He had said nothing, but she knew the meaning of the patient, compressed setting of the muscles about his mouth, the significance of the composed tranquil weariness that was coming into his eyes. It was not of the present moment he was thinking as they stood there, waiting for the old man to complete his preparations for the worst. A wild gust of wind was sweep-

ing up the moor, the canvas cover of the waggon was cracking and flapping. Presently Genevieve's hat went flying into the angle of a peat-stack.

"Ah, this is terrible," said Mr. Bartholomew with concern. "This is terrible. You will certainly take cold, you will certainly be ill. I think I must have been mad to bring you such a journey in such a manner as this."

Genevieve had rescued her hat, and was putting it on again. She was smiling, her face was flushed under the veil of golden hair that the wind was tossing into such beautiful disorder. When its rebelliousness was subdued a little, she laid her hand on her father's arm, drawing him into the shelter of the cottage gable.

"Is it of me that you have been thinking while you so silent?" she asked with a tender earnestness.

"Yes, partly. Until within the last hour I think I have never seen my senseless plans in all their utter senselessness. If going back were possible at this moment, I think I would go back; I should at least spare myself the misery of knowing that having wasted my own life I must now needs waste another."

"You have wasted your life! You—Noel Irving Bartholomew! That would be new to the admirers of the "Flight of Saint Barbara," of the "Jeanne D'Arc," of the "Flinging of Excalibur," of a dozen other noted pictures that I could name in a breath. Wasted your life! You have its best yet to live, so far as the world and your work goes.

"You and your pictures linked
With love about, and praise, till life shall end."

If you never paint another picture, no man can say that yours was a wasted life. But you will paint. All day I have felt it, all day I have been glad of every mile, because it was another mile between you and the carping, doubting, ignorant *dilettanti*, who were enough to paralyze a Michael Angelo. You know it was so; you know that for ten years past you have craved for seclusion, for something as near to solitude as you might have. And now it is here, a vast and splendid solitude, instinct with possibilities. . . . Say you are glad, my father!"

More than once a strange quick light had quivered under the man's eyelids as an old thought, an old pride, an old hope struck him with fresh force as it came from the young girl's lips.

"I am glad, my child, if for nothing else then, I am glad that you are my child, my inspiration."

"No, not that; but I can stay with you

when the inspiration does not." Then her voice changed, and she said lightly, "But you are aware that I have impulses of my own sometimes; and just now I am impelled to suggest that we should arrange ourselves among the rugs in front of the waggon. Come! We have Leah's little basket to unpack, and here are the cups of hot tea."

They were soon off again; out on the top of the treeless, wind-swept waste, known as Langbarugh Moor. Old Luke had awakened at last to the fact that the day was really done, and that a rough night was at hand. No conversation was possible as the lumbering waggon went jolting, swaying, swinging from side to side among the rough stones of the moorland road. It was growing darker and darker; the wind was growing stronger and colder. At times there was a rift in the flying blackness of the heavens, disclosing lines of cold steely light. That was all they saw of the sunset. The rest was darkness, wildness, weariness; a sense of a vast desolate, sterile world.

When the rain came down it came with fury, beating in passionate gusts on the canvas cover of the waggon, dropping in streamlets over the front on to the poor old driver, who strove to cheer on his horses with all the energy that was left to him. He had lighted a big horn lantern, and it swung from the top of the waggon, throwing fitful gleams of light here and there upon the wet horses, upon the dripping reins, upon old Luke's watch as he looked at it silently from time to time. Outside in the visible darkness it seemed as if strange forms were passing; now a wan silent face, and now a street of a silent dream-like city.

So the hours went by. One by one the miles were overpassed. The rain ceased, began again; the wind went on wuthering* wildly, sobbing, raging, plaining over the barren moor that was so indisputably its own domain.

At last the waggon made a sharp turn.

"There!" the old man shouted. "We're goin' doon t' Ravengates noo. We'll be at t' Hags by nine o'clock."

"Is it moor all the way?" asked Genevieve, lifting her tired head, and trying to speak so that she should not seem tired at all.

"Yes, dear, Hunsgarth Hags is the first house we come to when the edge of the moor is passed."

The girl's head did not droop again. "At that house there will be rest," she said to

* Wuthering, an expressive Yorkshire term for the sound of the wind on the heights.

herself, "and there will be light and warmth, shelter, and refuge from the storm. . . . So ends the overture."

CHAPTER V.—MISS CRAVEN.

"Good, my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, shall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodged here, which burns
Worse than tears drown."

The Winter's Tale.

"DEFENCE, not defiance," whispered Genevieve, as her father lifted her down from the shaft of the waggon.

"You are equal to defence?"

"Perfectly."

The rain was pouring in torrents; old Luke was shouting to the man who had come out from the farmyard to help him; the two sheep dogs were barking; a candle was coming along the passage to the open door.

"Come in!" said a voice in tones that were hard and unabashed. "We've been expectin' ya this five hours."

It was Miss Craven, and as Genevieve had anticipated, she spoke the dialect, and she spoke it curtly; but the form of it was modified so that no impression of coarseness or ignorance was given.

Mr. Bartholomew had some directions to give to the two men, and Genevieve followed Miss Craven along a narrow dim passage with several turnings and windings in it. There was a cheery fire of peat and pine-wood burning in the parlour. The table was spread, not bounteously perhaps, but with a tempting perfection of neatness and niceness.

"I am sorry we are so late," said Genevieve, as Miss Craven turned to light the lamp without further welcome or greeting. "We have been longer on the journey than we expected to be."

"If you'd known as much o' Luke Acomb as I know you might mebbe ha' thought 'at you'd done well to get here at all," rejoined Miss Craven, carefully adjusting the chimney of the lamp as she spoke. This done, she lifted her keen dark eyes to Genevieve's face for the first time. Her look was quite inscrutable. It was impossible to say what impression she was receiving. After an unflinching moment or two, Genevieve's eyelids drooped a little, and a pink flush came over her face, increasing its extreme loveliness. "So you're Noel Bartholomew's daughter?" said Miss Craven, in tones that were as little to be understood by a stranger as was the expression of her countenance.

"Yes," Genevieve said with a smile. "I dare say I am a surprise to you. You would not expect to see me so—so much grown up?"

"Miss Craven shall tell you how much surprised she feels to-morrow, dear," said Mr. Bartholomew, coming into the room and offering his hand to Miss Craven's unresponsive touch. "How are you?" he asked, "and your father and mother, how are they?"

"They're much as usual."

"And you think it is not worth while to answer my inquiry about yourself? That is true. And I have so many inquiries to make. But we will have some tea first, please. Genevieve, this used to be my favourite arm-chair. Let me see how you look in it?" The girl sank into the chair with unmistakable weariness as Miss Craven disappeared to fetch the tea. "Let me take your hat off, dear," said her father, raising her head gently; then he unfastened her cloak. She had a pale red dress underneath, a soft warm-coloured clinging cashmere, with creamy lace about the throat and wrists.

"I feel too stupid to care for a little disorder to-night," she said, giving a tired glance at herself.

"But disorder is the order of the day. You are not going to forget London ways so soon?"

"No; I am going to forget nothing. I am going to add to my store of memories. By the way, I like this room. I wish we were going to stay here."

Fortunately for Genevieve this last remark was overheard by Miss Craven, who was entering the room with tea, toast, warm cake, ham and eggs. She was proud of the old parlour. There were samplers hanging on the painted panels; rosettes of satin ribbon, white and green and blue, each with a ticket to it, framed and glazed and hanging over the fireplace. These, Genevieve learnt later, were evidences that once upon a time prize cattle had been reared at Hunstgarth Hags. Poor old Craven had been as proud of them as a soldier of his Victoria Cross, or a curate of his silver tea-pot. Not the best picture that ever was painted could have given half the satisfaction that these scraps of satin ribbon had given.

A few of Mr. Bartholomew's sketches of twenty years ago hung on either side; but the general opinion of the neighbourhood had gone so decidedly against them that even Miss Craven hardly cared to have them hanging there. They were water-colours, little ethe-

real impressions of mist, light, colour, and unusual effects of dawn or sunset, such effects as blot out all details and even actual form. Miss Craven had had her own ideas concerning these, and her ideas had been confirmed by her neighbours, so that it was hardly to be wondered at that she should have no very exalted views of Mr. Bartholomew's powers as an artist. Indeed it may be doubted whether she had exalted views of any artist or of any art, and she had long ago given it as her opinion that "of all lazy ways o' gettin' a livin' paintin' picturs was about the laziest."

"And now," said Mr. Bartholomew, the edge of his appetite being dulled a little, "and now tell me, Miss Craven, what important changes have taken place in the neighbourhood of Murk-Marishes during all these years? I know nothing; and I am impatient to know."

Somewhat to Genevieve's surprise, Dorothy had placed herself at the head of the table without invitation. Miss Craven's idea of having "lodgers" differed materially from Miss Bartholomew's views on the same subject. Genevieve was by no means sorry, she liked it on the whole; and Miss Craven was attentive, if not urbane. Moreover she looked in keeping with the room, with the general atmosphere of things, as she sat there. She wore no cap, her dark hair was still dark, Genevieve's prediction notwithstanding, and she had a fine open-air colour on her cheek. She seemed to typify the northern autumn in the bright keen austerity of her appearance and manner.

Miss Craven did not reply at once to Mr. Bartholomew's request for information. She seemed to be considering the matter.

"It's over twenty years since you left Murk-Marishes, isn't it?" she inquired, handing him another cup of tea.

"Yes; a month or two over."

"And you asked what important changes there'd been?"

"I think I did."

"Well, then, so far as I can recollect there hasn't a single thing happened important enough to mention."

"Happy place!"

"I've said myself 'at it were like a better place; for there's neither marryin' nor givin' i' marriage; an' the folks don't die."

"What should you say to staying here altogether, Genevieve, dear?" asked Mr. Bartholomew, turning to his daughter.

"I say that it sounds tempting."

"I should like to hear you say the truth

about it six months after this," said Dorothy, giving Miss Bartholomew one of her sharp, half-scornful glances.

"I will promise if you like," replied Genevieve; "my father will answer for my unreserve."

"So I will, dear, at the same time recommending caution. For real passionate caring for one's own little *piéd à terre* commend me to a Yorkshire man or woman. But really, Miss Craven, has the world about Murk-Marishes stood as still as you seem to think it has? What of your neighbours, the Broughs of Hawklands?"

"They are at Hawklands yet."

"And the Langthwaites of Lowmoor Cross?"

"Are at Lowmoor Cross still."

"Are you disposed to admit that any of these people are older?"

"Yes; they are all twenty years older. Some of them look it, and some of them don't. For the most part you will find they don't."

"That I can readily believe," said Mr. Bartholomew, knowing that he need not trouble himself to make the compliment too obvious.

There was a pause, and it seemed to Miss Craven that the next inquiry was made with effort. Perhaps she looked for some.

"And the Richmonds of Yarrell Croft; of course they are at Yarrell Croft still? Though I think I remember hearing a few years ago that Miss Richmond was married."

"I don't reckon Yarrell Croft to be i' the Murk-Marishes township," said Miss Dorothy with an extra touch of asperity, which might perhaps be accounted for by the fact that the Hunsgarth Haggs Farm belonged to the Richmonds. "Yarrell Croft lies across t' beck, an' there's been changes anuff there; but *that* change wasn't one o' them. Miss Richmond's Miss Richmond yet, an' likely to be if all be true 'at folks say of her temper."

"But the other changes you spoke of?" said Mr. Bartholomew, not apparently wishing to discuss Miss Richmond's failings.

"I meant old Mr. Richmond's death," said Miss Craven, watching her interlocutor more carefully than before. "He died three or four years back quite sudden; an' his wife only lived a fortnight after."

"Then is there no one but Miss Richmond at Yarrell now?"

"Miss Richmond an' her brother, Mr. Cecil. There was a little boy, you remember?"

"Ah, yes; I do remember now. He was a shy, delicate, fretful little fellow. I used to think that he wouldn't live."

"He has lived; it's about three years since he came of age."

"And he and his sister live alone at Yarrell Croft? It must be a little dull for him, I should say. How does he spend his time?"

"Shootin' sparrows with a saloon pistol," said Miss Craven with one of her most satirical smiles.

"I never thought to hear that said of a Yorkshire gentleman," interposed Genevieve, whose interest in the conversation was not to be measured by the number of her interruptions.

"You'll not hear it twice in your lifetime," replied Miss Craven.

"And what of Usselby Hall?" asked Mr. Bartholomew presently. "I forget the owner's name. I believe he was a mere boy. He was on the Continent all the time I was down here."

"Mr. Kirkoswald? He's mostly on the Continent. It was him that was engaged to Miss Richmond. Nobody ever knew exactly how it happened that the engagement came to nothing; but it did come to nothing. An' he went abroad again, an' he's been abroad ever since. Once or twice he's come home unexpectedly, an' stopped a week or so; but it seems as if he couldn't settle. He's allus off again directly."

"And Mr. Crudas? I must not forget him," said Mr. Bartholomew, occupying himself intently with the pattern of his teacup.

The slow hot flush that swept over Miss Craven's face, mounting to the very roots of her hair, was evidently a flush of pain.

"I know nothing of Ishmael Crudas," she said curtly, "an' I don't want to know! I reckon you'd find him at Swarthcliff Top if you wanted him."

"I forget if there is any one else," Mr. Bartholomew went on musingly, as if he were merely speaking to give Miss Craven time to recover herself. "Canon Gabriel is living still, I am thankful to say. I had a letter from him only last week. I think I have some dread of meeting him. He looked so worn, so frail twenty years ago."

"You needn't have much dread," said Miss Craven with less asperity of tone. "I saw him when I was over at Thirkeld Abbas last week, an' he looked exactly as he's looked ever since he came into this neighbourhood. He's got a new curate lately, a Mr. Severne. He's not much of a preacher. They were

saying doon at t' Marishes o' Sunday 'at this was his first place; an' t' Canon had got him cheap."

Mr. Bartholomew glanced at his daughter, and the quiet amusement in his glance met with a response, but it was such a very sleepy response that Miss Craven was requested to show her to her room without further delay. Miss Craven was not sorry to do so. "I'm allus i' bed two hours afore this time," she said, leading the way to a long low room hung with blue and white linen in large staring checks. There was a mingled odour of apples and clean linen; the yellow walls were decorated with framed funeral cards; the tiny mantel-shelf, the top of the drawers, the one little table, were covered with exquisite old china. Weary as Genevieve was she could not help expressing her admiration of the dainty egg-shell cups and saucers, the odd-shaped tea-pots on stands to match, the curious dishes, the various punch-bowls. "I shall fancy myself among the art treasures at South Kensington when I awake in the morning," the girl said delightedly.

Dorothy lingered a little, mollified, but undecided; then uttering an abrupt "Good night" she went away. For days past she had been nourishing something that was half an aversion, half a dream, of the London fine lady who was to enter her house, live in her rooms, be waited upon by her own hands,—for Miss Craven had kept no woman-servant for years past. She was fighting a braver battle than the world knew, fighting with bad harvests, poor land, exhausted capital, abounding game, and a hard, indifferent landlord. Her father's advice was of no use to her now. Ten years before, the loss of a splendid flock of moorland sheep—over two hundred of them—in a heavy snowstorm, had unstrung the old man's brain for ever. And now his wife's memory was fast failing, so that in addition to all other labours and sorrows Dorothy had two helpless old people to tend and care for, and ceaselessly watch; and the service was not offered by measure, nor un- tenderly.

Of these and other troubles Genevieve knew nothing as yet. She only saw that there was something about Miss Craven not to be understood all at once; and she had already a strong impression that it was something she ought to desire to understand. "I think she is enduring some trial—enduring secretly," the girl said to herself, as she lay listening in the dark to the rain that was on the roof, and the fitful wuthering of the night wind. All else about the farm was hushed and still.

CHAPTER VI.—LAST YEAR'S SNOW.

"O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!

Keep me in temper: I would not be mad,"

King Lear.

THE fold-yard being at the back of the house, Genevieve slept on past cock-crow, past milking-time, past the noisy feeding-time of calves and fowls, past the shouting and confusion of old Luke Acomb's departure. When she awoke the sun was shining, gleaming brightly over field and farm, over hill and dale, and ah!—was it possible?—over a distance of wide, cloudless, dark blue sea!

"This, then, was one of your surprises, my father!" she exclaimed, gliding down the little garden path to the gate where Mr. Bartholomew stood. The scent of southernwood and mint and pennyroyal was in the air; gossamer-threads all hung with diamonds stretched across the one rose-bush and the fuchsia-tree; a last pansy held up its head over the creeping stonecrop.

"You forgive me, then?"

"For keeping the secret? Yes, indeed. I thought we were miles and miles from the sea. Think of it—of having both sea and moor, and nothing but these green hills and hollows dropping downward between!"

"What distance should you say these hills and hollows represent?" asked Mr. Bartholomew, speaking in the slow, impressive tones which he used even when there was nothing to be impressed.

"Two miles?" ventured Genevieve.

"Probably three, as the crow flies, and certainly four or five by the high road."

"So much? But I see; there is more between us and the edge of the cliff than one takes in at a glance. There is a village to the left."

"This one, almost at our feet? It is Murk-Marishes—the hamlet of Murk-Marishes—the parish seems to extend indefinitely on this side. A mile or two beyond—over that sedgy flat—you see a large village; that is Thurkeld Abbas. They speak of it as 'the town.' You will have to do your shopping there."

"Delightful! We will go and buy something to-day—something that will be useful for the cottage . . . Can we see the cottage from here?"

Mr. Bartholomew turned to the northward. "I can see the chimneys and the top of the thatched gable," he said. "They are there, on the slope of the hill, about half-way between here and Murk-Marishes. That tree hides the cottage. It used to be rather a picturesque little place. We will go and see it as soon after breakfast as you like."

Miss Craven did not preside at the breakfast-table. "She had had her breakfast four hours ago," she said with a smile that was not altogether one of amusement. "Besides, it is churning-day," she added, as if to account for her broad white apron, and her lilac print bonnet. She had taken in at a glance Genevieve's soft creamy-grey dress, with all its details of finish and style. "To think o' coming down-stairs in a gown like that first thing of a morning!" she said to herself as she went back to the dairy. "She does look a helpless, useless sort o' thing, with her yellow hair, an' her finery, an' her white hands; she's fit for nothing but a wax-work show! I wonder how many picles he'll ha' te paint te keep her i' clothes for a twelve-month?"

Dorothy Craven was not musing idly; the churn was flying round at the rate of fifty turns a minute, and she was listening carefully all the while to the sound it made. The butter was beginning to come; the butter-milk had to be let off every few minutes now; it was always passed carefully through a hair sieve, and the crumbs of butter returned to the churn. Dorothy was proud of her butter; proud, too, of the cool, sweet dairy, with its shining pans and its white, scoured wood-work. Consequently she felt no annoyance when she saw Genevieve standing somewhat timidly near the door.

"May I come in, Miss Craven?" she asked in her gentlest tone. "I have never seen a dairy. And my father wishes to know if you will be too busy to go with us to Netherbank to see the cottage to-day."

"You can go with yerselves," answered Dorothy without looking up; she was replacing the peg in the churn.

"We can; but we should like it better if you will come with us. You can explain things, and advise us. I am hoping that you will be kind enough to tell me and teach me a great deal."

Dorothy ignored the hope; she was thinking of her own reasons for wishing to go down to the cottage, wondering how she could manage it.

"I couldn't go till I have got the butter made up," she said. "An' then there's other things."

"Can I help you in any way? . . . Let me try," said Genevieve, a little roused by Miss Craven's glance and smile. "At least, I can remove our breakfast things, if you will let me go into the kitchen."

"You can go anywhere you like," said

Dorothy, half-disdainfully, as she began churning again at least as vigorously as before. When she stopped again she could hear voices in the kitchen. Her father was talking, Genevieve was answering, old Mrs. Craven was dropping murmurs of confirmation; she had got up to make a little curtsey when Genevieve went in, and her husband had touched his thin white locks, smiling, wondering, apparently half-amazed.

"Eh, but it's a bonny feace!" he said in tones of childish delight. "An' it's bonny gold hair, an' a bonny goon! . . . Isn't it a bonny feace, Barbara?" Then, suddenly his tone changed, and his face seemed to change too. "You mustn't goa oot o' doors wi' that goon on, honey, nut te-day. It's goin' te snaw. It allus snaws on Langbarugh Moor. Don't goa oot o' doors te-day, honey."

"You'll frighten t' young laädy, Joseph," said poor Mrs. Craven in meek tones. She was knitting a grey stocking; she had sat there in the wide chimney corner knitting grey stockings for years past now. It was a cosy and quiet nook for the two old people. A turf fire smouldered on the large hearth-stone; a kettle swung from the crook; there was an old oak dresser opposite, on which were ranged the shining brass and copper pans, the pewter dishes, the old willow-patterned plates. These things seemed to speak, to tell of prosperous days, of substance, of success. Other things whispered contradiction. Were the whispers growing louder as the days went by?

Genevieve went in and out; little by little old Craven told his piteous tale of the sudden snow-storm, the loss of the ewes, and the unweaned lambs. It was not the money loss he spoke of now—that had passed out of his mind—it was the suffering of the dumb surprised creatures, the cruelty of the driving snow, the treacherousness of the hollows of Langbarugh Moor.

"Ya'll nut goa oot, honey—ya'll not goa on te t' moor te daäy," he went on pleading. "It's sure te snaw afore neet. T' snaw's allus driftin' ower Langbarugh Moor."

It was almost noon when Genevieve, Miss Craven, and Mr. Bartholomew set out to inspect the cottage. Dorothy had given Genevieve a moment's surprise when she came down-stairs dressed for the little expedition. Her silver-grey alpaca dress—she called it a lustre; her black silk mantle, her small grey straw bonnet relieved with pink ribbons had wrought quite a transformation. If Genevieve had dared, she would have said, "How young you look! and how pretty!"

It was evident that Miss Craven knew not only what to wear, but how to wear the things she had. None of these were of yesterday. Many a summer Sunday evening had seen them carefully folded away; but to the last they would have the virtues of fitness and conscientiousness.

Old Joseph came out to the door as they were starting.

"You're goin' oot o' doors then, honey?" he said to Genevieve, who stopped to listen with a sad smile. "You're bent o' goin' then, but be quick back again. It's goin' te snaw. Night an' day t' snaw's driftin' ower Langbarugh Moor."

Dorothy was moving away, but not impatiently. She was a little anxious this morning. She was to be Mr. Bartholomew's landlady, if he decided to take the cottage. It had been let on lease with the farm for generations. Lately, since it had stood empty so much, Miss Craven had tried to get rid of it; but Miss Richmond would not hear of change. It was always Miss Richmond's name that the agent, Mr. Damer, used; never Mr. Richmond's; so that the people of the neighbourhood had no clear idea of the real ownership of the various portions of the Yarrell Croft estate.

Mr. Bartholomew remembered that a doctor's widow had lived in the cottage twenty years ago. After that a cartwright had taken it; who had built himself a workshop in the orchard; and after his departure it had stood empty so long that Miss Craven, half-despairing of letting it in any other way, had furnished it to suit an eccentric old man, who had offered to pay a somewhat liberal rent for a furnished cottage, providing it was a mile away from any other human dwelling.

The cottage at Netherbank was barely half-a-mile from Hungarth Hags, and but very little farther from Murk-Marishes. Still, it stood alone, and was quiet enough to please even the eccentric stranger. Unfortunately, however, for Miss Craven, he did not remain more than a couple of years—not long enough to cover the outlay he had caused her to make; and the idea of any one else ever requiring a furnished cottage at Netherbank had been considered rather in the light of a joke in the neighbourhood of Murk-Marishes. Dorothy knew well that the coming of the Bartholomews was an unexpectedly favourable turn of fortune's wheel.

It was a steep and rugged road that led downward from the Hags. There were low rude stone walls on either hand; patches of golden ragwort grew by the wayside, dense

bramble-brakes were spreading everywhere; the amber and vermilion leaves throwing into relief the great clusters of ripe purple-black fruit. Now and then a spray flung itself aloft, waving in the sunshine against the far distance of dark-blue sea and sky.

"I wish I could bring a hundred little gutter children from the London slums to this hillside to-day," Genevieve said, as they came to a sharp turn in the road—the ripe brambles seemed to cluster more thickly than ever in the sheltered corner by the wall. "It seems such a pity," she continued, "that the blackberries should wither here ungathered when there are so many little fingers that have never gathered one, so many little lips that have never been stained by one. . . . Wait till my ship comes into port. There shall be a feast-day!"

A minute later her eye rested on the thatched cottage that was to be her home. No cloud-shadow was upon it; there was no sudden chill in the air. A flight of white pigeons were just settling upon the roof.

CHAPTER VII.—A SCENE OF PROBATION.

"I foresee, and I could foretell
Thy future portion, sure and well—
But those passionate eyes speak true, speak true,
And let them say what thou shalt do."
R. BROWNING, *The Flight of the Duchess*.

"A COTTAGE in a corn-field and a picturesque stile where the gate should be!" exclaimed Genevieve in pleased surprise.

"I shouldn't ha' thought 'at you'd ha' known 'at stubble meant corn," said Miss Craven, with the touch of disdain that she seemed to have adopted for special use when she spoke to Genevieve. "As for the stile, it's the awk'ardest stile i' the district. I've asked Mr. Damer to put a gate up till I'm tired o' askin' him."

Certainly the stile was an awkward one, and the path through the field was narrow; midway it turned at a sharp angle in the direction of the cottage. Just at the turn, a great covey of partridges started outwards with a sudden burst, and went whirring and fluttering up the stubble to the wide furzy pasture that skirted the moor.

"Will one be liable to that kind of thing?" asked Genevieve, with a little pretence of being startled.

"Eminently liable," said Mr. Bartholomew. "If you think it will be a drawback to residence at Netherbank you must speak before it is too late."

"I will resign myself to the partridges," replied Genevieve, coming to a standstill in front of the cottage. Certainly it was as rude

and quaint a little place as you could see. The heavy ling thatch hung low over window and wall; the broad chimney of undressed stone was built outside, and stood like a tall buttress picturesquely designed for the thatch to lean against and the winding ivy to cling to; the purple-brown boughs of the fading ash-tree dropped upon the roof; creepers hung fading and yellowing about the deep recesses of the windows. The garden, a tiny unfenced patch of ground between the cottage and the stubble-field, displayed a fine crop of the crimson spires of the dock sorrel; sweet-herbs crept about in tangled masses; a solitary pale pink hollyhock grew at the foot of the rough stone steps that led up to the cottage door.

"What do you think so far?" asked Mr. Bartholomew a little anxiously; all the morning he had been more or less anxious.

"So far I think it is charming," Genevieve answered with enthusiasm. "Perhaps it is even too charming, since it is not in the nature of things to be consistent."

"Well, that's just what I'm frightened of," said Miss Craven, unlocking the door. It opened straight into the kitchen. There was the usual broad grateless hearthstone, elevated some inches above the flagged floor, the usual wide chimney, the usual "reckon-crook" of the district. A dresser with a half-filled plate-rack stood opposite to the window; a white scoured table, with a few rush-bottomed chairs, completed the furniture of this characteristic apartment.

A door on the left opened into the one sitting-room, which Miss Craven had done her best to make as attractive as might be. And the mid-day sun, slanting through the diamond panes, certainly fell upon some touching evidences of Dorothy's desire and power to make the best of things.

Her finest geraniums—one and all—stood in the two deep window-sills. Among them were fuchsias still in bloom, a thriving lemon-plant, a little dark-leaved rose-tree. The mantel-shelf held some of the same exquisite old china that Genevieve had admired at the Hagg; round the room were ranged some four or five old oak chairs; and, wonderful to say, the deep recesses were filled with empty book-shelves.

"Mr. Quale put 'em up at his own expense," said Dorothy. "Simon Frost put 'em up for him, an' he made him this thing; a cabinet, he called it, to put his lumps o' stone an' bits o' broken pot into. Folks about here reckoned he was gettin' childish; but when you came to talk to him you soon found out

that there was a meanin' in his childishness. Why, he'd bits o' queer pottery 'at he'd picked up i' this very field, 'at he said had been laid there ever since the Romans camped up yonder on Langbarugh Moor."

Genevieve was taking rapid notes of the capabilities of the little place; it could soon be made home-like and comfortable. She raised no doubt, even where doubts might have been raised; and Dorothy was almost moved to gratitude by the reasonable silences and lightsome little speeches, which perhaps she only half understood. She had not thought that this fine princess would have accepted so readily an exile that included such conditions as sleeping-rooms under the bare sloping thatch, and a diamond-paned window under her dressing-table instead of over it. Dorothy was not unused to the idea of self-sacrifice, nevertheless she began to suspect its existence in Genevieve Bartholomew with surprise.

The orchard was at the back of the cottage. There was a door opening out of the kitchen, a little flight of grass-grown steps with a hand-rail; and underneath the gnarled boughs of the apple-trees there was an old draw-well, with its moss-grown bucket, its worn handle and its red rusty chain.

"There!" said Genevieve, "I have always said that some day there would come to me a sudden longing to be an artist. The moment has come. The draw-well is my fate. Let me sit on the steps to contemplate that green bucket and my future existence."

"I will have no rival under my own roof; besides, I am sure the studio will not accommodate two artists," said Mr. Bartholomew, walking down the orchard path to the joiner's workshop, which stood beyond the fruit-laden trees.

"I should say it was quite as good a place as the barn that Landseer made into a studio at St. John's Wood," said Genevieve, following Miss Craven into the big, bare-looking workshop; and, truth to say, it did not promise ill. There was space enough, light enough, and it appeared to be at least weather-proof.

Some business matters between Miss Craven and Mr. Bartholomew were settled then and there, while Genevieve wandered about ankle-deep amongst the tall grasses that were quivering and whitening under the bending boughs. A robin was chirping out his bright autumn notes overhead; apples came tumbling down unexpectedly; some mild-eyed cattle were looking over the hedge.

"I shall design a frieze for the studio from this," said Mr. Bartholomew, coming back up the path. "It shall be an interweaving of red-cheeked apples on lichen-covered boughs, and golden-haired maidens by moss-covered wells."

Genevieve made answer in lively phrase; she hardly knew what it was that she was saying. She was wondering how long it was since she had heard her father speak of any artistic thing he meant to do in such tones as these. True, it was but a small thing—the straw to show which way the current was setting, and the current was setting rightly; so much at least was evident.

How quickly it had all been done! A short walk in the October sunshine, a saunter round a cottage, through an apple-orchard, and the future was determined. Here was a home, a place to live so much life in, work so much work, suffer so much, hope so much, grow so much. Everything looked fair; the fairest looked possible. The outer and apparent narrowness and straitness of things held no threat of a corresponding straitness of soul; rather was it otherwise. Here, if anywhere, was room for a soul to expand to its own full growth, unbruised by contact with souls whose growth means hardening. The very air had promise in it, and the sunshine stirred the veins of life till the mere prospect of living was a bountiful good.

"And now, dear, I have been recollecting myself," said Mr. Bartholomew when they were once more in the lane. "I have remembered the fatiguing day you had yesterday, and have decided that you shall go back with Miss Craven, and rest till dinner-time. I am going over to Thurkeld Abbas to see Canon Gabriel."

"And I am not to go with you?"

Mr. Bartholomew understood the tone, appreciated the effort that graceful obedience required. But apart from the reason he had given, he had enough motive for his decision. He had a natural desire to be alone as he passed through Murk-Marishes. The place was full of associations. Memory would meet him in the village street, "holding the folded annals of his youth." Regret would seal his lip with her silent finger.

"Yon's Usselby Hall," said Dorothy as she and Genevieve went upward by a shorter path through the fields. Miss Craven was indicating a dark purple point, a mere jagged edge of the moorland, so far as Genevieve could see. The point was the farthest point of Usselby Crag, and the house stood just

below among the almost leafless trees ; but being at least two miles distant there was little to be seen of it from Netherbank.

"It seems a bleak place for any one to live in," said Genevieve, not much interested in what she was saying.

"So it is," replied Miss Craven ; "only nobody does live in it, except old Ben Charlock and Jael. I don't suppose Mr. Kirkoswald will ever come there again to live—not for any length of time. When he was younger he seemed quite fond o' this country. He wrote a book—a poetry book—'Northern Wood Notes,' he called it; an' you'd ha' thought 'at he cared more for Usselby Craggs an' Langbarough Moor than for all the foreign countries i' the world put together. I've heard say 'at he's shamed o' some o' them poems now. He was only a lad, just fresh from Oxford, when he wrote them. He's written another book since—not poetry ; it's something about philosophy—'The Philosophy of Culture,' I think it's called. I saw it once in a bookseller's shop over at Market Studley. But I could make nothing of it ; it was over far-learn't for me. It's curus 'at he never puts a name to his books—nothing but his initials, 'G. K.' ; for I've heard Canon Gabriel say 'at he was a first-rate scholar, an' might do anything he likes so far as book-learnin' went."

So Miss Craven ran on, much to Genevieve's satisfaction, since it appeared to be an evidence of conciliatory intention. And Genevieve had the rare merit of being a good listener. Many a time—as now, for instance—she listened for sympathy's sake until she found herself listening for her own pleasure and interest ; for after all it was something to know that any fine morning might bring them a neighbour whom it might be good to meet in the intellectual sparseness of Murk-Marishes.

CHAPTER VIII.—BIRKRIGG GILL.

"Yet half I seemed to recognise some trick
Of mischief happened to me, God knows when—
In a bad dream perhaps."

ROBERT BROWNING.

MEANWHILE Noel Bartholomew was going on his way, suffering a quieter sadness than he had prepared himself to suffer. No agitations beset him as he passed through the "long unlovely street" of the low-lying hamlet. There was the door where his heart was used to beat ; it was the door of a small dark house under some trees. It was empty now, and falling fast into ruin. This was well.

That past history of his was not romantic, as people count romance in these days. It

all passed through his brain in a few moments as he stood there by the little gate that was dropping to the ground for very age.

He had been lodging at Hunsgarth Hagg, painting, studying, dreaming, for two long summers, when he first met Clarice Brooke.

It only seemed like yesterday that he had sat there by the hedgerow sketching rapidly, eagerly, not noting the storm that was coming over the moor. Suddenly it burst upon him. The nearest shelter was the house under the trees ; and before he could enter the porch the door was opened for him by a tall, slight girl dressed in deep mourning, who had evidently been weeping. The tears were wet on her eyelids, even as she smiled her welcome ; and, perhaps, she would hardly have cared to smile at all if she had not seen that the stranger was almost as shy as herself. . . . That was the beginning—tears, sympathy, a sweet smile, a sudden compassion.

Clarice Brooke was the daughter of an architect, who had gone to his grave worn out with failure, and the sorrow and shame of failure, leaving his only child to the untender mercies of an elderly cousin of her mother's, her sole relative so far as she knew. When Miss Peters died, her annuity dying with her, Noel Bartholomew was thankful to the core of him that he was able to offer a home, a name, and a life's deep love to the woman whose love had been his from the day that her eyes first fell upon him. It came in the end to be such love as he had half-despaired of winning ; and he knew well that in winning it he had won life's best and greatest prize. Till the day of her death he had held no other view than this ; and the difference death had made was the difference of love's increase rather than of love's change or ending.

After standing there a while, thinking, yearning, fighting with the strong, silent despair that had never left him for one waking hour, he passed on, turning away by the road that led through the sedgy marsh to Thurkeld Abbas. The little town looked exactly as it had always looked. Canon Gabriel's house was there by the church ; the old clock in the tower was chiming the quarters as sweetly as ever. A young clergyman was coming out by the vestry-door. He blushed with surprise at the sight of a stranger in the streets of Thurkeld Abbas.

"Mr. Severne, I believe? May I introduce myself? My name is Bartholomew," said the stranger courteously, hoping to overcome the young curate's deepening confusion ; but it was not to be lightly overcome.

"Oh, I say!" exclaimed the young man, with another and a deeper blush, and a smile that was, perhaps, more than adequate to the occasion. "Canon Gabriel will be sorry—he'll be awfully sorry. He's gone to Market-Studley to a Ruri-decanal meeting. But won't you come in? Won't you have some luncheon or—or something?"

"Thank you: not to-day," said Mr. Bartholomew. "I shall be over to-morrow most likely, or the next day, when I hope to have the pleasure of seeing the Canon, and of meeting you again. I expect that we shall be very dependent upon our neighbours—my daughter and I."

"Shall you?—shall you really?" exclaimed the young man, opening his blue eyes in surprise. "I say, that is good news!" He was blushing still, or blushing again; it is difficult to know exactly which to say. The last impression Mr. Bartholomew had of him was an impression of a deep crimson blush, a smile that was almost a laugh from very nervousness, and an intensely clerical low-crowned hat.

"Nevertheless there is a charm about the boy," Noel Bartholomew said to himself as he went onward through the street. He would not go back the same way again. There were ways enough to choose from.

It was afternoon now, but the sun went on shining brightly, warmly. It was like a mild April day with touches of September sadness in it. To a man who had been in London all the summer the feeling of emancipation came with a freshness and a fulness hardly to be comprehended except by experience. The blue air, the soft wind, the silence, the solitude were as so many enchantments, leading him on and on, by field and road and marsh and farm till his senses were lulled to a kind of dreamful, placid acceptance of all things that were, or had been, or should be. Why make any moan in such a world?

Presently he perceived that he had gone farther than he had intended. It was no matter. There was the path up through Birkrigg Gill to the moor, and he could soon skirt the edge of the moor and drop downward to the Hags . . . Was the time seeming long to Genevieve?

So he went on under the yellow leaves, down into the bottom of the Gill, where the beck ran swiftly toward the sea, gurgling round and under the great green boulders, over the many-tinted stones. Glossy fronds of hart's-tongue fern curved gracefully by the water's edge; the scarlet berries of the cuckoo-pint made rich contrast among the various

greenery of the undergrowth; the primrose leaves were fading among the dead pine-needles that strewed the ground; rich russet-tinted fir-cones were dropping noiselessly into the soft carpet. The light breeze was hushed down there; all was silent save the soothing murmur of the little stream.

Was it a dream? Was it a poem? A minute more, a sudden turn in the path, and he stood in the presence of a living picture.

A good picture flashes itself upon your senses in all its entirety at a single glance; in one moment your conception is made. Important details may remain to be considered, but they do not affect that first forceful impression. So forceful was it in this case that Noel Bartholomew stood still, arrested by a figure as strikingly picturesque as any he had ever placed on canvas in his life. It was the figure of a lady attired in a sweeping drapery of pale pink serge. She was below the road, sitting on one of the large stones by the side of the stream. Her hat was lying among the ferns behind her; an Indian shawl of glowing colour fell from her shoulders; her white arm, only half-concealed by the soft lace that edged her sleeve, was thrown outwards, so that her hand touched lightly a spray of not-yet-leafless honeysuckle. The dark head, resting on the other hand, was turned a little upward, so that the face, with all its beauty of olive tint, of full rich curve, of vivid expression, was seen to the uttermost advantage. It was a beauty that was startling; there was something strange in it, something perplexing.

In that moment of surprise Noel Bartholomew was not conscious of any admiration, perplexing or other. As was usual with him, he could not throw off the dreamful mood he had been in all at once. There was always an interval between absence and presence of mind. It might be that the interval was longer than usual this time. As it has been said, he stood still a few seconds while a confused sense of recognition was stealing over him. Then he simply raised his hat, as much by way of apology for intrusion as by way of salutation, and passed on, saying to himself, "It is Miss Richmond; certainly, it is Miss Richmond!"

Once he fancied that a little sound came after him through the trees, a sound as of a musical, mocking, audible something that might be a spoken word, or might be a mere echo of a word, or even a mere memory of one reverberating across the unforgotten years. Vague as it was it haunted him all along the edge of Langbarugh Moor.



HELLEN'S TOWER, here I stand,
 Dominant over sea and land.
 Son's love built me, and I hold
 Mother's love engraved in gold.
 Love is in and out of time,
 I am mortal stone and lime.
 Would my granite girth were strong
 As either love, to last as long,
 I should wear my crown entire
 To and thro' the Doomsday fire,
 And be found of angel eyes
 In earth's recurring Paradise.

A. TENNYSON.

HALFWAY up Belfast Lough, on the high ground to the left, you may see a remarkable landmark. This is Helen's Tower, built by the present Earl of Dufferin as a tribute of filial affection to his mother, the late Countess of Gifford, and formally named after her on attaining his majority.

Looking across from the grey old walls of Carrickfergus, it may be seen crowning the highest hill on the Claudeboye estate. Clear cut against the sky, there it stands, lashed by the winds or touched by the sun, ever firm and enduring—a fitting memorial of one of the best and noblest of women.

Lady Gifford was a Sheridan, one to whom

wit and beauty came as natural gifts, yet one who dipped deeply into the font of human knowledge, and by pure sympathy with all that was good and beautiful in life, exerted a lasting influence on all those whose privilege it was to know her.

A short drive from Bangor, or, still better, a pleasant two-mile stretch across the turf from Claudeboye House, will bring you to the foot of the hill. Here, glimmering amid ferns, sedges, birches, and firs, very calm and peaceful on a golden autumn day, with Helen's Tower reflected on its face, is a quiet lake. Then a smart climb through a fir wood, and the Tower—a veritable Scotch

tower, with "corbie stairs" and jutting turrets all complete—is before you.

At the basement lives the old keeper with his wife; and here, after inscribing your name in the visitors' book, you follow him up the stone steps.

The sleeping chamber first. A cosy little room, remarkable for the fine specimen of French embroidery which decorates the bedstead, with the quaint inscription on the tester—

*"I . nightly . pitch . my . moving . tent
A . day's . march . nearer . home."*

From here you are taken to the top.

Looking east on a clear day the view is superb. From Claudeboye woods and lakes, Belfast Lough and the Antrim hills on the left, the eye sweeps round to Cantire and the Scotch coast, till distance is lost in the dim range of Cumberland hills.

Descending again, we enter the principal chamber—octagonal, oak-panelled, with groined pointed ceiling and stained-glass windows. On these are numerous quaint designs, intermixed with the signs of the zodiac, showing the pursuits of mankind during the progress of the seasons—from the sturdy sower of spring to the shrivelled old man warming his toes by the winter fire. Over the fireplace is a niche for a silver lamp, and flanking the west window are two poetical inscriptions—that on the left, printed in gold and having reference to the lamp, is by Lord Dufferin's mother; and that on the right, printed in bold black type, is by the poet-laureate.

On reading Lady Gifford's graceful verses, we are pathetically reminded that she was not spared to see her son's brilliant career. I give them here, and the laureate's sonorous lines stand at the head of this paper.

CHARLES BLATHERWICK.

TO

MY DEAR SON ON HIS 21ST BIRTHDAY.

With a Silver Lamp.

"FIAT LUX."

How shall I bless thee? Human Love

Is all too poor in passionate words!

The heart aches with a sense above

All language that the lip affords!

Therefore, a symbol shall express

My love;—a thing nor rare nor strange,

But yet—eternal—measureless—

Knowing no shadow and no change!

Light! which of all the lovely shows

To our poor world of shadows given,

The fervent Prophet-voices chose

Alone—as attribute of Heaven!

At a most solemn pause we stand!

From this day forth, for evermore,

The weak, but loving, human hand

Must cease to guide thee as of yore!

Then as through life thy footsteps stray

And earthly beacons dimly shine,

"Let there be Light" upon thy way,

And holier guidance far than mine.

"Let there be Light" in thy clear soul,

When Passion tempts, or Doubts assail,

When Grief's dark tempests o'er thee roll

"Let there be Light" that shall not fail!

So—angel guarded—may'st thou tread

The narrow path, which few may find;

And at the end look back, nor dread

To count the vanished years behind!

And pray, that she whose hand doth trace

This heart-warm prayer, when life is past,

May see and know thy blessed face

In God's own glorious Light at last!

June 21st, 1847.

GEOLOGY AND THE DELUGE.

The Substance of a Lecture delivered in Glasgow.

By HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

THE question I propose to answer is this—

Is there any scientific evidence that such an event as a Deluge occurred? By that term Deluge I mean that there has been over some considerable area of the globe, although not over the whole of it, a great submergence of the land under the sea. That is the first condition which geology requires. The second is that this submer-

gence has been essentially of a temporary character. The third is that there is evidence that it has been accompanied with the destruction of animal life. The fourth is that this event has happened since the birth, or as some would rather call it, the development of Man upon the globe. It is not necessary to discuss here what may have been the causes of this Deluge. At the best,

such a discussion must be purely theoretical. I only ask have we, as a matter of fact, evidence that there ever was a Deluge?

Now there is one question which I think of immense importance—namely, what does Man himself say, as a race, upon the subject? I do not refer merely to the account given in the Mosaic writings by the great prophet and lawgiver of the Jews, on whose narrative we generally found our conception of the Deluge. I am speaking of Man as a race. Does the race say anything upon this subject? It is a wonderful thing how absolute is the silence of our race on their own early history. Putting aside, of course, the Scripture narrative, which is of much later date, no whisper comes to us out of the depths of time from Man himself to tell us of his own origin, or of his own early history. Some people say this is natural enough, because Man was at first a savage. But I must frankly confess that I do not believe that theory. There is another way of accounting for it—on the supposition that Man in the childhood of the race was as we were in our individual childhood, and was possessed of that blessed unconsciousness of self which is the charm of all childhood. It does not occur to a child to write a diary of his own existence. But let no one tell me that Man was a savage when I know that the inventions of early Man were infinitely more important than those of later days, of which we are so proud. The man who drew the first spark of fire was a far greater inventor than the man who struck the first spark of electricity. Look, again, at the invention, which must have been the result of many processes, by which certain natural grasses were gradually made to produce those crops upon which we all depend—those cereals which are the staple of human consumption all over the globe. We must get some other explanation of the silence of Man than that he was a savage. It must, however, be acknowledged that he has been silent concerning his own origin so far as books and writings are concerned. But it is not true that Man has been silent upon this question of a Deluge. Deeply rooted in the memories of mankind, and transmitted no doubt by early tradition from generation to generation, there is hardly a single race of a civilised character on the globe which has not some tradition respecting a Deluge. M. Lenormant, whose name is familiar in literary circles in France as that of a man of great scholarship, and of very considerable authority on the early history of nations, and who, I apprehend, like most Frenchmen of the present day, has ap-

proached the subject not with any view of supporting the biblical narrative, but entirely in the direction of what is called freethought, thus expressed himself at the conclusion of an article which he contributed to the *Contemporary Review* in November, 1879:—

“The result, then, of this long review authorises us to affirm the story of the Deluge to be a universal tradition among all branches of the human race, with the one exception, however, of the black. Now, a recollection thus precise and concordant cannot be a myth voluntarily invented. No religious or cosmogonic myth presents this character of universality. It must arise from the reminiscence of a real and terrible event, so powerfully impressing the imagination of the first ancestors of our race, as never to have been forgotten by their descendants. This cataclysm must have occurred near the first cradle of mankind, and before the dispersion of the families from which the principal races were to spring; for it would be at once improbable and uncritical to admit that at as many different points of the globe as we should have to assume in order to explain the wide spread of these traditions, local phenomena so exactly alike should have occurred, their memory having assumed an identical form, and presenting circumstances that need not necessarily have occurred to the mind in such cases.”

He concludes with these words:—

“But as the case now stands, we do not hesitate to declare that, far from being a myth, the Biblical Deluge is a real and historical fact, having, to say the least, left its impress on the ancestors of three races, Aryan or Indo-European, Semitic or Syro-Arabian, Chamitic or Kushite—that is to say, on the three great civilised races of the ancient world, those which constitute the higher humanity—before the ancestors of those races had as yet separated, and in the part of Asia they together inhabited.”

It is quite possible that some persons may say, “Oh, but universal tradition is no proof of an historical event!” I do not say it is proof, but it is a strong indication when it is so universal as this. And, I think, this may be said with regard to this particular tradition, that it is one very unlikely to have arisen from the imagination of mankind, because there is nothing that impresses itself so strongly upon our human experience as the stability of the land and the solidity of the ground on which we stand. I do not think it at all likely that the early races would have invented a tradition of the ocean suddenly coming up over the mountains of the globe, and so covering it, to the destruction of all life. I think the argument a very strong one, that there must have been an actual event on which such tradition rested, when we have a tradition so universal as M. Lenormant has proved it to be. That is the first fact which I bring before you. It is not a physical fact, but it is a mental fact in the history and in the memory of the human race, whatever value you may attach to it. It is a fact of which you are bound to take note.

I will come now to physical facts, and I will begin by a little bit of reasoning. If the Deluge has taken place it must have been the latest event in the physical history of our globe. That is clear. Now, it follows as a consequence from this, that we are not to ascribe to the Deluge anything very old or very permanent in the structure of the globe, or in the formations which we see around us. We are to look for the facts of the Deluge in superficial facts—essentially superficial and transitory. And it is from an error in regard to this that I think scientific men have approached this subject hitherto with great prejudice. When geology first began to be studied—about a hundred years ago—and when it was first noticed that shells were to be found in solid rocks, men said that they could not believe them to be real shells, and for some time a theory prevailed that they were “sports of nature”—that they were jokes of the Creator for the purpose of deceiving Man, or for exercising his ingenuity—at all events, that they did not really represent things which had been shells, but that they were the appearances of shells, and nothing more. I am not sure that that theory lasted very long, because it was so manifestly absurd. Then the theory came that these shells were due to the Deluge. That was quite as absurd a theory as the other, as we see when we recollect what these shells were. In many cases they were shells which formed part of the solid stone, and were very often found on the tops of the highest mountains. We have not in our country many examples of that, because most of our mountains are made up of what are called the primitive rocks, in which there are no fossils, or a very few fossils, and these of a kind very difficult to decipher. But in many parts of Europe the mountains from the top to the bottom—higher mountains than we have here—are one successive series of strata of limestone more or less full of fossils. I remember paying a visit some twenty years ago to the Bavarian Tyrol. Lord Lorne and another of my sons ascended one of the highest mountains, and on their return they gave me a piece of rock broken off with a hammer, in which there was set a most beautiful and delicate shell converted into limestone, and which they had found on the summit of the Alp. It was one of the oldest shells in the world in pattern and shape; and it is a very remarkable thing that some of these shells should be alive at the present day—not the same in species but the same in generic form. It is quite possible that the early geologists

would have said that that shell had been left by the Deluge, but when people came to look into this theory they found it untenable. Those shells were not superficial, and were not left as any Deluge would have left them. They were mineralised—imbedded into the stone in which they existed. Obviously that was the result of a very long process, and could have nothing whatever to do with what was called a Deluge. The result of such reasonings was that scientific men got a prejudice against the very word Deluge; they thought it ridiculous, and in scientific, as in other matters, the old theory holds true—“Give a dog a bad name and hang it.” The consequence was that no scientific man for a long time would even listen to any evidence in favour of a Deluge. Comparatively a short time ago—some twenty years ago—my own state of mind was one of entire suspense in regard to the Deluge, except as some local phenomenon which had affected the cradle of mankind, but not as an event which had ever affected any considerable area of the globe. Only within the last few years has it seemed to me that facts had been accumulating which proved there had been a great submergence of the land over a large portion of the globe, and one which really corresponded with the human traditions of the Deluge.

I must warn you against another mistake. You must not attribute to the Deluge the old sea lines which can be seen near Glasgow and in many other places. When you go down the Clyde you cannot help observing that there is an old line of cliffs on each side—sometimes rather low, and sometimes conspicuous. They are very conspicuous round the Cloch Lighthouse, and they are very conspicuous near my own residence at Rosneath. It is quite obvious that the sea had for a long time been, all round the coast of Scotland, at a level 30 feet or 40 feet higher than it is now. But that had nothing to do with the Deluge. It is a good many years now since an old friend of mine—Mr. Smith of Jordanhill—discovered that the sea which washed that old sea-cliff had existed under very cold conditions, and that it had left no end of shells. On the west side of the Island of Jura, again, there are a series of old sea-beaches which, from the fact of their being made of a very hard rock upon which vegetation has great difficulty in establishing itself, are as naked and as bare at this moment as if the sea left them only yesterday. I believe some of these old sea-beaches are no less than 160 feet above the level of the present sea, and it is therefore perfectly

clear that the ocean at that time was 160 feet higher than it is now, or, I should rather say, that the land was 160 feet lower. You must not confound any of these phenomena with the question of the Deluge, because, as I have said before, what we mean by a Deluge is not a permanent occupation by the sea making sea-beaches of that kind and rolling stones till they become perfectly round or perfectly oval. What is meant by a Deluge is so sudden a submergence that the sea would not have time to leave those marks, and would pass off again in a comparatively short period.

I come now to another fact of importance, which is immediately connected with the Deluge, and that is the submergence of the land during what is called the Glacial Epoch. I think I could take anyone, however unaccustomed he might be to geological observation or to geological reasoning, to a place within a few miles of Inverary and point out a number of facts which would convince him that the whole of our mountains, the whole of Scotland, had been lying deeper in the sea than it does now to a depth of at least 2,000 feet. The proofs are innumerable; but the most prominent proof is this, that there are constantly found on the tops of knolls and hills, and generally on the tops of mountains, numbers of immense boulders which are what is called "perched." These are generally placed on the very edge of precipices or knolls, and do not belong to the rocks on which they sit. These stones were carried, as they are being carried at present in Smith's Sound in the Arctic regions, upon icebergs or ice-floes. As the ice melted the stones were left on the knolls, and there they are to this day. One might stand on the top of these rocks and knolls and look down upon the scattered boulders, just as one might look upon a rock in the sea on which some great ship had been wrecked and her cargo scattered on its surface. In the case of a ship we should probably have the timbers to testify to the catastrophe; but the timbers which carried those old rocks were not timbers of wood, but timbers of ice. They melted long ago, and all the evidence we have now is the cargo which they carried. The question immediately arises—"Was this great submergence of the land to the depth of at least 2,000 feet coincident with the traditional Deluge?" I cannot answer that question categorically. I should be a great impostor if I attempted to do so; but my own opinion is that it was more or less coincident with the catastrophe which men remembered as the Deluge. I believe

that the submergence of the land towards the close of what is called the Glacial Period was to a considerable extent a sudden submergence, probably more sudden to the south of this country than it was here, and that the Deluge was closely connected with that submergence.

I come now to a fact upon which I place immense reliance. But, first of all, I wish to ask what you think would be the effect of a Deluge. Supposing the ocean in the course of the next year were to rise 1,300, 1,500, or 2,000 feet, what would you expect to find? The first effect of water overflowing the land is the distribution of gravels. It washes away the finer earth and leaves all the stone and loose materials, and these lie scattered over the land. I saw such an effect on a very considerable scale not many years ago when a dam connected with the Crinan Canal broke. The powerful effect of that very small piece of water was really incredible. Large boulder stones were rolled down the torrent, immense quantities of earth were carried away, and sheets of gravel were spread over the whole lower ground to which the water had any access. It is well known that the effect of an inundation is to leave in one place gravel, and in another mud deposits. Well, if there has been a Deluge we ought to have proof of it in a similar distribution of gravels and mud or clay. I sometimes have been wicked enough to think that there are important texts in the Bible that ministers never preach upon, because they do not quite fit into any theological system. So in like manner in science, I think there are now and then a few facts which scientific men always give the go-by to. They mention them because in conscience they cannot help it; but they do not dwell upon them, and they do not follow them out to their conclusions. Now there is one such fact which I would ask you to follow with me to its consequences. There is a mountain in North Wales called Moel Tryfan, which is part of the Snowdon range, and upon which there is a very valuable slate quarry at a height of 1,390 feet above the present level of the sea. In opening that quarry an immense bed of gravel was found upon the top. Perhaps I may be asked whether it is marine gravel; but I ask in return what other agent but the sea could have brought gravel there? This gravel could not have been formed by mere disintegration of the soil, because it is full of sea-shells as perfect as they can be found on the shore; dead shells, that is, not shells which apparently ever lived there, but shells

both of the shore and the deep sea, which had been drifted there in the middle of the gravel. These shells are heaped pell-mell on the gravel on the top of this mountain, and I believe that every geologist admits that this is marine gravel. I take it that it is quite a sound conclusion that the sea had, been up to the top of that mountain in very recent times, or that the mountain had been down to the level of the sea. This is not theory; it is a fact, and human reason itself would be confounded if we could not draw our conclusions from such facts as these. I draw a second conclusion from this fact. That sea was not a permanent sea. It was not the case that the mountain formed the bottom of the ocean for many years, because we should then have had deposits with shells, living and dying, as in the case of the sea terraces described by Mr. Smith of Jordan-hill. The sea had been essentially transitory in its operation. The second of the conditions of the Deluge is in this way fulfilled. Thirdly, it was tumultuous. It has no marks of quiet bedding. When the sea is tranquil it carries down sediment from the rivers and lays it in regular beds, as is to be seen in all sedimentary rocks. When it is tumultuous, and the action is violent and sudden, it has not time to form regularly, and the gravel is thrown down in thick heaps. These being the facts, what are the conclusions that follow? Is it probable that the mountains of Wales alone were 1,400 feet lower than they are now? There might be very local, very partial submergence of volcanic mountains under the sea. But what I have described happened not in a volcanic district, and Moel Tryfan is not a volcanic mountain. It is a mountain of solid rock, one of the old primitive Cambrian rocks, and it is in the highest degree improbable that when Moel Tryfan was 1,400 feet below what it is now, the rest of the country in these British Islands was as high as it is now. It is at least probable, if not almost certain, that the submergence which reached in North Wales to 1,400 feet extended over the whole of the British Islands. But we are not left altogether to presumptive evidence upon this subject. We have similar gravels all over the counties of Lancashire, Cheshire, Staffordshire, and Worcestershire. In Cheshire they are found near the town of Macclesfield at 1,200 above the level of the sea, and very much under the same conditions. That is near the watershed of England, where the water when it came to that height would pour over to the eastern

coast. We know further, from evidence of similar gravel in other places, that there was submergence all over England. With regard to Scotland, I understand there is a particular valley near Killiecrankie, which you will find mentioned in Lyell, where stratified gravels are found at a height of 1,500 feet, or about 100 feet higher than the Welsh mountain; and I could not help noticing while coming from Inverary, in passing Tyn-drum, that there is manifest evidence of stratified gravels underneath the loose rubbish which has come down from the steep mountains above. I think, therefore, that there is fair evidence that the submergence of the land, which in North Wales amounted to about 1,400 feet, extended over the whole of the British Islands. There is another very important lesson to be learned from these beds of gravel. Running water holds a good deal of carbonic acid, and the consequence is that when shells are embedded for a long period in loose gravel through which the water passes they are rapidly dissolved and disappear. We may, therefore, safely conclude that where dead shells are found in loose gravel they have not been there an incalculable time. Geologically speaking they are of yesterday. We are, therefore, brought face to face with the conclusion that in our own human period—because these shells now existing are not shells of old pattern—that in our own day, as regards fauna, the whole of the British Islands has been at least 1,400 or 1,500 feet under the sea, and that these shells have been carried simultaneously along with gravels, and congregated on high mountains all over the three kingdoms.

That is a very important fact; but if it is a fact you may ask, why do we not find these shells more frequently? Well, if there has been submergence of the land to the depth of 1,500 feet in such recent times, there has also been re-emergence of the land since that time, and I ask you to observe what would be the effect of that. In the process of rising out of the sea again a great part of the gravels would unquestionably be washed away into a new form. You must remember also another thing, that however recent the Deluge may have been in geological time, it occurred a very long time ago—it may have been 50,000 or 20,000 years ago, and we have had all the rains and snows and floods, and perhaps glaciers, working on the mountains since that time. We cannot, therefore, expect to find the gravels exactly where they were left by the Deluge. Many of

them would undoubtedly be washed away by the heavy rains during the long centuries that have elapsed. I believe those on Moel Tryfan have been preserved for us by the mere accident that they were covered by the remains of glacier ice, which protected them from the weather; and from what we find in that particular place we may be certain regarding what occurred in other places. Look for a moment at what the effect of a submergence of 1,300 or 1,400 feet would be on the existing map of Europe. It would be a complete Deluge; it would submerge every capital in Europe—except Munich and Madrid—hundreds of fathoms deep; and reduce the present map to an archipelago of small islands. Fifteen hundred feet, which I believe is the minimum limit to that submergence, is higher than any inhabited village in Great Britain, except one in Cumberland or Westmoreland. All the most fertile parts of Europe—everywhere where there is any great accumulation of mankind and of animals—would be submerged; and that submergence completely answers all that we have been taught to believe as to the character of the Deluge. With regard to Munich, which is 1,500 feet above the sea level, I may say that when passing through it about three years ago, and going to see the famous colossal statue of Bavaria, I was amazed to see the enormous gravel-pits that are collected around the city, I do not know how many feet deep of solid compacted gravel, that had evidently been swept down from the ranges of the Alps. Therefore, although Munich would be above the 1,400 feet line, yet the whole plain of Munich must certainly have been under the sea which carried that gravel from the Alps. Practically, therefore, the whole of Europe was submerged by the submergence of which we have certain proof on Moel Tryfan.

Let us now look at the distribution of mud, or what we call in this country brick earth,—remembering that it is the mud of the ocean, or the mud of rivers when left dry and hardened, that becomes what we call clay or brick earth. The valley of the Clyde is very rich in brick earth. Have we, then, any evidence with regard to mud of that kind which would indicate a great submergence of the land? That is the question to which I must now refer. There is all over the centre of Europe a prodigious formation which has been a great puzzle to geologists. You will find an elaborate account of it in Sir Charles Lyell's work. It is called in German the Loess. It occupies the whole valley of the

Rhine from Basle down to Belgium, while in height it reaches 1,600 feet, answering closely to the measurement of Moel Tryfan, the difference of a hundred or two hundred feet being nothing in such a question. If you have proof that the submergence of the land has been 1,400 feet to 1,500 feet in Scotland and Wales, it is quite natural that you should find it extending to 1,600 feet in the centre of Europe. The hills of the Rhine valley are sometimes entirely covered with that mud. Geologists have been immensely puzzled with that mud. They do not know what to make of it. There have been fifty different theories about it. Sir Charles Lyell called it, and that was very remarkable, the "*inundation mud*." He had no doubt whatever that it was the result of water. The only question was—what kind of water? Was it the river Rhine, which ran at a higher level and immensely more powerful than it is now, or was it some great lake, or was it the sea? Here again scientific men with persistent obstinacy refused to recognise the sea. They said it was the Rhine or some great lake. But there is an indication as to the character of the water which geologists admit. There are shells in the mud, as in all great deposits of water. And what are the shells found in this mud? They are not lacustrine shells; they are not shells that lived in lakes or in rivers; they are simply shells which lived in forests that grew on the surface of the earth. Even in this country there are a great number of land shells in our grasses, in our heaths, and in our mosses, though not in such abundance as abroad. I do not need to tell you that if the sea went over the land very far from its original shore it might not bring sea shells with it. Wales is close to the sea, and there an inundation of the sea would certainly carry shells with it; but if the ocean spread over a great part of central Europe the water might have left all the shells behind it before it reached that distance. That is at least negative proof. But my belief is that the centre of Europe was then occupied by the sea, which submerged the whole area, and that in the deeper part of that sea mud was accumulated which had been washed away from the other parts of the Continent. At all events that is a theory quite as consistent as any other.

I come now to the most interesting part of the question, viz. that connected with the destruction of animal life. I do not know whether it is familiar to all of you that at a very recent period in the history of the globe this country and all Europe

was inhabited by a fauna of large animals, of which there are now no examples. There were the Mammoth, the Woolly Rhinoceros, which is only now seen represented in the Zoological Gardens; there were the Horse, the Bison, the Urus, which is preserved alive still as the wild Ox in the Cadzow Forest; the Boar, the Wolf, the Hyena, and the Irish Elk—a prodigious animal, which was taller than the Horse, and which had antlers spreading out eleven or twelve feet; and then there was also the Beaver. Now the bodies of these animals are found in thousands in the gravels of England and in the brick earth. Sometimes the whole body of a Rhinoceros is found, or the whole skeleton of a Mammoth. Not infrequently the whole skeleton of one or two of these animals, which would not naturally have consorted, are found together—the skeleton of a Mammoth or a Rhinoceros along with the skeleton of an Elk—showing very plainly that the animals must have been drowned, and that they had been deposited at the same time as the brick earth in which they are found. One of the most remarkable cases of an immense assemblage of these beasts being destroyed and overwhelmed is seen at what is called the Dogger Bank—which affords one of the best supplies of cod-fish for the London market, and is midway between the coasts of England and Holland—at a depth of about eight fathoms. The trawlers, when trawling for cod or other fish, have been for many years perpetually bringing up the bones of these wild animals. They are counted by thousands—the teeth of the Mammoth, the horns of the Elk, and the bones of the Rhinoceros—and it is admitted by geologists that the Dogger Bank was a shoal on which enormous numbers of these animals were collected together. Their flesh decayed, and the bones now remain mixed up with the sand and silt. Now, it is universally admitted that no agency but water could bring all these beasts together into one place. What was this water? Geologists say it was a great river which occupied the whole channel between England and Germany—some prolongation of the Rhine in ancient times—and that these animals were drowned in great quantities in the eddies of the river and packed up together in the sand and silt. But I pass on to a most extraordinary fact with regard to these great animals, and it is this, that in Siberia they are preserved sometimes, not in their bones, but in their flesh. The enormous stretch of country which lies between Russia and Behring's Straits is

very little known, and almost uninhabited. It is frozen to within a very few feet of the surface all the year round. In that frozen mud the Mammoth has been preserved untouched. There have been numerous carcasses found with the flesh, the skin, the hair, and the eyes complete. For two or three thousand miles along the coast of that frozen sea it is not too much to say that there are places of large extent where the soil is composed of the remains of those beasts. A great deal of the ivory of commerce is derived from the teeth of the fossil Mammoth. It has been a rich trade to the inhabitants of Russia for many years. Concessions have been given by the Emperor to particular persons to dig for fossil ivory in that part of the world, and it has been a rich mine of wealth to the inhabitants. There are some islands called New Siberia opposite that coast, and they are literally composed of large Mammoths and animals such as I have described, together with the torn trunks and stems of trees, all heaped together in a mass of confusion—mixed and preserved by frozen earth. It has puzzled the geologists for years to know how these enormous numbers of animals got there. This subject has been admirably dealt with within the last few years by a Manchester geologist of the name of Howorth. I have long had my attention drawn to the subject, and I am convinced that no theory of the geologist has hitherto accounted for the fact I have alluded to, and it was therefore with great delight that I saw the evidence on the subject marshalled and arranged by Mr. Howorth, a lawyer, who is accustomed to collect and to marshal facts together so as to convince the human intellect. This writer has brought together all the facts for the last 120 years with respect to the destruction of these animals, and his conclusion is that the destruction of them in those vast numbers, and the preservation of them, has been due to some great diluvial catastrophe. That is his conclusion, and it is a conclusion which is now challenging the attention of the scientific world.

There remains the last part of my subject, which, I need not say, is the most important of all. Has this great catastrophe of the submergence of the land to the depth of at least two or three thousand feet taken place since the birth of Man? In answer to this question I must refer to the fact now clearly ascertained, that man co-existed with the Mammoth, and that stone implements are found in numbers in the very gravels and brick earths which contain the bones

of those great mammalia. When this was first discovered both the scientific men and the religious world were up in arms. "Oh," they said, "this carries Man back to an enormously remote period. This is against the account of Moses." That was what the religious world said; and the scientific world was sceptical on other grounds, and said it carried Man too far back into the abyss of time. They forgot, however, that there were two conclusions possible. It might be that it carried Man very much further back, or it might be that it carried this cataclysm much further forward. The one conclusion is as satisfactory as regards the facts as the other. The deaths of these great beasts may have been comparatively in recent times, but certainly it has been since the birth of Man. The implements made by Man, rude stone implements, are being found now in thousands throughout the gravels, and very often in the same brick earths as those in which these fossilised creatures are found. Some people have doubted whether these implements were human. They might as well doubt that the watch was human. Man had undoubtedly existed with the Mammoth, and Man had undoubtedly seen the catastrophe, whatever it was, which destroyed the Mammoth in these latitudes. In a cave in the south of France, in the district of Perigord, there has been found a piece of ivory from the tusk of a Mammoth on which the living form of that wonderful beast is beautifully drawn and depicted by ancient Man. A more spirited drawing could not be seen. I do not say it is equal to a Landseer, but it is a very spirited drawing. With regard to the condition of Man in these early times, I wish to guard against a conclusion which is very much pressed upon us by scientific men, I think without sufficient reason. It is quite true that the implements which are found in the old gravels are generally extremely rude. But the implements that are found in the caves are very often not at all rude: they are of most beautiful manufacture. They are made of flint or obsidian, and in the north of Europe they are so beautifully polished that there is no artisan in this country who can approach their perfection. Scientific men, especially those who advocate what I call the savage theory of the origin of Man, are always telling us that the men who used rude implements must have been savages. There never was a greater mistake. This is my opinion, and I will give some evidence in support of it. I recently received from Lord Lorne a box of specimens of stone

weapons which had been used by the ancient Indian inhabitants of America in the extraction of copper from those mines at Lake Superior, Lake Huron, and Lake Michigan, which had been known on the American continent for unknown ages of time. These stone implements had been sent to Lord Lorne by the manager of a mine in the Michigan country. There were hundreds of them of all sizes in the mine, and ruder weapons could not be conceived. The question arose, Who were the makers of these? The manager of the mine stated in a letter that the tradition of the country, which he believed to be true, was that these mines were worked by the ancient Mexicans no later than the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards. Now it is known that the Mexican Empire, when it was overwhelmed by Cortes and his companions, was an empire of a very high civilisation, and yet these were the rude implements which they used in the extraction of the copper. I ask you, therefore, not to be deceived when scientific men tell you that the men who used such rude implements were savages. We can draw no conclusion regarding the primeval condition of Man from the rudeness of the hatchets which are found associated with these extinct animals.

In conclusion I would like to say a word or two as to the causes of the Deluge. And first, I wish to point out that we are apt to exaggerate the difficulty of the Deluge. We are such pigmy creatures that we imagine only a prodigious catastrophe could have sunk the earth 1,500 or 2,000 feet under the sea. Was it so, indeed! Only think of the size of the globe and of the height of the mountains compared with its circumference. Were a line drawn, to the scale of one-tenth of an inch to the mile, representing a very small section of the earth's circumference, and were we to mark in the same proportion the height of Mont Blanc, the spot so marked would be so minute as to be invisible to all except those in close proximity to the drawing, and yet that spot would represent a mountain more than 15,000 feet high. And would it be such a great and wonderful catastrophe were the surface of the globe to be so altered now that the level of the ocean should be brought up so as to cover that little spot? The difficulty in conceiving the possibility of a Deluge to a far greater height than 1,500, 2,000 or even 3,000 feet lies entirely in our forgetfulness of our own pigmy size. If the crust of this globe was a crust which was moving from internal forces—if, as we know, the crust of the

earth has been upheaved and depressed, again and again throughout millions of ages while the earth was being prepared for the abode of Man—is it not conceivable, is it even difficult to understand that one of the last and latest of these movements has taken place since Man was born?

And now, I would express the hope that I have at least been able to show you some of the conditions of this great problem, and to lead you to look at it as one of immense interest and importance. It is a wonderful implement that we have in the human mind. When your facts are well gathered, when you apply the powers of your reason to these facts, there is no knowing the conclusions regarding physical truth to which you may be led. I do not know that we shall ever come to learn through science some of the questions which it most interests us to know. I doubt—to say the truth I

disbelieve—that we shall ever come to know by science anything more than we now know as to the origin of Man. I believe we shall always have substantially to rest in that magnificent and sublime account which has been given us by the great prophet and law-giver of the Jews. But this you may learn from what has been gone over, that there is not one of you who may not add an important argument for or against the most interesting conclusions by careful observation and faithfully recording even the most insignificant facts in nature, and by the cautious application of your reason to these facts. And if with regard to many questions which we desire most of all to solve we feel the incapacity of our own reason, and the limit of our own intelligence, after all we are but driven to this, that the great hope of all science and the great hope of all religion is that time and that place when “we shall know even as we are known.”

TRUE CONTROVERSY.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

“Striving together for the faith of the gospel.”—PHILIPPIANS I. 27.

ON the threshold of these words you may pronounce them impossible, so far at least as our joint action is concerned. It must be confessed, not without reason. We may, indeed, strive separately and personally for what we individually conceive to be the truth of God; but this truth, or faith, is so different in one man's eyes from what it is in another's, and even those who are tolerably at one about its substance so soon and so widely differ about its right proportion, that in a sort of despair, impetuous thinkers seem compelled to be satisfied with a sort of guerilla warfare against a numerous, and compact, and well-armed foe; and so an army without a flag patrols without a pass; and troops with no one to lead them have to waste their strength, and break their hearts, and miss their triumph, because religious egotism declines to efface itself for the common welfare, and self-will rejects the yoke of Jesus Christ. But two considerations on the other side of the question may soon satisfy us that this emphatic sentence is neither vague nor hollow, and that a just master lays upon us here a possible and therefore a rightful burden. One is the prayer of Christ, the other is the character of St. Paul.

When our Divine Lord, the night before He suffered, prayed to His Father for the unity of the people who should hereafter be baptized into His Name, did he know what He

asked, and did He mean it? For is it possible to conceive that the oneness of His Church, so close to His redeeming heart, so fervently pressed on His Holy Father, is but a beautiful and impracticable dream?

Then who is he, that here in words that have such a cheerful ring of sincerity about them bids the Church strive together for the faith; who elsewhere writes to the Corinthians, not likely to encourage them in delusions on the subject, “all to speak the same thing, and to be perfectly joined together in the same mind and judgment;” and who, in his Epistle to the Thessalonians, blessed God for “the good tidings of their faith and charity”? It is the apostle who, of all men in the world, loved truth, and gave up all he had to possess it, and suffered all a man could suffer in maintaining it, who passionately hated its counterfeits, who would not yield for an hour to one of the Twelve when he saw him to be in the wrong, who warned the Galatians against receiving another gospel even if an angel from heaven delivered it; yes, and who not only loved truth, but understood human nature, with a keen thoroughness, whom the incessant care of all the Churches was constantly and painfully instructing in the enormous difficulty of ever bringing men to be of one mind about anything. Yet, knowing what he means, and seeing what comes of it, he here urges on the Church of that time and

the Church of all time the blessed duty of striving together for the faith of the gospel; and if the Apostle of the Gentiles felt it ought to be done, and thought that it could be done, who are we to say no? What is the faith of the gospel? The apostle uses two expressions about the gospel; one, "the *hope* of the Gospel," when writing to the Colossians; here, the *faith* of it. The hope is that which we expect from it; the faith is that which we learn in it. This faith or truth is the simple creed of three grand and comprehensive truths, centring round and springing from the Persons of the Eternal Trinity. They are the Fatherhood of God, or His relation and purpose towards mankind; the atonement of Christ, or God and man reconciled in the Incarnation, and all its ineffable results; the work of the Comforter, or what the Church knows as the doctrines of grace. That God loves us, and at first made us, that He might love us; when we fell, still loving us, and going on to redeem us, that He might be able better to bless us, and make us capable of His love, through the way of escape and perfection which He Himself provided; that His feeling towards us is one of holy compassion, that His purpose about us is that of a free salvation; that if we come to approach Him, it is because He Himself is approaching us, and that when we cry "Father," He has first whispered "Son:"—this is the truth of truths underlying, explaining, uniting, and confirming all other truths; this is the Gospel of gospels, the casket in which sparkle as with light from the throne the glorious facts of the Incarnation and the Nativity, the Baptism and the Passion, the Resurrection and the Pentecost. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

The next truth of the gospel is, that the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us full of grace and truth, and died for our sins according to the Scriptures, and having overcome death is set down at the right hand of God, Prince and Saviour. Our human nature is now more exalted than it ever was, through its everlasting union with the Divine. Our debt of obedience is paid through the perfect righteousness of our head, Jesus. Our sins with all their consequences were, with His own consent, laid on Him by His holy Father, and He has perfectly expiated them, so that in the wonderful figure of Scripture God has cast them behind His back to be remembered no more. "Of Him," as St.

Paul says, "are we in Christ Jesus," who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption.

Once more, "I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Lord and Giver of life." It is He who takes of the things of Christ, and shows them unto us; who grafts us into the body of Christ, and builds us up into Him; who makes the sacraments potent with life, and the Scriptures vital with truth; who not only teaches us to pray, but Himself prays within us; who not only enables us to live like Christ, but in the wonderful illustration of St. Paul brings Christ into our hearts, Himself to dwell there; who being the promise of the Father, gives the soul its birth, and the saint his perfection; by whom preachers speak and the Church grows.

Within and around these truths are many others, but the farther they are removed from the centre, the less vital and momentous they become; also the more fertile source of unprofitable controversy, and the too frequent cause of separation among the children of God.

It is certain, so far as the apostolic records tell us, that these were the primal truths with which the apostles went forth to found the kingdom of God, and which God owned and blessed in enabling them to found it. The multiplying ages may have brought us riper experience. The Church has developed her majestic order; over the entire globe the net of the gospel has cast its embrace, and men of every race and tongue bow in adoration before the prophet of Galilee. But there has been no new gospel discovered, for there has been no divine advent since Jesus went away. As strong now as then, as fresh now as then, as wonderful now as then is the old and yet new story of God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them.

Now it is for this "faith of the gospel" that the apostle bids us strive. His language must be studied with exactness, for every word has a force of its own, and our English version is not quite so happy as usual. "Striving" in the original indicates the intense and concentrated exertion of an athlete in the games straining every muscle for victory. "Together" is expressed in the compound word "striving together," whereby its force is pointed and augmented. "For" the faith of the gospel, should, I think, be rendered *with* the faith of the gospel.

The apostle here as elsewhere recognises the truths and doctrines of the gospel as the

one great force by which the world was to be subdued to God. Ideas are the mechanics of the spiritual world. Writing to the Romans, he was resolved not to be ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it was the power of God unto salvation to every man that believeth. David speaks of this word as a light to his feet, and a lamp to his path. St. Peter says that it is the incorruptible seed of which men are born through the spirit. And it is as working with and fellow-helpers unto this divine force on souls, that the Church is summoned to labour. Noble consolation, for thus she is not fighting alone. The truth of the gospel is in one aspect her ally, in another her weapon, God behind and in front her sun and shield. *

But you say, how are we to contend for it? The context indicates (I shall be content with naming them) these chief methods. *Firmness*, they were to "stand fast;" "*In one spirit*" with clear perception of its leading ideas; *with energy and resolution* "striving;" *with unity of purpose and with striving together*; *with a calm fearlessness*, "in nothing terrified by your adversaries."

We must be firm, not tossed about with every wind of doctrine, nor at the mercy of the last clever speaker, whichever side he takes; not bitten by that poor affectation of candour which, thinking to do an adversary justice, does its own cause injustice, and to spare a foe disowns a friend; nor, again, in such a restless inquisitiveness for truth (ever reserved, and apt to hide itself from shallowness and babbling), that it will never be quiet long enough to generate that state of mind in which alone truth can be seen.

Also we must have a clear intellectual perception of the truth for which we are to fight, or may be we shall soon be firing into the ranks of our own supporters, and perhaps damaging the cause we never were at the pains to examine.

Bishop Warburton has said that the two greatest subjects that can occupy the human mind are Theology and Politics; and the history of the noblest part of mankind for three thousand years proves the saying to be true.

Then, and only then, shall we love it; love it for what it has done for us, and brought to us, enabled us to pass on, and also to enjoy. For one great lack in the Christianity of the present day is depth. There is more superficial religion than ever there was—we can say as much for its solidity? Indeed, it is to be feared that the seed on the rock is only too exact an illus-

tration of the slight hold the faith of Christ has got of the reason and heart of a great proportion of professing Christians; and were persecution or affliction to arise for the word's sake, faith might sorely fail, and the love of many wax cold.

To know the truth and love it, to love it because we know it, and to spread it because we love it, this is the confession of Christ.

And with energy is our striving to be done. The kingdoms of this world are not built up with languid hopes, and timid enterprises, and scant sacrifice, and base delays. Life, and blood, and treasure, and years of sleepless nights, and purposes that have been maturing in strong wills and hearts for a generation, and the clenched resolve of a nature that, when it once grips a purpose, never lets it go till it is done—these have carried stained and tattered flags to final victory; these have won and consolidated empires, have made tribes into nations, and soldiers into kings. So it is only by sacrifice, and devotion, and untiring diligence, and the purpose of those that love not their lives unto the death, that the Church of God can grow. As those who strive for the mastery, and with all their might, who put the kingdom of heaven first before all other things in the world, and who care not what comes or goes so long as it advances—if thus we labour for the faith of the gospel, great may be our toil, but vast shall be our reward!

But it must be *together*, or it is simply hopeless; it must be with a *quiet courage*, for there are many adversaries.

What do I mean by "striving together"? I mean that the laity must work with the clergy, and that men must work as well as women, and that the poor must give their prayers as well as the rich their money; and that Christians, as far as possible, should work with Christians, not taking melancholy pains to find out how much they differ, but how far they can agree in the presence and for the sake of Him who died for us all, who loves us all, who needs us all, who calls us all, who teaches us all, who uses us all, who permits us to differ in some things that we may give and take as occasion serveth, that there may ever be discipline for humility, and opportunity for usefulness; that Barnabas may take reproof from Paul, when Paul, because he loves him, leaves him; so Christ and His Church be richer through it all. Then, and then only, we shall not be terrified by our adversaries. For there *are* adversaries; and while it is a very poor sort

of courage that denies the fact of danger, it is but a silly and even culpable strategy that throws away soldiers, only to show how brave they are. We must know what we have to encounter, that we may take measures for protection and victory. To underrate an adversary's strength is almost more hazardous than to overrate our own.

As to these adversaries, I will name only three—a faith corrupted, a Church divided, and a heart asleep. There are many corruptions of the “faith once delivered to the saints.” Some adding to it spoil its simplicity; others taking from it neutralise its life. Grand claims, such as Rome's, which seem to possess everything except the right sort of evidence to substantiate them, captivate some of us by the bravery of their sonorous appeals. On the other hand, subtle doubts and questionings working their stealthy way into the seams and joinings of the spirit presently widen small cracks into open fissures, and the anxious inquirer soon steps into the perilous contentment of one who feels that he must never expect to be satisfied. “What think ye of Christ?” is, no doubt, a question now more constantly put and more seriously listened to than ever it was. But Christ's other question, “When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?” seems to have but a dismal response in our own sceptical time.

“Many adversaries.” But we are not to be startled by them like a gentle linnet watched by some bird of prey. We are to go on striving, and working, and praying, and teaching, and doing our very best for our brethren, and hoping the best about the world—then, leaving it with God. It is His world and, whatever men please to say to the contrary, He is still ruling it; and our worst perils must not suffer us to forget for a single moment that His hand is on the helm while the ship of the Church tosses on its voyage over a white and angry sea.

Perhaps the Church divided is the hardest trial to bear. It seems so unnatural, so unreasonable, so unjust, so gratuitous an addition to our difficulties that within the very bosom of the Church, Jacob and Esau should vex each other's hearts; and that a scoffing world should make our unhappy divisions a plausible excuse for discrediting the kingdom of Christ. Here our duty must be to see that these divisions have no food, no holding ground, no progress, at least among ourselves. Let our way of controversy, and we *must* have controversy, be that of simply, lovingly, faithfully proclaiming the positive objective truths

of the gospel, leaving them to make their own way and to fight their own battles, as light chases the darkness when morning comes. The truth can take care of itself; often much better, when it is left to itself; and our kind attempts to help it with its work sometimes ignominiously fail. If others part from us, or quarrel with us, they must. But let not the cause nor the sin be ours.

Perhaps, however, the worst of all our adversaries is within; the lazy will, the tepid heart, the thick conscience, the mind dull to truth, the sordid spirit, which forgets who it is that gives us wealth, and what He gives it for, supposes it a grand cleverness to push sacrifices on our neighbours' shoulders, and shirk them for our own. Oh! let us earnestly ask our God to come and visit us severally with His grace, to help us better to see and know the amazing wealth of His undeserved mercy, to stir these dull minds to look on and look up for the time when the roof of the world shall suddenly be lifted up and the King of Saints comes back. In conclusion, let us be full of hope, because Christ is King; let us also deserve to be hopeful, because we are steadily at work for Him. Let us be strong in faith, because if we only, each in our several way and opportunity, set forth His full, pure gospel, it can no more fail to do the work appointed for it, than tomorrow's sun fail to climb the sky. Let us be close in our honest unity and generous brotherly kindness. Indeed, were there no other reason for it, we cannot afford to do without each other. The common prayer, the kindly greeting, the brotherly sympathy, the mutual consolation knit heart to heart, and tie man to man.

If you would do the best you can for your neighbour, through helping him into the light of God, do not force him, do not scold him, do not hurry him, do not set him against you, and so lose all chance of persuading or influencing him, by hot, or vehement, or bitter words. Most of all, do not dare to rob him of his freedom, or to prevent him from thinking out in his own manner his way to God. If you do, the chief loss may be your own. Rather, if you really want to know how to love a man, that you may the better help him, at least pray for him, if you cannot pray with him. The prayer that helps him must bless you. Walking in the light as He is in the light, you will have fellowship one with another. God is love; and to strive for the gospel which declares that love, is to love as He loves, “hoping for nothing again,” save to be loved in return.

EXPLORATIONS IN GREENLAND.

By EDWARD WHYMPER, AUTHOR OF "THE ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN," ETC.

FIRST PAPER.

IT will be within the recollection of most persons that Baron Nordenskiöld made a voyage to Greenland last year, having published just before his departure a programme or prospectus setting forth his aims; and that he put out in it, as a novelty, the idea that the interior of Greenland might be free from snow and ice. Said he—

"The interior of Greenland is even less known than the east coast; and here we encounter a purely scientific problem, whose great importance is apparent from the circumstance that the unestablished theory—that the interior of the island is one continuous mass of ice—forms one of the corner stones in glacial science. . . . The following reflections seem to demonstrate that it is a *physical impossibility* that the whole of the interior of this extensive continent can be covered with ice, under the climatic conditions which exist on the globe south of the 80th degree of latitude." And after various other remarks he continued, "In consequence of this circumstance, the snow-falls in the interior of Greenland cannot be sufficient for maintaining a 'perpetual' inland ice." The programme concluded by saying that the ship would make for the west coast of Greenland, to the Auleitsvik Fiord (near Egedesminde), whence the journey into the interior would be commenced.

The appearance of these statements caused me both surprise and concern. They caused surprise because they now brought out as a novelty an idea that I entertained more than twenty years ago, and which coming to the knowledge of Sir Roderick Murchison, had been mentioned somewhat prominently by him in his address to the Royal Geographical Society in 1866. The publication of this address,* which was widely circulated and is accessible to all, renders it unnecessary for me to assert any claim to originality. But I should explain here that my views as presented by Sir

Roderick Murchison were rather too highly coloured; that the well-grassed valleys and recesses to which he adverted were not to have been verdant and luxurious oases "richly covered with forests," and that my expectations, in the event of discovering that the interior of Greenland was not a continuous mass, would have been limited to finding such sparse vegetation as is commonly seen near the sea in Arctic lands, which affords sufficient, though scanty, sustenance to the wild reindeer.

It seemed not impossible that the interior of Greenland (which at that time was almost entirely unknown) might be found to be broken up into detached masses, or archipelagoes, such as are found throughout the Arctic circle; the distance from the east to the west coast of the continent was sufficiently considerable to admit of the existence of large unknown fiords and arms of the sea; while the appearance and disappearance from time to time of great herds of reindeer on the west coast (who went no one could tell where) seemed to favour the conjecture that the interior was not entirely covered with snow and ice. These were some of the considerations which I offered to Sir Roderick Murchison, and at the present time, though the area to be investigated has been lessened, there still remain large tracts both in the north and in the south of the interior of the continent where it is possible, though it becomes increasingly improbable, that grassy recesses may be found, or that fiords may penetrate far inland, breaking up the general mass.

It follows, therefore, that I see no reason to differ from any one who may state that there yet remains much to be done in exploring the interior of Greenland, or who may affirm that it is still uncertain whether the whole of the interior is or is not enveloped by glacier. My surprise arose from Baron Nordenskiöld connecting such statements with the part of the country in which he announced it was his intention to travel; for I knew, from a journey which I made in 1867, and had often stated publicly, that the whole of the interior at that part was absolutely covered by glacier. In a paper communicated to the *Alpine Journal* in 1870, I

* "Mr. Whympers has conceived the bold project of penetrating along the surface of some of its glaciers into the interior of this snow-clad continent, being convinced, from the number of deer which sometimes find their way to the coast, that there are, here and there, well-grassed valleys and recesses. . . . I am happy to say that our traveller is determined to make a preliminary trip to Greenland next spring, and afterwards to endeavour to accomplish what no one before has ever thought of."—*Anniversary Address to the Royal Geographical Society, delivered May 28, 1866.*

wrote, in relation to this part of Greenland and the country to its north and south:—

"The great ice-covered interior plateau of Greenland can be seen a long way off if the weather is clear. Its summit is almost a dead level from north to south. But when one comes nearer to the coast it is concealed by the hills which are on its outskirts. The whole of the (outer) land on the (West) Greenland coast is mountainous, and although the hills scarcely ever, if ever, exceed a height of 8,000 or 9,000 feet, they effectually conceal the inner, or glacier-covered land. This latter is at a distance from the coast varying from ten to sixty or more miles, and, when it is reached, there is an end to land—all is ice, as far as the eye can see. Great as the mass of ice is which still envelopes Greenland, there were times when the land was even more completely covered up by it; indeed, there is good reason to suppose that there was a time when every atom of the country was covered, and that life was hardly possible for man. . . . With the exception of places where the rocks are easy of disintegration, and the traces of glacier action have been to a great extent destroyed, the whole country bears the marks of the grinding and polishing of ice; and judging by the flatness of the curves of the *roches moutonnées*, and by the perfection of the polish which still remains upon the rocks, after they have sustained many centuries of extreme variations of temperature, the glacial period during which such effects were produced must have vastly exceeded in duration, or severity, the 'glacial period' of Europe; and the existing great interior ice-plateau of Greenland, enormous as it is, must be considered as but the remnant of a mass which was incalculably greater, and to which there is no parallel at the present time, excepting within the Antarctic circle."

And later on, in my book, *Scrambles amongst the Alps*, 1871, pp. 246-7:—

"The interior of Greenland appears to be absolutely covered by glacier between $68^{\circ} 30'$ — 70° N. lat. . . . On two occasions, in 1867, I saw, at a glance, at least 6,000 square miles of it, from the summits of small mountains on its outskirts. Not a single peak or ridge was to be seen rising above, nor a single rock reposing upon the ice. The country was *completely* covered up by glacier; all was ice, as far as the eye could see. . . . This vast ice-plateau, although smaller than it was in former times, is still so extensive that the whole of the glaciers of the Alps might be merged into it without its bulk being perceptibly increased."

In 1872 I again travelled in north-west Greenland, and, by ascending various lofty mountains, saw more of the "inland ice;"* and in the *Alpine Journal* for 1873, p. 220, I wrote:—

"From all the principal summits you perceive the vast glacier-clad interior of the country, stretching from north to south in an unbroken line, with a crest as straight as a sea-horizon. There are no marks upon it which enable one to calculate the altitude to which it rises, or the distance to which it extends. But having now seen it from several elevated and widely separated positions, as I find that its summit line always appears lofty, even from the highest moun-

tains which I have ascended, my impression is that its height is generally not less than 8,000 feet, and in some places perhaps surpasses 10,000 feet."

It was certain, therefore, when Baron Nordenskiöld started that he would be doomed to disappointment if he should take the direction indicated in his programme.* On his return it was found that his experiences were the very opposite of his anticipations—that there was no country "richly covered with forests," but that all was cased in ice. His report, so far as it has been made known, entirely confirms my observations in 1867 and 1872;† and, although the time has not yet arrived for presenting a full account of my travels in Greenland, the occasion seems favourable for the appearance of some details relating to them.

I speedily found, in 1866, that the only possible way of getting to the part of Greenland which I wanted to visit would be by means of the ships of the Royal Greenland Trade, sailing from Copenhagen; and I went in the winter to that city to perfect my preparations. I wished to land in Disco Bay, and, by the advice of Mr. Olrik, the Director of the Trade, I determined to proceed to Jakobshavn (which is in about the centre of the bay), as there were several fords in its neighbourhood which approached the "inland ice" very closely. Mr. Olrik granted passages to and fro for a nominal consideration, and we sailed for Greenland on April 27th, 1867.

It was the 30th of May before we sighted the coast, which appeared at first as a long, low line of sparkling points. Masses of heavy clouds concealed the summits, but, as we approached, the great panorama was gradually unfolded; the clouds lifted, revealing an endless array of peaks, counterparts in form of many of the most famous mountains in the Alps, loaded with snow, and glaciers. At this time we were a little south of Holsteinberg, in latitude 66° , and next morning, when some thirty miles farther north, the character of the coast changed, the mountains dwindled down to low hills, and they retained that character for about seventy miles, exhibiting the unmistakable characteristics of ice-eroded surfaces. Rounded bosses were seen everywhere; the tops of the hills were clean gone; and convex curves took the

* But there was no means of communicating with him, as owing to his programme being issued only just prior to his departure, it came into my hands after he had sailed.

† "Nordenskiöld admits that no ice-free land exists in the interior, at least between 68° and 69° N. lat., and explains its absence as due to the orographical features of the country, somewhat different from what he had been led to expect. Instead of the interior being protected by lofty coast ranges, the whole country rises symmetrically and gradually to a rounded table-land from the sea."—*The Times*, Nov. 1, 1883.

* This term is employed by the Danes in Greenland to designate the glacier-covered interior.

place of the craggy forms which were seen to the south.

Six weeks elapsed since leaving Copen-

out of the ice-fiord* just to the south of the settlement, and had again blocked the entrance; so we stood on and off for a whole

day and finally ran in between two bergs, which we scraped as we passed, and got at last to our port on the evening of June 15. Settlements in Greenland are all after one pattern. There are three or perhaps four wooden houses huddled to-



The Coast Line.

gether, rarely of more than one story, in appearance like the sheds erected to lodge railway navvies; there is a tall flag-staff, with three small and very rusty guns; below a wooden jetty, a blubber-boat, and a pile of casks; with a score or two of mongrel dogs and equally mongrel children wandering about. It takes some time to discover where the natives live, but by-and-by it is discovered that that which at a distance looks like a heap of dirt is a house, built out of clods of turf, intermixed with rounded stones, and a number of such dwellings will ultimately be found spread over half a square mile or so, for

hagen before we arrived at Egedesminde, a settlement on the south of Disco Bay, into which we were obliged to put until Jakobshavn harbour should be clear of ice—a dismal place at that time, for every soul, Greenlanders, Danes, and all, had a cough. Though it was now getting well into June, almost the whole island on which the settlement was placed was covered with snow, and a belt of sea-fretted ice was fixed all along the shore just above high-water mark. Here I became familiarised with Greenland currency, and learned the values of the coins in circulation, which were mostly skillings and half-skillings, equal respectively to about English farthings and half-farthings.

Silver was rarely seen, and gold never, the higher values being represented by bank notes of various amounts, which were often in an indescribable state of grease and dilapidation. On the next page is a fac-simile of one of the value of six skillings, or three half-pence.

News came on the evening of the eighth day we stopped at Egedesminde that we could get into Jakobshavn harbour, and a twenty-hours' run took us off it; but we found that a large number of bergs had come



Transporting an Umiak.

the natives seldom put their houses close together. The wooden houses belong to

* The term "ice-fiord" will be explained later.



A Bank-note for Three Half-pence.

the Danes. The head-man of the place, whose proper title translated is "Colony-director," lives in the largest, and the others are occupied by his "assistant" and a cooper. There are seldom more than three or four Danes at any one settlement, and Jakobshavn was exceptional in having a priest and a doctor.

Jakobshavn was especially exceptional, too, in possessing a church and a hospital—the latter being an *annexe* of the former, and though intended for the service of the natives had never been used by them. By order of Mr. Olrik, we were permitted to occupy the hospital, and speedily took possession, stowing away our goods in the church-loft, which formed an excellent store-room. The next thing was the purchase of a boat, and the Colony-director sold me the only one which could be spared—an old and very rotten whale-boat, a relic from some wrecked whaler. In this I started, three days after our arrival, with half-a-dozen natives and an interpreter, to proceed along the coast to the north in search of a place where the inland-ice approached the sea, for nothing could be seen of it from the settlement (although it was not far distant to the east), as the neighbouring hills, though scarcely more than 1,500 feet high, were sufficiently lofty to shut out all view of the interior.

At this time, in consequence of the prevalence of south-westerly winds, all the coast to the north of Jakobshavn was encumbered

with ice, the *débris* of bergs which had drifted out of the ice-fiord, and we had to push our way through it, bit by bit, often scarcely seeing the sea at all. It was more formidable in appearance than in reality; and the natives forced aside the ever thawing and revolving masses, laughing, joking, and singing as if they were upon a mere frolic. About twenty miles to the north of the settlement we came to a fiord running towards the east, which branched out in several directions, and we took the most southern arm, entering it



The Progress of Civilisation.



Native Pouches.

through a narrow passage where the glaciers in olden times had made a stand, and created a moraine, which had been subsequently cut through and now exists as an island, with a rampart on either side. The stream ran through these passages with great velocity, boiling and tumbling around submerged boulders in a manner very suggestive of shipwreck; but a kayaker who accompanied us went ahead and selected a channel, and we shot through after him on a current running about eight miles an hour.

The glacier-covered interior now appeared directly in front, distant ten or eleven miles, at the end of a broad and beautiful sheet of land-locked sea, studded with islets, and bounded by cliffs, alive with gulls, ducks, and terns, cawing, screaming, and fluttering around their rocky breeding-places. The water rapidly shallowed some miles before the end of the fiord, and turbidity was substituted for the exquisitely clear green of the deeper portions; for in this fiord, as well as in all others subsequently visited, the mud-laden streams pouring from under the inland-ice are silting up the arms of the sea with a sticky and most tenacious slime which is not easy to escape from when once a boat is well aground upon it. Our friend in the canoe again acted as pilot, sounding and indicating a sinuous channel, and after some hours of tiresome work we at length got to land and camped comfortably on a sand-bank, not far from the margin of the inland-ice.

At the back of our camp, a hill about 500

feet high gave a good view of the nearest branch of the ice, which streamed down to the head of the main valley in two arms, and these alone, although insignificant as compared with the general mass, would have ranked as first-class glaciers in the Alps—the larger of the two resembling the Brenva glacier on Mount Blanc, rising in two steps, broken up into a maze of *séracs*, to the great reservoir behind. Though impracticable in front, it appeared that the upper surface might be reached by taking it in flank on either bank, and the left bank, or southern side, being the more accessible, I gave that the preference, and started for it at midnight (broad daylight in this latitude in the middle of June) with three natives and the interpreter, leaving the others in charge of the boats. After an hour's walking over turfy and rather boggy ground, we arrived at a place where the glacier could be easily scaled, at a height of 550 feet above the sea.

Thus far we had not had any prospect over the inland ice, such glimpses as had been obtained having been in vistas closing the ends of valleys, or through occasional openings between a couple of peaks; and to gain a better general idea of its nature, before proceeding, I ascended an isolated hill on the western margin, which commanded a very extensive view. The morning was still, and the sky cloudless, and as I gradually rose above the level of the inland ice I saw that there were the usual banks of old snow from last winter extending all round the margin where it abutted upon the exterior



A Half-skilling.

land; and then came rounded, dome-like slopes of hard ice, such as are common at the termination of most glaciers, containing numerous crevasses. This hard ice extended only for a few hundred yards eastwards, and then became snow-covered. Beyond, there was scarcely a sign of a crevasse, and a mantle of pure unsullied snow stretched east, north, and south, far as the eye could see, covering everything completely. How far our sight extended none could say, for no one, however experienced with snow and ice, can judge distance with accuracy on a snow-field which has no marks upon it. To the

north and south, the mountains around the margin of the inland ice showed that the prospect was immense, but they gave no clue as to the distance seen to the east.

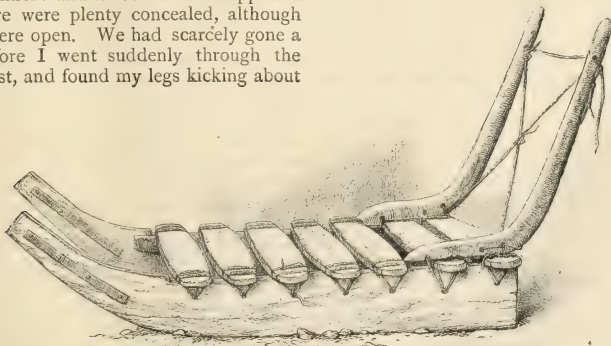
The nature of this view was a most agreeable surprise, for I had never conjectured that the conditions would be so easy, or that it would be possible to meet with such an absolutely complete effacement (so to speak) of all the land-features of a continent, unlike anything known elsewhere. There were undulations, but no declivities, and there were slopes, but not a single peak, nor, excepting at the very margin (where there were small boulders from the contiguous rocks) was there even a stray rock upon the surface. The ice-sheet rose steadily towards the east, at a very slight angle, and obviously rose to a great height above our station. The summit or horizon-line in the far east ran north and south without a break, and without the slightest depression at any part. It appeared to be dead level over an immense distance.

We now hastened to make an excursion on the ice, and walked on to it, across the old snow-beds, without cutting a single step! The natives—who had constantly predicted that something dreadful would occur, and had ceaselessly talked of imaginary wild beasts which they suppose inhabit the interior—followed with alacrity, though they exhibited signs of alarm when we came to the end of the uncovered part of the ice, and I proceeded to tie them up in line, mountaineer fashion, some twenty feet apart. The post of honour fell, of course, to myself, and I led the party, sounding for crevasses in the usual manner: and it soon became apparent that there were plenty concealed, although so few were open. We had scarcely gone a mile before I went suddenly through the snow-crust, and found my legs kicking about

in a crevasse full of water; and a little further on we discovered that there were many pools of water lying on the ice underneath the snow. Nevertheless we made good progress, and within a couple of hours had risen nearly 1,400 feet above the sea.

Long before this occurred, on looking back, we began to perceive in the west the mountains of Disco Island rising above the hill we had ascended on the outskirts. They were at a known distance of sixty to seventy miles, as the crow flies, and the peaks we could see to the north and south were at least as far away. Hence we began to have some notion of the distance we could see to the east.

The farther we went the better we found the snow; and this was natural, for the higher the colder, and the harder the crust. At the end of a couple of hours there seemed no advantage in proceeding, and I halted to take the opinion of the natives whether it would become better or worse. "It is all alike," every one said; "we could drive sledges thirty-five to forty miles a day over it." So we turned back and raced down, getting to our camp about 5 A.M., and, after a long sleep, took to the boats and returned to Jakobshavn in high spirits. With perpetual day, a cloudless sky, perfect calm, a temperature of 36° Fahr., and snow so firm that one could move over it almost as readily as upon a high road, great success seemed within our grasp, for there appeared to be nothing to prevent a walk right across Greenland!



Ordinary Greenland Dog-sledge.

EDWARD IRVING.

THE publication of Carlyle's "Reminiscences" has revived an interest in Edward Irving which had lately been dying out. There are still, indeed, some who remember his preaching, and they cannot speak of it without wonder. There is, too, a religious community which had its beginning from him; but it was mainly shaped by other hands, and has now dropped the name of its founder. An effort was made some years ago to perpetuate his fame by the republication of his works; but the eloquence of speech can never be adequately expressed in print, and whatever circulation these books may have had, but little interest was felt in a character which, at one time, equally fascinated and puzzled men. Once more, however, Carlyle has recalled the imposing figure to our minds by one of the most vivid of his many portraits, and one, too, in which the colours are more lovingly touched than is at all usual with that rather cynical philosopher. Yet it may be doubted whether even he who had such means of knowing Irving, has, after all, rightly understood his friend. At any rate it may not be out of place, ere the subject pass away altogether, as the orator is apt to do, to try if we cannot form a more satisfactory estimate of Irving's character than either the pathetic laudation of Mrs. Oliphant or the pathetic lamentation of Carlyle.

Edward was the third son of Gavin Irving and Mary Lowther, and was born at Annan on August 15th, 1792. The Irvings, according to Carlyle, had been a race of small farmers who "did well for themselves" in those days, when "old Q." the last Duke of Queensberry, tried, by means of long leases and "grassons," to leave his heir very little the better for his great inheritance. But Gavin Irving, a solid burgess and tanner in his native town, owed nothing to the wicked old Duke, or to anything but his own shrewd wits and diligent fingers. His wife, a Lowther, was thought by some to be really a Luther, some tradition of descent from the Reformer having a kind of hold on the family. But most likely it was a myth to account for Irving's greatness when he was thought to be a new Luther come to reform the Reformation. How Irving grew up there it is not very needful to inquire. Small Scottish burghs are all very much alike, dull and gossipy enough, but not without a good deal of individual character to brighten them. Unfortunately the minister, who is generally the most important figure in such places, was

fonder of good cheer than was good for himself or his flock, who, in consequence, drifted largely away to Mr. Johnstone, burgher minister at Ecclefechan. In the dearth of other influences of the higher order, happily, the school, which was of chief moment to the young folk, was under the charge of Adam Hope, an honest and thorough teacher, who tolerated no sham-work, and had, according to one of his pupils, quite a gift at detecting it, and making it ashamed of itself. There was nothing, however, in Irving's school life, nor even in his college career at Edinburgh University, to suggest his subsequent meteor-like course. He was simply a handsome (bating his squint), generous, manly youth, a little magnificent in his way, and only marked by shrewd Professor Leslie as a likely mathematician, who might possibly do something considerable if chance should happen to turn his thoughts in that direction.

All along, however, Irving had devoted himself to the work of a Presbyterian minister, or perhaps missionary to the heathen, though that Church had then no missionaries anywhere. Like other Scottish divinity students then, having completed his Arts' curriculum, he sought to maintain himself by teaching during the years given to a somewhat irregular theological training. Hence, by recommendation of Professor Leslie, he went, first, to a school at Haddington, and had for a pupil there Miss Jane Welsh, now familiar to all the world as Jane Welsh Carlyle, wife of the prophet, "who was not easy to live with," as she found to her cost. Her father, we are told, noted in Irving "a tendency to scrape a hole in everything he was asked to believe;" but Miss Welsh herself saw other qualities in him, which, had the fates permitted, might have made both their lives happier than they were. "Had I married Irving," she said long after, "there would have been no tongues." Perhaps; and yet who knows? As a loyal wife, she adapted herself to Carlyle, and lived his life, and thought his thoughts; and very possibly she would have done the same thing had she fallen to Irving's lot. There is no doubt that Irving loved her at one time, and it seems just as clear that she would have needed little persuasion to accept of him. But it was not to be. From Haddington he went to Kirkcaldy, to a similar school there, being succeeded in the former town by his friend Carlyle, who also followed him ere long to Kirkcaldy to a school which was set

up in opposition to Irving's. But though so far rivals, they were not less friends, for Irving's generous nature had not a touch of envy in it. Neither of them, however, was meant to be a schoolmaster, though both were fain to teach the world. They disliked the profession, and had no patience with stupidity. Their hearts lay to another line of things, and after a while the one drifted away into that literary life whose struggles and successes are known to all the world, while the other betook him to preaching the gospel in a fashion that should make the world also hear him.

The life of a Scottish "probationer" is rather a trying one, and if he goes a little off the beaten path so that plain country folk are not quite sure about him, the treatment he meets with is apt to make him a little sharp and sarcastic. Irving had a good deal of discouragement from many others, besides the Kirkcaldy baker who left his pew and marched down the aisle whenever he entered the pulpit. No patron looked to him, and no congregation thought of "giving him a call." Yet his temper was nowise soured, as it would have been, had he been thinking of himself more than of his work. His nature remained sweet and cheerful as ever, only he began to think of going forth as a missionary, like the Apostles, without staff or scrip. When Dr. Chalmers at length asked him to assist him in St. John's parish, Glasgow, Irving said that "if they put up with his preaching they would be the first people that ever did," and, with some few exceptions, they did no more than just put up with it. Yet if they had given him a fair hearing they would have found that the very same truths which Chalmers enforced with such rugged and fervid eloquence were more thoroughly discussed by his youthful assistant in a style that was modelled on the great masters of the English tongue.

It was not in Glasgow that his work was to be done; but it came to him at last, when he was thirty years old, in the shape of a call to the poor broken Church of Hatton Garden, which had, at the time, only one elder, some fifty seat-holders, a bad position, an unpopular character, and a clause in its trust-deed requiring the minister to preach, once a day, in Gaelic. Yet Irving was eager to accept of the post, and willing even to face the Gaelic sermon if they insisted on it, which, however, they wisely evaded. There was a buoyant hopefulness in him, and he felt sure "he would do great things" now that he had a clear field for himself. For during his long

probation he had pondered this question deeply, *How* should the gospel be preached so as to reach all sorts of men? The more vital question, *What* is this gospel I have to preach? had not yet been much in his thoughts. It came to be the uppermost one, as we shall see in due time, but for the present he took it pretty much for granted. But he had really studied the art of preaching—the style, the manner, the best way of restoring its ancient sway over the minds of men; and he felt as if he could so proclaim the old familiar gospel that the leaders of the people, the men of highest faculty and richest culture, should once more return to its allegiance, as in England's better days when its foremost minds were still "believing."

In this spirit he went to Hatton Garden, and the result showed that so far he had not miscalculated his powers. Every one knows how there was an unwonted stir among the Scotchmen of Bloomsbury and Islington; how men like David Wilkie and Allan Cunningham became not only regular church-goers, but drew other artists and litterateurs along, with them to hear the new Baptist in the wilderness of Holborn; how the fifty poor sheep became so many hundreds that the little fold ere long could not contain them; how Sir James Mackintosh, moved by a touching word of prayer, spoke of the preacher to Canning, who again told the House of Commons that the most eloquent sermon he ever heard was preached by a minister of the poorest church in Christendom; how this verdict of the great wit and orator sent the West-end carriages a-rolling City-ward into unfrequented regions, where dukes and statesmen and great ladies waited their turn as at a levee. All London was stirred. It was not only the giddy throng of fashion that rushed after a new sensation, but scholars, artists, as well as merchant princes. Nor did they sit only to hear twenty minutes of elegant sentence-making, like a fountain of many-tinted rhetoric playing delicately for their amusement; but for three hours at least they were plied with argument, illustration, and entreaty in the language of those stately past ages when men wore full-bottomed wigs.

It is not in human nature not to be more or less gratified by such popularity, but there is not the slightest sign that it injured the perfect simplicity of his character. I dare say it is very nice to feel the sweet breath of fashion as it is wafted about one's pulpit. One soul may be very much the same as another, and yet the rustle of

silken souls, and the odours they bring with them, their lovely faces and pleasant smiles are, very likely, rather intoxicating. On the whole, however, there are few who have passed through the ordeal more unscathed than Irving. Speaking to his people, at the opening of their new church by-and-by, he called it "an hindrance to devotion;" adding:

"We have stood in imminent peril from the visits of rank and dignity that have been paid to us. There was, however, much good to be expected from it, and therefore we willingly paid the price, being desirous that they who heard the truth but seldom, should hear it when they were disposed. But these are bad conditions to 'our being cemented together as a Church. They withdrew us from ourselves to those conspicuous people by whom we were visited, from which I have not ceased to warn you, and against which I have not ceased to be upon my own guard."

That might, perhaps, be a little more grammatical; but at least there is not a hint in it that he was growing giddy in the breath and buzz of popular favour. And at the time when that favour most abounded he might be found chiefly, not in Belgravian drawing-rooms, but in the lanes of Pentonville, or the slums of Soho.

All this excitement arose from preaching a set of ideas with which his hearers were almost as familiar as with their own faces. His first book belongs to this period, viz., his "Four Orations for the Oracles of God, and an Argument for the Judgment, in Nine Parts." Its doctrine is altogether of the type known as evangelical. Mr. Spurgeon might have preached it, bating the style. There is the usual exaltation of the Bible, as being in every sentence and syllable of it the infallible word of God, guaranteed by miracles, and therefore to be read, not critically, but believingly. There are the three R's—Ruin, Redemption, and Righteousness. There are the usual warnings that death seals a man's state irrevocably. And there are pictures of eternal punishment nearly as horrible as those of Jeremy Taylor. There is, also, the usual—may I say?—Pharisaic or Philistinish satisfaction with our own country as being, with all its faults, the "chosen nation," the home of truth and piety and freedom; all owing, of course, to the preaching of the gospel. There is no novelty in the *matter*; it is all in the manner of treating it.

Yet the book, in spite of all this, was fitted to make respectable orthodoxy uneasy. There was no sort of heresy in its teaching, but still it was not "safe." One who spoke about doctrines as "popular idols," and those who upheld them "as men who frowned excommunication on all who doubt of their pre-eminence;" one who dared to say that the "shorter catechism was not an exhibition of

the whole Bible," and questioned the wisdom of teaching children "these narrow epitomes;" above all, one who could affirm that:

"From the constant demand of the religious world for the preaching of faith and forgiveness, and their constant kicking against the preaching of Christian morals, their constant appetite for mercy and dis-relish of righteousness, or if righteousness it be, their constant demand that it should be the imputed righteousness of Christ, not their own personal righteousness—from these features of the evangelical man, I am convinced that many of them are pillowing their hopes upon something else than the sanctification and changed life which the gospel hath wrought;"

clearly such an one was not a safe guide for young Scotchmen in the great metropolis of trade. Then, too, there were not obscure hints that he thought the religious world not to be very different from the fashionable world, and that pious agencies came perilously near being mercantile concerns, and altogether that the Churches, too, had better be thinking of the judgment to come. Hence a coldness sprung up among his brethren towards Irving. An atmosphere of suspicion gathered about him, thin at first, but gradually becoming more dense and foggy. There were whisperings at clerical meetings and glum looks in the street. Alas! the prophet's work is always "a burden," and sometimes his heart breaks under it.

It was while he was still the favourite of fashion, though beginning to be distrusted by his brethren, that the London Missionary Society asked him to preach the annual sermon at its meeting in 1824. This was the clerical "blue ribbon" awarded to the foremost preacher who could gather the biggest audience and secure the largest collection. Irving would attract dukes, earls, merchant-princes, and honourable women not a few. It was known, too, that he took a deep interest in missions, and had spoken warmly about Wesley's labours among the Kingswood colliers, and the Moravian Brethren in Greenland and the West Indies. Therefore on the appointed day the directors came cheerily to the great tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road, where a vast throng was already assembled, so that they had to begin the service an hour before the advertised time. They could arrange the commencement, but the end was beyond their power; and after more than three hours of it they would have given all the collection that it never had begun at all. Yet, if Irving had had a little tact, he might have said all he had to say without giving serious offence to any one. That however, was not his line. What need was there for policy and adroitness in proclaiming the truth? He had asked himself what it was that Missions supremely needed, and

what ought the true missionary to be? To these questions he thought the Missionary Societies replied, "Money; give us plenty of funds, and with the help of a committee and a secretary, the business shall be done." But to Irving this appeared to be the most fatal of all mistakes. Not money, but men, was what they needed above all things. Were not the apostles sent forth without purse or scrip? Had not Paul worked at tent-making while he evangelised the nations? No society raised funds to equip the monks of Iona. To find men of that stamp, then, and send them forth with a blessing and all Church authority for the work—that is the business of a Missionary Society, not to have offices and clerks, and transactions liker Mincing Lane than God's house. So he preached, and the worthy directors thought he was partly censuring them, partly painting a knight-errant, and no more understood him than Sancho did his Quixote.

All this did not help to bring back the confidence of the Church to her wayward, however loving son; and ere long, also, the wave of fashion began to return to its own natural channels. If, then, he had been leaning on the favour either of the Church or of the world, it is about this time that we might look for signs of disappointment, or efforts to bring back the fickle crowd to Hatton Garden. And happily we have, just at this period, a brief diary, or rather a series of daily letters, in which he depicts himself, without knowing that he is doing so, having no half-conscious thought how it will look in the eyes of posterity. It was written, in all the confidence of domestic affection, to his wife, daughter of the minister of Kirkcaldy, whom he had married in 1823. They had been troth-plighted while Carlyle and he were school-mastering there, and the former hints not obscurely that he had only been kept to the engagement by threats of legal procedure. I find it hard to believe this on the sole authority of one who, for some reason or other, had no good-will to the Martin family, especially as there is not a trace in Irving of any soreness or coldness such as an enforced marriage almost certainly produces. Of this marriage a child had been born—a little Edward, fondly loved during his brief life. Carlyle, himself childless, untouched, perhaps untouchable by those sweet lights which children shed upon our harder moods, rather sneers at Irving's doting on this babe of a large hope. But no one else will think the worse of the father for carrying the little fellow shoulder-high through the green High-

bury lanes, and finding rest and relief in him. He lived only two short years, dying in Kirkcaldy, whither Irving had transported his household, hoping that the sea air would restore the child's health. There he had to leave them, and it was on his return to the now lonely house in Myddelton Square that the diary was written as a sort of daily letter to his wife; and if any one can read it, and still think of Irving as a vain self-seeker, he must be wholly incapable of knowing a true man when he sees him.

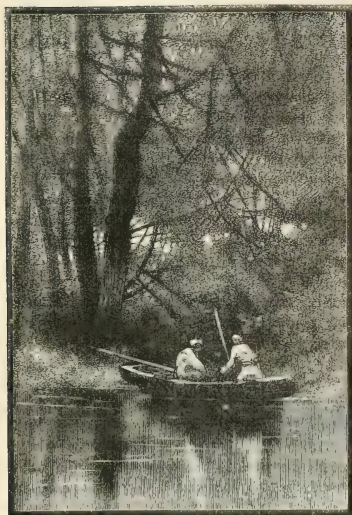
Each day begins with a boundless hospitality, for already the dining-room, before he comes down to prayers, is filled with a throng of elders, devout ladies, stray waifs he has picked up, and young Scotchmen in want of a breakfast or an introduction, all of whom sit down to his morning meal, and get also more or less advice and "exhortation," the amount of which, before he gets to bed, is something amazing to think of. When these early visitors leave, he betakes him to his study, and the diary records what books he is reading, what thoughts they suggest to him, and how the sermon for next Sunday is gradually shaping itself. Then after an early dinner of the frugallest kind, come visitations of the sick, dealings with sinners, a glance at the new church building in Regent Square, and a meeting in Hatton Garden or elsewhere, after which there is more visitation, some one to comfort, or at any rate to "exhort." It is rarely much before midnight when he gets home, and sets to writing his diary. This ceaseless activity is only varied by the tremendous strain on the Sunday, carried on amid the heat and excitement of a crowded church, for three hours and a half in the morning, and two and a half in the evening, the interval being filled with work or worry of one kind or another. As we read the story, it is not his genius we think of, but his entire devotion to duty. Not as a prophet does he show himself to me at this stage, but far more as a priest—one "ordained for men in things pertaining to God." Of dukes, countesses, statesmen, orators, the diary says nothing whatever; neither boasts of their presence, nor regrets their absence, but simply ignores them altogether. But it is full of tender interest in struggling poor folk, in hapless waifs, in hopeful converts, and in broken hearts. As he had been among the starving Glasgow weavers, when he was nobody, so was he now among neglected Scotchmen in London, when all the world was wondering after him.

(To be continued.)

WALTER SMITH.

PENCIL OR PEN.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF BEDFORD.



Thou shalt watch with me the cloudlet sleep,
On the breast of the changeless blue.

Here purple with heather, there green with
fern,
The broad slopes gleam afar ;
And ruddy the slanting sun-rays burn
In the thorn-bush on the scar.

Thou shalt watch the stream, from pool to
pool
Singing and smiling still,
In its mimic waterfalls, bright and cool,
As it drops from the far-drawn hill.

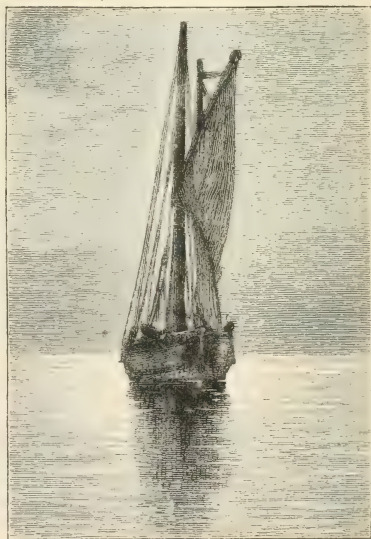
See how it creeps by the alder-roots
And the mosses brown and green !
See how in silver bars it shoots
The boulder-stones between !

OH, for the spell of the artist's brush
To carry this golden glen
And to set it there 'mid the roar and rush
Of wearily toiling men !

They should gaze on the mountain's eloquent
face,
They should breathe its fragrant air,
And perchance a dream of the wondrous
grace
Might lighten a dim heart there.

Ah, toiler ! not for myself alone
Would I love all fair things well ;—
Thou shalt sit with me on my mossy throne
At the foot of the upland dell.

Thou shalt gaze with me on the mountain
sweep,
With its manifold changeful hue ;





I may turn my freer gaze to feast
On the small grace at my feet.

The Pimpernel twines its tender thread
'Mid the mosses green and wet,
And the Sundew nestles in russet bed
With its glistening coronet.

The Wild - thyme curves out its fretted
spray,
And many a cushion swells
Of the Ivy-leaved Campanula
With its thousand fairy bells.

Then the magic pencil I'll crave no more,
But I'll wield my uncouth pen,
And the mosses and flowers shall bring their
store
For the solace of weary men.

And the care-worn toiler in dusty ways
The things that I see shall see,
And shall sing to the Giver his song of
praise,
As he shares my joy with me.

WILLIAM WALSHAM BEDFORD.

See how the fountains of snowy spray,
As joyously on they run
Over the level slabs of grey,
Are dancing in the sun !

I envied thee, painter, thy artist eye,
As I looked on the hollow hill ;
Yet are there no graces too softly shy
For the magic of thy skill ?

Lo ! wonderful mosses and tiny flowers
Make the marge of the streamlet fair,
For it is not a grudging hand that dowers
The glen with its beauty rare.

And the mystic wonder of the place,
In things both great and small,
Is the witchery of exquisite grace
That crowns and perfects all.

And while thou, O artist, the great things
seest,
And the splendour, as 'tis meet,



LIFE AND WORK AMONG THE EAST-LONDON POOR.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.,
PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S, LATE RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.

MY knowledge of the East of London is direct and connected. I have not dipped into it on philanthropical errands from the West. I have not hunted within its borders for curious literary material. I have not visited it commercially during business hours, but lived for ten years within a few doors of the famous Ratcliff Highway, and daily seen from my study window the masts of the great ocean-going ships which were creeping evenly and slowly to their berths in the Docks after months of tossing by the sea. My path and work have lain among my eastern neighbours and fellow-parishioners, and whatever memories I retain of them have been picked up in the ordinary round of life.

Not very long ago the East of London was reckoned to be quite oriental. Many Londoners who knew Syria had not seen Stepney, though it has a cosmopolitan reputation, every child born at sea being supposed to belong to that parish. But the poor half of London was unknown to the rich. Now, docks have been dug deep into the land by the side of the Thames, and the Pool is no longer a "forest of masts." It is only a highway to the haven of those ships which discharge cargoes nearest to the city, and is not entered at all by many which stop short of its narrow waters and are unloaded lower down. Moreover, a crust of houses beyond the City which made entrance into the true East London difficult has been pierced or removed. Railways, trams, and omnibuses penetrate and traverse the whole region, and the rest of the metropolis has been awakened to the fact that a city with more than a million inhabitants lies at its feet.

One discovery, to those who have eyes to see, is that East London is the basement floor of the whole metropolitan building. It holds the store-room, butler's pantry, and cellar. For instance, the warehouses which skirt the docks are filled with tea, coffee, wine, spirits, tobacco, sugar, and spice, let alone a varied and manifold wholesale store of such things as indigo, ivory, wool, &c., &c. I cannot unravel these details. They are too enormous to be spoken of as details. Take one ground floor I have often crossed while on a pastoral round. It is one out of hundreds. There you might often behold some twenty thousand tons of sugar—enough to sweeten the Dead Sea. Close by this is a cellar containing, literally, some "acres" of port and

sherry. And as for the tobacco—— Lately a little book has been published about narcotics and stimulants, recording the habits of literary and scientific men, with an eye, not yet satisfied, to the furnishing of evidence whereby to judge correctly of their influence. One of the most fruitful and entertaining novel writers of our day claims to be a steady smoker while at work. He has a keen perception of the value of tobacco. One day, when he was paying me a visit at St. George's-in-the-East, I took him into a cigar floor. The custodian said there was then *only* about two hundred and eighty thousand pounds worth of cigars in the room; and he gave my friend a bundle to smell. The whiff of covetousness was Gargantuan. "I couldn't have *one* to smoke now, could I?" said he. I have since seen several eruptive references to the wealth of East London in the world of fiction. The flavour of a quarter of a million of Havannahs leaves an impression, when suddenly made. Indeed, as they are our country cousins who show us London, so it is the West which reveals the East to Easterners. The friends who visited me made me think more of our every-day life, and now that I am no longer permanently resident in East London, though I carry on some of my old work there during stated periods, I have come better to apprehend its condition. It is necessary to step back in order to take in some views which are counted to be importunate. They stand too near us in the field of vision.

I have likened East London to the basement of a great house, as it holds both cellar and store-room. But it has become chiefly interesting to social inquirers and philanthropists as it is also the stratum of servants. It is filled with workers. The chief masters live up-stairs, as it were, and do not mix with the society of the basement. They, or at least such as represent the housekeeping heads of families, descend to give orders, but the rest of the family is only waited upon—at a distance. And the discovery of a million servants or sheer workers all living together has shrewdly exercised philanthropists, for one first article in the creed of a rich man is that the poor are far from the kingdom of heaven. I do not mean to say that the West of London has put its hand into its pocket and paid for preachers and teachers to awaken and instruct the East. No such thing. It has read with

interest about the monotonous streets, the weary wastes of houses, where there is no "society" and the places of worship are only half filled, but it has done next to nothing in order to correct these supposed defects. Some successful brewers and distillers, assisted possibly by the thought that the source of their wealth is too thirstily appreciated, have given freely of their time and money to good works, but, as a rule, the wealthy have stood aloof. Perhaps a crowded Belgravian congregation has sent a so-called "enormous" collection of some £700 or £800 once a year to the interesting "East," after strenuous pleading on the part of some popular minister therefrom, but the proportion between the sum and the income of the worshippers does not represent the relation between the Western employers and Eastern servants of London. It is a mere "tip," and a small one. I do not blame them. I do not believe that the most lavish almsgiving would do good to the East. It is only as it fights its own battles and does its own work well that it thrives. The East really lives by means of the West, and any combined action on the part of the employers to supply the employed with comforts beyond what they could earn would do more harm than good. I am sure, however, that an individual exercise of generosity on a large scale, however Quixotic it might be esteemed, would produce genuinely wholesome results. We do not sufficiently appreciate the excellence of eccentricity. It is a pity that Mr. Besant called his charming book "All Sorts and Conditions" of Men "an Impossible Story." Virtually it is not impossible. It indicates a need which could be met. Think what a very rich man might do, without the plague of any committee, in an East-London district, not in the shape of direct Elementary Education, since the School Board for London is looking after that, but in the way, *e. g.*, of a large swimming bath and school, open all the year round; or a winter garden, not a little scrap under a hand glass, but one big enough for people to wander about and get warm in. I leave Dives to think of some other great gifts, which would no more "pauperise" the recipients than the British Museum does Bloomsbury Square, or Kensington Gardens do the regions around them. Beside such open-handed donations a real want of East-London society is middle-class leisure; not any shower of ordinary doles, which degrade individuals. For instance, there are very few who have time to look into the Board Schools. The mere visits of more ladies and gentlemen

would be very valuable. They need know nothing about "codes." But an educated stranger, or kindly intelligent friend who goes round the classes and has a cheery word with the teachers and children, brings in a whiff of change, for which the school work may well be momentarily suspended. It is most welcome. Even such ordinary school visitation comes to be missed and appreciated by masters and scholars when weeks pass without consciousness of their relation to any world beyond the scholastic circle. While speaking of these schools, moreover, I must remark that no provision is made for the yearly entertainment or "day out" of the thousands of children who people them. This might be afforded once in a way by some good-natured Dives; but short of it I would suggest that the mere exhibition of "Punch" to their scholars would be incalculably appreciated. I never saw a "Punch" anywhere during my whole ten years' residence in the East of London. Think of the bank of little faces, wrinkled with fun, which is never tired of holding its street session in those Western parts where this drama is held, and then think of a generation growing up ignorant of such an innocent and absorbing entertainment.

I have referred to the yearly excursion, common to all "denominational schools," and for which we may see many autumnal appeals in the papers under the head of "A Day in the Country." This is much prized, but more as a corporate frolic, than for any wholesome rustic influence or refining instruction.

Once, when I had taken a large party out, I looked to see if any cared to pick wild flowers, but saw none till I noticed a solitary lad slowly searching the grass. "Here," thought I, "is a nature-loving soul," and I watched him with interest. He had, indeed, deserted the noisy group around the "knock-'em-downs," but only because he had won a cocoa-nut, and was looking for a stone that he might crack and eat it by himself.

One day is not enough in which to pass from London sentiments into a perception of the country. That is best roused by an organization for which Mr. Barnett, of St. Jude's, Whitechapel, is chiefly to be thanked. Growing numbers of poor children are thus sent into some rustic village for a fortnight or more every summer. Arrangements are made for their board and lodging, frequently with a peasant, and the little white-faced folks come home with brown cheeks, and an unfading perception of cows, sheep, hay, corn, and flowers "all a-growing," but not on the head

of a costermonger who makes them, the flowers, tremble with his yells.

The ignorance of Londoners is sometimes startling to a countryman. As the boys were leaving our Raines School in Cannon Street Road one day, a mare was led past with a young foal at her side. Several of the lads had never seen a *foal*. "Did she lay it now?" remarked one, quite seriously. He had got some mixed notions about a mare's nest. Once I was visiting a needlewoman, whose work was to embroider emblems involving thistles on naval caps. I ventured to remark that they were not quite correctly done. "Ah!" said she, "but then I never saw a *real* thistle." To her they were simply heraldic, like griffins.

There is, however, one form of rustic vacation taken by the poor which gives them change of scene, if not of society. I refer to the gathering of hops. I did not fully realise this till, one day, an Irishman whom I had helped to provide with a wooden leg stopped me saying, "Surr, I've been hopping." As he had done nothing else since I had known him, I waited for explanations, and learned a good deal about the yearly exodus of "Pickers." But, in my experience, every year has distinctly increased the communication between town and country, and seen more poor people get some change of air. The great need of the day, however, is to bring better air into their dwellings. That is the chief change required; and it is in progress, though slowly. It is true that working people are better lodged in the East than in the West of London, partly because land is cheaper, and partly because they are not led to live in houses constructed for another class, and then deserted by them as the tide of fashion moves westward. In this case whole families are often crowded into one room; as often comes to pass throughout such places as Soho. Cheap lodgment is, however, bad enough eastward, and the air is spoiled, not because it comes over many roofs, but because, in most cases, each house poisons the supply of its own household. The London system of sewerage is dangerous everywhere; all dwellings, great and small, being put into possible communication with the foul mischiefs generated by a whole metropolis; but the small, about which least trouble has been taken, are naturally most exposed to the enormous underground springs, stores, and streams of vitiated air with which London has been supplied in these scientific days. Beside the ever-new taint from leaky drains, the poorest houses are rendered un-

wholesome by long-contracted rottenness. Something has been done to replace these death-breeding "homes;" but hitherto it is difficult, if not impossible, even to say what more is needed in order to make London as healthy as it might fairly be expected to be. The necessary information can hardly be gathered. I speak advisedly. My brother clergy were pleased to elect me as one of their representatives at the London Diocesan Conference, held in 1883, and one of the committees appointed by that body was set to inquire into and report upon the condition of the dwellings of the working classes. I was asked to serve on this. Sir Richard Cross, the author of the well-known sanitary Act, is our chairman. We met, and began to inquire. It presently appeared that under existing conditions it is by no means easy to ascertain how much in London is untouched by recent sanitary legislation. We wrote to the officers of health of all the parishes and unions, a large number, in the metropolitan area, asking for information on this point. They alone could give it; but the answers were few and meagre. The unpleasant fact is that much unhealthy house property is held by members of the various municipal bodies, and as the officer of health can reply officially to queries only with the permission of the local corporation of which he is the paid servant, his testimony is checked. The Vestries themselves may be willing enough to remove sanitary nuisances; but there is always the chance of there being two or three members able to block progress. I called myself at the Local Government Board to ask where the information, sought by our committee, could be obtained, and I learnt that it was virtually inaccessible. The first thing needed is a Royal Commission to compel evidence as to the sanitary necessities of London. For this our committee have petitioned the House, and here we have stuck fast.

Meanwhile, however, promising examples exist of what may be done. There was a horrible region at the back of the Royal Mint. It was, I think, the worst part of London I ever knew, and yet the rents were in some cases high, as much as four shillings a week being paid for one room. The character of its inhabitants was mostly, as usual, determined by their dwellings, for a rotten house makes a rotten household. Lately this district has been scraped bare, and then partially covered with Peabody buildings. The result has been an influx of local industry. The old inhabitants, though they might in divers cases have been lodged

cheaper in the new tenements, have flitted, and some of them have taken possession of a dilapidated court in Stepney. They did not wish to be better lodged. They all refused the new provision made for them. They made light of it, and went their ways to worse streets and lanes of the City. They needed compulsion to come in, and the compulsion to use a better dwelling can be given only by the demolition of such degraded dwellings as they inevitably gravitate to, as long as there are any left. In fact, their occupations being somewhat loosely applicable to London at large, they did not much care where they lived, so long as they were not obliged to live decently. As I have said, those engaged in local industries have flowed into the new Peabody buildings, and filled them. When lately I looked, in the porter's lodge, over the list of applicants for the next vacancies, I found that genuine working people were waiting to get nearer to their work. Great nonsense is sometimes talked about the turning out of poor people from the poorest houses, as if they were unfairly discomfited by being removed from the scene of their labours. No doubt some are discomfited, but many of those turned out are such as cannot live permanently near their work. I refer to bricklayers' labourers, whose chief business probably lies in those zones of the suburbs which are being still built. They may be wanted anywhere, but seem to love the inner "rookeries" of the metropolis. As these are pulled down their inhabitants in many cases are only compelled to live nearer to the districts where most of their work lies. The very poorest houses, moreover, are preferred by thieves, habitual or occasional, and they are helped in their degradation by the survival of their abominable dwellings. As these are pulled down a great encouragement of iniquity is abated. The moral fibre is most likely to show mischievous action when set in filth, and thus it is not the greatest of all evils or hardships to pull down a radically bad house whenever you can lay your hands upon it. The residents, in a large number of instances, are, by the very nature of their work, not tied down to that immediate neighbourhood, fresh acres in the suburbs are constantly being covered with new cheap houses; as the demand increases these houses are supplied, and often it is well to force the inhabitants of vile tenements to move into those which are better, and not dearer. No change, of course, can ever be made without causing inconvenience to some. The dust will fly

directly you begin to sweep. But of all the dirt which needs to be swept away the poorest houses are the dirtiest, and he who demolishes one does a good work, though he himself may not be prepared to erect a better in its place. There is, *e.g.*, a court in my old parish, St. George's-in-the-East, which simply wants to be pulled down, burnt, swallowed up, or done away with anyhow. Hereby hangs a tale. I realised the origin of the court in this wise. We had need to set up a "giant stride," a pole with ropes, whereby boys can swing round with centrifugal impulse, in our play-ground. I knew that a burial-place had been there, or near there, once, but was not prepared for the skulls we dug up when we set about erecting our pole. I had inherited no registers of the dead who lay in that place. They were numerous, but their bones were their only monuments. A ghastly heap of these was turned up—and buried again. Some said that they were the remains of corpses which had been found floating in the river or docks. Others, with much probability, conjectured that Lascars had been buried here. And then I realised the origin of the court to which I have referred. A large number of Lascars, not very long ago, formed a marked feature in our mixed population. They were reckoned, however, to be dangerous, and likely to grin and run about the City. Thus a two-storied court, lined with single rooms, was built for them, having no back exit, and closed at each end with doors. Into this they were driven every night. Here they were locked up, and I presume that those who occasionally died were buried in the plot of ground which afterwards formed our school yard. The Lascars eventually disappeared, perhaps they all died, and I wish that their barracks had disappeared or died with them. But an "enterprising" builder got possession of the court, and let it over to—well, not the most reputable of my fellow-parishioners. Not one of the tenements has, or had, any sanitary accommodation or back door. Charles Dickens used to come here and grub for sensational localities. He found them. This court became the haunt of the lowest class in the parish, and was the slum in which he placed the opium den frequented by Jasper in "Edwin Drood." That picture was drawn from the life. We came, indeed, to know the "hag" there described, and who was locally called "Lascar Sall." Her real name was Talbot. She eventually, for some time, attended one of our mothers' meetings, and even came to church. But she got into

"trouble," poor thing, and we lost sight of her. Her rival, "John Chinaman," who kept the opposition smoking-shop, was well known to me, and, externally, a very civil fellow. His surroundings, however, were abominable. There is no better word for it. If the Bench of Bishops had been set to live there they must have been bad too. This court now exists. I tried to get it pulled down and have its site included in our "Recreation Ground," which it adjoins, but failed. Of course it ought to be clean swept away, without any pseudo-sentimental thought about its inhabitants. They might go to more decent dwellings if they chose, and I should like to make their choice imperative. The worst phase of the whole matter is, of course, seen in the fact that any fellow-creature endures such dwellings. What the clergy, and all who are interested in the better lodging of the working classes should encourage, is "discontent." Once get *all* classes determined to apply existing legislation to the cure of present sanitary evils, and determined also to improve the laws where they are defective, and we need not hear of the miserable lodging of the poor. We have learnt of trades

unions. They have done good. But a grand future is open to a householders' and lodgers' sanitary union. There is no reason why dwellers in the poorer parts of cities should not band themselves together for the enforcement of sanitary laws. There are special reasons why they should. The needed work will never be done if it is left only to philanthropists. A revolution in cheap dwellings should be made, and seen to "pay." The Peabody trustees have done something, to clear the course, but they are too slow. They ought to mortgage every one of their buildings as soon as it is erected, and go on covering fresh ground. Thus they might send a wholesome wave over London. No doubt several spaces intended for buildings have been left too long open, but when I look back at the state of things twenty years ago I feel myself tempted to believe that a new action has been set up which shall not fail; but the best impulse that can be given to it is the "discontent" of the persons most closely concerned in the provision of cheap and healthy houses. Indifference is radically the source of the greatest social curses we inherit.
(To be continued.)

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A Modern Romance.

By SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—THE BEAST.

THE white glare of an Indian sun was beginning to beat on the parade-ground at Nhillpoor. The English regiment, summoned for early drill, was detained to witness a painful piece of discipline, which the authorities trusted would prove a salutary warning. A young soldier named Thwaite, a fine, manly fellow in spite of his faults, had in the course of several years' service risen to the rank of sergeant. This desirable result was the effect of energy, daring, an obliging temper when he was not crossed, and a clever aptitude for a soldier's duties, born of mother-wit, sharpened by a rather better education than was usual in his grade. Unfortunately his merits were counterbalanced by defects, which not even promotion had been able to check. He was as rash and reckless as he was dauntless and enduring. He had an uncertain temper, spoilt by what was understood to have been a hard youth. He was careless of the company he kept, and careless of the excesses into which he fell in bad company. He had an elder sister, married to a cousin of the

same name in the troop; but in spite of her efforts, and notwithstanding the staid example of her husband—a pattern of prudence, though he had not the wit to rise in the world—young Will Thwaite had been going from bad to worse lately, and had indulged in one fit of dissipation after another. They were beyond being hidden; they could not escape punishment; and both offence and punishment were totally incompatible with his position as a non-commissioned officer.

His best friends had grown weary of pleading for grace, which was so often abused. A court-martial could only come to one conclusion, especially as the Colonel of the regiment was somewhat of a martinet, and had never entertained any great favour for Will.

It was in anticipation of the spectacle that a certain solemn stir went through the mechanically controlled body, drawn out in strict order. The culprit was brought forth to confront the Colonel, who proceeded to see the sentence carried into effect, without any symptom of dislike to the duty. William Thwaite was reduced to the ranks, and in sign of the degradation, the signal was given

for the usual official to remove, in the presence of the man's comrades and subordinates, the stripes on the arm of his jacket, which were the token of his grade.

Till then Will Thwaite had stood like a statue, though his face was sullen and lowering. But the moment he felt the offensive touch on his arm, he sprang aside, and before any one could anticipate the action tore the stripes from his coat by one wrench, and flung them right in the face of the Colonel, with a savage shout, "Take that from a better man than yourself!"

Blank consternation was the first result of the lawless defiance. The deed was such a gross breach of military discipline, such an unseemly violation of authority, that the poor Colonel gasped, and could hardly believe his senses, while the junior officers and soldiers gaped in harmony with their senior's gasp; and for an instant every energy was paralyzed.

Thwaite did not take any advantage of the pause to attempt a flight, which would have been as mad as what had gone before it. He stood at ease, with the angry grin still on his face, till the whole company recovered themselves. He was put under arrest, a second time, without offering any resistance, and marched back to durance, while the dismissed soldiers formed into groups and discussed the event of the day, filling the barrack-yard with subdued commotion.

The orator who spoke beneath his breath with greatest horror of the outrage which had been committed, and wagged his head with most reprobation and foreboding, was Lawrie Thwaite, Will's cousin and brother-in-law. It was not Lawrie who, as might have been expected, carried to his poor wife the news of his fresh, unpardonable outbreak, and the imminent danger in which he stood of some punishment still worse than being drummed out of the regiment. A gabbling straggler sought out Jenny, and without preparation divulged to her the miserable incident.

Jenny wrung her hands, prematurely withered and drawn by much clothes-washing for the troop. Well might she lament and cower in apprehension. The next court-martial weighed out the terrible, but warrantable—almost compulsory—retribution, that Will Thwaite should undergo a certain number of lashes before being dismissed from the service.

CHAPTER II.—JENNY'S STRUGGLES.

JENNY THWAITE, a hard-featured, hard-working, middle-aged woman, was more at-

tached to her brother than to her husband. Indeed, it was alleged that she had married Lawrie Thwaite principally that she might have a chance of following Will to India and of being still near him. The reason might be that while poor Will, smart as he was, had sore need of such protection as she could afford him, there was no question that Lawrie Thwaite was quite capable of taking care of himself. In addition, Jenny had never borne a child, which might have interfered with the sisterly allegiance, while Will had all along been like her child, seeing that he was nearly fifteen years her junior. She had looked after him in those old hard days of his youth; she had toiled to procure for him an education that might be more in keeping with his future than with his present fortunes; she had suffered the keen disappointment of seeing him grow up wild and unsteady, until he forsook the trade to which he had been apprenticed—only stopping short of breaking his indentures and leaving Jenny to pay the forfeit—and enlisted into an infantry regiment under marching orders for India. Then Jenny consented to marry her cousin, who was in the same regiment, and who stoutly denied ever having decoyed Will into the service.

Lawrie was more Jenny's contemporary than Will's, and having been on the look-out for a careful, managing wife, who might wash, or do dressmaking, or perhaps keep the girls'-school, and so greatly multiply his resources, he had hovered about Jenny Thwaite with matrimonial intentions for years.

Jenny had not been blind to her boy's delinquencies; she had rated and reproached him, and sometimes was not on speaking terms with him for days. But it was all for his good. She loved him faithfully through his worst scrapes, and was secretly serving him, even while shunned by him, or in declining for a brief space to hold intercourse with him. She was the first to hail a sign of amendment, and was extravagantly proud of his promotion, insisting that he would never stop till he got a commission, which would be no more than his due, though she must give up her washing, and hoping that Lawrie would have served his time before that day came round.

The process of retrogression, even when it reached its extremity, did not shake Jenny's fidelity. It rather knit her so closely to her brother that she ceased to protest against his folly. Was it a time to be picking out holes in his coat and pointing to his errors, when the poor lad was in trouble and brought to so sorry a pass that he needed

every grain of love to fight for him, cleave to him, and, if it were yet possible, save him?

Jenny would leave Lawrie to play the cautious, cold-hearted, judicial part—to draw back in case of incurring reflected blame, to stand aloof, though with a decent show of reluctance, or to join in the chorus of blame. Nor did Jenny greatly censure her husband for his conduct. It belonged to the poor man's nature, as she had known when she married him, and so long as he did not propose to stop her in the most desperate exertions she might undertake on her brother's behalf, according to the original bargain between the pair, honest Jenny could not see that she had any title to sit upon her husband.

It might have been otherwise if Jenny's conviction of her husband's fulfilling his bargain had been shaken, or if she had guessed that the great secret of her independence lay in the meanness, rather than in the phlegmatic magnanimity of the man she had married, and who mortally dreaded to offend her high spirit, lest he should lose the constant harvest of her skilled work.

Jenny moved heaven and earth to deliver her brother from the barbarous infliction of the lash. She knew well that it would be the death of his moral nature, and that the brand would enter his soul, even if his high-strung physical system recovered from the shock it must receive. If it had been possible to administer the punishment vicariously, without Will's knowledge, she could have been wrought up to bare her brave shoulders like the Russian women to the knout, and like another *Godiva* have faced ignominy, so that the victim, who was her own flesh and blood, her darling since her early girlhood, might be permitted to go free. That resource was impossible. All that Jenny could do, and she had only a few days to do it in, was to wander day and night, praying for a commutation of the sentence. She appealed here and urged there. She worked upon the chaplain to draw up a petition for her. She vexed the souls of men with her sometimes speechless, but never-failing importunity, and the dry-tongued anguish of her despair. She declined to be repulsed, though she had been rather a proud little woman in her better days. She won over gentle, illogical, enthusiastic ladies to espouse her cause, and to plague their husbands never to mind precedents, not even justice, but for dear mercy's sake to grant Jenny Thwaite's prayer. She was the most careful washer and clear-starcher,

the best darning, the nicest sewer of plain seam, the most trustworthy nurse on a pinch they had ever found. The whole men would fare the worse, and every officer's household be in straits, if they drove Jenny beside herself. Why, the poor woman must go mad; she would die on their hands, and they would have two ruined lives, two deaths at their door. Was that what their stupid, stubborn bondage to form wanted? Colonel Bell was not a bit the worse of the insult. He had not so much as a scratch on the face; and was a poor fellow to be treated like a brute, because, for once in his life, he had forgotten himself, and behaved like a baby? Did not Bertie or Charlie throw his toys at any one who came in his way—at papa himself, when the child was in a rage? Don't speak to the ladies of the demoralising effect on the other soldiers, the loss of prestige where the rule of the officers was concerned, of mutiny, and insurrection and chaos come again. No such horrors ensued in the nursery from making as little as possible of Bertie or Charlie's naughtiness, and leaving the child to come to himself.

Jenny wound up her vehement representations by what sounded in the circumstances like wild romances, of the Thwaites having grand connections, with the likelihood that the family would rise in the world some day, when certainly the officers would be sorry for the cruel, base punishment they had inflicted. These unreasonable and passionate statements on the whole did harm to the woman's suit. Nobody had time to ask or give confirmatory details of the improbable story, which appeared to rest on no foundation, unless it were a little vapouring of Will in his cups, and some wary conceited bragging on the part of his brother-in-law. It was either a credulous delusion or a pure invention.

In the meantime, Jenny had no encouragement from those most interested in the affair.

"It is of no use, Jenny," said her husband with ostentatious dismalness, doing little to second her in her frantic exertions.

"Never mind, Jen," said poor Will, when she visited him, "it will soon be over," turning away to hide a shuddering recoil. "Everything will soon be over, and you'll be well rid of a rascal who has only been a trial and grief to you."

CHAPTER III.—RESCUE AND SACRIFICE.

JENNY's fond, piteous struggles proved in vain. Law and order were inflexible. The offence was too outrageous. The welfare of the British army was at stake. Will Thwaite



Engraved by]

"No—I drink nothing but water, my man!"

[W. J. Palmer.

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was to be flogged, though many a kind heart resented the necessity, or waxed rueful under it.

The morning of the flogging rose as sultry as the day on which Will had grossly insulted his commanding officer in the discharge of his duty. Will never forgot the airless heat of his cell as he lay on his face and awaited the summons to public shame and torture.

Jenny did not lie on her face idle, though her door was shut, and it was in shrouding darkness that she busied herself with a dumb intensity of preparation, in gathering together fomentations, unguents, rags, and bandages, and in filling a disused kit with wearing apparel and provisions for a journey.

But the post-runners came in before the hour for drill, and among the letters for the Colonel was one from a firm of London lawyers, which filled the scrupulous man with disturbance and dismay. There could be no mistake about it. He knew by name the respectable firm that applied to him, and their communication was carefully attested.

The laws of the service were as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Never had there been a more scandalous contempt of discipline than that shown by Will Thwaite on the parade-ground. But though the welfare of the British army ought to be the first consideration, there was also something—a great deal according to Colonel Bell's ideas—to be said in support of aristocratic privileges and prejudices. Good heavens! a baronet and squire of many acres and long descent could not be flogged in the presence of a regiment of soldiers; some of whom represented his social equals and future associates, while the rest were his undoubted inferiors. This was what the matter had come to.

The lawyer's letter to Colonel Bell contained the document which was to buy off William Thwaite, private in the regiment, on the grounds that he had succeeded to the rank and property of a grand uncle, and was now Sir William Thwaite, of Whitehills, in Eastham; and it was not fit either for the rank and file of the army, or for the honourable fraternity of baronets and squires, that he should continue a day longer than was necessary a private soldier, even in the most select and distinguished regiment.

What would the firm think if the tidings were flashed to them that the baronet and squire was about to receive his deserts in the form of corporeal punishment?

No, it could not be; the sentence, stringent as the obligation was, must be quashed—whether on the plea that the negotiation

for Sir William's discharge had gone a certain length before he committed the offence, whether that Will Thwaite and Sir William, of Whitehills, were two different and distinct individuals, or from some other flaw in the indictment.

An informal council or court of astonished, scandalised officers was held. Colonel Bell assumed the responsibility of dealing with the War Office, and it was announced to a yet wider circle of open-eyed, open-mouthed, interested persons, that no flogging was to be performed. For William Thwaite, or, more properly, Sir William Thwaite, had already ceased to belong to the service, therefore his misconduct had been dealt with under a false assumption. If he were still to be held accountable it must be before another tribunal.

The news found Sir William too stunned to take in its meaning, beyond the two items that he was delivered at the eleventh hour from indelible obloquy, and that he was at liberty to depart from scenes which had become odious to him.

He staggered out into the blinding sunshine, doggedly enduring the measured explanations and shy, awkward congratulations of his recent superiors and judges, and impatiently shaking off the rougher and readier good wishes of his former allies. He went straight to his sister's without waiting for an invitation from Lawrie Thwaite, who, to be sure, looked more taken aback with the extraordinary change in his brother-in-law's fortunes than even Colonel Bell. The Colonel, after the first shocked sense of incongruity and confusion, detestable to a man of his precise cast of mind, did not testify any vindictiveness or unwillingness to admit that the scales had undergone a sudden reversal in a comrade's case. But Lawrie shrank into himself, looked blue and green, and could hardly furbish up the thankfulness that was called for from him.

"Did you ever see a chap hang his head as if his nose was bleeding, because his brother-in-law weren't walloped, and had come into a pot of money and a handle to his name? It ain't always not lost what a friend gets," remarked a shrewd observer.

"Could this fellow have counted on any chance of his coming into the succession? He is a cousin of the other beggar's, and he might have calculated on Will never getting the better of the beastly consequences of his precious performance, drinking himself to death, or shooting himself. I have known a man pull the trigger on less provocation,"

surmised a more thoughtful speculator on the event which was the talk of the station for weeks to come. "Well, I for one am glad that the luck has fallen to the first. He has the thews and sinews of a man, a clean-made, well-knit fellow, and would have been a first-rate soldier if he could have learnt self-control. I remember his dragging Roberts out of the enemy's range in the encounter in the Little Ghaut when he first came out and when we had some brisk business doing. But he was always getting into a mess, and this last spurt of insolence threatened to put on the finishing-touch. He will go to the dogs as it is, taking a little longer time perhaps."

Nobody, save the two, saw and heard the ecstasy of Jenny's recovery of her brother and recognition of his changed estate.

Nobody—Jenny included—doubted that Sir William would immediately start for England, where much business, the irksomeness of which would be splendidly gilded, must await him. The lawyers had sent ample funds for his travelling expenses, and there was nothing to detain him.

But a sorrowful, peremptory impediment sprang up on the eve of Will's starting. Jenny was worn by long years of work, and her constitution had not been improved by the climate of India. She was further spent by the burning anxiety and incredible exertions of the last few days in the hottest of the hot season. She fell a ready victim to the fever hovering about the native town, and the disease from the commencement assumed a hopeless aspect.

There was no want of interest and sympathy. The mingled sensations, which Sir William's story had excited, relieved themselves in a crowd of attentions to the invalid. Jenny had many more shapes of jelly, bottles of wine, and preparations of iced milk sent to her than she could have possibly swallowed, even though her short illness had been indefinitely prolonged. Her former employers waylaid Sir William and Lawrie Thwaite every time they stirred abroad, with inquiries, offers of service, even proposals to come and share the task of nursing the patient. These demonstrations proceeded quite as much from the romance of the situation, with the melancholy nature of poor Jenny's final part in Sir William's good fortune, as from interested motives.

Lawrie Thwaite did not fail in attention to his wife, though he had never recovered from the combined shocks of his kinsman's dishonour and honour. He was a plain man, he said, and could not stand such

flights of fortune. But he knew a good wife when he had her. He was persuaded—drawing the deduction from his own disposition, that it would be the last blow; everything would be up with him if Jenny died, and not only deprived him of her services, but severed the near connection between him and Sir William. "Drat Will Thwaite, that he should bear a title like an alderman or a dook."

But Jenny, who had always been courageous and self-denying, was resigned to her fate and the will of God. She tried her best to meet and overcome the passionate rebellion of her brother. Her heart was still so full of gratitude and joy on his account that she had no room for sorrow for herself. It appeared as if she had come to see that all was for the best, and could feel an unearthly satisfaction in this last offering up of herself for the lad.

"You won't want me any more, Will; I should only have been in your way," she said faintly.

"Jen," he protested in his vehement depths of love and sorrow, "you know I would rather have lived in the most miserable den, and had nothing except potatoes and salt to keep me from starving, with you, than without you to be master of the finest house in the kingdom, and have grand furniture and delicate dishes at my command. So don't go for to leave me, Jen—don't, if you ever cared a farthing for a scamp who was never worth the trouble you took for him, and the fondness you wasted on him."

"No, no, my dear, I have my reward when I think of you as a gentleman among the best. I do know that it is sore for you to give me up, for we've come through the hards together, that we 'ave; but we've seen the last of poverty and knocking about, and it is all for the best. A pretty like figure I should have made as a baronite's sister! Why, Will"—raising herself up with difficulty, a smile on her wan face—"you'll get a fine young lady for your wife, as good as she is fine. You won't miss your sister Jen, though your kind heart will never let you forget her."

"I don't want a fine young lady," said Will hoarsely. "What should I do with such cattle? They would only laugh at me and despise me. I only want you, Jen."

"Ah, lad, you don't know what is good for you. Rest content; there is One as knows, and He don't make no mistakes, though it ain't the thing we fancy we want He gives us mostly. But there is something

you can do for me, lad, before I go—a single favour I'm bold to ax."

"Ax all I have, and you are welcome to it, Jen. Don't put your request in that way," said Will reproachfully.

"Nay, it is the fitting way, since you are the head of the house—Sir Wil'am, no less"—dwelling on the words in her weak voice with loving triumph. "If I am not the first to do you honour, who should be? But I ha'n't too much breath to spare. Will, dear, it is the drink that has been your ruin; not that you're ruined—far from it—and you ain't a sot—God forbid!—but you've gone your own way, and not been too peticklar about the company you kep'—judging others as you did yourself, like a innocent 'igh-spirited chap—not always looking out for number one, keeping out of mischief yourself, and leaving others to pay the piper, like poor Lawrie, and the drink has done the rest. When it was on you it has driven the wit clean out, and made your temper work like mad. Promise you will have no more to do with the drink, for it tempts gentle and simple, in one shape or another, as I've seen in some of the tip-top bungalows where I've gone to do a day's washing. Your being Sir Wil'am and a squire will not keep you straight, but will only make your fall the greater, if you let the drink get the better of you. I'll not rest in my grave if that day come. Promise me, Will, you'll have done with the drink, and I'll die 'appy."

"I swear I'll never put my lips to a glass from this day forth, if that will content you. It is the least I can do for you, that has done everything for me since mother left me a whining babby," the young man vowed solemnly.

"And I can answer for your keeping your word;—that's—my good lad," declared the dying woman, with growing feebleness and perfect satisfaction.

Will roused her afresh. "Is there anything more I can do for you, Jen?" he implored—"not for myself, but for yourself or any other person you mind about."

"Bless the lad! what should I desire now but to 'ave him sitting there, where my eyes can fall upon him, the last thing. Well, there is Lawrie. I doubt poor Lawrie will miss me a bit," muttered Jenny, rather in a tone of benevolent consideration than of keen sympathy. "You might spare a trifle and settle summat on Lawrie. He's your cousin, as well as my good man—a poor relation of the family, such as you were wont to be when no helping-hand was held out to

you; but it's forget and forgive where I'm going. With that and his pension, when his time is out, he'll fare well enough, without feeling the odds of me gone, and no more money coming in to eke out his pay."

"He may have the half of all I'm to get for your sake, Jen. I don't feel to care about it," said the new squire in his despondency.

"The half of your inheritance! Have you taken leave of your senses, lad?" cried Jenny, almost springing back to life and energy at the extravagance of the proposal. "What would Lawrie Thwaite do with a gentleman's allowance? You could never make a gentleman of him. He would only hoard it, and run the risk of being robbed and murdered, or be cheated out of it by some fair-tongued scoundrel, for Lawrie ain't wise, though I've heard him called a wiseacre. Between you and me, he's greedy and cunning, poor soul; but there ben't no great harm in him, and he ha'n't much of a head-piece. No, Will, I said a trifle out of your abundance; stick to that, and I 'ont be displeased or troubled with the fear that I did wrong in marrying Lawrie to follow you, and so mebbe hung a millstone round your neck. We're but weak critters, and don't see an inch before our noses. For his sake as well as for yours, let it be no more than is in keeping with what he has been used to, and what he needs. It is another thing with you, who are to be a grand gentleman, a benefactor to your kind, like old General Leigh with his soldiers and the natives. You remember him and the monster funeral he had? Ay, but I would have liked to see you at the height of your glory!" cried Jenny, beginning to wander. "I would have liked to have seen Whitehills just once, and then crept down into the dark hole. Whitehills, with its floors of gold and its gates of pearls, and you among your ivory and your apes and peacocks. But we'll meet again in a better place, Will—a better place, where there's no more parting."

Jenny was dead and buried. There had been a most respectable attendance at her funeral. It seemed perfectly natural that her brother, Sir William, should act as chief mourner, paying his sister all the respect which she had so richly merited, in his first appearance in public after his accession to rank and fortune. The company were actually at the grave's mouth before an awkward omission was remarked. The widower had not joined the little cavalcade.

Will took himself severely to task because he had shut himself up with his sorrow and

only come out when he was summoned to walk at the head of the coffin. He went immediately on his return to seek his brother-in-law, and take the first steps in the arrangement which had been agreed upon between Will Thwaite and his sister. It was too late; the wretched man had hanged himself.

The catastrophe was classed as a singular instance of wedded love and despair in a man who had not been demonstrative in his regard for his partner during her lifetime. Paradoxical, pensive spirits pointed to it as a case of repressed emotion and misunderstood devotion.

The sorry truth was that Lawrence Thwaite had been goaded, beyond the utmost stretch of his endurance, by the cruel chapter of accidents which had thwarted all his crafty plans and secret hopes. Why had events happened so promiscuously, and yet with such horrible fortuitousness, for Will? Why had his prodigal course been stopped, before folly and the climate had sent him post-haste and betimes, beyond the succession to a baronetcy and a squire's acres? Why had the indignity and anguish of the flogging been remitted? Why had old Sir John Thwaite, after he had lived beyond his threescore and twenty years, not hung out just another month, but insisted on dying in the very nick of time? Why had the post-runners not slackened their speed and delayed the mail, if but for one hour? And now the last misfortune had happened. Jenny, who was so clever a bread-winner and manager, had taken it upon her to die out of hand. There had been no love lost between him and Will in the past. Will would seize the opportunity of Jenny's death and his departure to enter on his possessions, to get rid of Lawrie, as Lawrie, in similar circumstances, would have got rid of Will. Lawrie would be reduced to his poor pay, with the prospect of greater indigence in his old age, after he had been let down from a condition of comparative comfort, and shut out from the intoxicating prospect of a great inheritance.

It was more than the miserable man could bear. He counted himself hardly dealt with, both by God and man; his brain reeled, and he flung up the game in a sudden fury, which altogether overcame his caution and deliberation.

As for Will, he was cut to the heart by what struck him as the ghastly result of his swift, selfish unfaithfulness to Jenny's trust; though he could not pretend to regret, on any other grounds than those of horror and pity, his kinsman's fate. It sank into Will's spirit

that no good had come, or would come, of his prosperity. It had saved his worthless credit and life, but it had cost Jenny her life, and it had driven Lawrie Thwaite to destruction.

CHAPTER IV.—WHITEHILLS.

THE Thwaites of Whitehills were one of the oldest families in Eastham, but, like many another old family, all its members had not preserved its dignity intact, or behaved with the decorum which ought to have accompanied blue blood. Two generations before, a foolish lad had alienated his kinsfolk by a low marriage with the daughter of one of the keepers. He had consummated his evil-doing, in the eyes of the head of the house, by declining to come begging for pardon, and to submit to the authority which should mete out to him at once his punishment and such assistance as might enable him to make the best of his bad bargain and refrain from disgracing his family further. He was only too willing in his refractoriness to drink as he had brewed; but since such culprits are not often gifted with the strength of character and determination of mind which mark the successful architects of their own fortunes, the drink he consumed grew very thin indeed. He sank lower and lower in the social scale, and ended by becoming a considerable burden on his father-in-law, the keeper. He had, as a matter of course, been dismissed from Whitehills; but as he was a capable, industrious man, master of his calling, and had not been privy to his daughter's love and ambition, he succeeded without much difficulty in getting employment in another part of the county.

The matter, though a source of mortification and pain to the Thwaites of that day, was of less consequence, apart from family pride and affection, inasmuch as the delinquent was not the heir, and had more than one elder brother.

There was no lack of sons then at Whitehills; but time sometimes works havoc among the strongest of such stays. Time was rather slow in its work in this instance, and as a cousin who has descended in the social ranks is not like a brother fallen into low life, the successors of the erratic Thwaite who was at the bottom of the mischief were still more left to their fate by their illustrious relatives.

The poor Thwaites, inheriting the good and evil of the paternal temper, had the rare grace not to obtrude themselves on the notice of their loftier kindred, though the

plebeian branch kept up the recollection of their descent. One of them had even gone so far as to make, on one of his few holidays, at a considerable sacrifice, an *incognito* journey in third-class carriages and on the tramp, to gaze, from a respectful distance, with gloating, covetous eyes on what, in picturesque language, might be called the cradle of his race. He kept the expedition jealously concealed from people who had even a nearer interest in it. No doubt it added to the liveliness of the interest, that the news of the gradual sweeping away of the elder branch of the stock had filtered somehow to those most concerned. Deaths at home and abroad, old bachelors whose rights perished with them, childless couples equally without representatives, left the last Sir John, in the direct line, limited to his family and to the alien Thwaites for the preservation of the title and land in connection with the original name. He had no power by the terms of the entail to will away the inheritance—even so far as heirs female, while there existed the remotest heirs male who could prove their descent and produce their registers.

In view of the exigency of the situation, Sir John seized the opportunity of marrying twice—first in early manhood and again late in life. A third opportunity was not vouchsafed to him. In the first instance the children died in infancy. In the second the sole child born was a boy, weak both in body and mind.

There seemed no resource for Sir John save to make himself acquainted with his poor relations, and cultivate them diligently while there was yet time to provide a decent wearer of his honours. But the old man was of an arrogant, narrow temper. He clung to the last, with as much passionate pride as human feeling, to the hope that his poor boy, with all the aid which his position could give him, would grow stronger and wiser as he grew older, and when that trust was stamped out by the death of the little fellow, the father would not consent to put a low bumpkin in his son's place. He washed his hands of the whole matter, the error of his ancestor and the misfortune of an illiterate, underbred master of Whitehills. Sir John peevishly refused to do what he could to set the wrong right. If Providence had chosen it was to be so, why should he plague himself to concoct a partial remedy?

All that Sir John would attempt for the credit of the name and the good of the place was to live as long as he could and keep the interloper out till his last breath. This he

contrived to do till he was an octogenarian with four or five years to spare.

The Thwaites with the puddle in their blue blood had not been longer lived or more productive of heirs than the main line had shown itself. At last the inferior branch resolved itself into Will and Jenny Thwaite, the son and daughter of the elder grandson of Dicky Thwaite, who fell from his station by marrying the keeper's daughter, and Lawrie Thwaite, the grandson of the younger son of the same worthy. There was no confusion of numbers or difficulty in tracing the proper descendant from the man who formed the link to the baronetcy and estate. Perhaps the wonder was that no long-sighted individual had anticipated the end, and insisted on advancing money, or otherwise bettering the condition of the future Sir William. But Will and Jenny would have looked shyly on such overtures, and their going out to India put temptation more out of their reach.

Sir William had never seen Whitehills before the day that he drove down to it with his lawyer, one of the leading members of the well-reputed firm, a clever little gentlemanlike man, who honestly wished to do his best by his strange client, but could not make much of him, as he watched him curiously at a crucial epoch of his history. Sir William was a personable enough young fellow of five or six and twenty. He was not above five feet eight in his inches; but his sinewy figure was well developed. His carriage was good, though it partook a little of the ramrod; but that defect was sometimes to be found in the bearing of field-m Marshals. Thanks to his soldiering, Sir William was delivered from the clumsy, loutish shuffle or slouch of a day-labourer or a mechanic, and from the jerking gait or skip of a journeyman tradesman or counter-jumper. His close-cropped hair was chestnut, the florid colouring of his face had not yet lost the bronze of India and the tan of a sea voyage. It was a complexion which was not a bad match for that of a college undergraduate who went in for athletic sports, or of a country gentleman who had his year strictly divided into fishing, shooting, and hunting seasons.

In some respects the lad looked younger than his years, though he was of manly make. In others—in a slight massiveness peculiar to his features, and in what had become the inflexible gravity of his aspect, he gave one the idea of maturer age than he had attained. The best and the most striking things in his

face consisted of two marked traits. The natural sweep of his hair made an ample corner on each side of his forehead, disclosing a full brow, above well-apart eyes and eyebrows, which lent an impression of honesty and frankness, as well as of intellectual capacity. His eyes were dark blue, and though they sparkled oftener than they melted, would have gone a long way to confer beauty on a woman's face. The worst points were incongruous and contradictory in the inferences to be drawn from them. The jaw inclined to dogged squareness, while the chin was ill-defined and boded weakness.

Mr. Miles the lawyer, during the necessary detention of Sir William in town, had in the most delicate manner suggested an outfit in accordance with the change of rank. This and other considerate attentions had provoked no restiveness on the part of their object, such as might have been apprehended from a feather-headed fool suddenly raised to an elevation altogether beyond his level, with the etiquette of which he was necessarily unfamiliar. Sir William adopted a tweed morning suit and a dinner dress without making any difficulty. What he did in trifles was a happy sign of what he might accomplish in weightier matters. His mode of meeting the hints given him raised him in the opinion of the late Sir John's agents. But the instructions could not be more than hints, for, with all his rusticity and simplicity, there was something about the heir which kept sensible, self-respecting men, gentlemen themselves, at a proper distance.

On the other hand there was nothing about Sir William which could force his prompters to look down upon him, while they should be under the necessity of taking the upper hand with him. The lawyers found their client had fair parts, and could understand what was explained to him, even though it had to do with business out of his accustomed rut. He had received a very tolerable education in the three great primitive R's, and of one R he had availed himself pretty considerably, in what appeared, at first sight, untoward circumstances. He had a taste for reading, and in spite of his admitted wildness, had taken advantage of the regimental library.

Altogether, what with the gain of his foreign experience and military training—granted that the last was in the ranks—he might at least hold his own, on the score of ordinary intellectual knowledge, with those young English gentlemen who have no taste for the classics, have been plucked over and over again in their examinations, frequent

stables and kennels instead of drawing-rooms, and never open a book except the *Field* or *Bell's Life*.

Messrs. Miles and Dickinson were rather proud of their client. They had dreaded something very different; now they augured quite hopefully of his future—a quiet fellow, not at all without common sense, which was better than uncommon genius, who had done with sowing his wild oats, and pulled up effectually so far as anybody could judge. He might not make such a mess of the baronetcy and property as some very fine gentleman would have done. Manners, of course, he had none; but no manners were a great improvement on bad manners. He had everything to learn there, but comparatively little to unlearn. He had his drop of good blood, which people would be particularly ready to recognise, seeing it was now fitly balanced by an old title and good landed property. The last, no agricultural depression, or vindictive policy of old Sir John in granting long leases at low rents, and pensioning dependents inordinately, could greatly impair. In those days, when landowners had a strong call to fall back into gentlemen farmers working their own land, against odds too, Sir William might not be amiss as a plain country gentleman. Let him marry well—

"A penniless lass with a lang pedigree,"

and *savoir faire* to her finger-tips, and be amenable to his wife in those respects in which she was his superior, and there was no fear of him. He seemed a finish fellow in the main, both in physique and morals.

What puzzled and disconcerted Mr. Miles in his otherwise satisfactory charge, was the inflexible gravity and inscrutable reserve with which Sir William made acquaintance with his prospects, and at last with his place. It was surely unnatural, especially at his age, that he should express no rejoicing, hardly even satisfaction, at his accession. He had lost his sister very recently, but the death of an elderly married woman, though she had brought him up, was not likely to affect so deeply a young fellow with the ball at his foot.

Sir William and Mr. Miles were driving over from the nearest station in a trap which the lawyer had appointed to be ready for them. He had thought it better not to order the Whitehills carriage to meet them, with its announcement that the new master was come, and its proclamation of the news to everybody they might pass on the road. The wiser arrangement was for Sir William to arrive without attracting particular attention.

If a demonstration were demanded and found desirable, let it come later, when everybody should be better acquainted and prepared for what was to happen. When Sir William's wishes were asked on the subject, he emphatically acquiesced in Mr. Miles's judicious plan.

The day was in spring, during blustering, but not uncheery, March weather. The landscape was as flat as most of the scenery of Eastham; but it was not without its charms in the absence of picturesqueness. It was wide and free, even to its broad, rutted, shaggy green lanes, in which a gipsy encampment or the evicted Shakers might pitch a tent or two, and still leave ample room for the small traffic, principally of carts or waggons and day-labourers passing that way. There was a certain rugged sincerity in the unpretending homeliness of the fields, together with a shade of sadness and sombreness oftener attributed to some descriptions of French than to any examples of English landscape.

This suspicion of pathos had a complex origin. This corner of Eastham had never been in the van of agricultural progress, and was as moderately productive as it was inadequately cultivated. It had plenty of well-preserved, carefully-stocked coverts for game, and bore a hunting reputation, but the low value of the land in other respects was evident, not merely in the spaciousness and frequency of the lanes, but in the recurring wedges of ground covered with straggling, sodden grass and rushes.

The country here was very scantily populated. Anything like market-towns or villages worthy of the name were separated by six or eight miles. In general, a village was represented by half-a-dozen thatched or tiled houses—not even clustering together, but standing with wide gaps, till the dwellings extended over a quarter of a mile—by solitary roadside inns, and roadside shops which partook of the character of Australian stores. As for the small, ancient, often beautiful churches, they seemed to exist principally in connection with their rectories, sometimes equally beautiful in their mellow, red-brick multiplicity of angles and luxuriant green draperies. The mansions of the nobility and gentry were largely conspicuous by their absence, and the squires' seats had sunk into farm-houses, dating in more than one instance from pre-Elizabethan or other times, which would have delighted the antiquary or the archæologist. There was an arrested, isolated, half-clownish, poverty-stricken aspect about

what was, in fact, one of the most primitive districts in England, though it had not been furnished with any barricade of hills or rivers.

The working people, consisting almost entirely of day-labourers, the moment they had passed their first youth, looked dull and apathetic, on rare occasions fierce and savage, as if heart and spirit had either been crushed out of them, or raised into sullen revolt by the grinding toil necessary to keep soul and body together. It was probable that William the Conqueror's Domesday Book attested the region—what with Norman castles, Saxon homestead, and religious houses, squatters on waste territory, fishers of pike and tench and shooters of wild fowl—more populous and fully as thriving as it was to-day.

So much for the sombreness of what was comparatively waste, half-inhabited and down-trodden in this section of Eastham; but there was no gloom which a March wind and a changeful March sky could not relieve and carry off. There was a flavour of liberty and a feeling of room to breathe in the uncrowded earth and the unvitiated, though somewhat moist and heavy air. The patches of blue in the sky were matched by the springing green corn and the banks studded with primroses. There were more than primroses gemming the little watercourses and the long grass by the sides of the ditches; there were such quantities of purple and white violets unseen by the travellers, that they lent a subtle sweetness to the scent of decaying leaves and freshly turned-over earth. Rooks were wheeling and cawing over the ploughing and the sowing in the fields. Small birds were stirring and chirping in the coverts, where the twigs of the underwood had swollen with the bourgeons, and acquired the bluish-purple tint of the bloom on a plum. Colts, calves, and lambs were kicking up their heels and frisking in the meadows.

"That is Whitehills, Sir William. Let me congratulate myself on being the first to point out to you the home of your ancestors," said Mr. Miles, betrayed into tall language by the importance of the occasion, as the trap turned the bend of the road which brought the mansion-house into view.

"Just so. Thank you, sir," said Sir William, who had not got over the last form of address, and who spoke mechanically and almost as apathetically as any native. He did not even spring up to a standing position to catch a better glimpse of the house. What he did see of it, perhaps, was not calculated to strike him much, unless he were blinded

by the sense of ownership. He was neither antiquary nor archaeologist, and what he distinguished between the leafless branches of the trees of the park was only a long low white building, with the remains of a moat in a gleaming pond—a common feature of all the old “halls” in that part of Eastham. The house was not likely to impress his ignorant, underbred taste. He felt rather inclined to contrast the reality a little sadly and sardonically with his poor Jen’s delirious dreams—in which she confounded earth and heaven—of floors of gold and gates of pearls.

Mr. Miles had cleared his throat and began to talk of the origin of the name. There were no hills in Eastham, and hardly even one elevation here. Some people thought that “hills” referred to remote cromlechs or mounds over illustrious dead, whether Danes or Normans, Saxons or Britons, and that the adjective “white” meant either the unsullied purity of their patriotism, or the clear light of that land to which their souls had fled.

Old Sir John had pensioned his domestics so liberally that they had retired in a body for the most part, to enjoy the idleness and domesticity secured to their declining years. One or two, who had been more Lady Thwaite’s servants than Sir John’s, went to form the nucleus of a comfortable establishment for the well-jointed widow at the dowager-house of Netherton, four miles off. Mr. Miles had taken care that a new staff should be put in office, and had enlarged to his wife on the great gain of a discreet butler and a staid, efficient housekeeper. The first performance of these important minor actors in the drama was perfectly satisfactory, and did credit to Mrs. Miles’s selection. They behaved with the silent, attentive civility which was all that was wanted from them. If they could practise imperturbability in addition to the quiet discharge of their duties, it might be as well; though Mr. Miles began to hope more and more that Sir William would not, from the beginning, tax too severely the nerves of his domestics or outrage their standards. No doubt a gentleman from the ranks might hold his tongue to his agent, and yet not preserve his distance from the inferiors with whom he would come in constant contact. For that matter, these would hardly have held him their social equal of old. But Mr. Miles was fain to anticipate better things from Sir William.

The heir had crossed the fine old hall, really a choice specimen of a low-roofed but spacious, many-recessed entrance hall, where black and white marble had preceded tiles,

and a great fireplace, sending forth a ruddy glow of light and heat, diffused a grateful warmth that took out the sting implanted by the March winds, and offered a kind of physical welcome home.

From the equally balmy atmosphere of a corridor, rich in pictures, cabinets, and the superseded Lady Thwaite’s fancy in flower-stands and low ottomans, Sir William had entered the library, with its entire lining of books, its classic busts and faint perfume of generations of culture transmitted by the medium of old Russian leather. It had been Sir John’s study, though he was neither a scholar nor a student, and it had never struck him as out of keeping with its possessor. But it was here that the sense of the contrast between his past and present position seized upon Sir John’s successor and staggered him.

It was easy enough to guess that the change might be too great to be pleasant, though none save Will Thwaite himself knew the whole story of that Nhilpoor, where he had lain on his face groaning, awaiting the brutal punishment of the lash. The scene rose up before him with sickening, revolting vividness. Just so it would arise and fill him with a kind of dire bewilderment and terror as of discovery, exposure, and the awakening from a mad beguiling dream, on many a future occasion which would otherwise have been among the gladdest and brightest experiences of his life. Not the den at Nhilpoor alone, for that had not been the first instance of his lying under arrest in a dog hole, neither had he been a martyr to military tyranny and his commanding officer’s persecution. He had deserved all he had got and more. The gulfs of low debauchery in which he had been sinking deeper and deeper, from which Jen had striven in vain to warn and snatch him, stood out as plainly written in letters of fire on his brain. From the moment he had bent over Jen’s bed and known himself powerless to save her, his remorse for those grievous sins against her devotion, which had cost her life, smote him with throes of self-disgust convulsing his nature and threatening to remain an indelible accusing record on his conscience, quickening any original sensitiveness which had been hardening for years, and rendering it morbid for life. He could not agree with her that she would have cut but a poor figure wherewith to adorn his elevation in rank. If that were true, then perish the elevation, for he knew, if none else did, how far she was his superior. He had slain the creature who had done everything for him, and was so much

better than he. It was over her grave that he had stepped to his promotion. He had even, in his wretched self-engrossment, neglected her last charge and suffered Lawrie to perish. If it were not for his pledge to Jen, he would not care what became of him when everybody was singing out the mocking lie that he had been so lucky in coming into a fortune and all of rubbish. But, for Jen's sake, he must keep his word and deny himself to the last the one antidote to his misery. He must die game and sober.

CHAPTER V.—NEIGHBOURS.

SIR WILLIAM had paused on the threshold of the library, and Mr. Miles, who was watching his companion, saw him get first red and then white, and hang his head. The next moment the master of the house walked to one of the windows, and, as if to mask any disturbance he had betrayed, asked, in the slow, measured speech which attaches to speakers who weigh every word they utter, "What is that house to the right? Who occupies it?"

"There is only one house within sight, I think," said Mr. Miles, in the easy, unaffected tone he sought to establish between the two, joining the speaker as he spoke. "That is Lambford; it belongs to Lord Fermor. He is in his dotage, and Lady Fermor rules for him. She is your nearest neighbour. I am sorry to say she cannot be called a good neighbour."

Sir William's curiosity was easily satisfied.

Naturally it was not the first time that the lawyer had dined with his client. Mr. Miles had already found the opportunity of noting two things. One was, that the young baronet conducted himself very much according to ordinary rules. He had assisted as an orderly at mess dinners; he had come home as a first-class passenger, and, being surrounded by an odour of good fortune, his presence had been welcomed instead of tabooed at the table d'hôte. He was too proud to subject himself to ridicule by failing to acquire habits which the practice of a little observation and self-restraint could quickly teach him. A smart soldier, clean and neat to finicalness, tutored to one species of etiquette, has always the making of a conventional gentleman in him, however far he may be from the higher type, and Will Thwaite, apart from his fits of dissipation, had been a very smart soldier.

The second peculiarity which had attracted Mr. Miles's attention was that Sir William drank nothing save water. Taken by surprise, the elder man was tempted to rally the

younger gently, for already the lawyer was doubtful whether the young baronet were a fellow at whom his neighbours could safely poke fun. "Are you a Good Templar? Have you taken the pledge?"

Sir William did not appear to see the joke. "No, I am not, though there are some of the sort in India," he said with his accustomed gravity; "but I have taken a pledge, though it is not of the kind you mean."

"All right," answered Mr. Miles. "Every man should judge for himself." At the same time he was reflecting in his own mind, "I wish you may keep it. Possibly these are the safest lines for you."

So it was the butler, and not Mr. Miles, who received a shock from his master's decided waiving aside of his attentions with, "I don't want any wine."

"No wine, Sir William? I beg pardon, sir, but I think I must be mistaken. Do you mean neither sherry nor chablis, nor hock?—I have them all here with the liqueurs, and the claret and port later. Perhaps you prefer a liqueur first. Some of the gentlemen I have been with always began with a liqueur."

"No,"—Sir William stopped himself just in time from saying, "No, thank you, sir," to the black-coated dignitary, hanging anxiously on his words—"I drink nothing but water, my man," floundering into the opposite extreme of too affable familiarity this time. "You need not trouble to have out these things," indicating the old cut wine-glasses and decanters, with a fine indifference, "unless, of course," stammering a little as he corrected himself, for the obligations of hospitality are strong in the class from which he had just emerged, "when any gentleman is here who drinks wine."

The butler knew that his master had been a grub before he became a butterfly, but the sentence about the wines floored the subordinate considerably. "I say," he remonstrated with himself, "I can't stand this. 'My man,' indeed! from one who has pipe-clayed his own belts and polished his own shoes. Why, the Dean called me 'Mr. Cumberbatch' as often as not. Good wages, light work, and time to one's self are all very well, and an inducement to put up with a master who has risen from the dirt, though he were the right heir, and is a likely enough young gentleman to look at. When it comes to that we're all Adam's sons. But what are we coming to when wine ain't countenanced at a squire and baronet's table? There will be no broken bottles of claret, or sherry, or nothin' for the hall-table; and beer will

vanish next. We're to be tea-tottlers, if not saints. What about the plate? Is silver or silver-gilt sinful? Are we all to eat off coarsest hearthenware, and sport sack-cloth and ashes?"

From the caustic irony of his thoughts the reader may judge how deeply the butler was moved. Nevertheless Mr. Cumberbatch was able to bring in a note on a salver, and present it in a respectfully reproachful way to Sir William. He took it, opened and read it, and then handed it with a mystified air to his companion; yet it was no more than one of those notes which fly about the world launched by idly busy hands, and do not even require an answer.

It had only one reason for making a mark on reaching its destination. It was the daintiest note Sir William had ever received, written on black-edged note-paper like satin, supplied with both a crest and a monogram—a tiny version of what, in an enlarged form, had been shown and explained to Sir William as the two hounds in a leash under an oak-tree, which constituted the heraldic bearings of the Thwaites, together with a fanciful, miniature A. T.

The clear writing was a little bold for so small an epistle, while it conveyed the frankest, most courteous, and magnanimous of greetings. "Dear Sir William," it said, "I cannot help calling you so, and desiring to be the first to bid you welcome to the charming old place, which I know so well, and where I have been so happy. That you are in the room of my dear husband and beloved child is only an additional reason why I should have the most cordial interest in your welfare, if you will allow me to say so. I trust I shall soon have the pleasure of seeing you, and knowing you as a friend and near neighbour.—Believe me, dear Sir William, yours sincerely, ADA THWAITE."

"Well, Sir William?" said Mr. Miles tentatively, with a smile, while he was turning over rapidly in his mind the considerations which the note suggested. "What can she want? She does not intend to become Lady Thwaite the Second by captivating young Sir William after she has disposed of old Sir John. Oh dear, no! She is a great deal too astute, while she is too mild and well-bred an adventuress for so violent and vulgar a dodge. She must be ten or fifteen years his senior. Mischief, not malice; pickings, not plunderings, are her cue. I know her of old. The prestige of becoming, by the assertion of a prior right, first and best

acquainted with the gentleman, and then of trotting him out to the neighbourhood, on the *qui vive* for his arrival, if he turn out a decent specimen of resuscitated gentility, will count for something. There may be certain dowager perquisites over and above the bond, though she has a very pretty jointure, and he is saddled with a life almost as good as his own on the property. She will have the use of his horses when he does not require them, with offerings of game and fruit beyond what Netherton can produce. She will have the advantage of continuing the first female influence at Whitehills till he gets a wife."

Mr. Miles's speculations were interrupted.

"I suppose it is Sir John's widow, and it is good of her not to mind," said Sir William slowly. "But what am I to do about her? What does she expect me to do? I have no acquaintance with people of her kidney. I am not fit to go into such company; at least, not yet a bit."

It was as if Sir William had proposed to reply to the note dashed off in a few minutes, by sitting down at his desk, squaring his arms, and inditing with care and deliberation, and not without the assistance of a dictionary, a formal, frozen letter, so precisely to the point that it might have been printed.

"Oh, you will find no difficulty!" said Mr. Miles cheerfully. "I know Lady Thwaite quite well, and will introduce you if you like. She is not a hard person to get on with, and she may in turn make you acquainted with the neighbourhood, which in the sense of society is not extensive. It never did any man or woman good to shun his or her kind, and hold them at arm's-length; any amount of difficulties and rubbing the wrong way is preferable. Lady Thwaite means to be gracious, and it will not do for you—I speak as your friend and senior by thirty years—to meet her advances ungraciously. You must condone all former neglect or anything that strikes you as forward in the present overture. I will confess to you that I do not give her credit for the finest perceptions or the most exquisite tact. But the world, which is not too nice in its tastes, does not agree with me. It counts her as pleasant and clever as she is good-natured, and votes her its greatest popularity. She is certainly good-natured, but she can be offended, though she is not very spiteful. She might do you harm by driving her pair of ponies all over the country, and airing her rebuff in the spirit of an accomplished gossip, who finds food for her calling everywhere.

She can treat the matter either as a grievance or as a good joke, which would be rather the worst treatment of the two."

"I don't care a rap," cried Sir William, swelling a little with indignation; "she may, if she likes, for me. I shall be a poor creature, indeed, if I mind what a parcel of old women say."

"Softly, softly, my dear fellow!" asserted Mr. Miles, seeking to keep the peace. "No man can afford to be so independent. In the second place, Lady Thwaite is not an old woman. What put such a shocking idea into your head? I shall be surprised if you take her for more than five-and-twenty—about your own age—when you see her. In reality she is a handsome, well-preserved woman between five-and-thirty and forty—no more."

"I shall think the worse of her if she is made up to look what she is not, like a horse at a fair," said Sir William a little doggedly, and with brutal plain speaking, as a recollection flashed across his mind of his sister Jen, with her spare, worn figure and face, and her patches of grey hair. Where had he read—for this ex-sergeant had been given to reading in his wiser moments—of such ashen patches as flakes of heaven's sunshine?"

"You must remember she has a claim upon your forbearance," represented Mr. Miles adroitly, not noticing the ebullition which smelt of the hole whence Sir William had been dug. "Your first impulse to regard it as good of her to write to you was not altogether wrong. Poor soul! the fate of her boy cut her up considerably."

"Very well, I'll go and see her if that will be of any use. I expect that is what it will come to," said Sir William, as if he were submitting to a disagreeable necessity.

Mr. Miles had to be content with the concession. Holding intercourse with Sir William at this date partook a good deal of the nature of a one-handed conversation, and the one-handedness seemed to increase when the only share of the host, in the post-prandial conviviality, consisted in passing the decanters, which Sir William was scrupulous to do. The situation began to get intolerably heavy to a town-bred man accustomed to a very different description of dining out—something that he was used to regard complacently as having to do with "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

"The cub is not a bad cub," he grumbled, "but I hope Lady Thwaite, or some one else, will have licked him into shape, so as to render him livelier; before I visit Whitehills again. Funeral baked meats would be a

hilarious entertainment in comparison with this orgy on entering into possession."

As a little variety, after coffee had been sent in, Mr. Miles proposed a stroll in the dusk, comforted by the sense that things would not be so unsocial, since Sir William had not abjured a pipe along with a glass.

The two men went as far as one of the park gates, and stood leaning over, looking into the darkening high-road. It was as empty as most country roads at the season and hour, when all at once a close carriage appeared in the distance, looming out of the obscurity, jolting rather than bowling along.

Mr. Miles grew quite excited by this little adventure, though it was hardly within the bounds of possibility that it could bring other visitors to Whitehills. As the carriage drew nearer he had, at least, the satisfaction of announcing that he knew it. It was one of the Lambford carriages; he had seen the liveries when he was down at Whitehills before. Lady Fermor must have been at Knotley to her banker or shopping. The old lady still did her business for herself, though it was a mercy to think she was too old for the gaieties which had made her earlier career notorious.

Mr. Miles's scandal against Queen Elizabeth was brought to an abrupt conclusion. The carriage stopped, the coachman kept his post, while a groom alighted. Presently it became evident that Lady Fermor wished the lamps lit before she proceeded farther, and that the groom was bound for the porter's lodge to get a light. For anything that the two lookers-on knew, they might be unseen by the occupants of the carriage. But it did not accord with Mr. Miles's old-fashioned politeness to remain hidden while he could help a lady. He had met Lady Fermor at old meets and hunting breakfasts at Lambford. He opened the gate, stepped briskly forward, leaving Sir William behind, and went up, hat in hand, to the window, which had been drawn down. "Can I do anything for you, Lady Fermor?" he asked with the civility of a man of the world. "I dare say you have forgotten me. My name is Miles. At one time I was often down from town on law business of poor Sir John's, and I had the pleasure of getting a little sport and enjoying Lord Fermor's hospitality when the scent held and we could get a run across country."

Lady Fermor's old head, in a somewhat juvenile bonnet, was thrust out of the window at once. Hauteur or reserve had never been among her faults. "I remember you perfectly, Mr. Miles. I am glad to renew our

acquaintance. Will you be so good as to see that my groom lights the lamps so that one or other does not go out after the first hundred yards? I have been to Knotley, and stayed too long—let myself be benighted like a dissipated old woman. But what brings you down here just now? Is it anything about your new clown of a baronet?"

"Hush! he is just behind me." Mr. Miles was forced to warn her.

"There, bring him forward at once and present him to me, and to my grand-daughter. Iris is in that corner. Are you awake, child? Were you ever introduced to Mr. Miles?"

"I think not; but I shall be happy to undergo the ceremony now," answered a fresh young voice.

"Many thanks for the permission, Miss Compton, but, if you please, we'll agree to defer the ceremony along with the presentation to Sir William. I can scarcely see you two ladies. We are only just come. The time is not propitious; let us wait for another and a happier day."

Mr. Miles retreated on the plea of giving some directions about the lamps. "I am not going to be the man to introduce Jezebel to him," he was resolving. "Let us be thankful she has, in a great measure, outlived her sorceries; but they say she has taken to play, in her age, like the most accomplished performer at Homburg in its worst days, or Monte Carlo. I believe the grand-daughter, poor thing! is a nice girl to have come out of so bad a nest," still pursuing his reflections.

Mr. Miles was hampered by the fear that Lady Fermor's personal remark might have reached the young man, but as the carriage disappeared in the darkness from which it had emerged, and the lawyer rejoined his companion, he felt bound to deliver his testimony that danger had been near.

Sir William anticipated him by a remark in which a shade of doubt and discontent was just audible. "I thought you said the Fermors were a bad lot."

"A shocking bad lot, so far as Lord and Lady Fermor go," corroborated Mr. Miles emphatically.

"And yet you are quite thick with them." The pupil suddenly turned the tables on his Mentor, still with the suspicion of mystification and annoyance in his manner.

"Not thick in your sense," answered Mr. Miles promptly; "not more than common courtesy demands. I am sorry that your nearest neighbours are the Fermors, Sir William. He, poor old wretch, may be reckoned nowhere now; but she—well, she forfeited

her place in society ages ago. She has, in course of nature, given up hunting, and there are no more hunting breakfasts, or stud dinners, or election banquets at Lambford. The place used to be a great rearing ground for hunters; and both host and hostess went in strongly for politics—at least, as far as the hurly-burly of elections. You will not come across him, and you may not encounter her; which, let me tell you, will be no loss for any young man who wishes to keep himself straight and avoid temptation. It is my duty to make you acquainted with the rumour that high play goes on whenever she can call up the ghost of company at Lambford."

"Does nobody go near her then?" said Sir William, dwelling on the isolation. The sharp ears of his adviser detected that it had a fascination for a lad who might be a pariah in his own person. Mr. Miles was induced to qualify his statement in policy as well as in verity.

"Oh, not so bad as that! She raised with reason the hue and cry of the world against her, but it is an old, half-forgotten story: she has lived long enough to survive her punishment so far. The household at Lambford has been outwardly quiet enough for a dozen years. If people choose to lose money over Napoleon or vint-et-un, or no worse than whist, it is entirely their own doing, and is quite another matter from a public scandal. They say she is kind to poor old Lord Fermor. There has never been a word against Miss Compton, the grand-daughter, and she is likely to inherit her grandmother's savings—although there are other grandchildren, not Comptons—Dugdales and Powells, the children of two daughters of Lady Fermor by her first husband. Even Lord Fermor's heir-at-law does not hold it wise to keep up a quarrel with the present mistress of the house. Lady Fermor, at her worst, maintained what I should call a brazen adherence to her Church whatever it had to say to her, and I have no doubt subscribes handsomely to parish charities; so her rector and rectoress, with their staff, must extend a certain amount of countenance and support to her; whether or not they regard her in the light of an interesting penitent, I cannot tell. Between the oblivion into which her past is falling, forbearance with her as an old woman, and pity for an innocent victim like Miss Compton, there is some amount of neighbourly amnesty. Shall we drive over to the quarries I told you of to-morrow, Sir William?"

SUNDAY READINGS.

For each Lord's Day.

BY THE EDITOR.

JANUARY 6TH.

Read Psalm ciii. Heb. xi. 1-16.

NO thoughtful person can regard the beginning of another year without some serious reflections. As Abraham went forth from Mesopotamia, "not knowing whither he went," so do we launch forth on a new epoch, in ignorance, and yet not without many natural presentiments. For each one perforce forecasts the coming year, anticipating the possible incidents, the mercies or the trials, the new scenes or the weary monotony of continued drudgery which it may bring them.

Retrospect ought, however, to teach us how vain are such anticipations. We may perhaps be able to recall the New Years' Days of the past when we indulged in similar speculations, and can now see how often they have been falsified. Most people can say, on a survey of their past life, that they have been led by a way that they knew not. When they think of their childhood, or the struggles of early or later years, the successes and disappointments of their career, leading all up to the particular position they have now reached, they can see with more or less vividness how their path has been like that of Abraham, "who went forth, not knowing whither he went."

And now, on the first Lord's Day of a New Year, as we may be once again impressed by the uncertainty of the unknown future, experience as well as Scripture should bring us many lessons suggested by the consciousness of our ignorance.

I. We are taught not to presume. We are apt to take for granted that our course will be the same in the future as it has been in the past; that we shall have the same dear faces around us, and enjoy the same health and comfort. And so we make plans for the coming year as if the future lay in our own power. The presumptuous man takes for granted that while trouble or sorrow may happen to others his house will stand firm. When he hears of the uncertainties of life he never asks, like the disciples, "Lord, is it I?" but tacitly assumes that he shall not be moved. All such presumption is vain, and it is beneficial as it is wise on a day like this to recognise that we are each and all of us going forth on a way that we know not.

II. But if such ignorance of the future forbids presumption it also reproves the spirit of discouragement and despondency. There are those whose natural temperament leads them to anticipate evil rather than good. There may be circumstances in their lot which suggest sad forebodings. But such fears may be as much out of place as presuming on the unbroken continuance of present happiness. You do not know what unexpected good may be in store for you at the very moment when you are thinking only of disaster. Jacob, with his timid, gloomy temperament, said, "All these things are against me," at the very moment when, in reality, every circumstance was big with mercy.

Our duty is to go forth on the New Year as Abraham did on his journey, in faith and obedience. Then all will be well. Let us have hearty faith in God's personal care. When we realise the full force of the word, "The Lord is my Shepherd," that we do not need to make Him our Shepherd, but only treat Him as our Shepherd by following His guidance, then we can march on with unfaltering steps. We may not know whither the path is leading us, but when we know Him, we can be at peace.

Unbelief and disobedience can alone thwart His good purpose.

Let us, then, really trust God, and go forth in obedience on this new stage of life, being willing to follow rather than lead. Let us recognise all events which may happen to us when in the way of duty as the elements of a wise education, and be anxious to learn the lessons they are sent to teach. Let us commit ourselves, our homes, our friends, our cares, hopes and anxieties into His hand, asking Him to strengthen us, that whatever happens we may not shrink from duty nor wound conscience. When we thus sincerely yield to Him in all things as our Father, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Master, then may we joyfully share the assured confidence that nothing can by any possibility separate us from Himself and in Him from all that is truly good and blessed.

JANUARY 13TH.

Read Psalm xvi. and St. John xii. 34 to end.

Genuine trust in God is but another name for Christian life, for it implies obedience,

confidence, and love. Conscious want of trust is one of the most bitter trials. I do not now allude to speculative doubts, but to that which is often experienced in times of sorrow or in hours of religious anxiety. "I have no faith; I cannot feel confidence," is then one of the most sorrowful confessions. Now the Psalmist tells us the source of true confidence, "They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee."

Knowing the name of God according to Biblical usage just means knowing what God really is. We are therefore taught that the secret of distrust is ignorance, and the source of confidence is the apprehension of God's character and ways.

Ignorance of God is perhaps the last thing which people nowadays would expect to be laid to their charge. In a sense, it is the last thing to be laid to the charge of professing Christians now, as it was apparently the last which could have been applied to the so-called religious world in the days of Christ. And yet it was of men who prayed seven times in a day, and who studied the every jots and tittles of the law, that Jesus said, "Oh, righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee." For there are two kinds of knowledge—the one acquired by intellect and memory, the other through the sympathies. The one is formal, the other is vital. Now to be truly acquainted with God is to know a Person who in commanding our affections sways our life and character. And thus God did not give man a mere system of truth, but He sent Him who is the truth, and through no technical creed demanding the assent of the intellect alone, but through Jesus Christ, who loved us and gave Himself for us, did He at once manifest His glory and touch our sympathies.

True confidence springs from knowledge. Ignorance has also its confidence. A child has no fear in a powder magazine, or in handling the most dangerous explosives, but this confidence of ignorance is widely removed from the confidence of the expert who does the same actions, yet with perfect knowledge of their character. In like manner there is a confidence which arises from religious ignorance and indifference, which may appear quite as deep as that of him who enjoys conscious peace in Christ. True Christian confidence, however, springs from knowledge. It can say, "I know Him in whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him."

It is true that the first effect of earnest

thought is to produce anxiety rather than peace; for the true knowledge of God must take away the false confidence of ignorance. And this brings me back to what was said at the outset regarding the distress experienced by those who have become conscious that they are without that trust in God which gives peace. For all such I now add a word or two of plain counsel.

I. Be thankful that you have become anxious, even although the anxiety may have brought you a certain misery. The sense of pain is a sign of life.

II. Beware of a common confusion. There is no more morbid or dangerous condition of mind than that which is frequently witnessed during times of religious excitement, when persons, hearing a great deal about "having faith," begin to scrutinise their experiences or sensations to discover whether they have "enough faith" or not. As a natural consequence they either become landed in a darkness which is almost maddening, or they make a Saviour out of some sudden feeling which they term "finding peace." But it is neither faith nor the feeling of peace which can afford abiding confidence to any reasonable man. A terrified introspection in search of faith is exceedingly ignorant. As well might one seek for the pleasure which the landscape affords by searching into the eye or into the telescope. It is what the eye sees, not the eye; it is what the telescope is pointed at, not the telescope which delights mind and heart. In like manner it is not faith, but what faith contemplates, which awakens love and banishes fear. Instead, therefore, of anxiously crying for faith, let us simply look in self-forgetfulness to God; or let us just think of what Christ was when He was on earth; or let us gaze up to the Cross and see Him stooping over us, His mercy streaming from every wound, and His arms stretched out as if to gather us and all men back to His Father. Dare we look up to that face and doubt His love or His willingness to forgive and help us? Verily, "They that know Him will put their trust in Him." "Acquaint thyself with God and be at peace."

JANUARY 20TH.

Read Psalm viii. St. Matthew vi. 19 to the end.

There is nothing, next to sin, more common than care, and any teaching regarding our cares cannot fail to be practical. St. Peter helps us to know what we ought to do. "Casting all your cares upon Him, for He careth for you."

As we are all tempted to seek comfort rather than a right state of heart, it is well for us to distinguish the kind of cares to which the apostle alludes. It is evident that he means the cares which may come in the way of duty. We could not expect him to say, "have no care," if we are following a course of evil which entails misery. There are many cares that are of a kind which cannot be cast upon God, but which ought to be cast away altogether. And if our anxieties arise from greed, or vanity, or lust, or dishonesty, then the counsel we require is, "Have done with these things," rather than, "Cast thy burden on the Lord."

But the cares incident to Christian life may be various. There may be gnawing anxieties connected with business or the economies of the household; or there may be family cares arising from the delicate health of those we love, or, worse than this, from the misconduct of those who are dear to us; or our cares may be distinctly personal, and may take the form of doubt or despondency, or be connected with secret struggles against besetting sin, or with anxieties regarding our own religious state before God. We need not specify these cares. Every heart knows its own bitterness.

We may be sometimes tempted with stoical fortitude to shut all such cares up in our own hearts. But that is not the best thing for us. What we most require is sympathy and confidence. There is comfort in having a true friend to whom we can unbosom our troubles, especially if that friend is one who can advise and help us. It is better still if that friend is the very person to whom we are chiefly responsible. Then whatever happens we know that our motives are understood. Having made "a clean breast" of everything, we would find that much of the sting of anxiety was removed.

Now the apostle counsels us to act in a similar way to God. This is quite possible. We can cast our cares upon Him to a great extent by simply unburdening all that we feel in frank, humble, faithful prayer. How helpful is it thus to go to Him with the cry, "Oh, my Father, thou knowest how painful this doubt is to me, how intolerable is this load of sin, and how anxiously I seek to do the right, and to know and love thee as I ought. My Father, help me!"

But we are not only to tell our cares to God—we are to *cast them all* on Him. "Roll thy burden on the Lord," said the Psalmist, "and He will sustain thee." And when we have done so, then, although duty,

difficulty, and trial may remain, yet that which is worst in our cares will be gone.

The reason why we are thus to cast our cares upon God is thus sweetly given: "for He careth for you." Christianity, while recognising the divine character of all law, teaches us that we have to do with a divine Person, who knows and cares for His children. This is the mystery of God's goodness which has been declared in Jesus Christ. He has taught us about the Father, Who is not too great to care, but is so great that He does care for the very least. We who believe in Christ can, therefore, go with confidence to the throne of grace.

If the Lord cares for us, then we may be certain that He will direct our path. We may feel very blind about it all. It is enough if we know that He will lead us on step by step. "Commit thou thy way unto the Lord, and He will give thee the desires of thine heart." He will give you your truest and deepest desires, although in a form and by a method you may not anticipate. St. James and St. John asked for high places in Christ's kingdom, and Jesus gave them the desires of their heart; but how differently from the manner they had expected! "Can ye drink of the cup I drink of and be baptized with the baptism I am baptized with?" Therefore when we cast our cares on the Lord, He may perhaps lead us in the very opposite direction from that which we expected or wished for; but, as certainly as the whole past history of the Church is true, it will be in the very way which we ourselves will in the end acknowledge to have been the wisest and best.

JANUARY 27TH.

Read Psalm xxv. and St. Mark vi. 1-13.

It was in Nazareth, the scene of His early years, and among His own friends and relations, that our Lord discovered the greatest scepticism. The people who in one sense were the most privileged were those who received the smallest benefit. This is remarkable, and the reason assigned for it is no less striking. "He could do no mighty works there because of their unbelief." This is a curious statement. For if miracles were intended to produce conviction, why were they not wrought before an audience which required so much to be aroused? And when it is said that Christ "could do no miracles there," we are compelled to ask how His power could be limited by anything in man.

I will not attempt a reply to these difficulties. I would only suggest the fact that

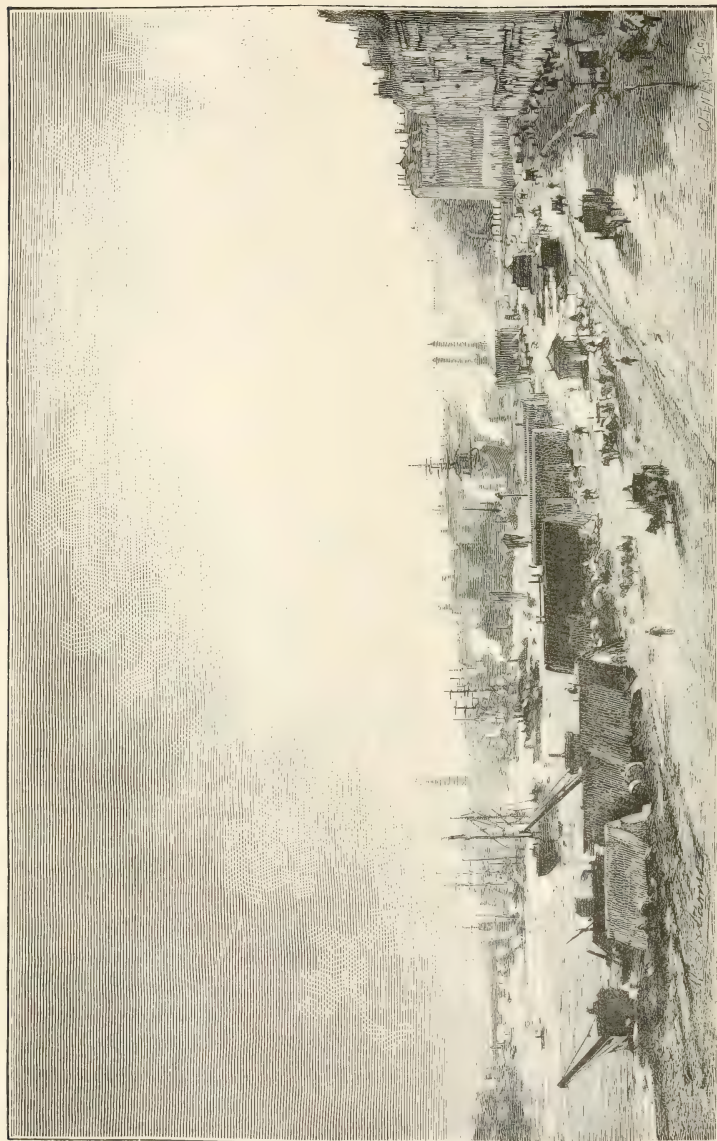
miracles were never given as a cure for unbelief, but as "signs" accompanying the revelation of God in Christ, and that there must always be moral necessities which limit the Divine actings. It is thus that God "cannot lie," and that He cannot enrich with the blessing of salvation the heart which refuses to trust Him. As it is in accordance with God's principles of acting never to give the enjoyment of light to those who insist on keeping their eyes shut, so He cannot manifest His glory to those whose hearts are sealed by unbelief.

What occurred at Nazareth presents a startling picture of the sin of unbelief at all times. The unbelief which refuses Christ may be far removed from any conscious rejection of Christian dogma. The sceptic who doubts, or the infidel who denies, His authority are not the only unbelievers. Nay, the unbelief which is generally condemned in the word of God is practical rather than theoretical. The most deadly form of unbelief is often found clinging externally to a pure creed, and there are many persons across whose brain there never stole one honest intellectual doubt, who are yet double-dyed infidels in the eyes of Christ. Unbelief arises from the want of hearty confidence in God. Unbelief is the root of all resistance and of all sin. It makes divine aid impossible, for it seals every access to the heart; it closes the eye, so that it sees not His glory; it ties the tongue, so that it neither prays nor praises; it stops the ear so that it hears not. Unbelief may assume many shapes. It may take the form of self-righteous pride, which will keep the soul like a castle against the grace of the Saviour; or it may show its power in that idiotic indifference with which another man regards the most solemn questions of existence; or it may display its presence in the knees that tremble and the hands that hang down, and in the paths that have been made crooked, through the terrorism of a morbid self-consciousness.

On the other hand, all is possible where there is true confidence in God, leading to self-surrender to His blessed will. This confidence is the key which unlocks our whole being to His influence. We then lie open to His teaching. In yielding to Him we obey Him and receive His help and guidance in return. We are then like children, who, by grasping a father's hand, get all his strength and wisdom for their support and direction, while the child who will not trust, but in self-will casts that hand away, by the very act thwarts the fatherly desire.

Christ marvelled at the unbelief of the Nazarenes, and no wonder! For it is marvellous that there should be any intelligent being in the universe indifferent to God, or who refuses to obey Him. All material laws obey Him. And all His works, from the dewdrop that sparkles on the grass to the blazing sun which fills heaven with splendour, form together one mighty harmony of order and beauty. Among the ranks of the redeemed there is not a discordant note, for God reigns in every breast. As far as we know, it is only in man that there is found the unbelief of indifference. And assuredly most just is the condemnation on that other form of unbelief, which, when the light comes, "loves the darkness rather than the light." We ought to love the highest when we see it.

Let it be granted that we profess to be Christians, and believe in the Christian religion in its usually accepted form. So far we cannot be charged with unbelief. Yet, when we bring such beliefs to the test, may we not be shocked by the contrast which our lives present? For if we believe in the reality of God's great love to us, where, we may well ask, is the response of such hearty affection as the reception of similar love always produces? Tongues which seldom or never really pray to Him, hearts that never rejoice in Him, a self-indulgence which never sacrifices, and a self-will which never yields obedience, are surely not the characteristics of childlike and loving confidence. It is most humbling to realise, however dimly, what we might each be except for this horrible unbelief. Christ can certainly do mighty works in us and by us. There is not a man or woman whom He is not ready to bless now, as He helped those who received Him long ago in Palestine. There is no human being whom He is not willing and able to enrich with all good as He enriched St. Paul or St. John, or any saint in the Church. There is not a victory over sin, not a blessed work of ministry and usefulness, not a height of saintly perfection, not an adornment of grace which may not be ours now, in spite of all the commonplace surroundings of our daily lot. We cannot for a moment doubt Christ's desire "to do thus exceedingly, abundantly, above all that we can ask or think." What, then, is it which hinders? Unbelief—wonderful and most sinful unbelief! "Ye will not come to me that ye might have life." "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it." "How often would I have gathered you and ye would not."



Engraved by J.

BORDEAUX. BY MAXIME LALANNE.

J. Bellenger.

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BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA.

By M. LINSKILL.

AUTHOR OF "CLEVEDEN," "HAGAR," "ROBERT HOLT'S ILLUSION," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS.

THE weather that one remembers for half a lifetime is always weather that is complete of its kind—the unbroken calm, the unmitigated storm, the time of ceaseless rain, of sustained drought. These are remembered as much by their unity of impression as by their rarity of occurrence.

Genevieve Bartholomew will always remember that first perfect autumn at Netherbank; the clear blue skies that went on being blue quite into December; the pale warm sun that threw long shadows across the grass all day, that lighted up the little house, and lent a new harmony to the soft, restful colouring that was so daintily disposed and arranged. Truly it had been a labour of love, that pleasant home-making, and full of new and un hoped-for experiences.

"You must feel rather like a bride," Dorothy Craven said one day, when she came down to see the transformation that had been so quickly wrought; and so cheaply too, for the most part, as Miss Craven saw at a glance. The delicate coral-coloured stenciling on the walls; the curious pale grey-green tints of the drapery that covered the old sofa and the chairs; the quaint festoons of Indian muslin and creamy lace that hung about the little windows, were none of them expensive luxuries. The things that represented money were those that had come across the moor in the carrier's-waggon, the books, the pictures, the large screen of ancient needlework, and the soft rugs that covered the floor.

The piano had come later, with some necessities for the studio, easels, lay-figures, canvases. Genevieve saw them come, she watched her father as he unpacked them and put them in their places. Her feeling as she watched was like an emotion, to be kept strictly in the silence that Fate prescribes for hopes that are yet unaccomplished.

"The ornament of a house," says Emerson, "is the friends who frequent it;" a truth of which the world has long been very well aware; bargaining only that the friends shall be ornamental; your most ornamental friend being he who brings the finest carriage to stand at your door; he who has the highest title for you to sound before his name; or he who represents for you the golden calf at least in being thickly gilded

with the current coin of the realm. These be thy gods, O Israel!

Taking them as a whole, it could hardly be said that the people who came to Murk-Marishes were very ornamental people, either in the Emersonian or any other sense. It had never occurred to Genevieve that the little door under the thatched porch would be opened so many times to admit visitors, strangers with friendly faces and voices, with strong northern accents, with wonderings and questionings, reserved and unreserved admirations. Some of them came from afar and stayed to tea; and some went home congratulating themselves that the Bartholomews were likely to remain in the neighbourhood for an indefinite length of time. It seemed an odd thing to leave London, to break up a home, to choose a place like Murk-Marishes to live in; but then it was quite understood that people of genius were odd, always and unmistakably odd in everything they did.

It was mentioned—almost with dissatisfaction—that Mr. Bartholomew's manner was not so odd as it might have been; that his behaviour on the whole was really very much like that of any other gentleman. This was a reversal of ideas still existent in remote districts; and therefore made opening for doubt and speculation. To some simple souls it was a little relief that he should sit and talk of his crop of apples, of the way the studio chimney smoked when the wind was in the north; that he should confess to having read the *Market-Stubley Gazette*, that he should already know something of local politics. But there were others who agreed that this was not—well, it was not what people expected of a man whose name had been seen in a hundred newspapers, with praise and commendation, and unlimited prophecy attached to it. It was as if he had been guilty of fraudulent pretence.

If Noel Bartholomew could only have known what was expected of him by his neighbours it is sadly possible that he might have endeavoured to save them from disappointment. It would have been so very easy to save them. But since he might not know, nor even conjecture, he went on laying himself open to suspicion—nay, to worse than suspicion. Mrs. Caton, who was a lawyer's widow, and who claimed to be the leader of such intellectual and artistic society as the

neighbourhood afforded, gave her verdict at once and unhesitatingly: "There is nothing in the man," she said with an air of finality. She was in her own house when she said it, an old-fashioned stone house standing back from the main street of Thurkeld Abbas. It was showily furnished, and the lady was dressed to be in keeping with it. The prettiest things she possessed were her little fair-haired twin girls, Edil and Ianthé. They were always brought down when visitors came; no one perceiving more clearly than Mrs. Caton herself the value of the children, of their pretty hair, their fashionable dress, as picturesque incidents in her life and its surroundings. She was not unpicturesque herself, being a large, white, fair woman with very blue eyes, and a clear knowledge of what was becoming in the way of dress.

It need hardly be said that Mrs. Caton had her place in the established society of Thurkeld Abbas; nor that her verdict concerning any new-comers would have its due and sufficient weight. Nevertheless, at the moment when her verdict was given it was not received with that respectful acquiescence to which she was accustomed. "There is nothing in him," she had said emphatically, and for a moment there was silence.

Miss Standen, an elderly lady, who had been three times to London in her younger days, and twice since her maturity, and who therefore ventured occasionally to have an opinion of her own, put a question to Mrs. Caton. "Have you seen much of Mr. Bartholomew?" she asked significantly.

The turn of Mrs. Caton's head was something to be remembered. She had seen Mr. Bartholomew once; and Miss Standen knew quite well that she had seen him once.

"These things are not questions of time," said Mrs. Caton, speaking in her usual oratorical tone. "They are questions of intuition, of acquaintance with human nature. When I meet a man who talks to me for nearly an hour without saying a single striking or remarkable thing, I cannot say that I think that man to be a man of great powers."

"Not of great conversational powers perhaps," rejoined Miss Standen. "But does Mr. Bartholomew profess to be gifted in that way? He is an artist."

"To say that a man is an artist, that is an artist of any eminence," returned Mrs. Caton, "is to say that he is a man of thought, to imply that he is capable of finer thought, of finer feeling than his neighbours. Now if a man can think, it is only common sense to suppose that he can utter his thoughts."

"Not on demand, not when he feels that he is being watched and weighed for the benefit of the neighbourhood," interposed little Mrs. Damer, a lady who always appeared to be on the verge of losing her temper, and did, in point of fact, lose it occasionally. "If I were Mr. Bartholomew I should stick stolidly to the price of potatoes, and the surprising cheapness of Moor mutton."

"That is just about what he did 'stick to,'" rejoined Mrs. Caton, who could express inverted commas with unsurpassable skill.

"But you admire *Miss Bartholomew*?" interposed young Mrs. Pencefold, in a conciliatory tone. "Surely you admire her?"

"My dear, I do admire her," replied Mrs. Caton, with judicial considerateness. "I admire her prettiness, her politeness, and her slight figure. But there I must stop it seems. I do not wish to give offence; and we can all of us hold our own opinion. No one will be more glad than I if the Bartholomews should prove to be acquisitions to the more intellectual society of the place."

Again there was a wondering silence, and again it was broken by Miss Standen.

"Mr. Bartholomew is very much altered, don't you think he is, Mrs. Caton?" asked the lady in civil tones.

"Altered! Altered from what?"

"From what he was twenty years ago."

There was a pause, a stare, a little laugh.

"My dear Miss Standen! Twenty years ago I was a child in the schoolroom."

"Probably: but you are the same age as Miss Richmond, exactly the same. Twenty years ago she was seventeen, old enough to carry on a vigorous flirtation with Mr. Bartholomew, who was years older than she was. I saw nothing of it myself, but I heard plenty. It was said that he couldn't go out sketching anywhere in the district without her joining him, and sitting watching him for hours together."

"That might be due to her love of art," suggested Mrs. Pencefold, a rather amiable Lancashire lady, of sufficiently good birth to be able to feel some natural sense of duty in defending a member of a county family.

Her suggestion was received with incredulous smiles, and the smiles were followed by incredulous words, by words implying more than incredulity. It was a little sad to anyone with eyes open to see the sadness of it all.

Mrs. Damer was not quite sure that her eyes were open: she had an impression that she did sometimes see, that she oftener tried to see, but that her mental eyes were holden by some narrowness of education, of oppor-

tunity, of intellectual birthright. She was not sure even of such vision as she had. She knew it to be limited: it might be erroneous. She was certainly aware that she saw things with other eyes than her neighbours saw them, and her nature was such that the effect upon herself was apt to be stimulating. She was nothing if not courageous; and her courageousness led her sometimes into—shall we say deep water, or hot water? Perhaps either would do.

At the present moment she was listening in silence, but not with patience. Truth to say, she was growing very impatient, and somewhat indignant too. She was not a woman who made any special profession of Christian charity, not more than the other church-going, district-visiting ladies who sat there; but this absolute uncharity struck her soul's sense keenly. Not one voice had been raised to utter one kindly word concerning these strangers, who had come to make a home in the midst of them. There had been nothing save pre-judgments, disapprobations, hints, detractions. And what ground, what reason had they for it all? The question burst forth at last with startling unexpectedness.

"What have they done, these people, that we should speak of them as we are doing?" the little woman asked with heightened colour, and a sudden gleam in her eyes. She looked at the lady who had spoken last, then at Mrs. Caton; they were too much surprised to reply.

"I must speak," Mrs. Damer went on; "that man's face—it would be more polite to say Mr. Bartholomew, but let it pass—his face struck me as being so full of sorrow that I feel compelled to speak. Someone said awhile ago that there was nothing in him; if there is nothing else in him, there is a soul that has gone through a martyrdom of some kind. That look of patience, of subdued pain, never came into any human countenance but by great tribulation . . . We know nothing of it all, nothing of his suffering, nothing of his life, and but very little of his work, why then should we judge so harshly? Why should we sit in judgment upon him at all?"

"My dear Mrs. Damer," said Mrs. Caton, who had fully recovered herself, "surely you exaggerate the importance of any remarks that may have been made! I may even add that you mistake the nature of them. . . Judgment! What, in your opinion, is judgment?"

"In my opinion one judges a man when one decides on insufficient data either that he is a flirt, or that he is a fool. We have

decided that Mr. Bartholomew is—if not a fool, at least a stupid and shallow-brained individual, and this because he has talked to some of us for half an hour at a time on topics that we considered trifling and commonplace. I do not doubt it; he talked to me in the same way, evidently hardly knowing that he talked at all, or if he did know, wishing that he might be silent. But why should he talk? Why especially should he talk for effect? Why should he try to impress anybody by fluent orations? His aim is of another kind, of a higher kind. I hate your clever, hard, glittering people, who will speak of a broken heart with an epigram, or crush a reputation with a paradox."

"I hope it will come to Mr. Bartholomew's knowledge that he has at least one eloquent friend," remarked Mrs. Caton with effective contrast of tone.

"I don't care if it does," said Mrs. Damer; "and moreover he won't care either. He has other things to care for; and he knows that he must stand or fall by the work he does, and not by the gossip of the place he lives in. Further than that, he knows that he has to die, and have his life written in picturesque phrase, and with sensational descriptions, before such as we are can see him in any desirable or worthy light. I saw the other day in a book that Canon Gabriel lent me, that pure genius is probably as unrecognisable as Pure Divinity was when it walked the earth. . . I believe that is true."

Mrs. Damer went away, doubtless somewhat to her hostess's relief. Yet Mrs. Caton was quite wise enough and clever enough to make the best of things.

"What a dear excitable little woman Mrs. Damer is!" she remarked, carefully readjusting the folds of her dress.

"The way she always stands up for absent people is very nice though," said Mrs. Pencefold. "And really there is something in what she said before she went away. I was thinking about the same thing only a few weeks ago when I was at home. We went over to Haworth one day, and we thought ourselves fortunate in meeting with an elderly woman who, when she was a girl, had been in Charlotte Brontë's class at the Haworth Sunday-school. She was an intelligent person, with a good memory, but the burden of her recollections of Miss Brontë was very significant. 'She wur allus little an' plain,' said the woman in answer to our inquiries. She remembered Branwell's wild ways; she had been well acquainted with the father's eccentricities, but of 'Miss Charlotte' there

was only the one impression: 'She wur allus little an' plain.'

"You must not tell that story to Mr. Bartholomew," said Mrs. Caton. "He might imagine that you were intending to be personal."

CHAPTER X.—"WHO RIDES BY WITH THE ROYAL AIR?"

COULD the ladies assembled at Mrs. Caton's have been made aware that while they were putting new life into a piece of old gossip, the same story was threatening to repeat itself, it is possible that Mrs. Damer would not have had to leave the house with that uneasy sense of victoriousness.

It was rather an eventful day at the thatched cottage. Something—Noel Bartholomew hardly knew what—it might be the sunshine, the bracing frosty air of the morning, the peace and stillness of the place; it might be any of these, or none of them, but something had stirred in his mental veins, and impelled him to the old creative mood that had once been his without let or hindrance. There was no sign of any sudden fine frenzy or enthusiasm. The canvas was placed on the easel, a figure was drawn in rapidly with red chalk; it was drawn from a sketch made long before, a sketch that was half a study, the head being carefully completed. It was the head of a youngish man, pale, red-haired, intellectual-looking. The expression was perplexing in the extreme. Was he a saint? a poet? a casuist? It was as impossible to help conjecture, as it was to arrive at any definite conclusion.

"You will reproduce it exactly?" Genevieve asked. She and her father were sitting over the fire after their early dinner. They were intending to go out after a little while, away across the sunny, furzy upland to the moor. It looked very tempting up there. Cattle were climbing about among the hillocks; sheep were browsing between the patches of brown ling. Out on the top there was an old man "graving" turf. By-and-by a carriage with a pair of horses crossed a corner of the edge of the moor.

"Yes; I shall try to reproduce the head as nearly as I can," Mr. Bartholomew was saying in his usual quiet yet intent way. "I did not think it had been so good. I shall not improve upon it."

The two soon relapsed into the pleasant silence that reigned so much in the little room. Genevieve was busy with her needle, embroidering a purple iris upon a piece of gold-coloured satin. Keturah, the small and somewhat eccentric maid-servant, who had

been recommended by Miss Craven, was tidying up the garden a little. Presently she burst into the house.

"Here's Miss Richmond fra Yarell Croft, she's gettin' over t' stile! An' Mr. Cecil's wiv her; an' t' coach is gone doon t' lane. Ah'll bet anything t' coachman's gone to put it up at t' Wheatsheaf. . . Hev Ah to fetch some tea in when they've been here a little bit, as ya tell'd ma when them folks com fra Lowmoor yesterday?"

Genevieve looked up, amused in spite of herself. "You may have the tea ready, Keturah," she said; "I will ring for it if we should want it. And do try to open the door for Miss Richmond without looking so very much amazed."

This caution notwithstanding, Keturah's round eyes were opened to their fullest extent when she reappeared. It was evident that she was proud to find herself ushering in the great lady of the neighbourhood.

All at once the little room seemed to be filled with a strange magnificence. Was it some Eastern queen who was coming forward with such languid, majestic grace, holding out her hand to Mr. Bartholomew, glancing with dark, dreamy, half-closed eyes at Genevieve? She was not smiling, her beautifully curved lips were closed, the under one drawn in like a baby's, making a deeper shadow round her perfect mouth and chin. Her black hair hung low over a wide, dusky forehead; the very faintest colour was stealing through the olive tints of her face as she began to speak.

"You will hardly remember my brother," she said, presenting a tall young man with fair curly hair, uncertain features, and a general expression of self-approval. He had a husky voice, and he blushed a little as Mr. Bartholomew introduced him to Genevieve, whom he had seen more than once at Thurkeld Abbas.

Miss Richmond was watching him as she seated herself on a sofa near the window; a subtle perfume was stealing from the folds of her dress of rich Indian silk; the barbaric-looking ornaments about her wrists and in her ears were twinkling and tinkling as she moved. She did not seem to hear Genevieve's polite remark that she was glad to have the pleasure of seeing her.

Miss Richmond sat for some moments without speaking, looking from under her half-closed eyelids straight into Genevieve's face. This might have been a little perplexing, a little oppressive, if Genevieve had cared to find it so; but the girl had only a vague

notion that this was an old friend of her father's, to whom she was bound to show a courteous deference. Mr. Bartholomew was talking to Cecil Richmond. Diana, lifting her eyes from Genevieve's face, took a leisurely survey of the room.

"You are intending to remain, I perceive," she said presently, speaking in the low, deliberate tone that suited herself and her manner so well. People were compelled to listen, and to listen attentively to every syllable, if they cared to hear what she was saying; and for one reason or another most people did care.

"Yes, I hope we shall remain," Genevieve replied. "I hope so more earnestly every day."

"You like living in the country then?"

"I like living in this country, intensely. I did not know that I was capable of caring so strongly for a place in so short a time. . . I think I hardly yet understand it," the girl went on smilingly. "It is as if Nature had some odic force, some secret influence, which she had never cared to exercise upon me till now."

"Ah! That is the sort of thing that is to be found in modern poetry, I suppose?"

Genevieve looked up quickly; she was surprised and a little puzzled by the tone.

"Is it?" she asked. "Did it strike you like an echo? I was only trying to express what I felt. Still these days of many books are certainly days of many echoes. One comes across them everywhere, in literature and conversation. Do you not think so?"

"That is clever of you, very clever!" said Miss Richmond. "You are trying to find out if I am well-read. I am not. I never open a book, not now."

This was said with the same cool deliberateness of tone. Genevieve, who was not unaccustomed to human eccentricities, felt that some demand was about to be made upon her faculty of interpretation. She was perplexed, yet interested; and already awakened to the perception that here was a human being who presented difficulties enough to repel, mystery enough to attract. This perception was, of course, mainly intuitive; and being premature might certainly fail to stand the test of further intercourse.

There was a brief silence, during which Genevieve had been fully aware that she was the object of a second close scrutiny; and her colour deepened perceptibly under the conviction. When she looked up again a rather striking change had come over Miss Richmond's face: some of the self-complacency had gone out of it; so had the touch of

superciliousness, and a new element had appeared in the place of these.

Was it sympathy? Was it a sudden motion towards friendliness of feeling?

"You are not at all what I have been expecting you would be," Miss Richmond said, lifting her eyes so as to meet Genevieve's less restrainedly than before.

"You have been thinking of me then? That was kind," the girl said. A moment later she added with a smile, "But will you not tell me what you were expecting; and where I fail?"

"The difference is not in the direction of failure," said Miss Richmond. "I should like to speak out plainly, to tell you the truth, but you would not like it, I perceive that. You would think me rude. As a rule I don't mind being thought rude; but for once I do. There would, however, be no vulgar flattery in my telling you that you have already given me a pleasure, and my pleasures are few, fewer than you may think."

"You are pleased that we are going to stay at Murk-Marishes?"

"Yes; exceedingly pleased. I had made up my mind that you would not stay; and that it would be your fault, not your father's. I imagined that a town-bred girl would never stand the loneliness of such a place as this."

This last sentence was not unpremeditated. Miss Richmond watched carefully how it sped. "Loneliness!" exclaimed Genevieve, unsuspectingly. "I have never had a lonely hour in my life. Descriptions of loneliness perplex me; I mean the kind of loneliness that is always crying out for human companionship. I do not understand it. Perfect solitude is such a potential thing; so full of influences to which one is never awake in one's social hours. I sometimes think that if I were so placed that I could never be alone, I should sink to a mere clod."

There was a little silence while Miss Richmond was revolving in her mind the significance of these admissions, that is to say a certain significance that they had for her. To herself she was saying, "Then that is evidence enough that you are fancy-free, my golden-haired princess. I wonder at that, almost as much as I regret it."

On the whole it was a relief when Miss Richmond expressed a desire to see the studio. Mr. Bartholomew had not found conversation with young Richmond an easy matter; perhaps it had been less easy because of his keen consciousness of Miss Richmond's attention to all that passed. He knew that no word had escaped her.

They all went out into the sunlit orchard together. Genevieve, walking by Miss Richmond's side, felt her eighteen years and her general immaturity to be decided disadvantages. She had not noticed till now the stateliness of her companion's finely-moulded figure, the statuesque setting of her head. The cast of *Herè*, which was one of the treasures of the studio, was not more impressively suggestive of Olympian majesty than was the figure and bearing of this imperious-looking Yorkshire lady.

Miss Richmond had a distinct remembrance of the joiner's shop; yet she showed no surprise when she found herself in an artistically-furnished studio, surrounded by rich colouring carefully subdued, by all the usual and unusual appurtenances of the painter's craft: the sketches that are more suggestive than finished pictures; the casts that appeal only to the few; the odds and ends of bronze and copper, of richly-tinted glass, of roughly-moulded clay. There was a piece of old tapestry at one end of the studio, with salmon-coloured figures standing in awkward attitudes on a faded cloud of dark blue wool. On the other side there was a Japanese cabinet, and a brass bowl covered with *Madura* etched work. A tall Persian jar stood on the ground; behind there was a shield of ancient lacquered wood, and a sword with a *Damascened* blade was hanging slantwise on the wall between two unfinished pictures. Miss Richmond stopped before one of the pictures. Mr. Bartholomew was near her. Genevieve was showing Cecil Richmond some photographs of the sculpture discovered at Melos. There was a *Perseus*, a wise-looking *Zeus*, a goddess without a head, and the beautiful but mutilated figure which the art-critics were wrangling over, one naming it a *Urania*, and another asserting it to be a wingless *Victory*.

"I suppose it would be the correct thing to say that I admire them?" said young Richmond, speaking in his usual husky voice, and in a tone that was nearly as languid as his sister's.

"It would hardly be quite correct to say so if you don't admire them," replied Genevieve, who was a little amused. "I hope I was not putting any pressure upon your opinion?"

"No, you weren't; so I may as well speak the truth. I don't like statues—never saw a marble thing that I cared for in my life."

"No! And pictures?"

"Oh, I care for pictures immensely, especially new ones. I ran up to London for

three days in June, almost on purpose to see the Academy and the Grosvenor. My word! there was some colour there!"

"There was indeed," replied Genevieve, repressing a smile. "And since you care so much for colour, you will perhaps like to see some sketches of my father's. Will you lift that portfolio to the table, please?"

Miss Richmond was not listening to all this. She had but little knowledge of art, and small liking for even such phases of it as she understood. There were studies, sketches, suggestions on the walls that she did not profess to understand; others that she did not pretend to care for. The head of the pale young man on the easel was in nowise to her taste, and Mr. Bartholomew was not anxious to elicit her opinion concerning it. This was a small matter, but she noticed it; she was even aware that he was sorry that the picture was on the easel at that moment.

She turned from it silently. On the wall near it there was an unfinished single figure, a three-quarter length of a *Guinevere*, seated on an antique couch, draped with emerald-tinted silk. Her face was pale, full of the "vague spiritual fears" that had come upon her, because

"The powers that tend the soul,
To help it from the death that cannot die,
And save it even in extremes, began
To vex and plague her."

More care had been bestowed upon the expression, upon the sorrow of the face, the dawning repentance, than upon the actual beauty to be represented by the drawing of rich contours, or tints of pearl and carnation. The history of the sorrow that her loveliness had wrought was insisted on rather than the loveliness itself. The regret for the past, the pain of the present, the hopelessness of the future—these were the things that had inspired the painter's soul, so that you saw only a fair and remorseful woman, half-ready even then to throw herself at Arthur's feet, had the king been there.

"It is not my notion of *Guinevere*," said Miss Richmond. "That face reminds me of the face in Velasquez's '*Magdalen* at the foot of the Cross,' the one at Farnley, a face that is all tears and tenderness and grief. I can believe in the repentance of *Mary Magdalen*, but not in the repentance of *Guinevere*. Perhaps I do not understand the Queen as Tennyson would have her understood; but I always think she must have felt to the last that fate had dealt hardly with her."

"And you think the feeling that life has been hard, and circumstance difficult, would make against human repentance?"

"Yes. Surely it must do that? It must at least do that."

"There I would venture to differ from you," said Bartholomew courteously. "I think that if one's eyes were not holden one would see hardness and difficulty and trial to be aggravations of remorse rather than palliations of misdeed. The burden is laid with design and with exactness; so much is required because so much was given, and no one of us fails of his part but through weakness or willingness."

"Not willingness—no, not willingness," said Miss Richmond, turning away from the picture. "There are contrary winds in life as in nature, and one is driven on to the rocks all against one's will. One cannot alter one's self, one cannot force circumstance, one cannot move others as one would."

There was a touch as of despair in her tone, born, perhaps, of the thought that her forgetful outspokenness had not been of a nature to create the impression she wished to create. With all her talent she was apt to find her small diplomacies parting unexpectedly in the middle, like the fraying of a garment that has been too long in use.

"You mustn't mind my not admiring your 'Guinevere,'" she said in conciliatory tones. "There is so much that I can admire—this, for instance. Is it another Tennysonian subject?"

"No, it is not—though I am almost as faithful to Tennyson as Rossetti is to Dante. This picture is, as you see, unfinished. I meant to entitle it, 'The King's Daughter.' It is from the 'Earthly Paradise.'"

"A book I only know by name. I have seen it, of course, but I have never read it. What is the story?"

"There are many stories; this is a scene from one, a parting scene. The lady is the Princess Ingiborg; the other figure, which is only indicated, is Kiartan, who does not care for her as she would have him care, but who is yet passionately sorry for her. The beauty of the passage, to my thinking, is the Princess's sorrow for his sorrow. . . . I have the book here. . . . That is the part I meant to illustrate:—

"Alone she was, her head against the wall
Had fallen; her heavy eyes were shut when he
Stood on the threshold; she rose quietly,
Hearing the clash of arms; and took his hand,
And thus with quivering lips awhile did stand
Regarding him; but he made little show
Of manliness, but let the hot tears flow
Fast o'er his cheeks. At last she spake:

"Weep then!
If thou who art the kindest of all men
Must sorrow for me. Yet more glad were I
To see thee leave my bower joyfully
This last time; that when o'er thee sorrow came
And thought of me therewith, thou might'st not blame

My little love for ever saddening thee.
Love!—let me say love once—great shalt thou be,
Beloved of all, and dying ne'er forgot.
Farewell! farewell! farewell!"

Miss Richmond read the lines, not quite to herself, but in low, pathetic under-tones, that seemed to lend an intenser meaning to the words. The passage was marked; she did not read farther, but closed the book and gave it back to the painter.

"I should like to see that picture when it is finished," she said.

Bartholomew was silent for a moment.

"I wish I could promise you that you should see it finished," he replied.

"Will it take so long?"

"It would take about a fortnight—not more. . . . But it is not a question of time. It is nearly four years since the painting was begun."

"Really! Then I see; you have lost the—the feeling for it?"

"Yes; that is it precisely," said Noel Bartholomew, almost betraying by the glance he gave his surprise that she should understand. "The mood in which I began it is dead; I think it is dead for ever."

Miss Richmond stood silent a moment, looking into his face with a look of intense, concentrated compassion, such as he had never dreamed could be made visible on a countenance like hers. It almost startled him from his indifference.

"The Princess's face is a portrait, then?" Miss Richmond asked, speaking in a subdued tone that was far removed from curiosity.

"It is, and it is not," the painter replied. "I had a model—that is to say, a lady staying with us for a few days kindly sat for me. She had a finely picturesque face, pale and sad-looking; but I tried to idealise the features, partly that she might never be recognised, so that I should not call it a portrait."

"Could you not finish it if the same lady sat to you again?"

"No, not now. I might finish the figure of the Princess, and I might paint a Kiartan to stand beside it; but the whole thing would be worthless, and wooden as the chair on which the picture stands. There would be no beauty in it, nor any felicity, nor any life whatever."

"And you have no hope concerning it—I mean hope for the future?"

"None."

Miss Richmond again stood silent, with musing eyes turned downward to the floor.

"I wonder how it is?" she said at length, speaking softly. "I should have thought that the chief idea of the picture, the pain of

parting, would have been an idea that you could have recalled always?"

Noel Bartholomew looked up, his eyes seeming to quiver for one quick moment under their lids.

"I can recall it," he replied slowly. "Yes, you are right; I can always recall it, if—it should ever be absent long enough to need recall."

"Then I see why you cannot put it into paint," said Miss Richmond, looking into his face with grave and fervent compassion. To herself she spoke in another and a wilder way.

CHAPTER XI.—CANON GABRIEL.

Two quiet days passed before another carriage containing visitors awoke the wonder that Keturah's round eyes seemed made to express. Genevieve was just going down to the studio with a cup of tea for her father.

"You can show these gentlemen down the orchard," she said. "And once more let me ask you to look less amazed. Now don't forget, Keturah."

"No, ma'am; Ah won't forget. Ah niver forgets nothing. Ah'm a despart deep thinker."

Noel Bartholomew put down his palette and brushes gladly for once; and for once there was a really glad look on his face. He hastened to meet a friend.

* How lightly one uses the word! how one squanders it on the most inadequate occasions; making it do duty for a dozen other words of lesser value that would better far express the lesser meaning!

Year by year, day by day, "dream delivers us to dream, and there is no end to illusion."

So, if there be any healing waters left anywhere on the earth, any Bethesda Pool where one might be made whole of the wounds that one has had, one may rest assured that these waters lie in the depths of a true friend's soul.

For Noel Bartholomew the healing water of sympathy was stirred to its divinest effect by the man whose mere coming had power to raise expectation, whose mere glance raised expectation to a spiritual certainty.

He was an aged man, a man of thought, a man of prayer, of suffering, of endurance. All this, and much more than this, was written on the pale intensity of his face.

The physical life of the man had never been fully equal to the demands made upon it by the soul's life. The higher had dominated the lower at a fearful expense to the latter. Now, you saw as it were through

the tissues of the frame, and you dreaded the effect of the quick flush that mounted to the thought-riven forehead, as you might have dreaded to see the point of a lancet near a main artery.

It had so happened that Canon Gabriel and Genevieve had not met before.

"I have been wishing to come for days past," he said, taking her hand in his and holding it with a warm friendliness that the girl felt to be very precious. The old man's kind sad eyes, the wistful simplicity of the smile that parted his still beautiful mouth, were expanding her confidence in himself as the sun of a summer's dawn expands the lily till it yields its heart's last secret. Genevieve had no secrets that the world would have called such; but even in that first hour she betrayed the kinship of her soul to a soul that understood.

"I was needing him," she said to herself when she knelt for her prayer that night.

The clergyman who accompanied Canon Gabriel was, of course, the blushing Mr. Severne, the Canon's curate. He was still blushing. His blush would have been the one distinctive thing about him but for his smile, which was distinctive also. It was an irresistible smile, in the sense of forcing you to smile either with the curate or at him. To ignore it was a physical impossibility. Yet in common fairness it must be added that there was something about the man that saved his smile, his blush, and himself from any touch of ridiculousness; a something that day by day commended him more warmly to Canon Gabriel's affectionate regard.

It could hardly be said that his desire to please was more evident to-day than any other day. It was always evident; and always combined with touching little doubts about his success. The doubts were not expressed except by blushes, which were more expressive than any words he had at command. Before five minutes were over he was openly deploring his limited vocabulary. Only Genevieve was listening. Mr. Bartholomew and Canon Gabriel were discussing other things.

"I—I don't know whether it's worst in one's sermons, or in one's parish work," said Mr. Severne ingenuously. "And when I think anybody is listening who—who minds about it, I get awfully nervous."

"Do you? That is a pity. But I should think you could not feel nervous at the school-room service at Murk-Marishes. The people there seem as if they would be so very un-exacting."



"By the stile, along the snow-covered field."

"So they do, as a rule. But now and then other people come, more—more educated in a way."

"Are you meaning me? I was there on Sunday afternoon."

"Yes; so you were. But you sat behind the stove-pipe, and—and—"

"And you were grateful to me for sitting behind the stove-pipe?"

"Well, I was," admitted Mr. Severne, blushing and laughing with real enjoyment of the position. "If you'd been looking at me I should have felt ever so much worse."

"Then you may rely upon my not looking at you in future. There is no necessity for it. There is so much to be seen from the school-room windows. But you must promise me not to think that my attention is wandering if you see me looking out of the windows."

"I—I should be glad if I could think it was wandering—then perhaps you wouldn't find out that I was wandering; it is so difficult to keep to one's subject. But even that

is not so difficult as visiting in the parish. I never know what to say—especially first when I go in."

"Couldn't you ask after the baby?"

"I do; I'm awfully fond of children. But some of the people haven't any; some of them seem as if they hadn't anything, and didn't do anything that one could talk about. They don't read, they don't think, they don't work, and they don't go anywhere."

"And they don't gossip?"

"Oh, don't they! . . . I—I beg pardon . . . I mean . . ."

"Severne, come and look at this picture."

It was the Canon's gentle voice that spoke; and he added, in the humorous way that sat so well upon his fine gravity—

"I am sure I need not apologise to Miss Bartholomew for relieving her of the burden of entertaining you."

"Well, I—I don't know," said Mr. Severne, blushing two shades deeper. "Perhaps I may have been entertaining Miss Bartholomew!"

"That is eminently probable. But now look at this head. What should you say of the man who sat for that?"

"I should have to think before I said anything. Is it meant for a saint?—a St. John, for instance?"

"That is how it impresses you?" said Mr. Bartholomew.

"Well, it did at first."

"And now?"

"Now I seem to see some hardness in those hazel-coloured eyes, and there is something very like hardness, too, about the mouth. Still, it is a good face, and it is very—very intellectual. Don't you think so, Canon Gabriel?"

"I think it is wonderful! wonderful to see a Judas in a face like that!"

"A Judas!"

"That is Bartholomew's idea of Judas; and I think in future it will be mine. I could conceive of Christ choosing a man like that to be His disciple. There are such magnificent possibilities in the head and face. You say to yourself, that man may be anything he chooses. But it is not a Hebrew type, Bartholomew?"

"No; it is more Hellenic, and therefore more suggestive of the best that has been, or will be, physically speaking."

"Exactly; but one hardly cares for that. It is the power, the subtle inconsistency, the possibility of pathos underlying the hard determinedness. One sees the man who could betray his Master for a paltry price; but one also sees the man who went and hanged himself because his remorse for so doing was greater than he could bear."

"It has always been terribly perplexing to me," said Genevieve. "I cannot comprehend the alternations of feeling that must have understruck both motive and action."

"You will comprehend it better when you are older," said the Canon. "Such alternations are as sadly possible to-day as they were eighteen hundred years ago; as possible in Murk-Marishes as in Judea. There are doubtless people who can love and hate the same persons by turns; and who can feel either passion with equal violence."

"They must be very miserable people," said Mr. Severne, who had a habit of putting hypothetical cases to himself, and was wondering at that moment whether he could ever come to dislike Miss Bartholomew.

"I think you said this head was only a study," observed the Canon. "You are going to paint a picture from it?"

"Yes; the picture is begun. It is here—this morning's work still wet. I am not satisfied with it to-day."

Mr. Bartholomew was unwise enough to turn his canvas, so that his visitors could see his work. It might be that he had a motive in so doing.

"Oh, I say! how curious!" Mr. Severne exclaimed. "It is the same, the Judas over

again, and yet it is like—like some one else. Don't you see, Canon Gabriel?"

"I hardly know what I see yet," said the Canon, speaking more cautiously. "It is so very unfinished."

"So it is; the hair isn't done, and all that; but if it had been darker, and had had black hair hanging over the forehead, I should certainly have said it was Miss Richmond. But it is strange; it is so like the Judas, too!"

"You are rather a stupid boy," said the Canon, drawing the young man's attention to another sketch; and perceiving with some satisfaction that the painter was amused rather than annoyed.

"It is curiously difficult sometimes," said Bartholomew, "to catch a likeness; but it is often equally difficult to get rid of a likeness after it has once got in. It may have come in unintentionally, but no intention will suffice to dismiss it."

"Then that would account for some of the repetitions that one often sees in pictures by the same artist," said Canon Gabriel. "But what, or rather who, is this? A St. Agnes, surely?"

"No; I meant that for the nameless sister of Sir Percivale. I used to wonder why Tennyson had not bestowed upon her one of the most beautiful of his beautiful names; now I think it better she should have no name." The picture was only a head, only a pale, silken head, with a wan and prayerful face, and eyes with the "deathless passion" of holiness in them.

It was hung rather high, and Mr. Severne was looking up at it as he might have looked at some marvellously-wrought altar-piece. Canon Gabriel was saying softly:—

"For on a day she sat to speak with me,
And when she came to speak, behind her eyes
Beyond my knowing of them, beautiful,
Beyond all knowing of them, wonderful,
Beautiful in the light of holiness."

"Would you mind standing there for ten minutes, Mr. Severne?" asked the painter courteously, as the Canon's voice ceased.

"No; I shouldn't mind a bit, of course not," said the curate, blushing quite the deepest tint that he had exhibited yet.

"Are you going to make a sketch of me? Oh, I say! I should like it, I should really!"

"Then look quite grave, please, quite quiet, as you were looking just now."

"And we will go up to the cottage and have some tea," said Genevieve, turning to Canon Gabriel.

"Ah, yes; thank you. That is wise. Severne will never behave as he ought to do if we remain."

CHAPTER XII.—SIR GALAHAD.

"YOUR father's imagination seems to be recovering its activity," said Canon Gabriel when they reached the sitting-room. There was a cheery fire burning; a smell of turf came from the kitchen; a breeze was stirring the ivy-leaves to and fro upon the diamond panes; the low sun threw long rays between the flower-pots and across the cosy little room.

"I think his imagination has been active all the while," Genevieve said thoughtfully. "Perhaps only too active. It was the power to realise the things he saw that had gone from him. The misery of it was in that."

"The power, not the will?"

"No; not the will, never the will. It was strange. I can hardly explain, though I think I understand. It seemed as if he had not power to obey his will. I have known him will to do a thing, and compel himself to do it; but none knew better than he knew the utter worthlessness of it when it was done. And people did so torture him. They could not understand. I believe the world looks upon the production of art, or of poetry, as upon the production of so much brick-laying."

"But you are happier about your father now?"

"Tremulously happy."

"Ah! I see."

"It is a kind of crisis. So much may depend upon so little just now."

"What sort of idea should you think he has about Mr. Severne? I mean what sort of artistic idea? He seemed struck by something."

Genevieve smiled softly. "I think my father's idea would be the same as mine—that Mr. Severne would make a good pendant to the sister of Sir Percivale."

"A Sir Galahad? That is strange! I have had the same notion about him ever since he came. The moment I saw him and heard him speak I thought of the lines:—

*'God make thee good as thou art beautiful,
Said Arthur, when he dubb'd him knight, for none
In so young youth was ever made a knight.'*

It is of course in Severne's youth and in his goodness rather than in his beauty that one sees the analogy. But if any one has seen, or may see, the Holy Grail, then Severne sees it."

"You can say that of him?"

"Yes; I can say that of him. He may not have seen the cold and silver beam stealing through the moonlight, or the crystal

Chalice, rose-red with beatings in it; but he has seen all that these things symbolise. The Chalice of the Wine of Charity has touched his lips, and left its odour there; nay, it has gone deeper than that. He is not, I grant it, clever as the world counts cleverness, but he is as willing as St. Paul was to be considered a fool. And what, after all, is the wisdom of the wisest of us?

*'Would'st thou the life of souls discern?
Nor human wisdom nor divine
Helps thee by aught beside to learn
Love is life's only sign.'*"

Genevieve was standing near the fire, her head was raised, her deep, dark eyes were heavy with thought, wistful with strong yearning.

"Canon Gabriel, will you help me, if I begin the quest of the Holy Grail?" she asked, speaking in a tone of timid, childlike humility.

"Certainly, I will help you, my child, if God permit. But I think that the quest has begun for you already."

CHAPTER XIII.—MR. ISHMAEL CRUDAS
INTRODUCES HIMSELF.

"T' SNAW's allus driftin' ower Langbarugh Moor."

It seemed as if the burden of the old man's strain was about to work its own fulfilment.

The bright cheery autumn weather came to an end quite suddenly. Where the yellow glow had been, a thick, white snow-fog spread; the hollows between the lands of the stubble fields were filled with a cold blue haze; the distant dark edges of Usselby Crags were shrouded; a piercing wind began to blow; the last leaves went flying from the trees, and the bare boughs agonized in the pitiless blast.

Late one night the broad white flakes began to fall. Genevieve, looking out from her window under the eaves, saw them flying past in the blue-black darkness made visible by her lamp. They swept horizontally, like morsels of detached, embodied lightning.

Next morning the world beyond the cottage was obliterated; it remained obliterated for several days. Down in the hamlet people were saying that there had been no such snowstorm since the winter that Joseph Craven lost his sheep, and Matthew Christie his life.

After a time there came a pause in the descent of the snow. The frost remained intense for some days, and the wind high and squally; but at length a really fine-looking morning broke—a keen and clear morning. The sky was of the deepest, coldest steel blue; all along the seaward horizon great wild

clouds were driving rapidly, but every now and then broad rays of sunlight shot across the cold white world, making the day seem serene if you only looked landward. It was tempting to any one with a desire for out-door air, but Mr. Bartholomew had threatenings of bronchial troubles, not new to him, and therefore to be dreaded. This was tiresome, as he was wanting to go over to the Bank at Thurkeld Abbas.

He was rather glad when he saw Miss Craven driving slowly, carefully down the white upland. She drew up by the stile, and Keturah ran along the snow-covered field to hold the horse. Dorothy usually stopped at Netherbank to ask if she could execute any commissions "in the town." She drove an old white pony and a black gig, a turn-out that commanded a respect in Thurkeld Abbas not always accorded to vehicles of greater pretension.

Something to Mr. Bartholomew's perplexity, something to his amusement, Miss Craven refused to transact his business at the Bank.

"I'll not do that," she said in her usual brusque way, "but I'll drive your daughter to the town and back again if you like. I've nothing but myself in the gig, an' I haven't much to do at Thurkeld, only the butter an' eggs to leave, an' the groceries to get, an' a few things to get at Hartgill's."

"You will let me go, father?" Genevieve asked, a faint glow of delight rising to her cheek as she spoke.

"Why do you ask with such mild emphasis?"

"Because my desire is so strong."

"Exactly," said the father, looking at her with solemn comprehension, as his way was. Then he went to the window. It was easy enough to understand the girl's eager desire to be out there amongst all that new white beauty that was glittering in the sun. Sunshine is always hopeful. After due hesitation a restrained permission was given. Ten minutes later Genevieve was sitting by Miss Craven's side, wrapped from head to foot in furs and shawls, and doing her best to subdue the child-like excitement that was born of the unusual elements in her present and prospective experience.

"Oh look! look there!" she cried, as they turned a corner of the lane that led down into the village. There was a tall, ragged hawthorn hedge on the seaward side, and the snow had drifted through the interstices, making such strange forms assuredly never snow made before. Giant sofas and couches, tall chairs of quaint shapes were ranged one behind another, each with its end to the hedge,

all the way along the road, precisely as furniture might have been arranged in a vast show-room. The sight was unique enough to be remembered for a lifetime, but it was not an easy matter to drive through or by this strange display of freaks. Miss Craven was very careful; her old pony was patient and willing, but nervous withal, and the aspect of things was beginning to be less amusing, when the figure of a horseman was seen approaching.

"There!" said Dorothy, with a quick, keen flush of annoyance. "Was ever anything more vexin' than that?"

"Is it some one you know?" Genevieve asked.

"Know! Yes, more's the pity. It's Ishmael Crudas. You'll have heard your father speak of him, I reckon?"

"Yes," said Genevieve, blushing too now, for very sympathy, "my father told me a little—only a very little. He said that perhaps it would be a pain to you if you thought I knew more."

"Pain! It's all pain together. But I don't mind your knowing. I mind nobody's knowing. Some day I may tell you myself maybe."

The horseman approached. He was a grey-haired, keen-eyed man, in later middle age, with a complexion as ruddy and as fresh as it had been thirty years before. Evidently he was a well-to-do man, everything about him, from the sleek, dark, dappled grey he rode to the sound quality of his rough top-coat, bespoke the prosperous, thriving Yorkshire farmer.

"Well done, Miss Craven!" he shouted at the top of a shrill and somewhat penetrating voice. "You've about gotten through t' worst on't; but mebbe Ah'd better lend ya a hand as far as t' Wheatsheaf, so as you mayn't turn reproachful, an saäy 'at Ah've got t' best on't. Steady! Grizel, steady!"

Miss Craven protested, in tones almost as shrill as his own, thus making it evident that her interlocutor was rather deaf, as indeed any one might have guessed from his manner of speaking. Apparently her protestations were carried away by the wind, which was boisterous at times. Mr. Crudas dismounted, led his own horse with one hand, and guided the uncertain steps of Miss Craven's pony with the other, Miss Craven meanwhile looking determinedly beyond him with fixed eyes, glowing cheeks, and a firmly-closed mouth expressive of the deepest mortification.

"T' road's been cut all t' waäy fra Murk-Marishes to Thurkeld," said Ishmael, remounting and riding by Miss Craven's side. "Ah com round by Eriscoe. Ah was on my waäy

te t' Haggs te ask aboot that coo 'at ya said was such a bad milker. But Ah shall be up that waäy again next week, an' we can talk things ower. Ah might as weel go back by Thurkeld noo as any other waäy. That's road you're bound Ah reckon?"

Miss Craven admitted that it was, by the slightest possible parting of her lips. To Genevieve's surprise this repressive manner had no particular effect upon Mr. Crudas.

"You're not goin' te introduce me te that young laädy then, Dorothy?" he said, glancing past Miss Craven with his small keen eyes. "Ah sall ha' te introduce mysel', Ah see, an' Ah can do it wiv a good grace an' all, seeing 'at Ah knew both her father an' her mother afore she was born. Hoo dis yer father like livin' at Murk-Marishes, Miss Bartholomew?"

"He likes it very much, thank you," said Genevieve, leaning forward and answering with one of her rare smiles. "Perhaps you will call at Netherbank? my father would be glad to see you."

"Thank ya, miss, thank ya!" Mr. Crudas shouted in shrill delight. The value of the invitation so graciously given was doubled by the fact that Miss Craven heard it given. It seemed a mere matter of gratitude that Mr. Crudas should ride round to the side of the gig on which Genevieve sat; but another matter was stirring in his brain, or beginning to stir. What if this dainty-looking young lady could be won to sympathy, to help, to the exertion of such influence as she might have with Miss Craven? The thought had struck him on the sudden, and he had been quick to perceive the possibilities it held. Nothing so likely as the unlikely.

"Despert weather," he began, by way of giving himself time to think how a middle-aged Yorkshire farmer, of rough speech and aspect, might make himself agreeable to a young lady of such perfect manners, such undreamt-of beauty as this. "Despert weather it's been. Ah don't know 'at iver I heerd tell o' more damage done at one time i' my life. T' papers is full o' nowt but disaster—disaster by sea, an' disaster by land. Ah reckon it's been as bad aboot here as anywhere. They say there's ower thirty wrecks lyin' ashore atween Shields an' Scarborough, an' more ships missin' nor folks knows on yet. Did ya hear tell 'at Ah'd seen a vessel go doon mysel' night afore last?"

"You saw it?" asked Genevieve, turning paler and looking out to the dark horizon where the sea was still heaving under the frowning heavens.

"Ay, Ah saw it, an', so far as Ah know, nobody else saw it. She turned ower all of a sudden, an' came up again bottom upward, parted clean i' two, like a 'bacca pipe. Then she disappeared, an' there wasn't as much as a spar left floatin' 'at Ah could see; but 'twas gettin' on for nightfall. Ah'd been out all t' daäy. Ah niver can rest i' t' house wi' t' signals firin' an' t' rockets roarin' i' that waäy. Ah watched the savin' o' three ships' crews fra the top o' Swarthcliff Nab that day; an' Ah helped a bit i' savin' other two."

"Were they saved by the lifeboat?" Genevieve asked.

"Some by t' boat, an' some by t' life lines," answered Mr. Crudas. "There was a woman fetched ashore i' the cradle, poor thing! ower such a boilin', ragin' sea as Ah reckon you niver saw. She was the last but one te leave the ship. She stuck tiv her husband—he was t' master, an' he stuck tiv his vessel till all t' rest o' t' crew was saäfe. Then t' line wi' t' cradle an' t' life buoy was shot oot again, an' just as t' poor fellow seemed to be puttin' one foot into t' cradle, he was blawn clean overboard,—eh, but it was an awful minute that! There warn't a shadow of a chance i' such a sea. He battled aboot a bit; sometimes one could see him, an' sometimes one couldn't, tho' he was nobbut a few yards fra t' shore. I heerd a cry, a terrible cry; it's i' my ears yet; but whether it was the drownin' man or his wife, Ah don't knaw to this minute. They said she saw him go."

"And all this was just here, and we did not know!" said Genevieve. "I thought I heard a gun once in the night; but I did not know what it meant."

The girl stopped. She was growing paler and paler as her keen susceptibility was wrought upon more deeply by the thought of the seeming carelessness and indifference in which she had been living through the storm. The idea of sitting in safety, in warmth, in unappreciated security, while men were crying their last agonizing cries within sight of the place where she sat, was almost intolerable. It seemed as if she had wronged those who had suffered of their due sympathy in failing to suffer with them so far as she might have done. It was as if she heard a voice in the wild wind—a voice asking, "Could ye not watch with me one hour?" Then the wind fell a little, and the voice seemed to say, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to these, ye did it not to Me."

They were nearly at their journey's end now. The dark clouds were drifting upward from the sea; the sun was hidden; the dis-

tant moorland was changing from grey to purple-black.

"Ah doobt t' daäy's goin' to worsen' on't," said Ishmael Crudas as they entered Kirk-gate, the main street of the townlet. Ishmael turned to go his own way, which branched off a little farther down the street, shouting "Good daäy" to Miss Craven and Genevieve as he went. There was a strange gloomy look upon the face of the houses; the piled-up snow on either side of the street looked dirty and distressful; the people were hurrying about—more people than Genevieve had seen in Thurkeld Abbas before; and it soon became evident that some common cause was making common stir.

"You know where the Bank is?" said Miss Craven, as they stopped at the Richmond Arms. "An' what are you going to do till I'm ready? Hadn't I better call for you at the Rectory?"

"Yes, thank you; if you will be so kind," said Genevieve. She still looked sad and thought-burdened as she turned to go down the narrow street where the Bank was. Marishes Lane was the name of it, and Marishes Lane was the most silent and deserted street in all the place, as a rule. To-day a throng of people were coming swiftly down, talking rapidly, earnestly as they came, and looking into each other's faces with concern and dread.

"Has anything happened?" Genevieve asked of a tall woman who seemed to be trying to cheer a shorter woman who clung weeping to her arm.

"Ay, miss, there's anuff happened, if it's true what folks say," answered the woman in tones of pain and excitement. "There's a ship i' distress just down i' the Bight here, an' they say it's *The Viking*; an' if it is, my sister's little boy's aboard—little Davy Drewe. An' it's nobbust his second voyage, poor bairn! An' he is a bonny little lad, miss, an' sharp as a bree.* But don't take on so yet, Ailsie. Wait an' see. God's been good to thee so far. Don't take on so till tha knows the worst."

Genevieve had turned, for the women still hurried on as the tall one spoke. The younger one, hardly knowing what she did in the sudden bewilderment of her grief, put out her hand to Genevieve, who took it warmly between her own. She could think of few words that held any comfort, and these few were difficult to utter in the strong wind that seemed to be growing stronger every moment. When the little town was left behind, as it was before Genevieve became aware of the

fact, there was no protection. The blast swept the wild-looking scene, bending the leafless trees; driving the untrodden snow over the cliffs in steamy clouds; blowing through the thin garments of the women, who were hurrying in groups along the bleak white road that led down into Soulsgrif Bight. "Come wi' ma, come wi' ma!" the younger woman entreated when Genevieve paused once in the lane. "Come wi' ma, and see the last o' my little lad!"

And again it seemed to Genevieve that there was a voice in the blast that went sweeping by.

CHAPTER XIV.—"WHO EVER LOVED THAT LOVED NOT AT FIRST SIGHT?"

THE scene in Soulsgrif Bight disclosed itself quite suddenly from the turn at the top of the cliff. It was a wild scene, and impressive; and the sounds that dulled and deadened the hearing were at least as impressive as the sight itself.

The houses that composed the little fishing hamlet at the foot of the cliff were ranged somewhat after the fashion of an irregular semicircle. Some had stood on the very fringe of the sea; these were wrecked for the most part; and you saw figures moving through and beyond the slanting rafters that had held the roof.

Others stood dotted about on ledges of rock, on rugged and hardly approachable points, the cliffs having in some instances fallen away on every side, and left the red-tiled dwelling on a rocky islet in the midst of rocks. Some few were ranged together on a shelf at the back of the bay, and on the slope in front there were upturned boats, masts, and oars, the wrecks of lost ships, and other pathetic vestiges of lost lives.

Few details were noticed by Genevieve as she went down Soulsgrif Bank, still holding the hand of the woman who was still silently weeping. The Bight seemed to be rapidly filling with swift-moving, apprehensive figures. Some came from the north, some from the south, some were going down with Genevieve and the fear-driven woman, who seemed to look to her, if not for help, then, at least, for all the sympathy she had to give. There was an excitement, suppressed as yet, on every countenance; and every eye was turned strainingly seaward.

At present this seaward view was suggestive only of terror—of angry and awful power. The dark clouds were obscured; so too was the darkly-heaving distance of the sea. Mystery was the key-note of the scene, the mys-

* Bree—briar.

tery of driving storm-scurd—scurd of rain or snow meeting and mingling with the scud of riven, flying surf. The only light in it was a heavy, lurid, yellow light, that appeared to be neither of sun, nor moon, nor stars—a light that seemed to strike upward from the torn sea, rather than downward from the troubled heavens.

Down at the bottom of the narrow rock-bounded road a dozen or more of the fisher-folk of the place gathered instantly about the strange little group of three. It did not seem strange; nothing was strange save the awful booming of the sea all along the foot of the cliffs, the wild roaring and lashing, the mad bursting and tossing of the waves that stretched in broken heights and shadowy depths across the Bight from Briscoe Point to Soulsgrif Ness. What roar was of the water, and what of the rushing mighty wind, could not be discerned. The sole sound that had distinction there was the shrill crying of the myriad seagulls that had their home in the rocks to the north. For Genevieve Bartholomew there was an added terror in their defiant scream that every now and then subsided into a mocking chuckle as the birds passed boldly near. It was as if some malevolent storm-spirit swept by on its wicked wing.

The two women with whom Genevieve had come down from Thurkeld Abbas were the daughters of a drowned man, the widows of drowned men, the sisters of drowned men. All they possessed—the means of life itself—had come to them from the sea; the self-same sea had taken from them all that made life worth having. Ailsie Drewe would have said “nearly all” a day or two before, believing that her boy was safe on board *The Viking*, then, as she supposed, taking in coal at Newcastle for Dieppe.

The news that a schooner, believed to be *The Viking*, had been seen drifting past Briscoe Point, disabled and dismantled, was the first news that the poor woman had had of the sailing of the ship. She knew at once that it must have sailed before the coming on of the storm. Where had it been during the awful days and nights of veering wind and changing, tempestuous sea, that it should now be drifting helplessly northward again?

More than one of the men assembled there had seen the hull of the disabled ship as it rolled and laboured past the point. The mainmast had snapped off a few feet from the deck; some three or four figures gathered about the bows was all that could be discerned through the darkness and mist of the edge of the snow-squall.

Two of the men on board—it was hoped they were on board—were Soulsgrif men. Their wives were there in the Bight, and their little children. One white-headed old man stood alone, covering his face at times with his sou'-wester while he prayed for the last son that the sea had left him. Had it left him? Was he there, midway between the frowning heavens and the angry sea? The old man was walking on, still alone, still praying, still keeping his eye fixed on the changing, threatening distance. Suddenly he heard a voice beside him, a gentle, sweet, anxious voice trying to speak so that it could be heard above the storm.

“Have you seen the ship? Do you think it is there? Do you think it *can* be there?”

The old man turned, gazing surprisedly at the white, beautiful, eager face, the compassionate eyes before him. He had not heard, or had not understood, the questions. Were they in some strange tongue? Surely it was some message of peace that had been sent to him!

He was wondering silently; a man on horseback was dashing wildly down a steep path between the rocks. The latter stopped rather suddenly as Genevieve was repeating her question in a louder and more deliberate way. She had not noticed him till he drew up.

For a moment he sat silent in the saddle, as if he too were half-bewildered by the tall, white, fur-clad figure, the wind-blown masses of rippling golden hair, the pale, clear-cut face that was like a sculptor's dream, the dark, wistful eyes of the truest, deepest violet-colour he had ever in his many wanderings beheld. All against his will he was arrested by the unconscious grace, the appealing glance, the intense compassion visible on the face so suddenly upturned to his.

The gentleman raised his hat, “I beg your pardon,” he said. “You were asking about the ship. It is there, I have seen it from the moor.” Then he turned to the old man. “Is anything known about the vessel in Soulsgrif Bight?” he asked of him.

The old fisherman's eyes filled with tears. He had heard what this clear, strong voice was saying. “I know 'at my son *was* aboard, sir,” he said. “If he be aboard yet, him an' all 'at's wiv him 's despairin' o' their lives.”

“There is no lifeboat here?” The question was put in quick, decisive tones.

“Noa, sir. An' if there was she couldn't live i' such a sea as this.”

“Where is the nearest lifeboat station?”

“At yon end o' Swarthcliff Bay, sir; six miles to the south'ard. Ah thought they

might mebbe ha' seen the vessel as she passed there, but Ah reckon she passed when one o' them snow-squalls was on, if she passed at all. But there's no sayin' where she's been such weather as this."

The stranger raised his hat as he dashed off again, then he crushed it down over a great square forehead contracted with pain, with strong resolution. His firm mouth was strenuously compressed; his large dark-brown eyes were lighted with the determination of effort, rather than with hope of that effort's success.

Genevieve looked after him, feeling as if some hope had gone with him, some help and strength. Certainly the cold wind was colder, the dark heavens darker; surely the white snow-flakes that were beginning to sweep upward from the sea, swept in more pensive accord with human loss and loneliness than ever snow had swept before.

"Do you know that gentleman's name?" she asked of the old man who still stood near.

"Noa; laädy, noa. Ah don't know what they call him. He'll be a stranger hereabouts, Ah reckon. He seems keen set o' something. God keep him fra harm an' ill!"

"Amen!" said the girl, audibly and reverently.

CHAPTER XV.—IN PERIL ON THE SEA.

NEARLY an hour after the gentleman on horseback had passed swiftly through Soulsgrif Bight, and away up the cliff to the southward, there was a slight change in the aspect of things. The wind veered a little; the snow-storm began to clear away to the north.

Every eye in Soulsgrif Bight was fixed upon the riven lurid edge of the moving cloud.

It went on moving, moving over sullen, dark, blue-black waters fretted with leaping tongues of white foam, tongues that leapt hungrily one upon another because nothing else was there for them to leap upon. There was nothing else from Briscoe Point to the riven cloud-edge that went on moving away.

Even above the desperate thunder and boom of the sea you could hear, or perhaps feel, the low ground-tone of despair that came from the hearts of the people standing there.

More than three parts of the wild, wide bay was clear now, clear and cold as blue steel; but no dismasted hull rose darkly between sea and sky.

Some there could have prayed that the cloud might stay now, that its merciful obscurity might rest upon the little space that

was left between its ragged edge and Soulsgrif Ness, as once the cloud rested upon the camp of Israel. But it moved onward, it swept past the Ness.

From point to point there was nothing for the eye to see save the great strife of waters, nothing for the ear to hear but the war of the unabating tempest.

Genevieve Bartholomew, with the fearlessness of ignorance, went farther along the beach to where some large masses of fallen rock were lying under the cliff. Two of the aged fishermen, who had turned their backs to the sea, and were standing with pathetic lines of hopelessness about their mouths, with sad, strange recognition of the worst in their eyes, gave her a word of warning as she passed.

"Don't go ower far that way, miss. T' tide's risin'. When it touches yon steän, the Kirkmaister's Steän, they call it, it's dangerous comin' back."

"Is it? Thank you. I shall not stay," the girl shouted through the roar. "I want to see if I can see anything from that ledge. I am afraid you will think me foolish, but I did think that I saw something just now. There! I saw it again. A black speck on the water!"

The men turned swiftly, something in the girl's eager hopefulness of manner striking chords of responsive hopefulness in them.

There was nothing to be seen; but they knew well that so small a thing as a piece of wreck, or even a boat, might show itself for one moment and then hide itself for many in such a mountainous sea as that. They hurried away to where a group of people were gathering round a woman who had doubtless been made a widow since that snow-squall burst upon the bay. There was a man with a glass in the crowd, and at the first sign he turned to sweep the angry water in which it seemed so little likely that anything could be and live.

Yet not one full minute had passed when the cry, half-glad, half-full of anguish, swept across the Bight: "They've ta'en to the boat! God help them! they've ta'en to the boat!"

For the moment every one had seen it for themselves. Away beyond the seething, desperate, madly-plunging surf a vast ridge of water had risen slowly, bearing on its unbroken crest a tiny boat with six dark figures visible against the cold, clear sky. "Heaven help 'em!" said the man who had been watching them through the glass. "Heaven help 'em. There's some on 'em stripped to swim."

Even as he spoke the boat disappeared. A great white crest with a flying mane swept up between, seeming as if it broke into the blue ether that was changing to green. There was no murmur in the crowd, no cry; only a breathless, heart-swelling silence.

Could nothing be done, nothing, nothing? It seemed to Genevieve as if no one asked the question. She did not know as they did that in such a sea as that the question was an idle one. The probability was that the boat would never reach the broken surf: if it did its buffeting would soon end.

"An' it's hard to perish within sight o' the reek o' your own chimna," said a lame man who passed on crutches. Only a year before he had been washed ashore, senseless, stunned, and maimed by the wreckage of the ship he had sailed in all his life.

Genevieve, mindful of the warning that she had received, went upward toward a nearer ledge of rock, which seemed to offer even better chances of observation. No one noticed her now, every face being turned seaward, waiting for another glimpse of the boat, if it might so be that another glimpse was to be had.

None knew better than the simple fisher-folk of Soulsgrif Bight that the extremity could never come that should find God's arm so shortened that it *could not* save. Some prayed silently, some aloud; some prayed, not knowing it was prayer they offered. Miracles had been wrought in Soulsgrif Bight; and doubtless miracles would be wrought there again. Why not now?

Suddenly, very suddenly, the painful, breathless silence was broken. A woman looking southward saw on the snow-covered cliff-top some object looming, towering greatly against the sky. A crowd of toiling people were all about it; horses were being moved hither and thither; ropes were being thrown and coiled and bound.

"My God! my God!" said the woman who had been praying passionately for her husband's life. "My God! it's the LIFEBOAT!"

Even so; it was the life-boat.

Knowing that no boat that ever was built could round Briscoe Point in such a tempest as that, the captain at the coastguard station had refused to launch the life-boat, to sacrifice almost certainly the lives of thirteen brave men. It was painful to make the refusal, but even as he made it a thought struck him.

"I cannot launch her here, Mr. Kirkoswald," he said to the gentleman who had

ridden in hot haste from Soulsgrif Bight. "She would never round the point. But if it were possible to get her overland through the snow she might be launched in the Bight."

"Then for Christ's sake let us try! There are supposed to be six men and a lad in the foundering ship."

So the trial was made; and the day and the deed will live, as brave deeds have lived in England always. The children of children yet unborn will tell of the cutting of the frozen and deeply-drifted snow over hills and through hollows for six long miles; the painful dragging, step by step, of the massively-built boat, mounted on her own carriage, by men who wrought in silence, in utter obedience, in splendid willingness, with desperate resolve.

"If you will take command of the men who work on the road, Mr. Kirkoswald, the coxswain and I will see to the boat," said the captain of the coastguard to the stranger, who was working already with spade and mattock in the snow. His horse had been harnessed to the boat's carriage; but it had to be unharnessed, as its owner needed it for the new service that was required of him. It was difficult service, and important; but he was equal to the task, and men who might not speak aloud spoke softly, saying always to themselves, "Well done!"

Men and horses from well-nigh every farm on the road joined the band of volunteers; the men working with such a will as they had never in their lifetime brought to any labour of their own. Massive snow-drifts disappeared, hewn away in heavy blocks; the horses strove in the shafts—as many as eighteen being yoked at one time in places where the road was steep, or the snow imperfectly cleared. No difficulty stopped or stayed this little force of brave Yorkshiremen, as they struggled forward and ever forward on their merciful errand. Even the men who knew that for them the worst was yet to come, the braving of the terrible sea after the terrible toil on land, even they spared not themselves; no, not even when the life-boat stood on the top of Briscoe Bank, and was seen towering there by eyes that could only see through tears; welcomed by voices whose words of greeting were choked and overpowered by sobs. Strong men wept as the ringing cheers at length passed upward through the deafening roar of wind and wave; but their weeping had to be brief. The end was not yet.

MAXIME LALANNE.

A Short Study of his Life and Work.

By ROBERT WALKER.

AMONG the French artists whose names are more than mere names to all on this side of the Channel who take even a moderately intelligent interest in art, Maxime Lalanne occupies a distinguished place. By precept and example he has exerted a healthy influence and won an honourable fame. His is no reputation founded on one or two popular or sensational successes. It results from the continued good work he has done, and the valuable lessons he has taught as an etcher and fusiniste. In *Good Words* for September, 1882, there appeared a short sketch of the life and labours of Lhermitte, who is acknowledged to be, as a draughtsman in charcoal of figure subjects, supreme in France. As a landscape artist in the same medium, Lalanne occupies a somewhat analogous position, although there are many critics who would give to Allongé almost an equal pre-eminence. Each has his own method—his own system of interpreting and rendering Nature, and each method, differing and even opposing in many points, will always have its defenders, so long as the constitution of men's minds, their sympathies and their outlook on the world, remain differing and opposed. There is room on this earth of ours for all varying kinds of excellence. We need not undervalue the careful execution, the delicacy, the graceful finish of Allongé's fusains, because, from the bent of our dispositions, we feel that the breadth, the suggestiveness, the skilful tones, the massive simplicity of Lalanne appeal more to our imaginations. Each in its own way is good.

Maxime Lalanne's father, who died only a few months ago, held an official position in connection with the law courts of Bordeaux, and in that city our artist was born, on November 27th, 1827. The facts of his life are mainly a record of his labours and successes. He became a Bachelor of Letters in January 1848, and went to Paris in 1852. Jean Gigoux—justly famous at one time as a lithographer, when lithographers were artists—was his teacher in the elements of art, and in the great school of Nature he put to the proof and perfected the lessons he had learnt in the atelier. In the *Salon* of 1852 he made his début as an exhibitor, and since that date he has every year contributed to the Paris exhibitions. The official positions he has

held in connection with the *Salon*, the medals and decorations he has received in the course of the last twenty years, are sufficient proof of the impression his works have made on those best qualified to judge. Among the honours bestowed on him may be mentioned gold and bronze medals from Bordeaux (which it is pleasant to note has not been slow to recognise the genius of its son), gold medals from the *Salon*, and medals and diplomas from many foreign and international exhibitions. He is a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour (1875), an "Officier d'Académie" (1878), and perhaps the highest distinction of all, because he is the first etcher who has been knighted "simply for his qualities as an etcher," a Chevalier of the Order of Christ of Portugal. This last honour was conferred on him in 1864, by King Don Fernando of Portugal, who is himself an accomplished etcher, and, as Lalanne remarks in his "*Traité*," has by his powerful influence materially aided in the revival of etching. Since 1880, Lalanne has been every year an important member of the *Salon* jury, a good proof of the confidence placed in him by his brother artists.

His life has been a busy one. The briefest catalogue of all he has achieved fills one with wonder as to how he has managed to accomplish so much. His charcoal drawings, his etchings, his pencil drawings (in these three departments his skill is pre-eminent), and his oil paintings are legion. In addition to being a regular contributor to the *Salon*, he sends works to almost every important provincial exhibition in France. In this country he has always been well represented at the Black and White Exhibitions in the Dudley Gallery and in the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts. He is a teacher with many pupils, and as a teacher he may be said to stand at the head of a school which he has himself created. He is an author. His "*Traité de la Gravure à l'Eau Forte*," and his work on charcoal drawing, "*Le Fusain*," have been pronounced by the best judges to be splendid examples of lucid explanation. He speaks as one in authority, and instructs in that practical manner possible only to a man who is himself a perfect master of what he professes to teach. As Charles Blanc, the admirable art-critic, truly

observes, other writers on etching have written for those who *know*; Lalanne writes for those who do *not* know, and to them he appeals as one whose experiences have given him a right to advise and guide. He sympathises with difficulties and discouragements, because he has encountered them himself and learned how to overcome them.

The revival in France of the art of etching, and the impetus given to that revival by the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, and by the establishment, in 1863, of the "Société des Aqua-Fortistes"—with which the name of Alfred Cadart is so honourably associated—seem to me to afford material for one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of modern art. In its commencement, at least, it was a purely artistic movement, and the men who gave life to it were genuine artists, and loved their art for its own sake and not for the material advantages they might derive from it. Among them Lalanne stands prominent. He is, as Hamerton says, "essentially a true etcher," as Bewick was a true wood engraver. With a few lines he indicates all we require; his method is direct, simple, and straightforward, and in all his work there is a fine feeling of reserve power. His etchings, both as separate plates and as book illustrations, are too many to be particularised here. The little river scene—Plate 3 in the "*Traité*"—Hamerton declares to be the most graceful landscape-etching produced since the days of Claude.

Lalanne is a master of pencil-drawing—not an art thought so much of now as it once was. And little wonder, considering the formal horrors that are perpetrated in drawing-classes under the direction of so-called drawing-masters! Lalanne's pencil drawings, his street scenes, his coast views, his landscapes in France and Holland, are charming. Not the least of their charms is their simplicity. They look easy to imitate. A well-known "drawing-master" once told me, as we stood before a frame of Lalanne's sketches, that any one of his pupils could do as well. The pupils must have possessed a gift that Providence had denied to their instructor.

Good as Lalanne's etchings are, his fusains are better. These at once claim attention from their originality. In his etchings there may be too much system, although his is an art that knows how to conceal art. His charcoal drawings abound in poetry and suggestion. As an accomplished critic, Karl Robert, points out, the advantage of the

charcoal point is, that it allows the artist to seize an effect and to attain quickly to a satisfactory result. Of this advantage Lalanne has availed himself to the full. With a just idea of values and of what goes to the making of an effective composition, he is always both impressive and suggestive, and although his work is never laboured, it is as little hasty or careless. In all his "motifs" he shows taste and self-command. A stormy sky, a distance pregnant with delicate mystery, a mass of foliage, the play of light in full and half tones, a landscape shrouded in the gathering gloom of night—these are among the features of nature he has represented with truth and sympathy.

He has, of course, his own methods and mannerisms, as all strong artists have. With Lhermitte, and unlike Allongé, he prefers to employ for his fusains the grained paper, the "papier vergé," that from this association has come to be known by his own name, "papier Lalanne."

Lalanne is a successful teacher, and among his pupils are many of the best charcoal draughtsmen of to-day. I need mention the names of only Boquet, Vignal, Velay, Dornois, and Madame Crambade, who have owed their instruction to him. In his teaching, he bids his pupils learn first the appreciation and knowledge of effect. To begin with, they must endeavour to render, roughly but truthfully, the general appearance of the object they wish to represent, and then, on the effect obtained *en masse*, work out the detail of form. He believes that to try to draw precisely on the blank paper forms of which no previous rough sketch has been laid down is to grope in the dark and to waste labour and patience. As an oil painter, Lalanne is not so well known. Of late, however, he has been working more in this medium, and has found in his native district, where he spends many months of every year, subjects that he has rendered with delicate artistic feeling.

Our illustration is from a charcoal drawing by Lalanne of his native town, and has been engraved by Clément Bellenger, of Paris. Bordeaux, with its cathedral dedicated to Saint André, its bustling quays, and its old-world associations, is one of the most interesting and important towns in Southern France, and has been the birthplace of many, Montaigne among the number, whom France and the world hold in honour. To the ranks of artists yet alive, it has given Rosa Bonheur as well as Maxime Lalanne.

PETROLEUM.

The Light of the Door.

By THE RIGHT HON. SIR LYON PLAYFAIR, K.C.B., M.P., F.R.S.

PETROLEUM (*petri oleum*, rock oil) has, within the last generation, been the chief source of light to the poorer classes in many countries, and soon it may compete with coal as a source of power in steam-ships and railways. It may, therefore, be interesting to the readers of GOOD WORDS to know some facts in regard to it from a writer who had some influence in bringing petroleum and its products into economic use in this country.

Petroleum has been known in some parts of the earth, where it occurs native, from the earliest periods of human history. The sacred fires of the sun-worshippers were fed by the gases which issue from it. The asphalté left by its evaporation was the basis of the mortar with which Nineveh and Babylon were built. It seems to be frequently referred to in the Bible, though biblical chemistry is much obscured by bad translation. As an instance of this, carbonate of soda, when referred to, is translated *nitre*, and is made to do things impossible to that substance. Thus Solomon tells us that as vinegar upon nitre, so is he that singeth songs to a heavy heart. This has no meaning, for vinegar does nothing to nitre; but it causes a lively and unpleasant commotion when poured upon soda (*варпов*). So also when Jeremiah speaks of washing with nitre and soap, there is no meaning; though soda and soap are used constantly in this relation. It is thus that petroleum in the Bible is concealed under the general word "salt." That word is both generic and specific in all countries. In the latter limited sense it is sea or kitchen salt. In the more general sense it includes a vast number of substances, of which Epsom salt and Glauber salt are familiar examples. The connection of salt with petroleum, in biblical language, begins early in Genesis, when the Dead Sea, or Lake of Sodom, is called the Salt Sea. That sea abounds in petroleum springs, and has asphalté on its ancient shores. Accordingly it has also been called the Lake *Asphaltites*. Many things become comprehensible if we take the generic term salt, and apply it to petroleum and its residue, asphalté. Lot's wife, if converted into a pillar of common salt, would have been washed away by the first shower of rain; but a pillar of asphalté, even as a memorial of her, would have been an enduring monument, and might have been seen by Josephus

and his contemporary, Clement of Rome, both of whom declare that they saw it. So also when we are told by Mark that "every one shall be salted with fire, and every sacrifice shall be salted with salt," I see a meaning only when I recollect that, in regions containing petroleum, sacrificial fires were fed with this fuel to aid the burning. In like manner, when Matthew likens the blessed, first to salt, and immediately afterwards to a lighted torch (for candles, as translated, were then unknown), I see the connection in his mind. He had just said that salt which had lost its savour was only fit to be trodden under foot of men. Now salt never does lose its savour, and is never fit to be trodden under foot. But petroleum does lose its essence by exposure, and, out of the residue, the ancients used to make asphalté pavements, as they do at the present day. I only give some reasons for my belief that the salt of the Bible, in its generic sense, was often applied to petroleum; but I admit at the same time that the readers of GOOD WORDS ought not to attach much importance to my opinions on any subject of biblical criticism.

Petroleum occurs as a greenish or dark-coloured fluid in many countries. In small quantity it occasionally occurs in England. I found a well of it in Derbyshire many years ago, and induced the late Mr. Young to establish a manufactory of burning oil, and ultimately of paraffin candles. This suggestion led gradually, in his energetic hands, to the great petroleum industry which has carried cheap light into the houses of the poor. The small supply of native petroleum of Derbyshire soon became exhausted, but the discovery that it could be distilled out in Boghead coal and bituminous shales gave a great impulse to its manufacture. In 1859, America began to introduce native petroleum from Pennsylvanian wells. During that year eighty thousand barrels were supplied to commerce, and that quantity was thought to be immense, though it was insignificant with the present supply, which reached thirty-seven million barrels in 1882. Other copious supplies of native petroleum have been found in India, Burmah, and the Caucasian lands about the Caspian Sea. The last source of supply is of such extraordinary magnitude that I will refer to it more in detail at a later part of this article. I may mention, how-

ever, that at Surakhani, on the western shore of the Caspian, sacred fires have been burning probably longer than recorded history. The priests allege that the fires in their temple, fed by gas issuing from the petroleum below, have burned without cessation since four hundred years before Christ.

Before, however, describing the uses of petroleum, I ought to say something as to its probable origin. This is not thoroughly understood. When we prepare artificial petroleum, we distil, at a low red heat, the remains of organic substances such as highly bituminous coals or shales. We know that coal has been produced by plant life, so, when we extract petroleum from it, we naturally look to organic matters as its ultimate source. Nevertheless, petroleum occurs in many geological formations where organic life has only sparsely existed. If petroleum be a result of a slow distillation of organic matter, where are the residues of distillation? They are never found in the borings for wells. Nor does petroleum when examined by the microscope exhibit the least traces of organized structures.

The range of geological formations in which petroleum is found is considerable. In the Caspian Sea it is found in tertiary sands, having a comparatively modern origin in a geological sense. But, in Canada, it occurs as low down as the Silurian formation and in the lower parts of the Devonian, while in Pennsylvania it is in the upper series of the Devonian, below the coal measures. An elementary knowledge of geology shows that these facts render it difficult to connect petroleum with pre-existing organic *débris*. Ordinary rocks result from the waste of pre-existing systems, or are pushed up by volcanic energy from central depths. Neptunists could not explain the formation of petroleum by aqueous action; for it is so light that it would float on the top of water, and would not be buried by deposit. Vulcanists of the old school would be equally perplexed, because petroleum is so volatile that heat would convert it into vapour, and it would be dissipated. Indeed, I recollect an instance of this kind in a quarry near Dysart, in Fifeshire, where every fragment of stone freshly broken smelt of petroleum.

Is then petroleum cosmic? Perhaps the question is not so absurd as it appears. Recent observations on the tail of the great comet which adorned the heavens not long since showed that it contained hydrocarbons very similar to petroleum. I do not mean to indicate that the comet was a huge petro-

leum lamp rushing through space; still the detection of hydrocarbons in it is a significant fact. It lends considerable support to the idea that petroleum is being continually formed anew in the deeper parts of the earth. In all petroleum wells water is also found. In the depths of the earth there is probably a large abundance of compounds of the metals with carbon, for we find them in basaltic and other rocks. When the crust of the earth becomes fissured, water would reach these at a high temperature, and be decomposed, its oxygen passing over to the metals, while the carbon and hydrogen would unite to produce hydrocarbons, the most common form of which is petroleum. The gaseous hydrocarbons, formed by the same action, are pent up in these cavities, and, when a boring is made for a well, force up the petroleum frequently as high fountains. Wells of this substance are generally found at the base of mountain ranges, as of the Alleghanies in America, or of the Caucasus in Russia. These elevations indicate cavities, fissures, or crevasses below, and into these, as into a receiver, the hydrocarbons may have been distilled and become condensed. This is only a theory, but it is the one which is the most satisfactory to my mind; and if it be true, it is a comforting one, for while we find forests disappearing from the earth, and coal being exhausted without being formed afresh, petroleum, which as fuel has about twice the value of coal, is being constantly formed and deposited in nature's reservoirs. I have admitted that this is nothing more than a theory, and, as such, the practical mind is accustomed to look upon it with contempt. But theories are the leaves of the tree of knowledge, nourishing it while they survive, and even when they fall they give new nutriment to the parent stem. We probably may soon have a better theory, and when it comes I will embrace it.

If I am asked to define petroleum, I should have to answer by giving a general chemical formula which, at first sight, might look puzzling. It belongs to the series of hydrocarbons, $C^n. H^{2n} + 2$, or to a group of bodies containing double the atoms of hydrogen to those of carbon, with two more of hydrogen in addition. It contains rather more hydrogen than olefiant gas, the chief illuminating agent of coal gas, for that and its numerous congeners have the general formula $C^n. H^{2n}$. The need of such a general formula as I have given for the complex fluid called petroleum is manifest when I state that it contains members of the same family of hydrocarbons,

varying from the solid paraffine, with which all ordinary candles are now made, to the most volatile liquids nearly resembling gases. Here I cannot help interpolating an anecdote as to how paraffine candles were thought of. This solid wax from tar had been discovered by Reichenbach, but was so rare when I first became Professor of Chemistry that I was proud in having a quarter of an ounce in a bottle to show my students. One cold day Mr. Young called upon me with some Derbyshire petroleum, and asked me what I thought the solid crystals floating in it could be. I answered that they must be paraffine, and asked whether he could not prepare sufficient for me to make two candles. With these I lighted the desk on the lecture table of the Royal Institution, and pointed out that though the cost of these candles was more than twenty shillings each, yet before long they would become the common candle of the country. This safe prophecy has long since been realised, for paraffine is now manufactured in thousands of tons annually. There is an island on the eastern side of the Caspian Sea called Tchelikien, where the very cliffs are stated to be composed of crude paraffine, or "ozokerit," while east of Krasnovodsk, on the same shore, "there are immense hills of ozokerit and petroleum," according to the statements of travellers. Intermediate between the solid paraffine and burning oil there is another oil fitted for lubricating machinery. In some kinds of petroleum and paraffine oil distilled from shale this is neither important in quantity or in quality, though in the heavier kinds of petroleum, such as that of the Caucasian range, it exists in abundance. Besides this lubricating oil, there is also in the tars, at present barbarously rejected as useless, volatile benzole and certain solids known as naphthaline and anthracene. From the benzole can be made those beautiful aniline colours known as mauve and magenta; while out of the solid naphthaline and anthracene can be prepared alizarin, the red colour of madder, and also indigo, the staple blue dye. In the future development of the native petroleum industry these higher products are likely to be a very important branch of production. As competition becomes keen, these waste products may become the largest source of profit.

Thus, it will be seen how largely petroleum has become an article of industrial necessity, and how much more it will enter into manufactures when the present waste products of the heavier kinds are applied, as they are sure

to be, to the preparation of staple colours, such as alizarin and indigo. Already the madder agriculture of Holland and Turkey has been seriously influenced by artificial alizarin, and, before many years, our Indian fields of indigo will suffer by that famous blue dye being made out of the products of the heavier kinds of petroleum. For the present, however, the great consumption of petroleum, whether it is found naturally, or made artificially, as in Scotland, by the distillation of bituminous shales, is for the production of light. I have explained already that though it contains a little more hydrogen than olefant gas, it may, for all practical purposes, be viewed as essentially belonging to the group of "olefenes." Now, as olefant gas is the chief illuminating ingredient of rich coal gas, refined petroleum, as well as solid paraffine, made into candles, may be looked upon as representative of all that is illuminating in coal gas, without being diluted or contaminated by unnecessary ingredients. A paraffine candle is in reality a portable gas machine. The charred fibres of the wick are the retorts in which the gas is manufactured for use, just in proportion as it is wanted. A petroleum lamp is the same little gas factory, in which the oil is sucked up by the capillary attraction of the wick, and there is converted into gas just in proportion to its requirements. Unluckily ordinary refined petroleum has an offensive smell, though this is gradually disappearing as the manufacture improves. In the better varieties, now burned in good houses under the name of crystal or water oil, there is little to be desired in this respect.

In America, where the abundance of petroleum leads to considerable inventiveness in its use, I have seen applications of it which have not apparently been adopted in this country. I happened, this autumn, to visit various large houses in country districts of New England, which were lighted with beautiful white gas. On inquiring into the sources of supply, I found there was no gas in the ordinary sense, but that common air saturated with a light petroleum naphtha was being burned. A tank containing the latter was buried in the garden, while a small machine in the basement of the house, worked by falling weights, drove common air through this tank. The air, saturated with naphtha, returned from the garden to the house and burned in every room exactly like gas. Again, I stayed some weeks in a seaside watering-place called Nahant. The town, to all appearances, was well lighted with gas,

And so it was, but the gas was manufactured at each lamp. A small holder of light petroleum dropped its contents on a heated disc which converted it into gas, and this was burned, and had all the appearance of ordinary gas illumination. In fact, it was only a few days before I left that I found out the absence of ordinary gas from the town, though I constantly passed the street lamps. This adaptability of petroleum to give a pure white light is the cause of its singularly rapid diffusion in different countries. The prejudices of the people in India are rapidly giving way, so that the consumption of petroleum in our Indian possessions has been increasing about 200 per cent. annually. In China its consumption is also rapidly increasing. Of American petroleum alone, India last year consumed 94,000 tons, Japan 56,000 tons, and China 82,000 tons. As American oil is thus penetrating so extensively and rapidly into the great Eastern, as well as into the European markets, it would appear to be beyond competition. Nevertheless, a formidable competition is arising in Russia. On the shores of the Caspian Sea there are vast deposits of petroleum, and these, though they have scarcely yet been opened, already amount to one-sixth of the American production. The old proverb says, "It is a far cry to Loch Awe," and it is a much farther cry to the shores of the Caspian Sea. But if the reader will look at the map he will see that a railway, just opened between Baku, on the Caspian, and Batoum, on the Black Sea, alters the geographical position exceedingly. Baku is the centre of the Russian petroleum industry. The oil-bearing strata stretch from Baku, past the island of Tchelikien, 300 miles across the Caspian, through the great steppes of Turkestan, until it is lost close to the Himalayas. The bottom of the Caspian must contain much oil, for naphtha springs occur in that sea, and may be lighted by throwing a match upon the water, where oil is seen floating. Baku is situated on the Apsheron peninsula, with an area of 1,200 square miles, throughout which there are oil-bearing strata; but as yet only three square miles have been worked. The accounts of this district given by O'Donovan in his wonderful ride to Merv, by Mr. Marvin, Colonel Stewart, Mr. Arthur Arnold, and others, have made the district familiar to us. Without putting too much stress on their singular descriptions of fountains of petroleum 300 feet high, wasting themselves into petroleum lakes, it is sufficient to know that there are 400 wells of oil in the small explored area.

Around it the hamlet of Baku has become a city of 30,000 inhabitants. The price of petroleum at these wells is less than that of water. The crude oil has been selling at 4d. per barrel of 40 gallons. Still all this resource of petroleum is worth little if it cannot be purified cheaply and be transported economically. This difficulty has been solved by the ability and energy of Mr. Ludwig Nobel, a practical engineer. He is of Swedish extraction, and has become the Russian oil king. Mr. Nobel has built steam fleets entirely for the quick transport of the finished oil, and these steamers are propelled by the refuse of the distillation. The refined oils pass by pipes to the end of a jetty, and are pumped directly into the holds. These ships, when they reach harbour, pump the petroleum into specially-constructed railway vans or reservoirs, twenty-five of which form a train. When this arrives at its destination, the petroleum is again pumped out into distributing tanks, of which there are many of varying capacity throughout Russia. In this way American petroleum has been driven out of Russia, while Caucasian petroleum has taken its place. This would not affect the rest of Europe greatly, were it not that the Russian oil king is already pouring petroleum through the Baltic into Germany; and he is preparing to flood the Mediterranean and India through the Black Sea, by the railway connecting Baku with Batoum, or, to speak more generally, the Caspian with the Black Sea. If these ventures have a commercial success, there is, undoubtedly, petroleum in the Caucasian lands sufficient to supply the world with that commodity for a prolonged period of its history. Already, in different parts of Russia, both steamboats and railway locomotives are driven by burning the waste of petroleum under the boilers. It will certainly be a marvel, but one which may be before long realised, to see a petroleum fleet laden at Batoum with Caucasian oil, pass through the Suez Canal without the aid of coal. This would be an immense gain to the stokers, who have a bad time in the Red Sea, one of the hottest parts of the world; for petroleum ships require no stoking to their fires. For myself, I should like to see such a Russian invasion of India through the Suez Canal in a peaceful, industrial competition. If a trade of this kind could be established with good profit, a warlike invasion by the Himalayas would be an absurdity, for peaceful commerce with Russia would tend more to the security of our Indian Empire than all our diplomatic watchfulness in Central Asia.



An Ordinary Greenland House.

EXPLORATIONS IN GREENLAND.

By EDWARD WHYMPER, AUTHOR OF "THE ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN," ETC.

SECOND PAPER.



Going to School.

(From a photograph by Dr. Rink.)

THE distance intervening between the end of the fiord that we visited and the "inland ice" was likely to cause some trouble in the transport of our baggage, and as the natives spoke of a place to the south where the ice came right down to the sea, it seemed best to inspect it before determining to start in the other direction. With this object we again left the colony in the old whale-boat on the morning of June 24th, 1867, and made for the small settlement of Claushavn, by passing through an enormous stream of icebergs, which were at that time coming out of the Jakobshavn ice-fiord, the party consisting of my interpreter and another European, with five Greenlanders from Jakobshavn.

We quitted the whale-boat at Claushavn and took a small umiak, on account of weight, as our route proved to go overland by a pass between some of the neighbouring hills. Five extra men came to assist, and presently transported the umiak in the manner shown in the illustration in the first paper. At the summit of our pass the boat was paddled round a small freshwater lake, which on June 25th was still mostly covered with ice ten inches thick. Then came another portage, down a steep little *col*, and finally our craft was launched upon a large backwater arm of the great Jakobshavn fiord, which led up to the inland ice. The sea, smooth as glass, was bordered by sheer precipices of a pleasant rose colour, and the vistas in almost all directions were terminated by glittering pinnacles of brilliant ice. For

scenery this was a most enticing neighbourhood, though useless as a starting point for the interior. On ascending hills on the outskirts I again had extensive views to the east, finding the land, as before, absolutely covered by glaciers. From the nearest parts to the farthest distance that could be seen the whole of the ice was broken up into *stracs*. It was almost everywhere riven and fissured in a most extreme manner, and it was obviously totally impracticable for sledges. We therefore determined to try to get inland from the direction of the first excursion, and

made our way back as quickly as possible to Jakobshavn, arriving there after an absence of four days. On this occasion my points of view must have commanded almost the exact line taken by Professor Nordenskiöld in 1870, for, as given in his map, its distance to the south of my stations was barely thirty miles.

Our troubles commenced as we were returning. One of our crew became ill, and could neither drink schnapps nor eat seal-meat—a convincing proof that he was not shamming—and he had to be assisted ashore



At Sea in the "Experiment."

when we arrived at Jakobshavn. He died two days later. On landing we found that the sickness, to which I have already referred when speaking of Egedesminde, had spread northwards, and had now a firm hold at other colonies. At Jakobshavn there were nearly sixty ill out of a total population of three hundred, and before long the doctor had a hundred patients on his hands, all of whom sent for him, though none would follow his advice. The sickness was something like an epidemic of inflammation of the lungs, and alike carried off young and old. Two of our late crew died of it; then

another lad whom I was employing, and then the colony-carpenter lost two of his children. It was a dismal time for us, for the coffins were made directly under our windows, and corpses, sewn up in canvas, mummy-fashion, with projecting feet, were brought by boat and over the rocks to them. The church bell tolled daily just over our heads, and the muttering of the priest as he went through the services for the dead were distinctly heard through the cracks in the boards. Progress for a time was completely paralyzed.

It has not yet been said that we intended to travel over the inland ice with dog-

sledges. Before leaving England I had resolved to employ this method, because it was currently reported that the interior was covered with *snow*, and because dog-sledging affords the readiest and most expeditious manner of getting over good snow. Every one knows that for sledge-travelling the article called pemmican is much resorted to, though all are not aware that there are various descriptions of pemmican, of widely different characters. For example, the pemmican supplied to our Government Arctic expeditions has been a luxurious viand, compounded out of the choicest meat, currants, and various other eatables. It has been specially prepared with great care in Government establishments, and its cost price has, I believe, amounted to half-a-crown a pound. I had neither the opportunity nor the means for purchasing this sumptuous article, and had to content myself with a much humbler material, namely, Hudson Bay pemmican. By the kind assistance of Dr. John Rae I imported about 800 lbs. of this from Hudson Bay in 1866. It was sent over in massive slabs, weighing 80 to 90 lbs. a piece, covered with hide. No ordinary knives would make the least impression upon these solid masses, and they had to be sawn up before they could be subdivided and eaten. As an article of diet a little of it went a long way—not so much from its nutritious qualities as from the invincible repugnance of my people. The mere sight of it was sufficient to appease the cravings of hunger. In appearance it was an interesting combination of coarse fat, dried buffalo meat, and a large percentage of sinew. Speaking for myself I should call it a very satisfying diet, though unsatisfactory to persons with bad teeth; but as a large proportion of it was intended for the sledge-dogs, and we could select the choicer morsels for ourselves, it seemed sufficiently good for our purpose, until it was found that the Greenland dogs turned up their noses at it and refused to eat it, and then the matter began to look serious. That they would eat it ultimately, when nothing else could be had, I did not doubt; yet it would not do to commence by starving them, and so we were forced to collect a stock of dried seal flesh, which is their established and favourite food.

It happened, just then, that this was easier said than done. The Greenlanders are at all times careful *not* to lay in a stock of food beforehand, and the epidemic, by prostrating many of the most skillful catchers, had almost caused a famine. At length, after scouring the country, the requisite four or five hundred-

weights were collected, and it was put for safety into our store—the church-loft. Unfortunately the weather was hot, and it remained there too long and became maggoty, and the worms from above fell through the cracks in the ceiling on to the congregation below, and there was a great outcry. The meat was peremptorily ordered to be removed, and we had no sooner thrown it outside than the dogs of the place swarmed down upon it. There was a battle, in which the dogs were worsted; but then the children, exceedingly hungry, came down upon it like locusts, and were worse than the dogs.

It was a slow business collecting the teams of dogs. The dog-disease which broke out some years before at the most northern of the settlements had gradually worked southwards, and had well-nigh annihilated the teams at Jacobshavn. The dogs prowling about were casual animals, remnants of teams, which would not work together. The disease had not penetrated farther south, and at Claus-havn, Christianshaab, and other places there were numerous teams, which were well appreciated by their owners, who would not sell them outright on any terms, as in winter they are extremely valuable, and not easily replaced. At last, after much negotiation, I obtained the loan of three teams (amounting to twenty dogs) from Claushavn, upon the condition that they were not to be landed in the infected districts, except on islands, and taken anywhere except on the ice; or, if circumstances forced us to come to land, the dogs were to be slain at my cost.

After the dogs, the sledges were the matter which gave most concern. By the advice of my interpreter, who had lived for several years at various settlements, wood was brought out from Europe to be made into sledges in Greenland; and we now found that the only persons in the country who were capable of making sledges had their time fully occupied by the manufacture of coffins, so we were forced to employ the sledges ordinarily used in the country, which were made of very indifferent wood, and were not fitted for the rough work to which they were afterwards put. A representation of one of those which were actually used is given at the end of the first paper. The two long side-pieces, known technically as “runners,” are cut from ordinary inch deal plank, and are shod with hoop-iron. The cross-pieces, which form the platform on which the goods are stowed, are cut out of seven-eighths plank and are attached to the runners by hide-thongs which pass through holes, these fastenings being bound

round and round until they are quite taut, though not so perfectly rigid as to prevent a certain amount of lateral play. The two arms at the end are used partly, as a sort of rudder, and partly for assisting the sledge over difficult places, and are also bound down like the rest. It is clear that such a sledge is not ill-adapted for travelling over snow or any reasonably smooth surface, and obvious that the runners are liable to be twisted either inwards or outwards if they have to pass over numerous inequalities. After repeated twists the runners very commonly split longitudinally, and the sledge, of course, is rendered useless until the fractures can be repaired in some fashion. With these crude affairs, so inferior to the admirable sledges which have been produced by Sir Leopold McClintock for our Arctic expeditions, we had, perforce, to be content.

By the 20th of July all these various matters were arranged, and we started in a couple of boats, one mainly filled by the dogs, and the other with the baggage. The party for the ice consisted of three drivers and sledges, and two others, besides myself. Eight additional natives also came to assist. The occupants of the boat with the dogs enjoyed a very lively time, for our teams were mostly composed of fine, powerful animals, as large as small mastiffs, and they one and all did their best to worry each other or their keepers. Arrived at the end of the fiord, there was the business of transporting our effects to the edge of the ice, which occupied the whole party a couple of days. This done, our additional Greenlanders went home in one of the boats, giving us hearty cheers as they moved off, leaving us encamped, waiting for a favourable change in the weather, which had become very windy just as all was ready.

Three days passed in waiting, ensconced against some overhanging rocks; the sledges ready loaded and drawn up in line on the margin of the ice, and the teams picketed round about. During this time we had not a dull moment. There was perpetual music and dancing going on—our *dumb* friends performing the music, and keeping us in constant attendance dancing around them. After a few seconds of dead silence, several of them would lift up their voices and howl, and when the echoes returned from the neighbouring cliffs the whole pack appeared seized with sudden madness, jumping to their feet, and dashing to the full extent of their tethers, moaning, growling and gnashing their teeth, struggling to get away to attack the imaginary enemies by whom they seemed to

be mocked. Finding their efforts futile, the majority would break off and have a pitched battle amongst themselves, worrying each other with paws and teeth so mercilessly as to compel the intervention of the whip, jumping and rolling over, twining and tangling their lines into almost inextricable knots; whilst the minority cunningly took the opportunity to gnaw their fastenings and bolt away.

During these days I clambered up an adjacent hill, little expecting what was to be seen. Just a clear month of fine weather and almost perpetual day had elapsed since I had looked on the view before. On the previous occasion, it will be remembered, everything to the east was covered with a mantle of the purest, most spotless snow, quite unfissured, except in the immediate foreground. The whole of this snow had been swept away, and had left exposed a veritable ocean of ice, broken up by *millions* of crevasses of every conceivable form and dimensions; otherwise the prospect was the same—a boundless waste, without a rock, or sign of life, anywhere visible. The larger depressions in the snow had now become great lakes upon the ice, and the smaller knolls stood out as the crests of frozen waves. For the most part the crevasses were small, and the hummocks between them only a few feet high; and upon the whole, the general character of the ice was pretty much that presented by the middle parts of the Aletsch glacier, or the Mer de Glace at Chamounix towards the end of the summer. That is to say, it was well-nigh impracticable for travel with dog sledges, though not for journeying on foot; and it was immediately apparent that our hopes would be wrecked.

It would not do to discourage the people prematurely, so I kept my opinions to myself; and, when the weather improved, we made a start towards the east. In a few hours, within a couple of miles, we were brought to a stand, with a runner of one of the largest sledges broken in half; with another, belonging to a smaller sledge, also split along its entire length, and with the rest weakened by the battering they received.* As a matter of form, I sent three of the party ahead for a mile or two to see whether they thought the ice became easier, though knowing very well that it was all alike for many miles; and, when they came back, reporting that it was worse rather than better, we commenced our retreat, as it was evident that to

* It was a certainty that the runners would split sooner or later, and strips of copper had been prepared for such occasions.

persevere would be only to render our return more and more difficult, and that under any circumstances we should at the most be able to proceed merely a few miles farther towards the interior. We could only take one dog back in our boat; eight more were recovered afterwards; three were found dead; one was not discovered, and the seven others came in overland one after another to Jakobshavn, and were killed by order of the principal official of the northern districts.

From the repeated views of the interior which had been seen from the coast mountains, it was clear that all this part of Greenland, except the fringe of land on the Davis Straits side, was absolutely covered by snow and ice, and that the interior was not broken up in those latitudes as I had conjectured it might be. This to some extent mitigated the vexation at the collapse of the sledges, for there seemed little to be gained by travelling over a barren waste; and it appeared better, anyhow as a preliminary, to continue its inspection by ascending the hills on the outskirts. I followed out this idea in 1872; but, before proceeding to refer to the journey made in that year, I propose to offer a few observations upon the general features of the "inland ice."

This vast glacier is the largest continuous mass of ice at present known. All the glaciers of the Alps combined are as nothing to it, and the greatest of those in the Himalayahs are mere dwarfs in comparison. At Jakobshavn, the bergs floating away were often 700 to 800 feet thick, and this is the only information at present possessed of its *depth*. The angle at which its surface rises towards the east is very slight, being seldom so much as 8° , and generally much less; while in some places there are considerable depressions, and lakes are formed in consequence.

The crevasses as a rule do not go to the

bottom of the mass, and often do not penetrate as much as half-way through. Hence the water which is produced on the surface and which streams along in small rivulets—sometimes even in small torrents—cannot find its way to the glacier-bed and run away underneath. The motion of the ice is therefore but little assisted by water finding its way to the floor of the glacier; and it follows that the torrents flowing from underneath the margin of the inland ice are remarkably small, considering the enormous extent of the mass, the perpetual day which exists in the summer, and the high mean temperature.

Although the motion of the inland ice is less assisted by water finding its way to the bed of the glacier than is the case with most glaciers in lower latitudes, it receives a powerful impulse in other ways. The water which has been arrested in the crevasses freezes in the winter, and produces blue bands or veins of solid, or true, ice, which present a marked contrast to the imperfect, porous, white ice of the glacier. The pressure exerted both when the crevasses are filled with water in a liquid state, and when it is in the act of freezing, must be enormous, and the surrounding ice will be urged in the direction of least resistance, namely downwards.

These strongly marked blue veins, in the otherwise white glacier ice, are a common



Veins of Solid Ice in an Iceberg.

feature in the icebergs of the Arctic regions, and they have frequently been referred to by voyagers, who have not, I believe, hitherto pointed out their significance. The outline above is from a sketch made of some in an

iceberg at Jakobshavn. From the manner of their formation, it will readily be understood that they are ordinarily more or less perpendicular in an iceberg just floating away; but they are frequently inclined at various angles, and are often seen intersecting each other, both when one is upon the surface of the inland ice, and in the clean, vertical sections which are exposed when icebergs are just detached from the parent mass. Sometimes several series can be seen cutting



each other in the manner shown in the annexed diagram—showing that the glacier has been riven in different planes on different occasions, and that fresh series of cre-

vasses have been formed at angles different to the former ones. They present the clearest evidence that the water which collects in the crevasses (mainly during the period of all but perpetual day) often freezes subsequently into solid ice; and it would appear, from examples which I have seen, that the congelation is not always complete, and that it sometimes commences from the top and sometimes from the bottom. They can be seen in various stages—the crevasses filled with water; and partially congealed; and entirely frozen.

It has been stated that the inland ice was fissured by innumerable crevasses, and it was so to an extent that I have not observed elsewhere. There was not as much as a piece fifty feet square without its chasms, and they presented evidence which showed that the ice movements were extraordinarily complicated. It is usual to see in the glaciers of the Alps and of other mountain ranges, sets or series of crevasses following each other with a certain amount of regularity. Scarcely anything of this kind was seen in the inland ice of Greenland. Contrary to my expectations, instead of there being only schrunks or great crevasses in moderate numbers, the very opposite was the case—the fissures were comparatively small, and in enormous numbers. They extended up to the extreme limits of vision, and the far-off horizon, when viewed through a powerful glass, glittered with the broken surfaces of the pinnacles, though the distance was much too great to distinguish individual chasms. It will be admitted by all those who are conversant with glaciers, that, as the ice was crevassed up to the extreme visible point, it was reasonable to con-

clude that the country was covered with ice or snow to a considerable distance beyond our horizon, for such a vast body of glacier requires an enormous snow reservoir for its production.

The interesting questions then arise, what was the extreme distance visible? and what was its height? The ordinary methods which are employed for measuring distances and altitudes were inapplicable in this case, as there were no fixed points which could be identified from two different stations, and when the landscape was covered with snow it was impossible to say whether the extreme distance was ten or a hundred miles away. When the snow was swept away, and the crevassed ice became visible, it was possible to form some (though admittedly a very imperfect) idea of distance by turning from the unknown to the known. In the west, at a known distance of sixty or seventy miles, we could see the glacier plateaux on the top of the large island of Disco, crevassed like the inland ice to our east. Turning then to the east, it was apparent that the horizon *there* was at least as far away, and was probably much more distant.

This still leaves the question of altitude untouched, though, respecting it, it was possible to form a fairly probable estimate. The surface of the ice rose towards the interior at a small and tolerably regular angle. In June, 1867, we started at the edge of the ice from a height of 550 feet above the sea, and in the distance of six miles rose 900 feet, or about 150 feet per mile. Assuming that we could see a distance of sixty miles, and that the angle remained constant, the height of the extreme visible point would have been about 9,000 feet; but, considering the probability that the slope eased towards the summit, it was deemed safer to estimate the height at “not less than 8,000 feet.”

In 1872 I again went out in one of the ships of the Royal Greenland Trade, and this time travelled without Europeans, and with a boat of a rather novel description—a screw-propelled canoe, which was driven by slides worked by the feet. In 1867 we had often been embarrassed by the reluctance of the natives to go where and when we wanted, and our choice lay between paddling our own kayaks (skin canoes), at considerable risk of drowning ourselves, or between being rowed about in a whale-boat by natives, for whom it was necessary to wait until they were in the mood to travel. I took out the screw-propeller to render myself less dependent on their whims, and it answered the

purpose very well, and also proved a great treat to the natives, who are as fond of novelties as any children. They clustered around it like a swarm of bees, and criticized it freely. "So like a kayak, and yet not one!" They patted it and stroked it as you would a dog. "No, clearly not sealskin; it is made of wood! How strange to make a kayak of wood!" They pointed to the open hatch, so large compared with theirs, and shook their heads, as if they disapproved it. "A rudder, too! when was that known before? and a queer turning thing!"—(the fan) "before it. How very droll!" At this they would burst into loud fits of laughter, for the slightest thing raises their merriment. Presently we had trials of speed, and they beat me hollow, as I expected, and indeed wished, for they would not have accompanied me unless sure that they could escape when they liked. They are timidity itself, and it is easy, by a mere accidental frown or shrug, to raise their fears and cause them to desert.

My chief native assistants this year were named Frederick and Nils. The former was recommended as an interpreter, and he came to be tested before he was engaged. "So, Frederick," I said, "they say you can speak English." "Yes," he replied modestly, "me speak 'em smally." "Well, what do you speak?" "Oh!" said he, "me speak yes, no, by-and-by; Sally come up; never mind; pull away; this way, that way; stop a little." To tell the truth, his knowledge of English was scarcely greater than mine of the Greenlandic dialect, but he was the only interpreter whilst travelling, and we made ourselves understood sufficiently well; which was due, it should be said, very much to the kindly disposition of the natives, who do not mock and ridicule a stranger for his inability to speak their language, and, on the contrary, take much trouble to understand his wishes.

After a tedious voyage round Disco Island, I was landed with my two natives and two boats at Noursoak, a small settlement which is about 130 miles north-west of Jakobshavn;* and, having engaged a sufficient number of people, we made various small journeys round about, and down the Waigat Strait, ascending several mountains on Disco Island, and on the mainland, in search of

some lofty and isolated summit which should give a commanding view of the interior. But although the mountains on both sides of the strait were considerably loftier than those in the neighbourhood of Jakobshavn, they were not sufficiently elevated for the purpose, and we ultimately went north of Noursoak round into the Umenak Fiord, which is bordered by the most considerable mountains at present known in Greenland. I crossed the Waigat Strait in the *Experiment* (the name of the screw-propeller), in company with an umiak; and in returning, when getting into a fog, delighted my attendants by showing them how truly the little boat could be steered by compass when they were bewildered. Their shyness was overcome, and we generally travelled afterwards in one and the same boat, they towing the *Experiment* astern.

The inland ice cannot be seen from the settlement of Umenak, which is situated on a small island about five miles from the mainland, in one of the large fiords on the West Greenland coast, having numerous branches and ramifications, which are almost everywhere surrounded by mountains 5,000 to 7,000 feet high, some bearing glaciers streaming from their summits right down to the sea. To gain a view of the inland ice, it is necessary to mount to a considerable elevation, as the nearest point of it in this latitude is some forty miles away, and the intervening distance is occupied by mountainous country; and it was all-important to select a summit which, by overlooking the others, should have an unimpeded view to the east. Intuitively I picked out one on the mainland, called Kelertingouit, which was well isolated, and apparently lofty, intending to measure it, and to get a theodolite to the top to sweep the horizon, for in this way a better notion of the height of the inland-ice could be obtained than by any other method; and we left Umenak on August 17, with several additional natives, in a whale-boat lent by an amiable young man of the name of Elberg, assistant trader at the settlement, who also volunteered his services.

A six miles' row brought us to the base of Kelertingouit, where we encamped. The mountain was of volcanic origin, and was ultimately found to be composed of volcanic rocks right up to its summit. The seaward face was far too difficult for my party, and the next morning, at 2.30 A.M., we went inland for some miles, continually ascending, until we got round to its southern side. At that part there were immense slopes of ba-

* I worked towards the north in preference to the south, because Nordenskiöld had, in 1879, made his journey to the south of my previous district, and had found only an ice-covered interior. It does not appear from his narrative that he ascended any of the hills on the outskirts. He seems only to have viewed the interior from the inland-ice itself, and consequently could not have had a very extensive prospect. So far as he did see, the interior was, in general features, precisely the same as I have described it.

saltic débris, piled up to the maximum angle at which they would repose, apparently affording a simple route, and we steered a course over them, finding, however, that it would be easy to start an avalanche. The sharp angles, continually rolling round, cut up the skin soles of the natives' boots, and

one footsore man after another lagged behind and disappeared. Then came some walls of columnar basalt, interrupting the slopes, and again a few more were brought to a halt. At last I was reduced to the bearer of the theodolite stand; and finally, when arrived on the summit, I found myself alone.

EDWARD IRVING.

II.

WHEN Carlyle came to London "prospecting," some time in 1824, I think, Irving was almost the only man there to whom he could look for any help towards that literary life which was, ever more and more clearly, becoming his appointed lot. Nor did he look to him in vain. The Kirk in Hatton Garden was still the haunt of the fashionable world, but its minister did not hang about Belgravian drawing-rooms, nor did he take his cynical friend—"the inspired peasant"—into those quarters which would have done him no sort of good. But he introduced him to Basil Montague, to Charles Lamb, to Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and other men of letters, speaking of him warmly as one who was sure to take his place among the foremost of them soon. He had entire belief in his friend's genius, and, indeed, all his relation to Carlyle is very beautiful, generous, and full of noble admiration.

But that somewhat bitter philosopher took his own measure of those celebrities to whom he was now introduced, and was not very careful to spare the down on their wings, and leave their glory unimpaired. Nor was he without dismal forebodings as to Irving's own position, but had always a wet blanket handy to cool his friend's enthusiasm. Popular preachers were never much in favour with him; and indeed, not having yet won popularity for himself, it was rather against any one, preacher or writer, if he had gained the ear of the multitude. Especially, he thought he had no belief in the fashionable world, or the kind of religion it might run after, though he rather changed his tone, in later years, when that same world was hanging on his own lips. So he became very anxious about Irving, as to what might be the end of these things, and what might come of the preacher if the fashion should change, as it was apt to do among that fickle part of the human race. Even thus early, he thought of his friend as one who was living on the breath of popular favour, and likely to spend his strength in grasping at it, and to sink to the bottom if it

failed him. Nor was this idea shaken off when he finally left Craigenputtock, and settled down to his own grim battle in Chelsea, though, by that time, the tide of fashion had ebbed away from Hatton Garden, and returned to its own natural channels. What might not Irving do to whistle back the fine ladies to his pews? As yet he was tolerably sober-minded, but he will be driven to arts, and tricks, and novelties, like other popular preachers, and end in mere chaos and mud. Nay, are there not already clear signs that he is taking to these shallow artifices—signs which, by-and-by, grow so threatening that one must, as a friend, warn him that he is rushing down to perdition? Who could stand quietly by, and see this really fine and lovable soul wrecking himself for the sake of that lightest of social froth which glitters on the top of the wave? So he discharged his conscience, one day, to Irving, who took it in patient silence as the rebuke of a friend, which is said, on good authority, to be "a pleasant ointment." Yet I fancy him mainly silent, because rather at a loss to know why Carlyle should use this peculiar ointment on him. Such was the view which the philosopher took of the preacher, and there was a *littleness* in it which one does not look for in the man who claimed to have a special insight into the nobler kind of minds. But, indeed, spite of the eloquent and touching memorial—the wreath of *immortelles*—which Carlyle laid on his friend's grave, it is only too clear, from the Reminiscences, that he did no more justice to him than he did to Wordsworth, Coleridge, or Charles Lamb.

To my mind, Carlyle's estimate of the motive which led to those changes in Irving's teaching, which we have now to notice, is as inadequate as it is ungenerous. Before he came to London, Irving had thought a good deal about the question, *How* should the gospel be preached so that all sorts of men may be willing to listen? That question he had solved to the satisfaction of many, and especially of the trustees of his chapel, who had now built a bigger one for him. But no true man—and

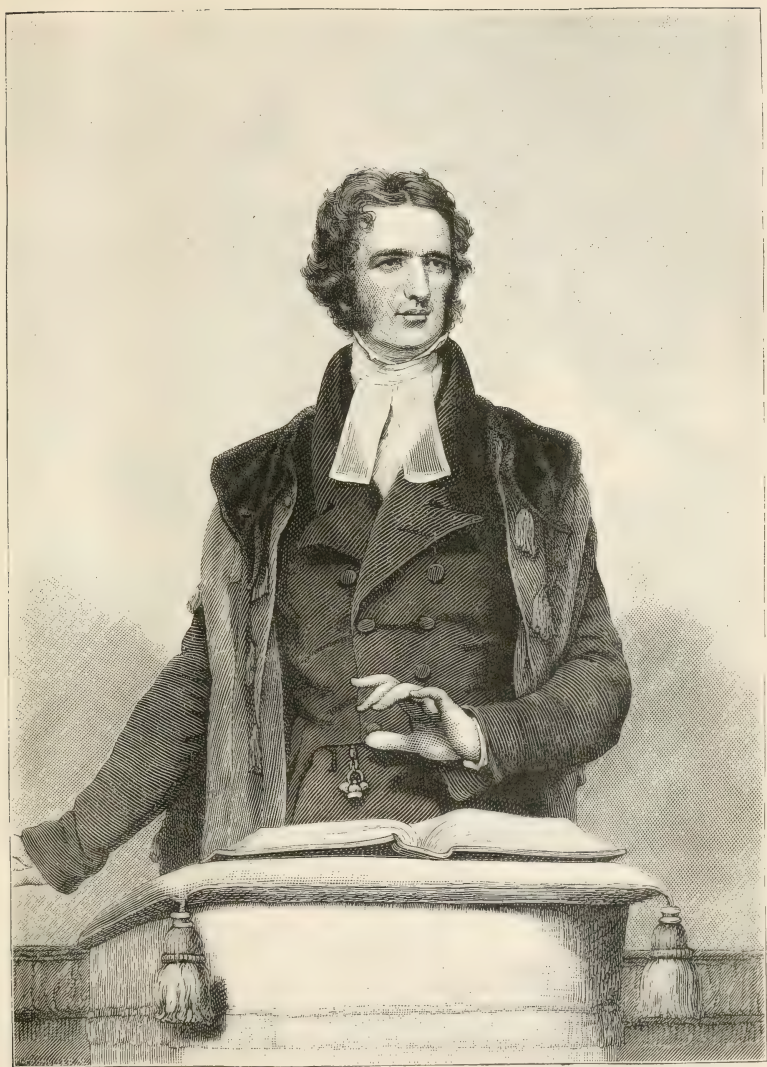
Irving was a true man—can long be contented with merely thronging pews, and a full offertory, and the sweet incense that floats at the pulpit as well as about the altar. That word, "To get souls for his hire," really has a meaning for such an one, and Irving began early to feel that, with all those listening throngs, he was not getting his proper wage. The souls were there, plenty of them; but they flowed through his church like water, much of it not over clean, and to no perceptible extent made any cleaner by coming there. This was anything but satisfactory; and instead of asking himself, as Carlyle fancied, "What shall I do to keep my Dukes and Duchesses still, or to whistle them back when they go after singing men and women?" the question Irving really put was, "What shall I do to save them and others while I have them in hand? That was what I was sent here for; not merely to gather a crowd, which any one may do by staring long enough at a chimney-pot, but to persuade them to repent, because the kingdom of heaven is at hand."

This naturally led him away from his old line of thought, *How* he ought to preach, to the other and more vital one, What had he to preach, which was at all likely to bring about this result? And now his real theological studies began, his training in the Edinburgh Divinity Hall having been the merest pretence. Most clergymen, if they are ever to be of any real use to men's souls, come, sooner or later, to a point where they have to revise the teaching of the schools, and adjust it, if possible, to the results of their own experience. Irving had now reached that critical stage, driven to it by the simple fact that, while he had filled his church, he did not feel as if he were materially helping to fill the kingdom of heaven. Had he been content simply to pour forth eloquent periods of religious commonplace, he might have lived and died as one of the most "shining lights" the Scottish Kirk ever had in London. But he was impelled to do work of a deeper kind, and hence all the trouble and sorrow of his after days.

When we read the controversies of the earlier centuries of Church history, they leave an impression that Christians in those years concerned themselves about a very different set of ideas from those which chiefly occupy us to-day. Their wits were very subtle, and their vocabularies rather vehement, but it is the subjects they handled which are unfamiliar to us, viz. the doctrine of the Trinity, and the constitution of the person of Christ. We treat these matters now as things that were

thrashed out long ago, and what of good grain was in them is supposed to be safely housed in the creeds and confessions, which few care to read. But, at first, the battle of faith raged passionately round them, for men felt that here lay the very citadel of Christian power and of spiritual life. Latterly, however, these questions had fallen into the background, especially among the Puritan or Evangelical party. They formed, of course, a recognised part of orthodox belief, but they were regarded chiefly as giving value and efficacy to a *Transaction* on which the saving power of the gospel was thought entirely to hinge. That is to say, the centre of faith had been transferred from the person of Christ to the Atonement which He made. There was an infinite worth in His offering, because it was the sacrifice of an infinite Person; but the sacrifice itself was the radical element.

When Irving first went up to London he was, like all the Evangelical school, full of this transaction for adjusting the balance between the divine righteousness and the divine mercy. But now, as he began to be dissatisfied with the spiritual results of his teaching, he was led to hark back to the earlier forms of Christian thought. How far he may have been led to this by Coleridge, it is hard now to say. But it is certain that he was a frequent visitor at Mr. Gilman's house in Highgate, where the poet-sage had found a haven of rest for his flaccid body and somewhat discursive mind. It is also certain that Coleridge was then working, or at least groping, among the same kind of ideas, as we see in his "Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit." The precise doctrine which is associated with the name of Irving does not seem to have originated with the author of "Christabel." But we know that he had turned away from the Puritan theology of covenants and businesslike transactions, and sought the solution of the question in the nature of God himself. Had Irving been satisfied with that, he could hardly have been seriously blamed by any one. To change the centre of religious thought from faith in an atoning sacrifice to faith in an atoning person, might involve grave changes along the whole line of action, but it could hardly have been seriously objected to, as it was only going back to the primitive Christian idea. But Irving was a theologian of the antique type whose flowing rhetoric was always dominated by the logic of the case. If God had redeemed men not by paying the price of their transgression, as the Puritan held, but by taking our nature into communion with His own, that He might sanctify it, as the



Engraved by]

[H. W. Müller.

EDWARD IRVING.

From an Engraving in the Vestry of Regent Square Church, London.

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early fathers taught, then it followed that the human nature which was thus to be redeemed must be the human nature which needed to be redeemed. It was not Adam's original, unfallen nature, then, that Christ assumed, but his nature after it had fallen, for it was that alone which required to be saved. Jesus was, indeed, altogether sinless in thought and desire as well as in act; but not in virtue of the inherent innocence of his manhood, only because of the Holy Spirit which dwelt in Him. It was essential to the very idea of a redeeming man that He should take our present nature with all its wrong propensities, and its liability to temptation of all kinds, and yet that He should keep it holy and undefiled. In maintaining this position, Irving may have spoken unguardedly at times; I think he did. It is very difficult to expatiate on a potential sinfulness which never becomes real sin without saying things which may be readily misunderstood. But there was no question with him as to the absolute holiness of Christ; the dispute was entirely as to the origin of that holiness, whether it was inherent in His flesh, or the result of divine grace. Hence some, who thought themselves wise, treated it as a mere logomachy which none but clergymen would ever have quarrelled about. That was evidently Carlyle's opinion, with a bias, on the whole, in favour of his friend; but he speaks of it as one to whom it was a matter of perfect indifference. Superficially, it does seem to be of little moment, since all were agreed as to the main fact of our Lord's sinlessness, and only differed as to the precise cause of it. Yet viewed in its deeper relations, it involved, as we have seen, a radical change in the whole line of Christian thought, and the substitution of the Incarnation for the Atonement as the central truth of Christian theology, and faith in an atoning Person instead of an atoning transaction.

The discourses in which this view was first given strongly commended themselves to many of his hearers, and seemed to produce higher spiritual results than his former teaching had done. This was what he had been longing for, and he accepted it as the seal of God confirming the word which He spoke. He forgot that almost any fresh view of religious doctrine, be it right or wrong, has, for a time at least, more apparent effect than old familiar forms. He forgot, too, that when a preacher is thinking rather of his matter than his manner, his words have a power which does not belong to mere rhetoric. But his heart was yearning for something more

than admiring crowds, and this new stir about higher concerns appeared to be a strong confirmation of the doctrine which he taught. Ere long, however, the cloud, like a man's hand, and a very dirty one too, showed itself above the fair horizon. A mean fellow of the name of Cole—one of those clerics who have a keen scent for heresy, and a blunt sense of honour—intruded into his privacy one evening when he was wearied with a hard day's preaching, and questioned him as to what he had been saying. Irving, good, simple soul, instead of resenting the impertinence, gave him what explanations he could, and invited him to his house for fuller conference on the morrow. That morrow, however, was otherwise occupied by his "interviewer." It was spent in writing and getting printed a grave charge against Irving, that he taught a monstrous doctrine of "the sinfulness of Christ." One can fancy the result among those who already distrusted him—the "I told you so," and "It is only what I expected," and all the head-shaking of jealous dulness. Ere long, too, there rose no small ferment in the watchful orthodoxy of the Scottish Kirk. But as yet it seemed as if no action could be taken, for when the Presbytery of London began to move in the matter, Irving and his trustees, who were at one with him on this point, declined their jurisdiction. According to the title-deeds of the new Regent Square church, its minister was always to be subject only to the authorities of the Church of Scotland, which had no ecclesiastical power across the English border. The London Presbytery, therefore, had for the present to give way; but they did so with the feeling that it was purely a question of time, and that Irving and his session would be at their bar by-and-by. Before leaving this point, I may note here that Mrs. Oliphant is highly indignant with Chalmers, that he, though urgently, even pathetically entreated by his old assistant, did not, as professor and recognised authority in such cases, pronounce any opinion as to the validity of Irving's teaching. Mrs. Oliphant's long residence in England must have led her strangely to forget how little weight the opinion of a theological professor would have had with the stormy democracy of the Scottish Kirk. Besides, Chalmers was no divine of the Athanasian type. He was a strong man, but not given to nice and subtle questions. It is no disparagement of him to say that he could not, with any wisdom, have pronounced upon a doctrine which, with his make of mind, he could hardly understand. It lay quite out of

his line, and had he meddled with it he would have done no good to Irving, and would very probably have brought trouble on his own head about a matter in which he felt no living interest.

So far, then, the storm seemed to have passed by, and perhaps if Irving could have stopped just where he was, no more might have been heard of it. The fire might have burnt itself out in pamphlets, and magazine articles, and occasional reports in presbyteries. But when one has got a certain impetus on him it is not easy to stop, especially if one is alone, as Irving now was. Being a man of large outlooks, then, he could not confine his thoughts to his own sphere, and be satisfied to do his duty there. Possibly, too, he had his disappointments and discouragements even among those who had been influenced by his new teaching. Anyhow, even though all the crowds that still thronged his church were to repent and mend their ways, what were they compared to that vast London "where Satan had his seat"? And London, too, was but a tea-cupful out of the ocean of human life, which was everywhere in a very troubled state at this time. A new French revolution seemed to be a-brewing, from a deleterious mixture of scepticism and radicalism, and what power was there to counteract or guide it? Of all men then in Britain Irving was perhaps the one least fitted to deal with practical politics. He did not know men, nor history, nor economics, and, moreover, he was blinded by the antiquated theories of the "Convocation Book." Yet he must not only meddle with the thing he understood not, but he must needs approach it in the very worst way to get any comprehension of it; that is to say, not by careful study of facts and principles, but by the interpretation of supposed prophetic symbols. Anxiously pondering these, and sorely troubled about Catholic emancipations and extended franchises, and repeal of Test and Corporation Acts, and the general break up of class and sectarian legislation, he began to ask himself, What if, after all, the gospel were a kind of failure? What if the Church were only an interlude, never really meant to save the world, but only to maintain a testimony, and save a few out of the world? Revolution was at hand, but what if, instead of a new French revolution, it might be a new Christian dispensation that was coming, with Christ Himself as visible King over the nations, "restoring all things" which now seemed going to pieces, and drifting away into space?

While he was in this mood he was laid hold of by a man who wanted just such an one as he to interpret his thoughts to the world. Hatley Frere was one of those small but intense minds who, being once seized with an idea, have a singular power to work out details so as to fit into their foregone conclusions. Having assured himself, then, that Christ was to return to the earth, and reign like other kings there by force, not by persuasion, and regarding the Books of Daniel and Revelation as history written beforehand in a series of hieroglyphics, he thought that he had found the key to the hieroglyphic—the Rosetta stone of sacred mysteries—and that all their secrets were now made plain. Under the guidance, then, of Hatley Frere, and of clever, shrewd, witty Henry Drummond, who combined, in a really remarkable way, the thorough man of the world and the dreamy fanatic, Irving now plunged into the study of that poetic imagery which they took to be prophetic history. Henceforth Albury conferences began to play an important part in his life, and his preaching had not so much in view the saving of souls as to show that Christ was soon coming to do that work Himself. He did not pretend to fix the date exactly. He was not so precise as those who can tell you, at any particular hour, what particular verse of the Apocalypse is being fulfilled. But he lived in constant expectation of the coming of the Bridegroom, and was quite fascinated by the way in which Frere and Drummond handled the vials and trumpets and horns, and earthquakes and falling stars, and mythological beasts, like the men on a chess-board, through whom they played the great game of human history. When he came to Edinburgh during the sittings of the next General Assembly, and gathered vast crowds to hear him at six o'clock in the morning, it was the gospel of Daniel and the Apocalypse he preached, rather than the gospel of Christ. Despairing of the present, he looked for a new heaven and a new earth, from which Whigs and Radicals should have vanished like the moles and bats; and because he really believed this, he persuaded a good many others to believe along with him. Indeed, this is the only part of his teaching which, apart from the Catholic Apostolic Church, has still a faint hold on some of his fellow-countrymen. It is a faint hold, indeed, and daily growing more so, as one bubble interpretation bursts after another. Men are even beginning there to think that those mystic symbols veiled contemporary men and events and

had nothing at all to do with the future. Anyhow, for the present, millennarian doctrines are at a discount, and there is not a man living who could bring Edinburgh folk from

their beds at six o'clock in the morning, to hear him discourse about the woman and the beast and the frogs. WALTER C. SMITH.

(To be concluded in next number.)

LIFE AND WORK AMONG THE EAST-LONDON POOR.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.,

PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S, LATE RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.

II.

INDIFFERENCE, I said, is radically the source of the greatest social curses we inherit. Improvidence is another form of it which quickly brings misery to the poor, and thus they are much rebuked for it, especially by the rich. Many of the working classes are excellent economists, and all might learn of their ways; but as want of thrift tells bitterly upon them every encouragement of it is laudable. This takes several forms. First there is the steelyard of the Charity Organization Society, which weighs the thriftless without mercy. I was chairman of an excellent committee, dealing with a population of about 60,000, for several years, indeed, till after I ceased to be rector of St. George's; and as I call its manifold procedure to mind I feel my head and heart pulling different ways. I was the sorrowful mouthpiece of retribution to processions of thoughtless sufferers. True, I always tried to speak with such cheer as could be tolerated, but it was miserable work. My colleagues were kind, but all along I felt that the Society had not an inch of bowels, and lived upon mistrust. It has an unhappy name, calculated to stereotype a low conception of the charity "which believeth all things." Charity, or love, resents labelling and investigation. Of course it is easy to say that the greatest kindness you could do to a sinner is to show him the fruit of his errors; but probably he often sees, and always feels, them more clearly than the amateur accuser of his brethren. Thus the kindness shown to him might sometimes take a more mitigated shape than it assumes under the Society's rules. The right formation of these requires divine delicacy and consideration. In fact, a central charity organization council ought to consist of angels and arch-angels. That in London does not: small blame to them.

No doubt we often directed the alms of philanthropic economists wisely, gave heaps of good advice, and applied tests with shrewdness, but it was a presumptuous self-abasing

business at the best, and I often felt it to be a poor barrier against, or controller of, any exceptional flood of destitution. Still we moved on severely righteous lines as far as we could, and our committee-room was the scene of some curiously saddening revelations. Its monotony and also severity was relieved by occasional examples of sustained fraud, which I am happy to say deceived several of us, sharp though we tried to be. There was one highly educated native Indian doctor especially who thus succeeded for months together. He drank tea with some of our committee, borrowed George Eliot's works, sent back a florin he found in the pocket of a waistcoat I had given him, and was at all points a finished rascal. It was curious to perceive how the threads of imposture and distress are spun over the world and centred in London, like telegraphic wires.

There is one form in which thrift is being well encouraged, and which in time will go far to revolutionize the healing of the sick poor. I refer to Provident Dispensaries. They are slowly being appreciated, and spread. In respect to existing London Hospitals, though all justly admire the surgical aid there given, and the treatment of those who fill their beds, I often wonder at the faith which brings an out-patient to their doors. She—it is mostly a woman—waits perhaps for hours, in a sickly querulous procession, has a hasty glimpse of a doctor, and then walks off with a quart bottle of unsavoury physic, stoppered with a greasy cork. Poor people believe in "nasty" medicine, forgetting that noses were given not merely to adorn profiles, but to warn their owners against drains, messes, and draughts. The best physic is abstinence, or good food, as the case may be, and whatever drugs are taken, the faith of an "out" patient is a chief factor in the cure, whenever that is reached. All the best and most experienced physicians, however, would gladly see the "out" work of hospitals radically reformed. While the hospital, especially in the case of accidents, does

much to relieve distress legitimately, there is a mass of it at which we look aghast. It is most importantly pressing perhaps in the East of London, not because its individual cases of misery are worse than they are elsewhere, nor because the needy beg there, but because there are so many of them. Where tens of thousands of people who all live from hand to mouth, and move on the thinnest social ice, are congregated together, the total number of sufferers, of those who have crossed the line from wages to want, or broken through into the cold water, is sometimes overwhelming. What shall we do that these may be fed? Stern suspension of out-door relief, however it might ultimately compel more thrift—if people consented to be thus patiently taught—will not fill empty bellies now. In-door relief may deter, but degrades. Distant semi-political schemes for the cultivation of waste land are cheered by crowds who do not know a thistle from a draining tile. Local benevolence does something, with its soup and tickets. The help which the poor give to the poor does more. Radical legislation will probably do most. Meanwhile we hear much of State-aided emigration. But assuming that a man is worth twice as much in the colonies as he is here, and that he is willing to go there—the only obstacle to his transportation being want of money—I cannot understand why a “National Emigration Company” is not started. There must surely be some machinery for the recovery of capital with good interest lent to emigrants. Financial interchange is incessant. Every needy respectable man, sure of good work and wages elsewhere, should be able to command means for getting there without being tarred with the “charity” brush. The money for his passage should be paid by the company on his arrival in the colony, where he might be looked sharply after. I believe a good trade might thus be as surely driven in emigrants as in timber. Of course, such emigration would specially leave more of the stupid and helpless at home, since none but the keenly enterprising would flit. But even when the feeble failures are helped out of this country by charity, they are little or none the better for the aid. *Trans mare currunt*, and are feeble still. And that won't pay in a colony. I remember, when I first set foot into Canada from the United States some years ago, the first man I met was a carpenter. And he begged. He touched his cap, grumbled, and asked for a shilling. A company wholly devoid of sentiment, but prepared to carry honest labourers to their

task and get a good dividend out of them, would, I believe, do the work needed as far as the work needs to be done.

III.

Beside such means for the bettering of poor town-dwellers as are provided in their removal to another atmosphere and scene, or in the erection of good houses for their shelter in the place where they have lived, much may be done by improving the air which they breathe and the things which they see. Take this last point first. We are profoundly, though often unconsciously, affected by our material surroundings. Thus, refinement may be kindled or prohibited, and thus, too, a vehicle is provided for the import of fresh and sweeter thoughts. Some, therefore, seek to raise and cheer toiling spirits by exhibitions of painting, and the like. I do not believe in the elevating influence of a picture where pagan amours are prominently framed, or shepherdesses—if there be any such pastoral officials—idly defy on canvas the tanning of the sun and wind. But as true decoration is divine, and art which is really fine promotes culture, selected displays of it have been made in some of the lowest and most crowded parts of East London, notably Whitechapel, by my old neighbour and friend, Mr. Barnett, of St. Jude's, and some of the impressions made on surfaces which seemed to be coarse have been pathetically cheering. In the furtherance of influences thus imparted, concerts and oratorios have been given, window gardening has been helped, and wholesomely pleasing prints are supplied for dreary walls in schoolrooms and private dwellings. In this desire to spread decorative refinement, the Kyrle Society has been conspicuous. But, perhaps, the chief present feature of this movement may be seen in the adorning of “open spaces,” such as old burial grounds. By the planting of these, and their nice equipment with arbours and seats, out-door summer drawing-rooms, as it were, may be provided for whole rows of poor stuffy houses which have no nooks of repose within, nor outlook, except on dust and grit. This fashion of horticultural furniture has grown, and is yearly growing stronger, whereat I rejoice. The first old churchyard thus helped towards embellishment by the Metropolitan Board of Works was, I believe, ours at St. George's-in-the-East. It had been closed since the Intramural Interments Act of 1851, and none but the Home Secretary could give leave for a burial there.

The process of converting it into a "recreation ground" was approached and conducted slowly, for we had no real precedent to go by. Two days were consumed in court before we could get our "faculty." But the parish, represented in Vestry, showed great public spirit and generosity. We asked for no outside help, except a loan to be gradually discharged, though the business cost some £5,000. This great outlay was partly caused by the purchase of a Wesleyan burial ground which adjoined our own. Herein arrived a curious effect of the present Church establishment. As rector, I was chairman of the Vestry and an official purchaser of land required for our purposes. Thus, one morning, I found myself the owner of—I think it was four hundred and seventy—dead Nonconformists. I gave instructions for the placing of a notice on the chapel door, begging any friends of the deceased to remove their monuments, if they felt so disposed. But none did. I may here say that in marking the division between so-called "consecrated" and "unconsecrated" ground, we came on the solution of a difficulty which might serve as a guide to others. There was a huge middle wall of partition between the two plots, thick, lofty, capped with glass, and cautiously patrolled by cats. This we pulled down. Then the Judge of the Consistory Court, who heard the application for our faculty, came to inspect. His sentence was, "You must have a line drawn between the two burial grounds. It may be a thin iron fence, but there must be some line of demarcation between the two, however slight." "How would Euclid's line do?" I ventured to ask his Honour. The notion took him; and a stone is set there now saying that the dividing wall went so many yards in such and such a direction from that spot. Thus we triumphed; and the lawn-mower chatters without a break over the old fence between the groups of dead who were carried respectively out of the church and chapel. Though now brought and kept together closer than ever, they have had no differences at all.

Our "Recreation Ground" is a great success. Skilled gardeners have been hired, a hothouse built, and a succession of flowers has been yearly bedded out through the summer. Women bring their work and sit sewing out of doors, while their children play around their knees. Old and sick people, who are so many, sun themselves on the benches. This garden opens into the Ratcliff Highway, and one of the most pleasant

retrospects of my sojourn there will be my work with fellow-parishioners in realising the long-talked-of conversion of our churchyard into a "Recreation Ground." But it was an up-hill business at first, and the mess made in its construction was ghastly. We had to dig foundations for several things, and there were bones. At last, however, order grew out of disorder.

Happily the action for the conversion of burial grounds into public flower gardens is now well set up and may be expected to grow. The worth of a beautified spot in the midst of repellent surroundings is not easily calculated, but it is great, and may be made far greater than many at first imagine; for it is not the open spaces only which are valued, but their decorations. An unfurnished room is not inviting. Indeed, however water-tight, it is an accepted symbol of penury. Pains are thus being taken not merely to save old plots from being built over, but to adorn and equip them as beautifully and comfortably as possible. When this is combined with downright commercial usefulness it might seem to commend itself most forcibly. But it is not always so.

In speaking of such improvements as these it must be remembered that one great standing demand has always to be met, though all the open spaces in London were fitly preserved and furnished; and that is the demand for good air. It is of small use to "take the air" when it is tainted. Breathe it the Londoner must, whether it be good or bad. And the air which, literally, always kills the oak cannot be good. It is rather hard on the air which is corrupted by evil communications, but the result is mischievous. We all know that smoke is the chief offender, and that a zealous society is established for and exercised in its abatement. No doubt much of the mischief carried by the air comes from the domestic grate, which is not constructed to burn anthracite coal nor to consume its own smoke. But the tall chimney of the manufactory is the greatest sinner, and the hardest to be reached, conspicuous though it be. The fact is that a Public Prosecutor is wanted who shall have no bowels whatever for any neighbourhood, who shall not be attached to it, as a police constable is, but be ready to assail a "smoker" without loss of time or respect of persons. As it is, the suppression of this mischievous nuisance is left to local action, and no man likes to bear witness—however true—against his neighbour, much less against an industrious one. Again and again when I have been in

the chair of the Vestry at St. George's, and complaint has arisen about the volumes of smoke from some huge neighbouring chimney, I have heard some such remarks as "Well, I'm glad to find that So-and-so is at work again," or "I don't like to see the pipe of a rate-payer put out." This is natural, and I, for one, had not, in some instances, courage enough to make official complaints about a downpour of smuts. Of course I was a coward; but then most men are social cowards. Heartless public prosecutors, specially told off for the purpose, would have small difficulty in compelling obedience to the law. The offences are such as certainly cannot be committed in secret.

In thinking about the sanitary condition of poor East Londoners I admit that, in some respects, they are better off than many who live in favoured country places. They are, *e.g.*, provided with fever and small-pox hospitals to which a dangerous sufferer may be at once removed with assurance of skilled care. The defiant stupidity of some people is, however, almost incredible, and I have seen it at its worst among town-dwellers who are supposed to be more intelligent than rustics. Not only will a gaping crowd close sympathetically around the departing infected patient, but if he or she should be a child, I have known it to be even kissed. What is to be done with or for such kindly fools? We thought that we did what we could. Divers of us, according to the proportion of our faith and knowledge, were always preaching caution. Our sanitary officers were both intelligent and assiduous. We had systematic house-to-house visitations or hunts for infectious diseases. Printed directions were widely distributed. The excellent East-London Nursing Society, which aims at providing every parish with a thoroughly trained nurse, worked well in the spreading of sanitary knowledge—not only telling but showing people what to do. The teachers of the schools were wide awake to keep out children from infected houses, but marvellously blind and stubborn ignorance survived and survives. With all care, however, it is hard to stop contagion where the disease has such short distances to travel as in cities. Indeed, when such a malady as scarlet fever enters a poor crowded town district, the wonder is that, in spite of sedulous removals to the hospital, any escape. If the poison did not sometimes lose its power every family ought to be smitten in turn. As it is, some mystic influence seems occasionally to disarm it, and the plague dies down.

IV.

In speaking of material defects in the state of my East-London neighbours, I cannot omit reference to the scarcity of fish amongst them. Public attention is now being drawn to this. Better late than never. But it is certainly late. The very first thing, indeed, mentioned in the Old Testament about the condition of man on earth is, "Let them have dominion over the fish of the sea." That is the initial promise and assurance. Moreover, the most frequently repeated and recorded work of Christ in the New Testament is the feeding of multitudes with loaves and fishes. And yet in these days of Christian progress the multitude is, or has till quite lately been, unable to get them. I myself could not buy sixpennyworth of good sprats without sending nearly a mile for them, and there were many thousands of poor people in my immediate neighbourhood as ill off in this matter as I was. The worst of it was that few seemed to care. People could not be said to have lost their appetite for fish; they rather failed to have one. Fearsome "mussels," and little saucers of yellow, nauseous-looking "whelks," were no doubt sold at some stalls, grimy by day and glaring by night—though I never saw any special press of customers at them—and "fried-fish shops" sent a wonderfully penetrating smell through some close back streets; but good fresh fish was banished as a luxury above the means of our neighbours.

Of course accessible places could easily have been found for its landing and distribution. Shadwell, *e.g.*, presented itself at a most convenient turn in the river. Some of the fish-laden ships might well have discharged their cargo there. But no, they all sailed or steamed by up to Billingsgate, with its crowded approaches and jealous "ring," which kept up an exclusive price of the article to be sold, so it was said. Chiefly encouraged by a hard-headed North Countryman, Mr. Willey—a great friend of mine—who lives in Ratcliff Highway, we persisted, by private complaint, public meeting, correspondence in the local press, and municipal remonstrance, in protesting against this iniquity. There was small doubt about our opponent. I shall not easily forget a protesting deputation which I accompanied, and which "waited upon" divers magnates at the Guildhall. There is a narrow pier which juts out into their room, about three feet wide. It is closed at the end by a sliding brass bar. Here the spokesman stands to address the assem-

blage. It was ruled that one only of the deputation should be allowed to open his mouth. I intended to have had my fling, but of course the business now fell into the hands of Mr. Ritchie, one of the Members for the Tower Hamlets, who headed us. I stood close behind him, holding his hat and umbrella, and looking irresistibly sympathetic, though he is a strong Conservative, and some of my friends are not content with calling me a Liberal. Anyhow, here we were radically agreed. Mr. Ritchie did his work with pluck and tact, but the angry facial and verbal waves were a sight to see and hear. I came away with a profound mental prayer for municipal reform, and with such a perception of the mischief which monopolies can effect as made me feel sure that this outcome of it at any rate could not long survive any public unveiling. The "loaves" have been freed, and the "fishes" are following suit.

In setting down these material reminiscences, while I recall some features of the commissariat of East London I must say that which many will hardly believe, viz. that there was an abundant supply of fair milk. The dweller in the fields, the peasant, frequently cannot get milk at all. It is the most perfect food, and more needed than any other in building up the frames of young children; and yet in many country parishes, with plenty of cows to be seen, the poor have so long been unable to get milk that they have almost lost their taste for it, and hardly know its value. It is all converted into butter and cheese for the large markets, or goes to towns in those tall tin vessels which display the survival of the fittest milk-carrier, and may be seen at almost any station. This is all the worse for country children, though better for such as live in towns. The poorest there can get fair milk. Indeed, I remember some, in an intensely crowded neighbourhood, which was so good that H.M. Inspector of Schools used to take a bottle of it away with him when he paid us his annual visit.

The minute distribution, however, of some food is needlessly costly to the poor. Too many take a bite out of it before it reaches the mouth. There are shops in unexpected ends and corners of slums and blind courts which might be supposed to exhibit the last sparks in the conflagration of expiring commerce. The returns of some of them, though the display in their windows is not great, are hardly so small as might be imagined. I think of those which sell "sweets." These last come cheap to the merchant, and are always dear to the child. I must here repeat the

record of a discovery. One day I was crossing a sugar house in the docks and saw a dozen casks filled with the nasty scrapings of the floor, which was greasy with escaped molasses. "What are these for?" I asked. "Oh, they goes to make lollipops, sir," was the reply.

A not unfrequent form of request for assistance was that for capital, say 5s., to set up a "sweet-stuff shop;" and though I once made a careful calculation from trustworthy data, I am afraid to say what income this was supposed to be capable of producing. But, apart from these small fringes of luxury, the mode of distribution which has hitherto prevailed is very expensive to the consumer. Somehow, London working people have not apprehended the value of genuine co-operation. They have been like a heap of sand, in coherence as well as multitude, and have seldom made the most legitimate combination for the supply of their own necessities and the disposal of their produce. There is a change now. Some fresh action is set up which promises to grow. But the seed is small at present. Provincial towns have shown what can be done by co-operation, though the London millions have been slow to move.

It seems to me that they suffer from a careless spirit of acquiescence. They have made no great protests. The "Bitter Cry of Outcast London" we have heard so much of has come from those who have seen the suffering rather than from those who are feeling it. It would be more hopeful if they did intelligently cry. And then, as a shrewd friend said to me, they are not the "outcast," but rather such as "come in," who suffer most and cause most suffering. The steady influx from the provinces piles up the heap of human sand, and chokes the ranks of the local artisan. In the East this is most conspicuous, since the incompetent flock to the docks, which give some simple employment. All the most shiftless gravitate there, many tramping in daily from a distance.

The question is often asked, What brings these crowds to London? The real reply which has been given by several, and advanced elsewhere by myself, I believe to be this. It is not so much their love for the place itself or hope of higher wages, as the independence and possible fixity or, at least, choice of tenure to be got there. Most come not because they like the town, but because they dislike the social and political position hitherto held by the labourer in the country. No wonder.

(To be continued.)



SONGS SENT SOUTH.

By M. M. M.

I.

MY Love, beside the Southern sea,
Of busy streets is fain to tire ;
Up to those hills that shine on me
She stretches arms of vain desire.

Tired of the billowy thunder made
When the sou'-wester calls so loud,
Tired of the glittering long Parade,
And all the changeful restless crowd.

She sees the Grampians' heathery blue,
The snow-fed river rushing by,
The Ochils, steeped in emerald hue,
Kinnoul, dark-stemmed against the sky ;

And far above, the briar-bush sweet,
That only passing airs betray
To lovers who, with tardy feet,
Are lingering on their homeward way.

'Tis these she loves. O constant hills !
I cannot all forsaken be :
Something of her from you distils,
Some of her heart you give to me.

II.

Chafed by these swaddling bands of fate,
'Tis ours to see, and not attain :
The spirit oft but meets its mate
To drift apart, and lose again.

One day stands out o'er other days
In vision of the "might have been :"
The vision flies, the hard world stays,
And rears its wall of brass between.

They two had climbed the mountain's brow
Higher than morning mists have birth :
Life seemed one endless wondrous *Now* ;
They were alone in all the earth.

Above them but the solemn blue
Whose hush of noon no motion stirred,
And as their hearts together grew
Between them was no need of word.

O that the soul on such fair height
Could linger ! There 'twere good to dwell !
Transformed by something of that light
That first on love in Eden fell.

III.

Soft western breezes o'er us creep,
 Faint-sweet, from hills of whin in flower ;
 With strange sad cries the pee-wits sweep—
 And now it is the sunset hour.

No words can tell that glow of gold,
 Those tender mauves, those peaks fire-
 stained,
 That pure translucence, heaven unrolled,
 That when all else was past remained.

Blue-bells and primroses emboss
 The turf, the little ferns scarce stir.

She laid her head upon the moss,
 And let her soul go out from her.

And thou wast there, poor heart ! Thine
 own
 Beats feared to break the silence through ;
 So darkly deep her eyes had grown,
 So strong the spell her presence threw.

Her thoughts were far away from thee,
 Yet by her side she let thee stay.
 He who the shrine may never see
 Will gladly watch its door all day.



IV.

The long June sun could hardly bear
 To leave the North he loves so well :
 All night the soft glow hovered there
 As of his swift return to tell.

But now he hurries down the sky
 Ere half the afternoon be o'er ;
 And bare and brown the hedgerows lie
 Where roses blushed through green before.

Spring will return ; but if she stays,
 Who is the crown of Spring's delights,

Without her, what are lengthening days,
 Or balmier softness of the nights ?

And yet such hope is in the air,
 Such stir of promise in the trees .
 The rooks glad tales are telling there,
 And whispers come upon the breeze—

“ The world's year has its June of mirth,
 And thine shall not all winter be ;
 God gives the flowers back to the earth,
 And He will give thy Love to thee.”

EARTH SHAKINGS, THEIR CAUSE AND WORK.

By RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

DURING the last half year we have had terrible evidence of the energy of those internal forces which indicate the inherent vitality of the earth. Destructive locally, significant of death rather than of life in their direct working, these forces tell us in reality that the time of our earth's decay and death is yet far off. Thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands of years must pass before the internal forces of the earth cease to model and remodel its surface, and so to keep it fit to be the abode of living creatures. When those forces die out—as in fulness of time they must—the beginning of the end will be at hand. Apart from catastrophic events which science sees no reason to apprehend, the earth will be fit, it would seem, to be inhabited by multitudinous forms of life, vegetable and animal, so long as any part of its solid crust remains above the level of the sea. But forces are continually at work which tend to reduce the amount of land surface. In periods far shorter than have elapsed since first the present crust was fashioned these forces would have wrought the destruction of every continent and of every island. As Sir John Herschel said, when as yet the full evidence of the long duration of the earth's past history had not been garnered—"Had the primeval world been constructed as it now exists, time enough has elapsed, and force enough directed to that end has been in activity, to have long ago destroyed every vestige of land."

In considering the evidence of the earth's internal activity, it may be well briefly to inquire what probably is the state of things beneath the surface, and certain relations which must certainly exist.

The common idea about the parts of the earth's crust which lie deep below the visible surface is, that they are necessarily very firm and rigid. This idea is also commonly associated with the belief that inside the firm and rigid crust there may be a region of intensely hot, imprisoned gases, the material substance of the earth's interior being raised by heat to the vaporous form. One of the best reasoners of our time, and in some respects its foremost philosopher, has adopted this theory of an interior vaporous region, presumably of low density (seeing that even in experiments by which oxygen and hydrogen have been liquefied under pressure the density attained has never approached that of water),

as the explanation of the low density of the giant planets.

It may be well to dwell, then, for a moment on the effect of internal pressure within even a solid globe of the earth's size, that we may see how far the frame of such a globe would be from a state of rigidity. The word rigidity must here be carefully distinguished from the word solidity. Rigidity is ordinarily, but not necessarily, a characteristic of solidity. And deep down below the surface of a solid globe as massive as the earth, rigidity is a quality which would be entirely absent. The common idea that under great pressure solid matter becomes more firm and unyielding, is erroneous. On the contrary, Tresca's experiments on the behaviour of hard steel under high pressure show that if our earth were made of a solid material as hard as steel, the substance of this solid globe at a depth of less than twenty miles would be absolutely plastic under the enormous pressure to which it would be subjected. With every mile of descent the pressure would increase, and at the centre it would attain its maximum amount. To many, indeed, this seems inconsistent with the fact that the force of gravity grows less and less as the centre of the earth is approached, until it vanishes there altogether. The pressures existing at different points within a globe like the earth, are not proportional to the force of gravity, but to the total weight of superincumbent matter. It is strange that when familiar experiences show this to be the case, the mistake should still be so often made of confounding gravity with pressure. Gravity at the bottom of the deep sea is almost exactly equal (but *slightly* less) to gravity at the surface; yet every one who has ever dived knows that the pressure of the water increases with every foot of descent. At great depths it becomes so enormous that hollow vessels made of strong materials are crushed by its action. The same principle must obviously hold true with the solid crust so soon as we pass below those depths at which the rigidity of the earth's substance suffices to resist the pressure resulting from the superincumbent mass. We see in lofty mountains, for example, how granite and other rock substances can resist the pressures due to heights of four, five, or six miles. There might, perhaps, be mountains ten miles in height—so great is the rigidity of some rocks.

But Tresca's experiments prove that a mountain twenty miles in height is simply an impossibility, because all the lower parts of such a mass would be plastic under the superincumbent weight. So must it be in the earth's interior. Instead of the crust being more and more rigid with every mile of descent, it must become more and more plastic, more and more ready to yield to changing directions or intensities of forces at work upon it.

Now if the earth's interior were exposed to no disturbing action, or to disturbing forces small by comparison with the pressures which produce the plasticity above described, there would be all but perfect stillness in the earth's interior (supposed for the moment to be wholly, or almost wholly, solid). The depths of the great sea are perfectly fluid, yet are they at almost perfect rest. But, within the depths of even an entirely solid earth like ours, forces are at work which are of the same order as those which make the solid frame, plastic throughout, all but a mere surface film of partially rigid structure. The forces exerted by sun and moon in raising tides on the ocean act energetically on every part of the earth's frame, and always with those variations of intensity which tend to produce displacements. The force of the moon, for instance, on the globe of the earth, being exerted on each part of the earth's interior in degree and direction corresponding to the position of that part, necessarily tends to deform the plastic interior, and with it the but partially rigid crust. The sun acts in like manner. The way in which the mighty globe of the earth is made to reel, in the long precessional period of 25,900 years, shows how effective are these influences. It is only because the very vastness of the pressures, producing internal plasticity, limits the range in the effective variation of pressures in direction and degree, that the deformations which would result in the case of an absolutely solid globe are comparatively slight, when the dimensions of the earth's globe, as a whole, are considered. But such deformations must be taken into account in any theoretical discussion of the earth's movements as a whole, or of the movements of her crust. Whatever view we take of the earth's interior, whether we admit or reject the possibility that large parts may be liquid or vaporous, we must always consider the external deforming forces on the globe of the earth, regarded as a whole.

Now what may be the actual condition of the earth's internal regions, science has not

yet been able to determine with certainty. Mr. Hopkins, from investigations of the precessional motion of the earth, inferred that the solid crust must be at least 800 miles thick. Sir W. Thomson, from the observed height of the water-tide, which of course would be affected if the solid globe were influenced by a tidal deformation, infers that the frame of the earth is as rigid as though the whole mass were of solid steel. Mr. O. Fisher, in his "Physics of the Earth's Crust," gives good reason for rejecting the idea of absolute solidity; for he shows that the irregularities of the surface of a solid globe cooling, would be much less than those which actually exist on the earth's surface. He infers from observed temperatures in Alpine travelling, that the solid crust is about twenty-five miles thick, but the central portions he assumes may or rather must be solid; so that we have a central solid mass separated from a moderately thick crust by a shell of unknown thickness, chiefly liquid, but partly perhaps gaseous, despite the enormous pressure to which it is subjected. Mr. Herbert Spencer's theory that the greater portion of the interior of our earth is gaseous, seems open to very serious objections to say the least, especially when we consider the indications of greatly increased density towards the centre.

But that the actual surface of the earth is in a state of continual movement is after all what chiefly concerns us in considering great subterranean disturbances. On this point there is no longer room for doubt. The pendulum researches of Professor G. Darwin—started with another purpose in view, viz. to determine what change there may be in the action of terrestrial gravity—have shown that the whole crust of the earth is in a state of constant tremor. Whatever the actual condition of the interior regarded as a whole, there must be large regions partly liquid and partly vaporous, the crust above which undulates and vibrates constantly under the varying forces to which it is exposed, communicating to more stable portions minor movements of undulation and vibration.

Apart of course from the action of external forces on the earth's mass, we must consider internal processes which are certainly taking place, let their interpretation be what it may.

It is clear that the waters of the earth play a very important part in disturbing the earth's interior. It is only necessary to note the distribution of active volcanoes and volcanic regions to see that this is so: for with scarcely any exceptions (and those readily explained) the regions of active disturbance are near the

sea-shore. And again, while observation thus points to the sea as closely connected with subterranean disturbance, reasoning shows that the relation might have been expected.

The water which forms our seas and oceans, and their offspring lakes and rivers, is the most variable part of the earth's globe regarded as a whole. When the frame of the earth was intensely hot to its very surface the seas could have existed only in the form of a mighty atmosphere of steam, in which immense masses of cloud constantly floated. For water could not have rested on the fiery hot surface. But while in that early stage of the earth's history the material of the future ocean was outside the earth's crust and in an atmospheric form, there is good reason for believing, with Saemann, Le Meunier, Frankland, and Sterry Hunt, that in the remote future of the earth the waters of the sea will be withdrawn into her interior. The process of withdrawal is in reality taking place even now. Enter any cavern, such as Kent's Hole in Devonshire, on the driest and hottest day, or even after weeks of dry weather, and you shall find the roof wet with the waters which have been slowly making their way from the surface, where they fell in the form of rain months before. Throughout the whole crust of the earth, except in a few spots where rain never falls, the same process is going on all the time. Only a portion of the water, which thus falls on the earth, ever returns to the surface in the form of springs. Artesian wells show how slowly some of the strata of the earth permit water which has thus reached them to pass through; but they show also how large a portion of the earth's waters are already beneath the surface.

Of course the greater part of the water which reaches the surface in the form of rain is presently restored either to the sea in the form of river water, or to the air in the form of aqueous vapour. Were it otherwise a few years would show a measurable change in the sea-level. It may well be that the amount actually withdrawn from the sea surface in this way, and not restored, does not produce a change of level of more than a foot in a thousand years. Still even that would involve a very important alteration in the aspect of the earth in such periods of time as belong to a planet's history. A million years would reduce the sea-level by a thousand feet, and in a period of time, which cannot be reckoned long when compared with the vast periods of which the heavens and the earth speak

to us, every trace of water would have disappeared from the surface of the earth.

However, we are not concerned with the question whether the seas, once outside the earth in the form of a steam atmosphere, will, while the earth is still a planet, pass wholly into its interior, as in the case of the moon they seem to have done. That the waters of the sea are slowly finding their way into the earth's interior is certain: the rate at which they are so passing inwards is as yet entirely uncertain.

Now beneath the actual floor of the sea, and beneath the central regions of large continents (one should, perhaps, say beneath nearly the whole land surface of the earth), the process of withdrawal would usually take place quietly. From the laws of the conduction of heat we know that the thickness of comparatively cool crust beneath the sea must be very much greater than where there is no sea. The constant pressure of enormous masses of ice-cold water (kept cold, be it noted, in the process of oceanic circulation) must have withdrawn heat from depths of the solid crust lying far down below the sea-floor. Consequently the process of slow withdrawal, which is really taking place beneath the sea, usually causes little tendency to interior disturbance. It may even be that there is an almost exact balance between the two processes necessarily at work in those parts of the earth's crust which lie beneath the sea—the gradual loss of heat on the one hand, and the increase in the quantity of internal water. Were the water which is withdrawn in a thousand years beneath the sea, taken down at one movement to the regions of intense heat far below the sea-floor, and turned, as it would necessarily be, into superheated steam, there would, no doubt, arise great increase of pressure, and perhaps tremendous disturbance. But the region of great temperature must slowly descend, or in other words, the temperature at given depths below the sea must very gradually become lower and lower, and though the change may be exceedingly slow, it cannot be much slower than the indrawal of water below the sea-floor.

Again, in parts of the earth's surface far from the sea, and, indeed, along by far the greater proportion of the range of coast, the quantity of water taken into the interior is so small that here again there must usually be a balanced action, between the two processes: the cooling of the crust, gradually extending to greater and greater depths; and the indrawal of water, to be converted into steam when it has reached a sufficient depth.

But at certain parts of the coast-line, the rate at which water finds its way towards the interior is too great to be thus always balanced by the effects of lowering temperature, or deepening of the layers of given average temperature.

In the first place there are much greater variations of pressure at the sea-coast than elsewhere, and though usually the crust beneath the sea-shore may be able to withstand such changes, yet there may not be sufficient strength in certain places to prevent the occasional formation of openings through which water may find its way into the interior. Consider, for instance, the effect of the alternate inflow and outflow of water along a shore-line, the enormous added pressure when the waters rise, and the reduction of pressure when they sink again. This would not operate over a large region, when the whole of it is affected, as, for instance, the portion of the sea-floor that is always under water. But along a shore, a portion of the crust comes under the effect of this alternation of tidal pressure, while the neighbouring parts of the crust are not at all affected. Thus taking a strip of surface square to the shore-line, and one-half below one-half above the mean sea-level—at high tide, the portion of this strip of earth crust which lies seaward is subjected to much greater pressure than when the sea is at its mean level; at low tide it is subjected to much less pressure. It is clear that this constant variation of pressure on one-half of the region must have a tendency to produce openings or cracks running parallel to the coast-line, and that though the strength of the crust might usually be able to withstand the effects of this constantly varying strain, there must be certain of the many thousands of miles of coast-line on the earth's surface, where the changes of strain would at times become too great to be resisted, and submarine fractures would ensue.

Again, the action of wind on the sea must at times affect in a very marked degree the pressure on the crust of the earth near the coast. Add to this the circumstance that the coasts of islands and continents are regions of precipitation. There the moisture-laden air from the sea discharges relatively the largest portion of its moisture. When we consider further that along many parts of the shore the very shape of the coast-line indicates the comparative weakness of the crust, which has yielded alike on one side to pressure from below thrusting it upwards above the sea-level, and on the other

side to the pressure of the water forcing it down, and we can readily understand that along some parts of the coast-line the waters of the sea find readier and more rapid entrance than elsewhere. Moreover they find their way into regions where there is readier access for the internal heat. Throughout internal cavities of large extent and of varied structure, the water penetrates until it finds its way to regions so hot that it is turned into steam, at great pressure: with the increase of this pressure, and probable increase of heat due to mechanical displacements, the resistance of the superincumbent crust is at length overcome, or else a way is forced for the escape of the imprisoned vapours through some neighbouring outlet.

Thus viewing the relation between subterranean disturbances and the sea we must somewhat modify the teleological interpretation which had been somewhat hastily assigned to the distribution of volcanic regions along shore lines. A modern writer has said that, "it would seem as if nature had provided against the inroads of the ocean by setting the earth's upheaving forces just where they were most wanted." It might as correctly be said that, Nature had so provided that the inroads of the ocean should occur just where the upheaving forces are prepared to resist them. But in reality the two conditions are related as cause and effect. Because the crust has yielded along particular lines, *there* lie the shores of the great deep, and there the sea waves beat upon the capes, headlands, and cliffs which mark where the crust of the earth gave way. It has been because of the weakness of that part of the surface that the sea makes inroads there, but the same weakness tends to render the regions thus encroached upon those also where the subterranean energies necessary to repel the attacks of the sea are most readily developed.

In the great disturbances, then, which have occurred during the past half year we see evidence of the progress of that continual contest between sea and land which will not cease so long as the earth's vitality remains. When the earth's internal forces no longer upheave the crust, life must soon cease to exist on the earth's surface. So long as the sun pours light and heat, and with them life, on the members of his family of worlds, wind and storm will rouse the sea to fresh attacks on the shore-lines of continents and islands. Rest on either side can only come through the cessation either of solar action on the one hand or of earth action on the other,

and if either action ceased life also would perish from off the face of the earth.

We may see also in the terrible earthquakes in Ischia, the East Indies, and Asia Minor, evidences of the earth's reparative forces rather than of destructive energies, though unfortunately the working of these restorative processes involves the loss of many lives. As Sir Charles Lyell has well pointed out, "The general tendency of subterranean movements, when their effects are considered for a sufficient lapse of ages, is eminently beneficial; and they constitute an essential part of that mechanism by which the integrity of the habitable surface is preserved. Why the working of this same machinery should be attended with so much evil is a mystery far beyond the reach of our philosophy, and must probably remain so until we are permitted to investigate, not our planet alone and its inhabitants, but other parts of the moral and material universe with which they may be connected. Could our survey embrace other worlds, and the events, not of a few centuries only, but of periods as indefinite as those with which

geology renders us familiar, some apparent contradictions might be reconciled, and some difficulties would doubtless be cleared up." But we can never hope to understand the mystery which lies at the back of all these mysteries. We see but part of the scheme of the universe, and may well believe that if we saw more, much that now perplexes us would seem clear; yet all that we can see must be but a small part of that which is. A few links here and there of the mechanism of the universe we may detect, and please ourselves with the thought of the aptness with which these, at least, seem adjusted to their purposes. But the parts we do not see, the parts we may never see, are as important as those we see; nay, being infinitely vaster, they are infinitely more important. Doubtless, did we know all, we might say with knowledge what we can now only say through faith, that all which is, is well. The forces which to our short-sighted vision seem destructive are in reality preservative; and in the widest sense of the words the saying of the great Goethe is true, that "Everywhere diffused is Harmony unending."

JANET HAMILTON,

The Poetess of Langloan.

SCOTLAND is especially rich in instances of men who have risen from lowly and apparently unfavourable circumstances to influence, if not always to personal recognition, in the realm of poetry. Not to speak of so great a master as Burns, or even of Leyden, Hogg, or Tannahill, we have only to refer to the body of the older minstrelsy, and to the floating ballads and songs of the country, known for many generations, to see how naturally the national soul expresses itself in verse, untutored, yet simple, melodious, and tender. The excellent collections of Mr. Grant Wilson and of Mr. Edwards of Brechin show how far back the spring of Scottish song took its rise, how well even now the flow of genuine poetic feeling and expression is sustained, and how little it has really depended on the accident of education and what might have been regarded as favouring circumstances. As was to be expected, the men who have thus risen to genuine poetic expression have been greatly more numerous than the women. The daily household toil, the motherly cares are exhausting, and against the chances of uneducated women rising above their circumstances. Our

Scottish songstresses have, as a rule, been women of good social position and education, such as Lady Anne Barnard, Lady Grizel Baillie, Miss Elliott, Mrs. Cockburn, Lady Nairne, and others. But names of women of the humbler ranks are not wholly absent from the bead-roll; and in these times is to be added to it the honoured name of Janet Hamilton, who, without what is technically known as education, and in the face of daily toil and depressing circumstances, rose as naturally to the position of a genuine poetess, as inborn genius impels. I should not seek to place her in the very foremost rank of our Scottish bards, yet, in virtue of her pure spontaneous power, the force of assiduous self-culture, a fine sensibility for outward nature, and a noble human-heartedness, she has risen to the rank of a true and tender poetess, and added largely to the imperishable treasure of our national song. Janet Hamilton is, indeed, one of the most striking instances of self-culture on record. Never at school, taught to read by her mother at home, but not able to write until she was fifty years of age, when she formed a peculiar caligraphy

of her own, she yet shows a power of expression, a mastery of verse and of English prose, which might well be the envy of writers with the best opportunities of what is commonly called education.

Janet Thomson, afterwards Hamilton, was the daughter of a shoemaker, and was born in the clachan of Carshill, in the moorland parish of Shotts, in October, 1795. That district had been remarkable in the previous century for the fervour of its Covenanting spirit; and some of Janet's ancestors, both on the mother and father's side, had strongly shared this feeling. An especially touching and inspiring memory of one of her forebears had come down in the family. She was fifth in descent from John Whitelaw, farmer at Stand, near Monkland. He was at Bothwell Brig, and, after the defeat of his party, swam the Clyde on his horse and escaped. After four years' hiding and privation on the moorland, he was taken, tied up under a horse, carried to Edinburgh, and there, before the old Tolbooth, suffered a martyr's death. Janet's maternal grandfather, William Brownlie, and her own mother, were deeply imbued with the spirit which had animated their Bothwell Brig ancestor. Hence the nature of Janet's home upbringing. Her mother was a woman of strong character, intense religious convictions of the old Scottish and Calvinistic type, and impressed with the duty of training up her family in strict accordance with her own views, especially in the matter of Church-going and rigid Sabbath observance. She was, withal, a kindly, human-hearted woman, with a love of the old songs, ballads, and legendary lore of the country. Janet's warm and life-long affection for her shows how good a woman and mother she was. There are indications, however, that even at an early age the precocious and fervid Janet felt in her soul some mild revolt against the rigidity of her domestic training. Occasionally, on the Sabbath, during the long study of the Catechism, Watts' Divine Hymns, the Pilgrim's Progress, and kindred books, she would, as she tells us, cast a longing eye on the sunlight as it lay on the "kail yard," and its beds of marigold and tansy, and listen yearningly while "the lark was singing high in the heavens above the gowany lea."

It is very creditable to her good sense and moderation of character that she was not driven to any extreme by the narrowness and rigidity of her early training, but retained through life the best part of it. This she showed in her reverence for all that was

high-minded and pure, her ardent aspiration to help in improving the tone of feeling of the men and women of her own rank in life, her passionate appeals, especially to the mothers of the land, as to the necessity of domestic teaching and example, and the inestimable value of a good mother in the working man's home.

Her father removed from Carshill to the town of Hamilton when Janet was between two and three years old. Finally, when his child was seven, he settled in the village of Langloan, parish of Old Monkland. Here Janet passed the whole of her subsequent long life. Situated on the high-road to Glasgow, Langloan was then a small and comparatively sequestered village, inhabited chiefly by hand-loom weavers, of whose character and habits Janet has given us much graphic portraiture. The country around was still natural moorland. It had not been dug all over for coal and iron, and made hideous by repulsive heaps of blackness—dross and slag. Hand-loom weaving had not given place to mining, and the people were of the simple, old-fashioned Scottish type. The Calder and its tributary, the Luggie, were still untouched streams. Janet as a girl was a great wanderer by the streams and on the moorland, the moment she got rid of her daily task of spinning, to which she had been set at nine years of age. Now she was unconsciously nursing the genius that was in her, educating herself in that loving observation of flower, and stream, and bird, which in later years burst forth in simple, truthful, beautiful song:—

"I see my dear village—it basks in the sun;
And the barefooted children that tumble and run,
O'er the pathway—the rattle of looms, and the song
Of the weaver, that sounded the summer day long."

Constantly and fondly does she recur to the scenes, limited as they were, of her youthful wanderings in the neighbourhood of the lowly village:—

"A lanely loch, a mairlan' broom,
A warl' o' whins and beather,
Whaur ait, when life was young, I strayed,
The berries blae to gather.
Sae bonnie bloomed the gowden broom,
Sae green the feathery bracken,
An' rosy brier, dear to my een,
Ere light had them forsaken."

Janet's education in the ordinary sense of the word was nothing. She seems never to have been at school. Her mother, however, taught her to read, and familiarised her mind with Bible stories, ere she was five years old. She did not learn to write, as has been said, until she was about fifty. At the age of eight she found a copy of "Paradise Lost," and

one of Allan Ramsay's poems on an intelligent weaver's loom in the village, on "the breast beam," evidently lying beside him to be conned at intervals of leisure. These first touched and quickened her fancy. Then, with a perfect ardour for books, she seems to have exhausted her own and the neighbouring village libraries. She read Rollin, Plutarch's Lives, Ancient Universal History, Raynal's India, Pitscottie's Scotland, The Spectator, Rambler, Fergusson, Burns, Mac-Neil. All this time she was working first at the spinning-wheel, throwing off her allotted task of two hanks of sale yarn a day, and afterwards at the tambour-frame.

This precocious girl married very early, in her fourteenth year. The lad of her choice was her father's journeyman, John Hamilton, whom she describes as "a very respectable young man," and who proved an excellent husband; wondering, admiring, and gentle towards a wife with a soul quite beyond him. She tells us, with honourable pride, that when they married their household plenishing was all paid for. Her husband had a Spanish dollar, and on that and their two pair of hands they started in life, and through many battles and bustles managed always to keep the wolf from the door. Of the marriage there were ten children. Janet continued to work at the tambour-frame, as she had done before marriage, attending at the same time to the education of her children. Between seventeen and nineteen years of age, she wrote, or rather dictated, some twenty pieces in rhyme of a religious character; but, curiously enough, from this date until she was about fifty-four she ceased to compose verses, being all the while an assiduous reader. From fifty-four until her death at seventy-eight (October, 1873), she produced the very considerable amount of poetry and prose which she has left behind her. The best of her writings are to be found in the memorial volume, entitled, "Poems, Essays, and Sketches," by Janet Hamilton. Glasgow, 1880.

It was not until after her marriage that she became acquainted with Shakespeare. This was the opening of a new world to her. But she had to read him stealthily. In her rank in Scotland at the time, Shakespeare was somewhat in the *Index Expurgatorius* of popular judgment. But "I was drawn to him," she tells us, "as if by a special instinct." She read him by snatches as she held her child in her arms, or rocked it in the cradle, and when a neighbour chanced to look in on her, she quietly put the "profane author"

in a hole of the wall, conveniently near at hand. This "special instinct" of which she speaks, is the key to the whole of what is called self-education. There is a preparedness in a likeness of soul which enables a man or woman to profit, through assimilation, with the best authors. Without this, no profit of any true or quickening kind is ever got. Janet Hamilton thus drew from this "well of English undefiled," drew both diction and grammatical form. The influence is seen in the purity of her style, the strength and simplicity of her Saxon words, which fitted so well with her excellent vernacular Scottish sprung from a common source. It is seen further in the almost uniform absence not only in her verse, but in her prose, of that stilted and pedantic verbalism, from which self-taught writers, even such as Burns and Hogg, are seldom free.

The other influence which served to mould Janet's early mental life was that which has been at work on every characteristically national Scottish poet—the ballad lore of the country. In her youth the printed ballads were much more numerous and common than now, and many of the more ancient ones which Scott was only gathering together, were widespread on the memories of the older people of the pastoral and upland districts of the south of Scotland. Janet's grandmother knew them well, knew also the old weird-world stories and legends, and she would recite the ballad or tell the story to Janet and the group of youngsters seated entranced round her spinning-wheel of an evening.

The special strain of pathos in Janet Hamilton's poems has a distinct trace of that of the older ballads. It is direct from the life, is as simply put as the simple fact, with just that touch which idealises it for all time. And the weird element in her verse, which is not so common as other features, may be seen to run back to the same origin.

"Scotland's spinning-wheel!" she exclaims—"speaking of thee, a thousand tender emotions stir my heart. Not a tale of green-coated fairies, domesticated brownies, witches, 'spirits black, white, and grey,' but is associated in my mind with memories of the spinning-wheel and the white-haired venerable spinner, from whose legendary store I first drew my ideal treasures of the spirit-land."

The pieces in verse in the memorial volume are far from being of equal merit. Some of them do not rise beyond mediocrity; others, especially when they are the echo of reading, or in any way imitative, are too full of general epithets, and thus indistinct in picturing. But when she sings of what she sees in

the moorland, in the glen, by the stream, or of disappointed love and broken hope in the humble world she lived in, she shows pure feeling for nature, an inborn, genuine love, fine selective delineation, and a pathos which flows direct from the heart to the heart. The various pieces on the Calder and on October illustrate her power of dealing with natural scenery; and "Cousin Bell" and "Effie" are among the best of her delineations, unadorned yet powerful, of simple yet touching sorrow; while a "Lay of the Tambour-Frame" shows her sympathy with

struggling poverty, and burning denunciation of social wrong.

In the verses entitled "The Lowly Song of a Lowly Bard," she has struck the key-note of her life and poetry.

"We are lowly, very lowly,
Low the bard, and low the song;
Lowly thou, my own dear village,
Lowly those I dwell among.

From my lowly home of childhood,
Low sweet voices fill my ears,
Till my drooping lids grow heavy
With the weight of tender tears.

Low in station, low in labour,
Low in all that worldlings prize,
Till the voice say:
'Come up hither,'
To a mansion in the skies.

From that lowly cot the sainted
Rose from earth's low cares and woes;
From that lowly couch my mother
To her home in heaven arose.

In that cot so lone and lowly
(Childhood's hand might reach the thatch),
God was felt, and o'er the dwellers
Angel eyes kept loving watch—

Lowly heart, and lowly bearing,
Heaven and earth will best approve.
Jesus! Thou wert meek and lowly,
Low on earth, but Lord above.

Yet not low my aspirations;
High and strong my soul's desire,
To assist my toiling brothers
Upwards, onwards, to aspire.

Upward to the heaven above us,
Onward in the march of mind,

Upward to the shrine of freedom,
Onward, working for our kind.

This to you, my working brothers,
I inscribe; may nothing low
Dwell in mind, in heart, or habit;
Upward look, and onward go."

One cannot mistake the reference to herself in these stanzas from "Pictures of Memory"—

"A small thatched cottage, moss-grown, old,
A low-browed, weather-beaten door,
Two windows small, that dimly light
The dusky walls and earthen floor.

From rafters, grimed with smoke and old,
Hang bunch'd-up herbs, a triple row,
Shedding their strong-ly-scented breath
Through all the dingy room below.

Beside the southern casement sings,
Within his cage, a linnet grey;
Beneath, upon the window-seat,
A pot with flowering lupines gay.

A matron plies her spinning-wheel;
With dancing feet her little daughter
Trips to her side; her dark brown eyes
And dimpled cheeks are bright with laughter.

In fairy tales and ballad lore
The little maid had wondrous pleasure;
The tiny volume in her hand,
The last addition to her treasure.

With grave, kind look the mother gazed,
Into her darling's beaming eyes:
'My child, such reading may amuse,
But will not make you good and wise.'

'Oh, you shall hear,' the child replies;
Then warbled clear an old Scotch ditty.

The mother's heart was moved, her eyes
Were brimming o'er with love and pity.

She smiled, and softly laid her hand
Upon the fair child's shining hair,
Who, like a dancing sunbeam, pass'd
Away into the summer air."

Nothing is more remarkable in these poems than her passion for nature in certain of its aspects. Her experience was limited, but her feeling was thus the more intense. She was never more than twenty miles from her dwelling. She was not familiar with mountains, except possibly the shadowy form of some distant hill or hill range. She never saw the sea, nor any river but the Clyde.



The glen of the Calder Water, a tributary of the Clyde, and the Luggie, a small but picturesque stream whose banks and nooks showed the primrose, the hyacinth, and the blue-bell, in spring and summer, and were golden with bracken in autumn, were all that was open to her, but they were frequently haunted and intensely loved.

With the true poetic instinct that yearns for the wild and the free, she preferred the flowers of the glens and the moorland, "the wildings of nature" and the heather bloom, to the finest nurslings of horticultural art. She loved the former, as she says, and admired the latter. Sweetly she sings of "Wild Flowers."

"The fragrant dewy rose,
The lily pure and pale,
Each flower the garden shows
To charm my spirit fail;
Their beauties I admire,
Their fragrance I inhale—
Flowers of my fond desire,
Ye bloom in wood and vale!

"I love the tender bloom
On Nature's blushing face;
The violet's soft perfume,
The cowslip's drooping grace,
The hyacinth's azure bells,
Primrose in pale gold,
Starring the woody dells,
And gemming mead and wold."

The following stanzas from verses descriptive of an early morning walk in the latter end of April, 1830, illustrate her feeling for spring, and show an eye and soul for truthful, original, and loving delineation, and in several of the lines, a felicity of idealising expression which is characteristic of the true poet, and which comes only from the unconscious flow of imagination into the world of the senses :—

"The blithe voice of spring through the woodlands was ringin',
Frae her nest mang the gowans the laverock was springin';
The breeze was asleep, but the burnie was singin'.
And clear blabs o' dew frae ilk green blade was ingin'.
The red-lippit gowan had closed her sweet mou',
But the cup o' the primrose was lippin' wi' dew,
An' the hyacinth had kaimed oot her ringlets o' blue,
Till the dell o' their fragrance and beauty was fu'.
An' the lone star that hings o'er the ee-bree o' morn
Grew pale, for young day her bright breezes had shorn;
And aye she grew paler till, dim an' forlorn,
She sunk in the red clouds that herald the morn.
Then a rich gowden stream frae the fountain o' licht
Gush'd oot—an' the mists that had happit the night
Ran'd up frae the glens and war gane oot o' sight,
An' the green earth lay smilin' sae lown and bae bricht.
The peat fires are luntin'—hoo fragrant the smells,
This bab o' the heather an' bonnie blue-bells,
This twig o' green birk—oh, I canna weel tell
Hoo the sicht and the scent gars my fu' bosom swell."

Her feeling for October, her natal month, was very strong and tender. Again and again does she recur to it, in some nine different poems. Her picturing of it is direct, almost literally faithful, with just enough of that suffusion of pathos and under-

current of appropriate suggestion, to make the picture for the eye also an object for the heart to brood upon. In "October Thoughts" (1862), we have the following lines:—

"A solemn, tender melancholy,
A soft emotion, sweet and holy;
A sense of stillness and repose,
O'er my worn heart and spirit flows.
I feel the breathing calm that lies
On earth and sea and sleeping skies,
Upon the yellow voiceless woods
Where fading nature mournful broods;
The stubble field, brown, silent, bare—
Not even a gleaner wandering there.
I seem by the death couch to stand
Of some grey father of the land,
And hark! mid twilight shadows dim
The robin chants his funeral hymn.
Now, o'er the landscape slowly sailing,
Robes of mist around her trailing,
Comes the night, bright, mild, and gracious;
Through the blue ethereal spacious,
Walks the full-orbed moon in splendour,
Chaste, serene, and meekly tender."

Her pathos, tenderness, and sympathy with the struggling human lives around her, are marked and noble features in her verse. The sorrows, the joys, the temptations of the men and women among whom she lived, are always finely touched. Her picturing of these is simple, and thoroughly realistic, but the instinct with which she notes the human element, and the intense loving sympathy which it excites in her, and which is woven so naturally into the narrative, make her verses appeal to all true human-heartedness.

In "A Lay of the Tambour-Frame," she sings—

"Bending with straining eyes
Over the tambour-frame,
Never a change in her weary routine—
Save in all but the name.
Tambour, ever tambour,
Tambour the weathy lines
Of broider'd silk, till beauty's robe
In rainbow lustre shines.
There with colourless cheek,
There with her tangling hair,
Still bending low o'er the rickety frame,
Seek, ye will find her there.
Tambour, ever tambour,
With gears cramp, and chill;
The panes are shattered, and cold the wind
Blows over the eastern hill."

In "Winter" occur the following stanzas :—

"Oh! wae's me for the folk that dree
Cauld poorth and her mony waes,
Who seldom, e'en in winter time,
Are fill'd wi' meat, or hap't wi' claes;
Hae scarce a spunk o' fire to warm
Their chitterin' bairnies' fingers red,
Hae ne'er a shoe to fend their feet,
And scarce a cotenmant on the bed;
A wee dappit parritch, naething mair,
But taties and a pickle saut;
A wee bit bread atorra times,
But nocht that comes o' beef or maut.
Oh! I hae ken'd, I ken e'en now,
O' hames to wilek a mother's care
Has brocht contentment wi' sic lot,
For mither's love and God's war there!"

"The Old Churchyard" and "The Aul' Kirkyard," are powerful pieces of pathos.

But she is never more at home or impressive than when dealing with broken hopes, or disappointed love, or misplaced affection. "Cousin Bell," "Effie," "Mary Muiren," "Sheepie Knowe," "Mary Lee," "Leddy May," are all very touching stories of the simplest incidents. The picture of Effie, stricken-hearted, pale, calm, tearless, is one of the finest and most pathetic in verse.

There are a good many pieces on political freedom, the struggles of Poland and Italy, and on intemperance, which show a burning and creditable moral enthusiasm.

The best and most interesting of her prose writings are "Sketches of Village Life and Character." They are very well written, and show shrewdness of observation, discrimination of character, strong common sense, and a certain marked independence in judging of prevailing social customs, and traditional opinions in society and the religious world. A quaint, fine-flavoured old Scottish piety suffuses the whole.

The following touching incident, touchingly told, will illustrate her prose writing.

"I will record," she says, "an incident in the life of one of my paternal ancestors who suffered much for conscience' sake during the days of episcopal tyranny in Scotland. He had been under hiding for some time, and so strict was the search made for him that he dared not visit his home, although his wife lay on her death-bed, pining and praying for her husband's presence. She died without that consolation; when a woman who had attended her in her last moments undertook to inform him of the bereavement, warning him at the same time that advantage would be taken of his expected presence at the funeral to apprehend him. Hearing this, he contrived to come, under cloud of night, to a neighbouring moor, from whence he saw the mournful procession issuing from the door. As it approached, not daring to stand upright, he lay down, and dragging himself like a reptile through the long heather, as near to the road as he could with safety, wept that farewell to the cold clay as it was carried past, which could not be spoken by the bedside of his dying wife."

For the last eighteen years of her life, Janet Hamilton was blind. Her assiduity in reading by the dim oil lamp, or even the flickering light of the cottage fire, had contributed to this result. In any case, the world of darkness behind the sightless orbs is a painful thing to think of. In the case of Janet Hamilton, the deprivation was especially severe, for she was shut out from that world of light, colour, and form, the glow of flower, the gleam of leaf, the sparkle of the stream, which she loved with a poet's love. One compensation she had, and that was the singular force of her power of picturing the past. So closely and lovingly had

she observed, and so intensely had she felt the sights and scenes of the outward world, so readily and vividly could she represent them, that the imagery of the past was almost as powerful as the real world of the present could have been. Her contentment under the loss of vision was unbroken.

In an interview with her in her later years, the Rev. Dr. Wallace, of Glasgow, tells us, "It was very touching when Mirren, her daughter, read some of the ballads in the volume, in which there are beautiful allusions to nature, to hear the blind old mother say again and again, as she sat bent forward eagerly listening, in her arm-chair, 'I see it! I see it! It's like a crystal o' licht set in my very heart.' On expressing our surprise that she could so vividly recall past scenes, and speak with rapture of the wild flowers which she could see no more, she said, 'They're a' in my heart. I loved them too well ever to forget them.'"

Or as she sings:—

"The days o' langsyne, oh! the days o' langsyne,
Sweet thochts o' the bygone, I never s'all tynie;
Tho' darklin' I sit in my muckle arm-chair,
Aul' places, aul' faces, I see them a' there.
Oh! lanely Blackhill! nae sun-picture can gie
Sae faithfu' a likeness as I hae o' thee:
It was ta'en when the sun o' young memorie was bricht,
And set in my heart in a crystal o' licht."

She makes several touching and exquisite references to her blindness; but finest of all probably is—"A Ballad of Memorice."

"Nae mair, alas! nae mair I'll see
Young mornin's gowden hair
Spread ower the lilt—the dawnin' shoon
O' simmer mornin' fair!
Nae mair the heathery knowe I'll speel,
An' see the sunbeams glancin',
Like fire-flaughts, ower the loch's lane breast,
Ower whilk the breeze is dancin'."

"Nae mair I'll wanner ower the braes,
Or thro' the birken shaw,
An' pu' the wild-wud flowers amang
Thy lanely glens, Roseha!
How white the haw, how red the rose,
How blue the hy'cinth bell,
Whaur fairy thim'les woo the bees
In Tenach's brecken dell!"

"Nae mair when hinnysuckle hings
His garlands on the trees,
And hanny breath o' heather bells
Comes glairin' on the breeze;
Nor whan the burstin' birken buds,
And sweetly scented brier,
Gie oot their sweets, nae power they ha'e
My dowie heart to cheer."

"Nae mair I'll hear the cushie-doo,
Wi' voice o' tender wailin',
Pour out her plaint, nor laverock's sang,
Up' mang the white clouds sailin';
The lappin' waves that kiss the shore
The music o' the streams,
The roarin' o' the linn nae mair
I'll hear but in my dreams."

"Whan a' the house are gane to sleep
I sit my leafu' lane,
An' muse till fancy streaks her wing,
An' I am young again."

Again I wanner thro' the wuds,
 Again I seem to sing
 Some waefu' auld-waird ballant strain,
 Till a' the echoes ring.

"Again the snaw-white howli's wing
 Out ower my heid is flappin',
 When frae her nest 'mang Calder Craig
 I fley't her wi' my daffin;
 An' keekin in the mavis' nest,
 O' naked scuddies fu',
 I feed wi' moolins out my pouch
 Lik gapin' hungry mou'.

"Again I wanner ower the lea,
 An' pu' the gowans fine;
 Again I paidle in the burn,"
 But, oh! it's lang-sin-syne!
 Again your faces blythe I see,
 Your gladsome voices hear—
 Friend's o' my youth—a' gane, a' gane!
 An' I sit blinlin's here.

"The star o' memory lights the past;
 But there's a licht abune,
 To cheer the darkness o' a life
 That maun be endit sune,
 An' aft I think the gowden morn,
 The purple gloamin' fa',
 Will shine as bricht, an' fa' as saft,
 Whan I hae gane awa'."

Everyone must be struck with the contrast between the lowly circumstances of this woman's outward life—humble and poor—and the wealth of thought, feeling, and fancy of her inner life, the life of her soul and heart. Poor and lowly as she was, no one could more appropriately have adopted the line:—

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

Her story shows what a continuous store of happiness, lying in pure and elevating thoughts, is to be found apart altogether

from external circumstances; that, in fact, the true life of a man or woman is the heart life.

Janet Hamilton was an instance of the *gentlewoman* whom we not unfrequently find among the humbler class of Scottish women. Simplicity, inborn delicacy of feeling, and a certain self-respecting dignity, are at the core of the character—form its reliance, its strength, its grace. To these were added in her case "the burning thochts within," as her husband put it, "that wadna let her rest;" and the outcome was that while she lived almost wholly unnoticed and unknown to the world of mouthing noise and bustling action, she was framing for herself, in a great measure unconsciously, the imperishable coronet of a Songstress of Scotland.

Janet Hamilton passed her lifetime without public recognition of any sort, save the yearnings to her of a few kindred and sympathetic hearts in her own sphere of life—yearnings responsive to the noble utterances of the woman. After her death, a few friends gathered together and subscribed for a fountain to be erected to her memory, in the village of Langloan, nearly opposite to the humble cottage where she had lived and sung. There the fountain now stands, her memorial, the free, pure, spontaneous flow of its waters aptly symbolizing the natural upwelling, the freedom, the purity of her song.

J. VEITCH.

"IS ALL WELL WITH THE CHILD?"

Written on the death of the Infant Prince of Hesse Darmstadt,
 by a fall, 29th May, 1873.

ROCKED in thine airy nest, in leafy elm,
 Sheltered from gaze beneath the mother's wing,
 Who would have dreamed a blow to throne and realm
 Could fall upon them through so fair a thing?

So drops the lamb upon the bleak hill-side,
 So falls the blossom in the vernal frost;
 Ah! happy flock, where such can ne'er betide!
 Ah! happy garden, where no fruit is lost!

Brave hearts were round thee, steeled through deadly strife
 To face a danger or defend a throne
 A word of peril to that sweet young life
 Had armed a host to shield it with their own.

A whisper on the wire, and England's love
 Had sent her best of science and of skill ;
 And England's prayers had thronged the shrine above
 For gifts of healing—won by suppliants still.

Or, might the Tempter whisper, as of old,
 The poison lingers still in sorrow's cup—
 "The angels, who thy Father's face behold,
 Did He not give them charge to bear thee up?"

Ah! was there not an hour, when He who gave,
 With legions waiting at His word to fly,
 Held back the mighty arms that burned to save,
 And left for us His only Son to die?

For us—for thee! Yea, so His will be done,
 All with the child is "well" for evermore.
 And well with them who to their home press on,
 Led by the children who have gone before!

ANNA H. DRURY.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A Modern Romance.

By SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—BEAUTY.

LADY FERMOR was a bad woman; she had been a bad daughter and sister, a bad wife, mother, and grandmother. She had been weighed and found wanting in every relation. Lord Fermor was not her first husband, nor was she his first wife. It had only been after passing through the divorce court that she had attained her present position. But that was half a century ago, years prior to the birth of Iris Compton's mother, Lady Fermor's only child to Lord Fermor.

For many a long day the respectable world refused absolutely to condone the heinous offence. But time will serve to obliterate the blackest stains, and two facts were in Lady Fermor's favour. The sinner had for a period which was equivalent to a moderately long life-time refrained from her old sins against moral and social laws and she was now an aged woman. These facts upheld self-interest, easy-minded tolerance, and charity, in granting some renewal of the lady's passport to mix with other than the utterly reckless of her sex. Though Eastham

was largely conservative, and its population by comparison stationary, Lady Fermor had neighbours nowadays who knew nothing further of the mistress of Lambford than that there had been something wrong where she was concerned, long, long ago, something which was better kept out of hearing, and gradually lost sight of.

Lady Fermor was too wise a woman not to avail herself of the slow, shy relenting, though she felt more contemptuous of it than grateful for it. She had never cared for the members of her own sex, while she had always been able to be on "hail-fellow, well-met" terms with a wide circle of men, so long as she was young enough to love company and enjoy her part in it. Nevertheless there was a small triumph in surmounting what she considered milk-and-water and bread-and-butter scruples. Besides, it was desirable for Iris, her grand-daughter, for whom her guardian had some consideration though little affection, that she should have the entrance to respectable houses presided over by women on whose reputations suspicion had not so much as breathed.

Lady Fermor had not secured the last boon for her daughter, Iris's mother; she had moved chiefly in Bohemian sets, and as a natural result had married ill, in every light save a worldly one, at her mother's instigation. She had led a wretched life. She had not possessed either spirit or power to rebel against her fate. Both she and her husband had died young, and she had left a helpless child, another girl, to the care of her mother's nearest relatives, who had made shipwreck of her fortunes.

Hard, heartless, coarse, and corrupted as Lady Fermor's career had left her, she felt that she owed some reparation to her unhappy daughter's child, and she did not mean that Iris's history should resemble that of her mother. Lady Fermor put herself to the pains to secure an excellent governess—who did not refuse to enter the family at Lambford—and placed the pupil entirely under the teacher's charge.

The mistress of the house did not interfere; unless it can be called interference, that in the early days of Miss Burrage's domestication, Lady Fermor did not consider it any breach of the contract or source of peril to her scheme, to encourage the little girl when she came to the drawing-room to mimic the small peculiarities and gaucheries of her schoolmistress, and to reward these exhibitions of talent by herself furnishing lessons in this histrionic display. She was a well-qualified professor, and showed up poor Miss Burrage's weaknesses so as not only to cause the child Iris to dance with delight, but to awaken universal laughter among the drawing-room groups, made up of the fastest men and women in that corner of the kingdom.

Iris used to cry bitterly, a little later in her life, over her share in the game; and she would wonder in her troubled mind whether the hard, flippant, or affectedly languid laughter was that crackling of thorns under a pot of which the psalmist wrote. It was not any direct word or act of Miss Burrage's which aroused the remorse and suggested the simile. On the contrary, when the poor lady could not help learning the extent to which so modest and retiring a person as she was had contributed to the entertainment of the drawing-room, she contented herself with discharging a delicate duty faithfully. She was forced for conscience' sake and in Iris's interest to say to the weeping girl, insisting in an agony of contrition on confessing her falseness to the obligations of friendship, "Very true, my dear, it is not right or kind to mock at your

friends behind their backs, especially for such physical misfortunes as a limp, or short sight, or a queer gait. But don't worry about it, only don't do it again. I am sure you never will. Do you think I cannot say all my absurdities off by heart at my age, or that I mind much other people's noticing them, especially as many persons have a strong sense of the ridiculous which they cannot easily curb? You must remember jesting and laughter break no bones, though the fun might sometimes be suppressed with a good grace, and the suppression, strange to say, rather tend to increase true merriment."

Miss Burrage was a very remarkable woman, though she could be guilty of lisping and blinking and staking as she walked. She was not merely well informed and accomplished, a capital teacher with a high character for uprightness, steadiness, and kindness to her pupils. She had come to Lambford well aware of what she was doing without saying anything to anybody—not even to herself, unless in the vaguest way, untempted by the salary her employers offered, undazzled by their rank—much as she would have gone into a zenana or a lazaret-house.

"I shall take no harm," she told herself, "and while I know I have not ten years' more work left in me, I should like to do something apart from earning my bread, for love's sake."

Miss Burrage did more than give Iris a new experience, she brought to her a revelation. In that intensely worldly house, where there was hardly a law save that of wayward inclination, Iris came into closest contact with a woman to whom the divine command of duty was the ruling, well-nigh the sole power. At Lambford the pursuit of pleasure, though it had cooled from its passion and fever, and was now more of a hard, hackneyed round than a headlong race, continued to be the entire business of life. But Iris heard of work, not as the degrading curse, but as the ennobling blessing of man's earthly sphere.

Miss Burrage, somewhat homely and dowdy in those points of personal appearance and dress which were extravagantly valued at Lambford, did not hesitate to believe that from no material throne but from the blue sky, high as heaven above her, God saw her and loved her, and held blessed communion with her as in the old-world Hebrew stories, when the same God walked among the trees of the Garden of Eden and spoke with the first man, Adam, and called the patriarch Abraham His friend.

It was not in Lady Fermor's bargain, as

she had read it, to allow her grand-daughter to be reared an enthusiast, with a vocation for religion and virtue quite out of the common, and a troublesome, impracticable forte for righteousness. Lady Fermor considered that, with all her slips and stumbles, she had not been a bad churchwoman on the whole; she had always stuck to mother church as "good form" to say the least, and she had her reward. She was willing that Iris should go farther and be more consistent in her walk; but as to her becoming over-pious and over-upright, a benevolent platform scold, or a meek martyr, Lady Fermor would sooner have Iris a lunatic at once and dispose of her in the safe seclusion of an asylum.

As soon as Lady Fermor perceived the mischief which was at work—and it was her thorough scepticism which rendered her blind to it in the beginning—she did her best to stop the evil by dismissing Miss Burrage summarily, and taking Iris, who was then a girl of sixteen, into her own charge, to be cured by a course of such knowledge of the world and unrestricted gaiety as Lady Fermor could administer to her. But the harm was done; rather the bent was given to the twig and the inscription carved on the grain, which not all the king's horses and all the king's men could untwist or efface. There had been a seal set on Iris Compton's modest forehead, which Lady Compton's brow, at its smoothest, least guileful stage, had never borne. Iris was not wax, though she had proved pliant to the highest culture. She could not unlearn all she had been taught; she would not if she could.

Lady Fermor did not believe in supernatural aid, but she found in her grand-daughter a quiet power of endurance and passive resistance which ended by baffling her. For she was a shrewd old woman. Her wickedness had destroyed many a faculty of mind and quality of taste, but it had not interfered much with her native shrewdness. She could submit, after a struggle, to the inevitable. She had no notion in those days of persecuting the girl, or driving her to greater folly or madness, or breaking her spirit. Nay, there was a degree of respect along with the eternal grudge of evil against good, bred in the veteran, by the staunchness of the recruit to the marching orders which the miserable marplot Burrage had given. If Iris's mother could have had as clear an aim and been as constant to it, she need not have come to such irreparable grief.

Happily for all concerned, the sinner, Miss Burrage, had implanted the principle in Iris

that goodness was not a charm confined to any sacred place, or solemn routine of daily engagements. The first binding debt the girl must pay was that rudimentary obligation which Lady Fermor had never dreamt of acknowledging in her day or contemplated transmitting to her successors, unless in the sense of a superior force or a convenient form. It was that primitive call to reverence, obey, and be tender to every elder and ruler who is the ordinance of God, unless the homage defies and outrages the unassailable majesty of truth, purity, and that beauty of goodness which can know no decay.

All these encounters were things of four or five years back. Iris had not seen Miss Burrage from the hour they were parted. The pupil had heard of the governess's death. Then Iris had shut her eyes and seen a lonely ill-trained little girl and a good woman striving with kind patience to win the child to all that was honest and lovely. "And I have done nothing for her in return," cried Iris with the tears bursting forth; but after a while she admitted, with tender magnanimity, "She was getting feeble before she left. I know she dreaded to be dependent, and shrank a little from a lonely old age. I wish, oh! I wish I could have cared for her; but since that was not to be, shall I, of all people, grudge to her the 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' when we shall not miss each other at last?" Lady Fermor had come to let Iris alone. The old woman was not fond of her grand-daughter. Occasionally she showed herself spiteful to her with a spite which might increase on provocation to a formidable malice. But as a rule the venerable matron, with so little to be revered in her, alas! was reasonable, with a sort of masculine *bonhomie* about her which saved her from being guilty of petty tyranny, and caused her to like that the members of her family should be comfortable in their own way—always provided that way did not interfere with hers. Contradiction roused the demon in her.

Iris was now over twenty years of age, a tall, slender girl, with a small, well-carried head. She had auburn hair, which she had worn since childhood, anticipating the fashion, in little clustering waves and rings, low on her forehead. The mode had been her grandmother's decree when she discovered the chief defect in the little face, which was the disproportion of the broad, full forehead to what lay beneath it.

"Good gracious, child! who ever saw such a top to a Queen Anne's sixpence of a face? You only want spectacles to grow up like

Miss Cornelia—I forget her name—that schoolmistress of Dickens. Every man will be frightened away by such a brow, unless he imagines he can save himself trouble by using it for a dictionary. Bid Woods take crisping tongs or a wet brush and cover over that huge overlapping promontory as much as possible."

Thus the defect was veiled, and Iris happened to be one of the very few women improved by borrowing a hint from her cousins the monkeys.

In spite of the ominous indication, nature had not destined Iris for a prodigy of brains, and Miss Burrage had not completed her pupil's demoralisation in this respect. The girl was quick and intelligent, and had received a solid foundation to her education, that was all. As she grew up she proved enthusiastic in an age which has invented a new application for the adjective "gushing," and sympathetic in a dry and parched atmosphere which would have withered all save keen sympathies. She was fertile in resource. She had a natural gift of working skilfully in womanly fashion with her hands. The little face under the softly-masked brow remained small, and when the hazel eyes were clear, the mouth rosy, while the cheeks too had their roses, the head was a wonderful reproduction in form, colouring, and expression of the cherub head which Sir Joshua painted in so many different poses; having found the original in the head of the Honourable Isabella Gordon, the kinswoman of a bouncing beauty of a duchess and of a crazy fanatic who led a national riot. But sometimes the cherub was under a cloud, with drooping eyelids, drooping mouth, and a pale, wistful little face more suggestive of piteousness than beauty.

The last was not the normal aspect of the girl. She had a healthy constitution, physically and spiritually touched with the highest, finest influences. She had been accustomed to an isolated life in that most depressing atmosphere of age without the attributes which render a hoary head a crown of glory. But she was far from friendless either in her own class or among servants, working people, and poor people. In the neighbourhood of Lambford there was a great deal of feeling for Iris Compton, an orphan under bad guardianship, though she never dreamt of herself as an object of compassion. The rector of the parish and his wife, well-meaning if somewhat self-conscious people, made a pet of her without any interference from Lady Fermor. Their only son, Ludovic Acton, was like a brother to Iris; and the

daughter, nearest to Iris in age, was Iris's bosom friend, exalted by her lively imagination far beyond Lucy Acton's deserts, though Lucy was a good girl.

Iris had a happy temper and a mind that was neither suspicious, nor exacting, nor foreboding. She was always busy when she was by herself, as she was to a large extent when she was at home, with her share of the club books, her music, her art needle-work, her favourites among Lady Fermor's poultry, her rockery and such assistance as she was sometimes allowed to give Lucy Acton in the church choir and in parish work. Iris had a reserve of courage in her character, which lent an attribute of the heroic to the girlish womanhood. She had been thrown from her horse when riding with her groom near the town of Knotley, and had her collar-bone dislocated. She had been carried into a house, where she had given no trouble beyond begging her hostess to allow the doctor who attended Lord and Lady Fermor to come and set the bone and take her home in his brougham, in order to spare her grandmother the shock of hearing of the accident before she knew it was nothing and that Iris was safe back in her room at Lambford.

A painful accident occurred in the butler's pantry at Lambford; an unlucky footman in drawing the cork of a soda-water bottle wrenched off the neck and cut his hand severely. Everybody called out a remedy, but nobody could bring himself or herself to look at the wound or touch it. Then Iris ran in from the garden, bound up the gash, kept the bandage in its place, gave brandy to the man when he grew faint, and stayed to help the doctor after he arrived in time to take up the severed artery, because no one else had sufficient nerve to make him or her willing to become the medical man's assistant.

Lady Fermor was very angry when she knew what had taken place, and said if she had been aware of the disgraceful chicken-heartedness of every soul about the place, she would have ordered each and all, on pain of instant dismissal with a month's wages, to stand beside the doctor and prevent Miss Compton's being taken advantage of and put to such uses.

In spite of her ladyship's indignation, from that date, whenever a misadventure happened in the household, the sufferer was sure to make a secret humble application for help to Iris, though the girl protested laughingly her inexperience, and the absence on her part even of any intention of being trained for a nurse.

While things often went wrong at Lamb-

ford and in the world, Iris was as sure as she was of her own existence, that there was a Ruler over all who ordered things aright, and brought good out of evil, and light out of darkness. She believed He had work for her to do in His world, and would show her more and more clearly what it was, if she waited for Him and did the least thing her hand found to do, with all her might, for the good of herself and her neighbours, to His praise. And when this scene of blessing and tribulation was ended, there remained the

new heavens and the new earth wherein dwelt righteousness and the Lord of righteousness.

Iris on the whole was a happy girl, as who should be if she were not? She was kept ignorant, as those nearest the sinner often are, of the worst of the iniquities of the past at Lambford. Still she heard and saw much to distress her, but while she shrank from further enlightenment, the wrong-doing fell away from her as something entirely foreign to her nature and history. She was very



"She set him at his ease in the simplest, kindest manner."

sorry sometimes. She could not fail to be grieved and shocked, but it was not for her to judge and condemn those who were far older than herself, her natural superiors. She had an inextinguishable spring of hope in these years. She was always hoping the best. This was especially true of the wound dealt to her affections by the knowledge that neither her poor old grandfather in his great infirmity, nor her grandmother in the possession of all her powers of mind, but bending under the heavy burden of an aged body, cared much for her.

Iris walked in the light of her innocence

and rectitude in the love and fear of God, and in the honour of all men, unhurt by her harmful surroundings, one of the strange, sweet, incontestable answers to the carping, doubting question, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?"

CHAPTER VII.—BY LADY THWAITE'S WORK-TABLE.

THERE are women one of the principal objects of whose lives consists in providing themselves with fine feathers, and in pluming the feathers after the wearers have got them. There are other women among whose chief

aims is that of lining their nests luxuriously and agreeably, and displaying to envious neighbours those well-furnished nests. Not unfrequently these moods show themselves in the same women, and rather mark different stages of development than contrast of inclination in one person.

Lady Thwaite had married a man old enough to be her grandfather, without entertaining for him any of the sentiments of respect, gratitude, or pity, which could by the wildest flight of fancy have stood for parallel sympathies and mutual inclinations. She was one of a family of many poor pretty daughters, belonging to the slenderly provided for widow of a hunting squire-parson, or "squarson" as the type is sometimes entitled in Eastham. She hankered after the flesh-pots of Egypt, especially in the shape of fine feathers, and she saw no other way of procuring these than by the marriage which she made.

To do Lady Thwaite justice she was just the wife old Sir John wanted, with the signal exception of there being no heir, to live and flourish after him instead of handing over Whitehills to degenerated Thwaites. She disappointed him in nothing else, and she was reasonably contented with the result she had achieved. So having accomplished two things which the world thoroughly approved, done well for herself, and made the most of her gains, she was popular; she was regarded as a fairly fortunate woman and a highly available acquaintance. Unlike old Lady Fermor in everything else, Lady Thwaite was like her in this, that both of them had always dispensed with female friends, and been perfectly satisfied with acquaintances of their own sex. Going back so far as her girlish days, Lady Thwaite's mother and sisters had been no more to her than intimate acquaintances. The point at which the resemblance broke down was that neither had Lady Thwaite shown any need of male friends. Beyond the wide, easy bond of acquaintanceship—and no woman cultivated more acquaintances, she had been sufficient for herself.

Mr. Miles, before he left, was as good as his word, in introducing Sir William to the former mistress of Whitehills. She struck an unsophisticated stranger as a fair-haired woman with a figure inclined to stoutness, and a fine presence which was "stunning" to him. Her black silk and crape and white cap set off her fairness, diminished her stoutness, and caused her to look younger than she really was. She received him with ease and friendliness, which

might have been still more cordial if he had been able to advance half-way to meet her. There was nothing distressing in her allusions to Sir John. She spoke of the loss she had sustained with no more than the quiet gravity and gentle sadness which the death of so old a man was calculated to excite in his kindred of the second generation. She was his widow, no doubt, as her dress indicated, but only a widow who had been his contemporary could have experienced sharp pain or keen desolation at old Sir John's having passed away before her, by ever so short a time. Very soon the conversation took a more cheerful turn, and Lady Thwaite's social gifts, as a lively woman of the world, came out to anybody capable of appreciating her.

The interview had not proved very formidable, and from the date of the introduction the gentleman found himself, he could hardly tell how, in frequent communication with the lady. He did not like her particularly, though she was good enough to lay herself out to please him, but he had a sense that he ought to feel obliged to her for bearing no grudge against him after he had turned her out of his house, and he had an honest wish to serve her.

Lady Thwaite approved of Sir William's intention and recognised his capabilities of usefulness. She speedily extracted from him sundry china jars, a marquetric table, and a pair of old Dutch leather screens which she considered would be acquisitions in her rooms.

Netherton was already a wonderfully cosy, pretty dowager house. Lady Thwaite had kept a careful, fostering eye on it, ever since she married Sir John, and particularly after the death of their son. She had moved in the background, but not the less successfully on that account. She had seen that the house was in perfect repair. She had bestowed unremitting attention on the improvement of the grounds. The place was not and could not be like Whitehills. It was only a smallish, nineteenth-century country house, built in the earlier years of the century, when bow windows were synonymous with light, not shade. The lawn was almost too like velvet in its pile to be spoilt—as it often was, to the mortification of the one adult gardener—by tennis. There was a carriage-drive in the perfection of order, and a belt of rarer, though younger shrubs and trees than any at Whitehills. Altogether it was a very different establishment from the ill-kept, run-out, over-crowded house from which Lady Thwaite had been led by Sir John.

The lady, like Mr. Miles, was gratified to find the representative of the family, whom she had elected to make her *protégé*, hopefully docile and tolerably presentable. Yet she felt a pang in connection with the thing which had gone nearest her heart, in the whole course of the deliberately planned, worldly prosperity of her life. It was the failure of the hopes with regard to her son. "To think such broad, manly shoulders and such a resolute mouth should have been given to a lout, a common soldier, while my boy, the true heir of Whitehills, was like a thread paper and had no more firmness in his poor loose lips than when he was a senseless baby," was her inaudible cry on the first peep she got at the new-comer. But she swallowed the bitterness and was altogether bland and propitious, finding the subjects for conversation as became a fair, fat, well-bred woman, so good-natured and accessible in her circle that there sometimes crept out just the faintest suspicion of lady-like wheedling and cajoling in her attitude.

It was that fresh season of the year when spring is still glad, and not yet growing languid as it passes into the heat of summer. Chequers of sunshine and shade were woven on the floor of the pleasant room, where the fire, still gleaming on the tiles, was tempered by the open door, into the little conservatory, bringing wafts of fragrance from violets, lilies-of-the-valley, and jonquils. A far-away window open to the garden admitted the full-throated singing of blackbirds and thrushes in the early joy of mating. The silvery light, crossing the soft gloom, kindled up here and there in chair covers, portières, and cushions, admirably blended lines of cool blue and white creton, mellow olive velvet and dead gold plush. There was an effect like the wavering motion of leaves on the dull reds, and blues, and greens of the Turkey carpet, an ivory tinted softness and delicacy in the revived satin-wood with its fine hand-painting of flowers and fruit, contrasted with the rich black of ebony in the framework of the piano, chairs, and settees. Of the pictures on the sober grey walls, that of old Sir John, padded, buttoned up, and looking as if he had just come from successive visits to his barber and his tailor, was in the merciful shadow; while Lady Thwaite's likeness, in the light, showed her considerably crowned with a small cap, and draped in a shawl so as not to look younger than her husband's daughter. There was also a careful representation of a baby shrouded in a cloak, not to be superseded by a bluff or prim little boy sitting on his pony

or standing by his dog, the ordinary style for the heirs of the family as preserved at Whitehills.

Though April days invite to dawdling idleness out of doors, the April sun shone on manifold signs of busy idleness within the house. The temperate beams scattered themselves freely on newspapers and books, a well-filled music stand, the paraphernalia of easel and colour boxes, and a dainty work-table containing half-a-dozen pieces of pretty work—all of which were necessities of life to Lady Thwaite.

Sir William, late private in one of her Majesty's infantry regiments, remained an incongruous figure, not at home in such an *entourage*. It must be confessed that he was not in himself entertaining, so Lady Thwaite had ensconced him in one of those torturing, retreating, subsiding seats of the second last fashion, in which no man who was not to the manner born could have settled himself otherwise than uncomfortably and awkwardly. She was talking to him in her smiling, fluent manner on subjects of which he could know nothing. If he answered at all, he must either express the most refreshing ignorance, or perpetrate the most grotesque mistakes. She asked him to help her with the arrangement of some of her silks and wools, and he did not see how he could refuse to oblige her, by declining to comply with her demurely put request. But his proceedings, while she would take care that they did no harm to her property, must be more ludicrous than those of Hercules with Omphale's spinning gear, for Hercules had the unfettered mien of a demi-god, while Omphale's establishment was sure to have been simplicity itself. Sir William's spasmodic actions in the Netherton drawing-room bore more resemblance to the uncouth demonstrations of a bull in a china shop.

"Ah! there is somebody coming," Lady Thwaite cried, interrupting her little game, as a shadow crossed the window. "I believe it is Iris Compton. Don't go, Sir William,"—detaining him when he sought to accomplish a shame-faced retreat. "You may rise if you will, that is if you can. Let me give you my hand. Dear! dear! I must bid Charles take away these low chairs with their sloping backs. They are a snare to half the people who sit down in them. Miss Compton ought to be one of the belles of the neighbourhood, though her fine figure is rather slight even for a girl." She favoured him with a preparatory criticism, sitting serene in her own becoming matronly bountifulness

of outline. "There is certainly a suspicion of red in her hair—ill-natured people call it red—and her face is too small; it is even inclined to be chubby. But in spite of trifling defects she would be one of the county beauties if she were properly seen. She goes out very little, however; her relations are very old and don't live in the world; all the same you must know her like everybody else some day, and I am charmed that the encounter should take place here. I am fond of young people meeting and making themselves at home at Netherton. It is not so very long since I was young myself, but my youth passed soon," remarked Lady Thwaite with an echo of pensiveness in the reflection, pausing as if she expected to be contradicted, and then going on with a furtive smile, faintly acidulated, at the omission of any contradiction, "Poor dear Sir John liked the society of his contemporaries, naturally, and I was only too happy to accommodate myself to his tastes. It was no less my pleasure than my duty, and you cannot think the comfort it is to me to remember that now. Ah! here she comes."

Sir William recollected perfectly what he had heard of Miss Compton and her grandmother, Lady Fernor. He had struggled out of the cramping chair, and, as he stood stiffly, feeling very much in the way, he glanced up, expecting to see a woman like Lady Thwaite, but younger. His eyes fell on the tall, erect figure of a girl like a straight, slim sapling. She wore a dark blue velvet gown and jacket, with a little cap of the same colour. Beneath it was the loveliest silken thatch of hair, not unlike his own in hue, but how different in texture, as it strayed and curled at its own sweet will! Beneath the thatch was a line of white forehead and fine brows, with the rest of a little face lit up by hazel eyes, half eager, half wise. The round cheeks were rosy; still rosier was the delicate mouth, which had no inherent weakness in the curve that broke its straight line. She was smiling upon him, and going through her part of the introduction as if she liked it, and wished him well.

He had not seen, he had not so much as conceived of a beautiful, simply refined girl like this, with so much of the child in her that she gave him the sense of being open and frank as the day. Yet there was something in her which daunted him, more than he was impressed by anything in the mature woman of the world beside him; though when he was beside Lady Thwaite she had him in her power, and caused him to do her behests.

In the presence of a third person Lady Thwaite was doubly bound to refrain from the faintest approach to making game of her kinsman and guest. But she imagined Sir William did not see what she was about. Iris Compton was not much of a third person, while her company enhanced the fun of the thing to such an extent that Lady Thwaite could not resist prolonging the joke, were it only to watch its effect on Iris, and how far her gravity would stand the strain to which it was subjected.

Lady Thwaite sought to inveigle Sir William back into the hollow of the detestable cavernous chair. She gravely asked his opinion of the genuineness of her old Chelsea. She said Miss Compton would excuse them if they went on winding their silk, after a scene in a great English classic which Sir William must recall.

Iris's carnation cheeks flushed a rosier red. She started up, as when she ran to the aid of the unfortunate footman with the gash across his palm. It was a mental wound which at this moment called for her aid, and she could no more withhold it from the second than from the first sufferer. To be art and part in hurting anybody's feelings, wilfully and wantonly, was about as impossible to Iris Compton, as to conspire in dealing a stab with a knife, or to refrain from seeking to stem the flow of the life blood. Nay, she went farther in her sensitiveness, her own feelings were hurt in the hurt feelings of her neighbours, with a keenness which was positively painful. In addition, she endured uncalled-for remorse and affront as if she were accessory to the offence.

Iris protested quickly, "No, no, Lady Thwaite, I can help you far better—Sir William will forgive me for saying so. Besides, what has become of the ingenious winding machine you showed me the last time I was here? Ah! I see it on the table in the corner. If you have tired of using it let me try it."

She sat down, made the machine fast to the table, and twirled it round with her light fingers. She kept up the other ball of small talk with Lady Thwaite, making it turn upon the weather, about which anybody surely could venture an observation. Then she referred tentatively to the meteorological signals from America transmitted across the ocean. At last diverging adventurously to sea voyages, she said pleasantly that she believed Sir William Thwaite was the only person present who had any experience in that respect. The manoeuvre was as prettily in-

genious as the winding machine, without containing a grain of affability or patronage.

He could not help answering the bright appeal. He said he had made two voyages, the one in rough and the other in fine weather, and he could not help thinking she—the ladies before him, would have liked the sea and the great steamer after they had grown accustomed to the motion of the vessel.

Lady Thwaite, restored to her good behaviour, professed an ardent interest in porpoises, albatrosses, and flying-fish, as if each belonged by right to the other, jumbling the whole together in a somewhat astounding fashion for so clever and fully-equipped a woman.

Then more visitors came in whom Lady Thwaite went to entertain, while Miss Compton stayed for a few minutes talking to Sir William. She set him at his ease in the simplest, kindest manner. She made him feel that he was the conveyer to her of some unsophistically, graphically given descriptions of wonderful places where she had never been and was never likely to be. He was able to tell her particulars worth hearing of the Hooghly and the Sunderbunds, the Ganges and the Ghauts, Delhi and Benares, and far-away Afghanistan.

Suddenly he broke off and startled her with the mute eloquence of those dark-blue eyes of his, before he began to speak on a totally different theme. He was so stirred and roused by her sweetness and fellow-feeling that he was moved to confide in her.

"I have not read much," he said modestly, "mostly travels and histories of campaigns such as they provide for fellows in barracks, but I have been turning over some of the Whitehills books since I came here—stories and that kind of stuff. I think I know the book and picture Lady Thwaite referred to. But if I am like that nabob fellow—though I have not brought home shawls and muslins and fine stones, how can she compare herself to the woman who tried to take him in?"

"Oh, she did not mean to carry out the comparison, she was not in earnest," said Iris, colouring and very much in earnest herself, to reassure him and to withdraw if possible the sting from the absurd simile. "Thackeray is so popular that a trifle recalls his famous scenes, don't you see?"

He did see that she was good to him. Was she one of those fine young ladies—as good as she was fine—of whom Jen had spoken? But if so she was only the farther removed from him. Whatever her grandmother might be, these lips of hers looked as if they had

never spoken an unbecoming word, while his had been soiled by the coarse language of the barrack yard and the ale-house. He was surprised that he could have taken it upon him to speak to her; yet here again she was in her innocent ignorance asking him more questions about punkahs and howdahs, elephants and tigers, and pretending interest in his answers, so that he could not reply shortly and evasively.

Lady Thwaite cast a doubtful, inquiring look at the couple.

"Can that girl be making a dead set at my Sir William? Did I ruffle the gentleman? Has he got on so fast that his pride has to be studied? My humblest apologies to him; my bear is learning to dance. It is the first time she has seen him. If it were any one else I should know what to think, but Iris Compton is half a goose, half a saint, and she may just as well leave her settlement in life to that formidable grandmother of hers, who will never suffer another finger—not that of the person principally concerned—in the pie."

He rode home, wondering if he should ever see Iris Compton again, and assuring himself that it did not signify in the very least whether he did or not. She was a creature made of another clay. He was a fallen spirit beside her. In her beauty, which he compared to that of an angel, and her tenderness of heart, she could feel compassion for his degradation and for his miserably false position; but as to drawing nearer to her, the step was impossible, and he would die sooner than take advantage of her. Yet, apart from so gross an abuse of her charity, he had a notion that he could have gone on speaking to her, enticed by her gentle encouragement—even telling her of Jen and Lawrie and beseeching her forgiveness as if he had sinned against her in his sins against them, and in his rough falls—begging for counsel and guidance in the troubled life which lay before him.

Iris Compton drove back to Lambford and went to her grandmother with the scrap of news she would care to hear.

"I have met Sir William Thwaite, grand-mamma. He was with Lady Thwaite at Netherton when I called," she addressed a wizened mummy in an envelope of sealskin drawn over a quilted woollen dressing gown, hugging her dressing-room fire, but turning on the speaker a pair of the keenest, most undimmed, cat-like eyes that were ever sunk in the puckered, fallen-in face of a human being who had seen more than eighty summers and winters.

"You were in luck, child," said the old lady, propitiated by the offering. "What was the ogre like?"

"He was not very big," answered Iris with momentarily stupid literalness, puzzled at the same time to give a description that would satisfy her grandmother. "He seemed a good sort of young man. He was homespun certainly, but he did not assume anything. I rather liked him." Then she went on with a great deal more animation. "I don't think Lady Thwaite was behaving well to him. She was amusing herself at his expense when I went in, and she wished me to join in the amusement. From what he said afterwards, I think he saw what she was about. I hope it was not officious in me to try and stop it, but I could not stay and look on and laugh in my sleeve, as she meant me to do."

Lady Fermor did not care either for what her grand-daughter had thought or done, though these were exactly the points which would have bulked largely in the minds of most mothers and grandmothers. She was only interested in Lady Thwaite and Sir William. "Just like Ada Thwaite," she began, with an impatient snort; "always taking her own in the way of diversion when she cannot take it in more solid coin, picking the *parvenu's* pockets, no doubt, and in the act showing him up to the polite world."

"But she is very good-natured," remonstrated Iris, beginning to repent of her own censure; "she put herself about to chaperon me to the hunt-ball before Sir John's death, and she drove all round by Cavesham the other day, to ask at the station for your parcel, which was supposed to have been left there."

"She is as fond of company as the youngest chit she professes to take care of; and she wanted an excuse to call and hear what I had to say about the bumpkin baronet. She thought I might remember something of wild Dicky Thwaite, but though I have met one of his nephews, he had done for himself and left this part of the country long before I came to it. I suppose she will imagine I saw Noah go into the ark next. You have never told me what the man is like?"

"He seemed a good sort of young man," repeated Iris not very clearly.

Lady Fermor gave another snort. "That is nothing to the purpose, unless you thought of engaging him for a footman," she said ironically. "I conclude you know a man when you see him. Is he a fine-looking fellow under his rough rearing? or is he a cut below being polished? I have known the day when I should not have had to take at

second-hand the report of any young spark in my neighbourhood."

"I think he is rather nice-looking—I should say so—yes, I am sure; he has good eyes," hesitated Iris, growing confused under the cross examination and the certainty of giving fresh offence. Conscious, too, alas! that, though she had shared in the lively curiosity of the neighbourhood, still after the first glance, she had not bestowed the most careful inspection on Sir William's outer man.

"You will tell me next that he has a nose and mouth like other people," cried Lady Fermor scornfully, "and that he speaks when he is spoken to. But I will judge of Sir William Thwaite for myself. I shall drive over and leave Lord Fermor's card, and then invite the man to a family dinner. He is our nearest neighbour, and we have not too many available neighbours; only old fogies and young scamps out-at-elbows, and long-faced hypocrites. I don't know what has become of all the honest, open-hearted, open-handed fellows I knew when I was young."

CHAPTER VIII.—SIR WILLIAM'S FIRST FAMILY DINNER.

LADY FERMOR was as good as her word. She left Lord Fermor's card, she invited Sir William, and, although he had refused other invitations, he accepted this, drawn by an attraction he fought against in vain.

"The old woman may not be too particular," said William brooded; "if all is true that is said of her, she ought not to be. But Miss Compton will not look twice at a clod-hopper—at worse than a clod-hopper, a wild, senseless brute when I was drunk. By George, if she heard of what happened at Nhilpoor—that I rubbed shoulders with the lash, the next thing to rubbing shoulders with the gallows! How dare I go where she is? What if I were found out, and kicked out, as I deserve to be?"

He went, however, committing the presumption and braving the risk.

Lambford had been an old house not unlike Whitehills, but, in an evil hour for architectural harmony, Lord Fermor had built an addition to the house in the utmost discordance with the original, and in the worst possible taste. He had tacked on a new wing twice as high and half-a-dozen times as ornamental as the main body of the building. The entrance, by a great flight of stairs, penetrated this wing, and in this favourite quarter were the public rooms, with their ceilings so high that the size of the apartments did not keep them from looking like telescopes.

As much light as the season permitted poured between the curtains of rows of great windows extending from floor almost to ceiling. Huge heavy marble chimney-pieces surmounted the great grates of polished steel. When Lady Fermor came to Lambford she had caused the principal rooms to be refurnished according to her theory. This was, if a man wanted a handsome dining-room and drawing-room—and if they were not handsome, what were they?—bid him go in for good bright colours, massiveness of form, and plenty of carving. Above all, don't let him grudge plate-glass and gilding. She hated the dim, dirty tints that people pretended to admire nowadays. And as for lattice panes of green glass, worm-eaten chests and cupboards, rickety rush-bottom chairs, and blinking wax candles instead of paraffin lamps, she would not harbour such trash in her garrets. Lambford had been a place to strike the eye when she ordered its upholstery. It had been as magnificent as some of the saloons she had seen in Paris. She admitted the gilding had become tarnished, and the gorgeous colours in the big patterns had parted with much of their splendour, but the solid mahogany, walnut, and rosewood, and the colossal mirrors had worn well, and would last her time. For true superbness of style recommend her to the era which reflected the influence of the first gentleman in Europe, George, Prince Regent.

Sir William Thwaite was certainly impressed when he was shown into the loud, loaded, once-costly drawing-rooms, where there was not a particle of evidence of culture beyond an appetite for barbaric weight and glitter, and where the worn, smirched traces of age brought no kindly air of family use and wont—no sense of domestic charities. Lady Fermor had presided with spirit all her own over a great house, but she had never made it a home. Lord Fermor, who had been born and spent his youth there, had no home-like feeling attached to the place, except what belonged to a shut-up portion of the older half of the house, to his private sitting-room and the billiard-room, and to the stables and the kennels, when he was still able to frequent them. Iris was the single member of the household, out of the servants' hall, who had found a home at Lambford; but her home was centred in the old schoolroom, which she was allowed to keep for her morning and working-room, and her white, dimity-hung bedroom.

To Sir William's uninitiated eyes Lambford looked as grand as a palace—not so far

removed in its atmosphere from some of the marvellous Indian palaces which he had visited; but it was not in a palace like this that he would have expected to meet a princess like Iris Compton. On the whole, mock palace as it was till Iris came in, he knew himself less out of his old element than he had been conscious of feeling in Lady Thwaite's drawing-room. Lady Fermor, with her strong passions unbridled in the violence of their prime, her long expatriation from any save the fastest and shadiest society, had forfeited in a large measure any claims she had ever possessed to gentle bearing. She was not very different, except in accent and phrase, from the coarse, untrammelled queens of some of the baggage-waggons.

But to do Lady Fermor justice there were other reasons why Sir William should feel at ease with her. All that was most honest and least vindictive in her nature, came out, when she encountered simple youthful manhood, as the best in many bad women is shown where little children are in question. Men had always exercised far more influence over Lady Fermor than women, and it is just possible that if she had come in contact with better men when she began her career, if she had even borne a son in her younger days, she might have been a very imperfect but a far less guilty woman than she had lived to prove herself.

She had Sir William brought up to her sofa, where she sat by the side of a blazing fire, with her Indian shawl wrapped round the bent, shrunk figure which had once been that of a tall woman, while the yellow old lace of her ruffles and head-dress flapped about her shrivelled hands and creased and crumpled face. She looked him through as he came up to her, and then she rose with the slow stiffness of her years; but there was no stiffness in the cordial tones of the cracked but still resounding voice with which she greeted him, as her young neighbour and friend.

She bade him sit down beside her and began to talk of horses and dogs, of which in truth he did not know much. But as most young men have at their command some sort of vocabulary where these interesting lower animals are concerned, and as she led the conversation, the circumscribed character of his information did not become conspicuously apparent. She went on to farming, of which Mr. Miles had been talking to the squire of Whitehills, and on which his mind had been naturally dwelling a good deal since he came to the place. Lady Fermor in ruling for her

lord had done a considerable amount of high-handed farming for him. She was quite competent to speak on the rotation of crops, on short-horns, South Downs, and Berkshire pigs. And her listener would have followed her vigorous, if one-sided details, with comprehension and tolerable interest, if his attention had not been distracted by the obligation of listening for a coming footstep, varied by an aroused, disturbed apprehension—since he was not acquainted with the habits of the dwellers in these regions—that Miss Compton might not appear or dine with him and her grandmother as he had counted upon her doing.

At last Iris came in, advanced straight to him, and with an outstretched hand and eyes raised to his face, said, without the slightest semblance of insincerity, that she was very glad to see him. At that moment he felt as if it would have been a relief if she had stayed away, he was so dazzled by the vision before him; and mingled with the dazzling there was so little self-assurance and so much trepidation—approaching to discomfort. He had seen ladies in full dress as he had seen feasts before, but both had been at a distance, and he had never seen any lady like Iris Compton.

Iris wore an Indian muslin with a little bunch of blue field hyacinths at her throat, agreeing with the turquoise brooch that fastened them, the turquoise earrings and bracelets, and the turquoises set in the handle of her ivory fan.

Sir William felt abashed by the fair sight. He shrank secretly from the notion that he might be "paired" with her, which seemed to him not unlikely from their similarity in age, and because there were no other young people present. He was not aware that his rank and importance as a stranger awarded Lady Fermor to him, and that Iris was destined, as a matter of course, to the only other guest present, a middle-aged Major Pollock from Knotley.

Lord Fermor, though in fact younger in years than his wife, was too feeble to take his place at table. The company formed a *partie carrée*, somebody said, which was a statement as mysterious as any sentence in a Chaldean manuscript to Sir William, but he swallowed it with courageous stolidity, as he did many more things. He sat at the right hand of Lady Fermor, and continued to hear her opinions on farm stock and the grain markets. He was not asked to carve. Her ladyship had accepted a fashion which chimed in with the disqualifications that had long been invading the powers of the host and

hostess of Lambford. Everything was carved at the sideboard. There was actually nothing to disturb the guest, whom her ladyship delighted to honour, in his proper business of dining and listening to his companion, unless he let his eyes and thoughts stray to the couple opposite. He had conceived an instant aversion to Major Pollock, which subsequent inquiries justified. He was a gentleman of decidedly objectionable antecedents, whose only merit, if it could be called a merit, was that, when a young man, he had stood by Lady Fermor in the miserable crisis of her history. She boasted that she never forgot an old friend, therefore Pollock continued an *habitué* of the house, though, in this instance, the wicked had not flourished like a green bay tree. The Major had played what might have been a pleasant, but what had also been an unmistakably losing game throughout the greater part of his life. His ungilded sins were not of such a remote date as to have sunk into partial oblivion like Lady Fermor's; one especially—an affair at a London club, which his fellow-men had decided to be of an aggravated character, and had insisted on regarding with righteous indignation—had very nearly done for the gentleman. This was true even in the wilds of Eastham, to which he had returned with his fallen fortunes, setting up a bachelor's household—fastidious only on the grand questions of meat and drink—in a house which belonged to his family, in the market town of Knotley.

All these parings of biography Sir William picked up and fitted together later. His dislike to his *vis-à-vis*, with his burly person, exceedingly black hair, twirled moustache, and crows' toes, was purely instinctive. Sir William had not even the excuse of finding Major Pollock on a detestably friendly footing with Miss Compton, such as the gentleman's freedom of the house, and the unceremonious terms he was on with Lady Fermor, might have warranted. It was clear that even Miss Compton's unsophisticatedness and good-nature rebelled against the mingled leer and sneer which constituted Major Pollock's odious expression where women were concerned. She looked as if she had an uneasy sense—similar to the old pricking of the thumbs—of something evil, beyond her power to cope with and remedy, in her vicinity. Even a neophyte could not mistake the constrained civility of her bearing to her partner at table. He submitted to take his cue from her, probably with the sullen, cowed notion that Lady Fermor, who kept all that remained of her graceless satellites well in

hand, approved of her grand-daughter's conduct in this particular, and did not choose that a notorious black sheep should approach too closely to the girl.

The *contretemps* of the evening occurred when Sir William drew back his glass, a third time, as it was about to be filled.

"What is it, Sir William?" cried the old woman of the world, puzzled, through all her accumulated knowledge, at this marked instance of abstinence. "If you will not have Château Margeaux, try Madeira, or do you prefer dry Champagne? We must have some brand that will suit you. Let me help you myself."

"Thank you, my lady," said the incorrigible Sir William, not troubled by the form of address, but showing symptoms of agitation at the hospitable contention which he foresaw awaited him, and which was inexpressibly painful to him, "I don't drink anything except water; I never do."

"Not drink anything except water!" exclaimed Lady Fermor, in so high a key as to have attracted the attention of the whole party if it had been otherwise engaged, and not lying in wait for any general discussion, "I have heard that the old, under-bred temperance movement is spreading in odd quarters, and making the noise in the world which empty tomfoolery always makes. Acton," naming her rector, "has taken it up—Bands of Hope, coffee-houses and all, 'for the good of his working-men,' he says, as if his working women never enter an ale-house, or as if his claret has anything to do with their beer. But you are not a parson; there is no earthly call for you to serve as an example."

"It is not that; it is my own look out," he stammered bluntly, fidgeting and crimsoning, thinking that he was badgered, and conscious that his temper was rising, but striving to bridle it in such a presence; "a friend made me promise."

"Oh, bother such promises!" interrupted Lady Fermor, with impatient scorn; "I wonder you pay heed to such stuff. Some officious idiot has taken advantage of you."

While he listened—amidst what seemed to him the splendour of the Lambford dining-table, with its blaze of lights, its glittering silver and crystal, its sweet flowers and dainty cheer—there rose up before him the interior of a soldier's hut, and the spectacle of Jen worn out by her efforts to save him, pleading with her last gasp that he might redeem himself from destruction.

His manners had not that repose which

stamps the caste of Vere de Vere. He lost command over himself. His blue eyes sparkled like steel. "I will do as I choose in what is nobody's business save my own," he shouted, looking round him fiercely; "and whatever you or other gentlefolks may think of promises, I will keep mine."

He brought down his clenched hand with violence on the table.

The effect of a sudden thunderclap so loud as to warrant the suspicion that the house had been struck, might have borne some resemblance to the shock Sir William produced. Lady Fermor, possibly for the first time in her long life, sat open-mouthed, with her shaking hand—arrested on its road to a bottle, which a servant was presenting to her, lying orthodoxly on its side.

Major Pollock swore a private oath, which had to do with a "canting brute," champed his moustache to prevent an audible "Haw! haw!" or a snarling reminder of his warning of what might come of ladies having anything to do with the scum of a barrack-yard such as he had known, even though this man had been discovered to represent a baronet and squire.

Iris looked half frightened, but her eyes shone.

The servants, not unaccustomed to extraordinary demonstrations at Lambford, preserved their composure, though they were posed by a novelty.

Sir William, who had become as pale as he had been red, rose to his feet. "I have to beg every one's pardon if I have given offence and been insufferably rude," he said, with proud humility, inadvertently glancing across at Iris. "Everybody knows what I am come from, that I have grown up a rough chap, unfit for such company."

Lady Fermor interrupted him. She had been looking him through again, and now she put her weak hand, with an imperative gesture, on his arm, as a signal to him to sit down again. "My dear boy—you will suffer the word from an old woman," she said, a little hoarsely, "let the matter rest. You shall never be interfered with again, though you should take it into your head to eat pulse as well as to drink water. I could have wished, for your own sake, you had not adopted this freak, for it will be against your making your way in the county. You see I speak plainly in defence of my opinions, though plenty of people will tell you they are not worth defending. But the affair is your own, as you say. If anybody is called on to apologise for getting up a row, I think I

ought to figure as the guilty person. But I have lived more than eighty years a sinner instead of a saint, so what would you have?"

"Nothing, nothing," he protested incoherently; "you can't suppose that I want you to excuse yourself, that I did not guess you meant kindly by me, or that I sought to dictate—save the mark!—to anybody."

"Well, then, we'll let the argument drop and the dinner go on in peace," said Lady Fermor, with the quickly restored philosophy of a once-practised judge of appeal in dinner and card-table squabbles.

CHAPTER IX.—THE CARD-TABLES.

LADY FERMOR showed no diminution of favour to Sir William because of the sharp skirmish that had followed his introduction to her house. She would never have forgiven a woman for persistent opposition to her will, and the consequent outrage on conventional good manners. But her estimate of men had always been as far apart as the poles from her judgment of women. She liked men to have wills of their own.

When she rose from the table she took Sir William's arm, availing herself of his support instead of her old ally's aid, or her grand-daughter's shoulder, or her own stick, to help her to reach the drawing-room, where she still kept her new friend by her side. She improved on her lectures on agriculture by presenting him with sketches—pungent, though kept within bounds—drawn from her circle of neighbours.

Once Major Pollock tried to strike in with a malicious inquiry whether Sir William still interested himself in military matters. The public found men in every branch of the service favouring it with their experience nowadays. It might be worth while to get Sir William's opinion on recruits, or rations, or the like. Major Pollock felt sure it would carry weight, and would receive all the attention it deserved.

Sir William had from the first looked askance at the half-pay officer—who, by the way, had never seen more distant regimental quarters than were to be found in Ireland—and now knit his brows in perplexity and annoyance. But Lady Fermor promptly interposed and put a stop to the cross-examination. She was more than a match for a creature like Pollock, and she would show him what he should have for his impertinence in daring to plague any person she protected. "We will have no shop talked here, Pollock," she said with grim decision. "Indeed, your theories must be so

antiquated, and, if I am not mistaken, some of your recollections of your old regiment so disagreeable, that I recommend you not to attempt to compare notes with Sir William here or anywhere;" a significant reminder which caused the gentleman to retreat with a scowl.

Tea and coffee were brought in. Major Pollock read the newspapers sulkily. Iris flitted like a white butterfly through the great gorgeous room.

"Play or sing something, child," cried her grandmother; and then from the grand piano, massive like the rest of the furniture, though the march of time had reached the instrument in its corner, there issued for the intruder not the bravura strains which the once strong fingers of Lady Fermor had forced from the cracking strings, but the music of the spheres wistfully rising and softly falling and dying away; songs with words and without words, by Schubert and Mendelssohn, Chopin's passionate, pathetic Polish mazurkas, quaint tender ballads by unknown singers in the far-off, misty past. He on whose ear every note thrilled, would sooner have faced the cannon's mouth hot with the death warrants of battle, than approached uninvited the girlish figure behind the heavy barricade, even though he had been freed from Lady Fermor's detention.

Though Lord Fermor could no longer take the foot of his table at dinner, he tottered into the drawing-room on the arm of his valet. The peer was a bent wreck of a man, with lack-lustre eyes, and a tongue which still wagged at intervals, no doubt, but had ceased to be under the sure control of the brain. He looked so pitiable an object, that Sir William sprang up, as if he, a young man in his strength, were fain to salute age in its last mournful decay.

"Come along, Fermor," cried Lady Fermor in what had been her view-halloo voice, "you are as fresh as a daisy to-night. We'll have you following the hounds again, one of these fine days."

"If you say so, my lady," piped Lord Fermor in his thin treble; showing his toothless gums, with the ghost of a smile for the woman who had been his ruin and was his last stay, "then it must be all right. But where are the card-tables?"

Cards were the sole means of excitement remaining to the couple; and to do the two justice, it was more for a necessary stimulant, than from an unholy greed of gain, that Lambford had acquired its last bad name for play. Lord Fermor's encum-

bered rent-roll was still more than enough for their fast diminishing expenses, and would last their time, while Iris was the only descendant of the two to profit by their acquisitions. There was an heir to the barony and entailed estate who was a nephew of the present Lord Fermor, his first wife having died childless. But though the reigning peer and his second wife consented to accept Mr. Mildmay's tardy overtures, the master and mistress of Lambford cared nothing for their successor, naturally. They regarded him as looking out for their deaths, and taking stock of what was to come to him, every time he showed his face at his future place.

Major Pollock had thrown down his paper to be ready for action, though he received no further encouragement from his host than a peevish, scantily civil, "Dear me, Pollock, have you ventured out in this east wind? I rather wonder at you, but since you are here, you'll help us with some game or other."

"All of us have not your privileges, Lord Fermor," said Major Pollock dryly, "but it is always something to be of use."

"I am afraid to ask if you play cards, Sir William," said Lady Fermor, with the drollest suspicion of timidity, which was yet perfectly sincere, in her voice and manner, as she spoke to her next neighbour in a tone half doubtful, half insinuating.

"I have played," he admitted, "but I may not know any of your games."

"*N'importe, mon cher*, I will teach you," she said gayly.

"No, Pollock, you are to have nothing to do with the lesson," she interposed peremptorily, to prevent a quick movement of the Major in their direction; "Sir William is to be my pupil, and my opponent when he has learnt his lesson, do you hear? I don't want any interference with the course of instruction which I propose to give him."

"Very well, Lady Fermor, you shall make your little game," said Major Pollock, retreating with a shrug and the beginning of a snarl worked off by the relief of delivering an unpleasant *double entendre*, "I may as well take myself off, and face the east wind which has incurred Fermor's displeasure, since I cannot even have the comfort of finding myself useful."

"Bosh, Pollock," exclaimed the old lady, who belonged to the generation of women that had taken delight in addressing men freely by their surnames. In fact she was even now dropping the formal "Sir William," and, somewhat to his surprise, calling her

newest fancy "Thwaite," as his old comrades' wives had done. She was not out of humour. She had just been propitiated by Sir William's concession to card-playing. She desired to make amends to her old ally. "You are not going to set up being thin-skinned at this time of the day," she rallied him; "you know I don't like my lord to play without me at his elbow, since he is not able for too much excitement, and wants me to keep him in order, don't you, Fermor? But there, you may tackle him to-night, and Iris will help him with his cards."

"Thanks," said Major Pollock. "It will be an unequal match; I shall have to put forth all my skill against the combined forces of Lord Fermor and Miss Compton. Besides, don't you think"—he passed behind her chair and dropped the words into her ear—"it is late in the day for me to begin to play the parts of dry nurse and keeper?"

She frowned with rising wrath, but she shook her fan at him the next moment, "You are a queer creature. You have gone on finding fault with the side on which your bread was buttered, ever since I have known you, and as that is neither to-day nor yesterday, I fancy I must put up with you to the end."

Sir William ran the most imminent risk of convincing Lady Fermor, against her will, that he was a blockhead of the first water, for the same couple that had threatened to play ducks and drakes with his powers of attention and response during dinner, now formed part of a trio, with only two little tables between him and them. Major Pollock, whose sight was failing, sat turned to one side in order to catch the full light from the lamp on its stand just behind him. He did not serve as a screen to shut out the view of Miss Compton and her grandfather from the furtive gazer. Dewy youth and decrepit age sat side by side, as Iris marshalled her grandfather's cards, put them into his fumbling hands to play out in their order, and marked his numbers for him. She devoted all her care to Lord Fermor, as if she would look as little as possible at their antagonist.

Major Pollock did not play with the scornful, reckless indifference that he might have displayed, had there not been golden stakes on which his eyes gloated; for he was a broken-down gentleman, up to the neck in difficulties, as everybody knew. But Iris did not wish him to have her grandfather's money. Major Pollock made her very angry by the want of feeling and reverence with which he took off, every now and then, the scarcely con-

scious old man's pitiable weaknesses, turning them almost openly into merciless ridicule. She believed he dared not have done it, if Lady Fermor had been disengaged enough to see what he was about, but he dared to do it before her—Iris, in mean revenge for being set down to play this poor little game of *béziqe* instead of being allowed to play a higher game.

As a rule Iris was not called on to assist at any of the Lambford card-tables unless her grandfather and grandmother were alone, when they strictly limited their necessarily tame diversion to taking from Peter to give to Paul. It was the first battle she had fought on her own—that is on her grandfather's account against an unscrupulous adversary. She regarded the field as unworthy, but she stood by her guns and showed no want of courage and determination. Young as she was, the protective instinct was already strong in her. All that Sir William understood of the pantomime, was that Iris's little face was flushed, and her lovely bow of a mouth straightened and compressed. If he could only have seen beneath the soft, fine rings curling like a child's hair on her forehead, he would have discovered that the big brow which ought to have been smooth as ivory, was ruffled and rumpled with intentness and vexation.

The young man could not imagine that the girl cared any more than he did for the little heap of sovereigns with which, at Lady Fermor's suggestion, he and she had also adorned their table. Any former experience he had enjoyed in this line, had been in trials of chance of a nature little better than pitch and toss, and in betting on such races as some of his officers had managed to get up even in India. His losses had never been so deadly as to imbue either himself or Jen with a horror of the propensity. But he could see that Miss Compton had enough to try her. Not merely was her grandfather inclined to be aimlessly restive and to remonstrate without any distinct notion of what he objected to, with regard to every card she sought out, and number she marked. Between the deals, Lord Fermor's clouded memory invariably reverted to an awkward subject of inquiry. "Who is the youngster playing with your grandmother, girl?" he demanded irritably, over and over again. He spoke as if the knowledge had been wilfully and injuriously withheld from him, and Iris had to hasten to reply in a succession of explanations delivered, with regard to Lord Fermor's deafness, in full ear-shot of the

object of his curiosity. She bit her lips and looked in an opposite direction, as she kept saying every time, "It is Sir William Thwaite, grandpapa."

"And who the mischief is Sir William Thwaite? never heard of him in all my days," grumbled the insatiable questioner.

"Oh, Sir William who has succeeded old Sir John, and has lately come to Whitehills."

"What! Is Sir John dead? Why have I never heard of it? Who the dickens will go next, I wonder?"

She would not laugh, because Major Pollock was grinning maliciously without scruple or disguise. And if that grin were observed either by Lord Fermor or Sir William, it might be enough to exasperate the innocent offender into a frenzy, or to cover the still more innocent victim with confusion of face. She bore the assaults on her patience and temper wonderfully, but at last her girlish gravity gave way; yet even in yielding to the irresistible provocation, she did not join in Major Pollock's laugh. She looked across with half-shy frankness and laughed a deprecating appeal to Sir William, who coloured to the roots of his hair as he smiled slowly back to her. She was like an angel, Sir William vowed, with a swelling heart, and he was inspired and emboldened to take a step on which he would not have ventured earlier. When the game was finished and everybody rose, he happened to be standing near Iris for a moment. In that moment he had "the impudence," as he called it afterwards, to speak to her for a second time aside, to beg her pardon specially.

"I am sorry for what took place during dinner," he muttered. "Lady Fermor has been good enough to look over it, but I behaved like a sulky brute."

She glanced up at him with a light kindling in her hazel eyes, her face grew grave, but it was very gentle and sweet in its womanly gravity. She spoke with generous impulsiveness, "Don't apologise, I am sure you did quite right."

The Greek Iris was said to cut the last strand of human destiny, to refresh the parched earth by pouring down rivers of waters from the lowering clouds, and then to glorify them with all the colours of the rainbow. But this English Iris unwittingly knotted instead of cutting a terrible tangle in a poor mortal's career, poured out the beginning of a flood of trouble and sorrow on his devoted head, and then shone above him in incomparable radiance, as if that could have brought any balm to his woes.

SUNDAY READINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

FEBRUARY 3RD.

Read Isaiah xl. 1-11, and 2 Cor. v.

CHARACTER is always determined by the affections. When we know what a man loves, we can decide what the man is. Let a man's religious "views" be what they may, yet if he loves money supremely, or if ambition, appetite or vanity sways his motives, then we pronounce him covetous, ambitious, sensual, or vain. In like manner as we characterize the scholar by his learning, and the patriot by his devotion to his country; so when we hear St. Paul say, "the love of Jesus Christ constraineth us," we can recognise the secret of his Christian heroism. And so it is that God seeks our hearts—for when the heart is given, all is given.

There are two methods by which sin can be prevented. It can be suppressed by force, as is done when a criminal is confined under lock and key; or it can be driven out by the introduction of another and more powerful affection. It is obvious that God could suppress evil by force; for He could turn into lunacy the intellect which has been made the base instrument of wickedness, or paralyze the drunkard or sensualist, who makes himself a curse to all who know him. But thus to deal with men by force would be destructive of the grand purpose which is being accomplished in the education of the world through freedom. It would be an anticipation of judgment. It would render void the work of leading men possessed of the knowledge of evil, intelligently and willingly to choose the good. Therefore, it is not by external force that evil is to be vanquished, but by the higher and surer method of winning sympathy for the right, by winning the heart for God.

Again, there is only one way by which love to God can be produced and, with it, the God-like character. No one can be made to love another through any mere command. The most potent monarch earth ever beheld, though armed with all instruments of torture that could terrify, or holding all the wealth of empire for his bribe, could not by the arbitrary exercise of such powers force the love of the weakest child. The little world of a human heart cannot be controlled at will. Its laws defy external pressure. Neither the thunders of Sinai nor the offer of the joys of heaven could of themselves produce love for the good, the pure and the holy. There is but one way of approach to man's sympathies:

his heart must be won by that which appeals to its affections. Love must constrain love.

And it was thus—(oh, Mystery of Divine Goodness!)—that God sought us. We may falter as we utter it, so ineffably strange does it seem so to speak of the Infinite in relation to the Finite. Yet if the greatness of the Infinite God is not to be measured as we measure space or time by magnitudes of extent, but is rather to be reckoned by the scale of moral goodness, then let us pause as we realise the meaning of the Incarnation. For it was not by startling us through a display of material glory and of irresistible force, nor by thrusting an abstract system of truth on our obedience, that He approached us. But He sent His own Son who came in that form which could best appeal to our humanity. He came as a man to men, and through human speech, human thoughts and affections, He whispered the tale of Divine Mercy. He emptied Himself of all those tokens of Divinity which, in dazzling us, might have kept us back in astonishment and awe. He came "without form or comeliness" and risked everything (if I may hazard the expression) upon the power of love to win love, and on the force of goodness and truth to create a response in each man's conscience to the will of the Father. Love uttering itself in deeds, looks, words—in the grand eloquence of joy and sorrow, keeping nothing back, but sacrificing self in order to bless, this has been the power of God to bring us home to Himself. When threats of law fail, Incarnate goodness touches us. A life lived in the flesh constrains us. The will is yielded because it is won.

Let us beware of looking for some other kind of compulsion. It was thus the Jews asked Christ for a sign from heaven to compel their faith. But Jesus answered, "An evil and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign—but no sign shall be given them." If they would not receive truth because they saw it to be true; if they would not love goodness because appreciating its excellence, then a lightning flash might terrify or astonish, but it could not make truth or goodness worthier of acceptance. So was it that Abraham, when asked by Dives to send Lazarus to his five brethren, is represented as replying, "If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead." An apparition might startle, but it could not make holiness more beautiful. And

we also may ignorantly wait for signs from heaven—for some feeling of peace or assurance, while every day we reject Him who is reasoning with us of goodness and truth. Or we may seek the constraint of some external authority, rather than open the heart to spiritual conviction. But there can be no sign higher than that of the Son of man living and dying for us. Nor can there be any authority so divine as that of His love and mercy and truth commending themselves to our heart and conscience in the sight of God.

FEBRUARY 10TH.

Read Isaiah ix. 1-8. Ephesians iii.

There is an obvious distinction between the existence of a moral quality and its manifestation. The brave or patient man is not made brave or patient by trial, for the rush of battle or the weight of suffering only draw out and make apparent the heroic qualities which had always been theirs.

This distinction may teach us some lessons regarding God Himself. Scripture often speaks of the greatness of the love of God never having been fully manifested to the intelligent universe until it was revealed in the gift of Jesus Christ. It does not represent God as having then loved for the first time, but it asserts that not till then was it made apparent that He "*so* loved the world." Let us see in what sense this can be true.

Every moral quality has its own appropriate form of manifestation, and each one has a particular kind of trial whereby its special strength is proved. The circumstances which bring forth bravery are different from those which are appropriate to purity or truth. The trial of Job was not the same as that of Abraham, because patience and faith, while akin, necessitate different conditions for their display. Now, just as danger is the kind of trial suitable for revealing bravery, or as patience answers to suffering, so sacrifice is what is appropriate to love, and which can alone make manifest its greatness. It is when it is called to give forth that the depths of love are revealed. We can therefore assert with all reverence that while the love of God was displayed in numberless methods from all eternity, yet the greatness of His love was proved by a new measure when to principalities and powers there appeared that which showed not only that God loves, but that He *so* loves as not to spare His own Son.

The manifestation of the glory of God is, indeed, the mighty end for which all things have been created. The material universe may thus be regarded as an unrolling of the

riches of His wisdom and power and goodness before the eye of the intelligent beings whom He has made for fellowship with Himself. The very creation of such beings, endowed with the capacity of entering into His own blessed thoughts of order and beauty, is of the same nature as that love, which is aback of all regulating laws and all loveliness of form and colour. And thus it would be wrong to live in this world of God's, with its roof of changing splendour and its infinite store of things fair and healthful, without recognising His love. Nevertheless, while all things visible, the vastest and the minutest, speak of love, yet these belong to a different plane from that of sacrifice. In the grandeur and beauty of the outer world we see the glory of Him "Who spake and it was done;" "Who sendeth forth His spirit and they are created; Who reneweth the face of the earth; Who looketh on the earth and it trembleth; Who toucheth the hills and they smoke." But in redemption angels and principalities and powers see the opening of the Father's heart in sacrifice. The highest manifestation of this glory was therefore not through the dazzling wonders of Him who possesseth and sustaineth all things, "Who clothes Himself with light as with a garment," and "Who measureth the ocean in the hollow of His hand," but in Him Who, while thus possessing all things, "yet for our sake became poor;" Who though thus high yet "made Himself of no reputation," that by a love which humbled itself, even unto death, He might redeem man to eternal fellowship with Himself.

But even to speak of sacrifice in connection with Deity must, however scriptural, strike many minds as derogatory if not irreverent. "What can this earth," they may ask with no small show of reason, "be to the Maker of all things? Is it not less than a speck in an illimitable universe of worlds? What can the troubles and sufferings of this feeble race of mankind be to the Almighty One? When we measure humanity by the awful magnitudes that surround us, are we not forced to recognise that we are nothing and can be nothing in His sight?"

But it may be urged in reply that this objection is founded on a pagan rather than a Christian conception of the greatness of Deity. There is surely something nobler than callous power, something more divine than unfeeling magnitude. The majesty of power unapproachable and indifferent is not so worthy of adoration as the majesty of power governed by a love which can humble itself to behold and care for the things that are in

heaven and on earth. Goodness that is infinite in its intensity must always appear loftier and more awing to moral beings than the mystery of a bare self-existent, self-centred Deity. And if to win an intelligent response to His all-holy, all-loving will from creatures endowed by Him with freedom of choice, and whose sympathies must accordingly be led back from evil to righteousness, if this is a more God-like result than the creating of mere things by a stroke of omnipotence, then in the unfolding of the mind of the Father in the gift of Jesus Christ methinks we have the sublimest measure and manifestation of Divine character and glory. Verily, "in this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent His only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him."

FEBRUARY 17TH.

Read Job xxiii. 1 John iv.

When St. John says, "There is no fear in love; perfect love casteth out fear. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love Him, because he first loved us," he practically solves many of the difficulties connected with the much-disputed doctrine of assurance of faith. This evening we shall consider chiefly that part of St. John's statement which characterizes the fear which is cast out by love.

It is described as a "fear that hath torment." There is a fear which love only deepens—for it is that fear of reverence which springs from ever profounder views being entertained of the infinite glory of God. Any form of confidence that is destitute of such reverence, must be the result either of presumption or of ignorance. The angels who veil their faces as they adore, represent the attitude of all devout beings. Their holy awe is the consequence of their deep and wondering apprehension of the Divine Majesty. But the fear which is taken away by love is of another kind. It is that tormenting dread which is connected with anxiety regarding our personal relationship to God. Most persons can recall some experience of its power, and the instances are only too frequent in which its influence has led to terrible extremes of religious melancholy and despair.

Now if we consider the character of "the fear that hath torment," we notice that (1) It is better than indifference. Some sign of life, albeit a sigh of pain, is better than the passionless apathy of death. However distressing the anxiety may be, it is better to be in earnest about the solemn questions of existence than to pass through life like "dumb driven cattle." (2) Again, under certain cir-

cumstances this tormenting fear is natural. There are assuredly many persons, who under the sweet influences of godly training in a Christian home, grow up in such happy confidence towards God their Father, as never to experience the difficulties which beset the awakening of religious thought in others. And I recognise such self-unconscious Christian growth as what would be the rule instead of the exception, were Christian baptism followed up by its proper fruit in Christian training. But there are too many differently circumstanced, to whom the experience of painful religious anxiety is natural. When for the first time they stand face to face with the questions of existence, and when the sense of responsibility to the unseen God presses upon the conscience, and they find no solid ground for confidence, then is it to be expected that their first impressions should be of the character of the "fear that hath torment." (3) But if this fear is natural, it must be looked upon as the symptom of a feeble spiritual condition. As physical pain betokens the presence of weakness or disease, so does this terror indicate an unhealthy state of Christian life. God does not wish His children to be afraid of Him. He does not give them "the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." (4) This tormenting fear is essentially selfish. It is not so much God that it seeks, as a sense of safety. It deals with the work of Christ, not so much as a revelation of the unsearchable riches of the divine goodness, evoking the response of love and obedience; but as a ground of personal security. The desire is to feel safe, rather than simply to know God, and to love Him with self-forgotten gladness. And accordingly out of this miserable selfishness of desire springs a correspondingly selfish theology of calculated securities, and arbitrary beliefs, as if the whole question of salvation were nothing more than confidence in the validity of a commercial transaction. Christian life ought to be delivered at once from this selfish terror, and from this no less selfish creed. It is quite true that even the lowest type of religious terror, met by the declaration of a gospel which proclaims nothing higher than a mercantile view of the atonement, may gradually lead through the confidence that is inspired to a higher and purer love; but they are in themselves ignorant, and often morbid. True assurance of faith should arise in another manner. The "fear that hath torment" should be cast out, not through an appeal to what is selfish, but by enthroning love on the conscience and heart. The

gospel gives confidence not by giving such an answer to the selfish cry for safety, as may be no better than an echo of our own selfishness, but by revealing that "perfect love which casts out fear," and evokes the response of love. "We love Him because He first loved us."

FEBRUARY 24TH.

Read Isaiah xxvi. 1-13, and 1 John iii. 14 to end.

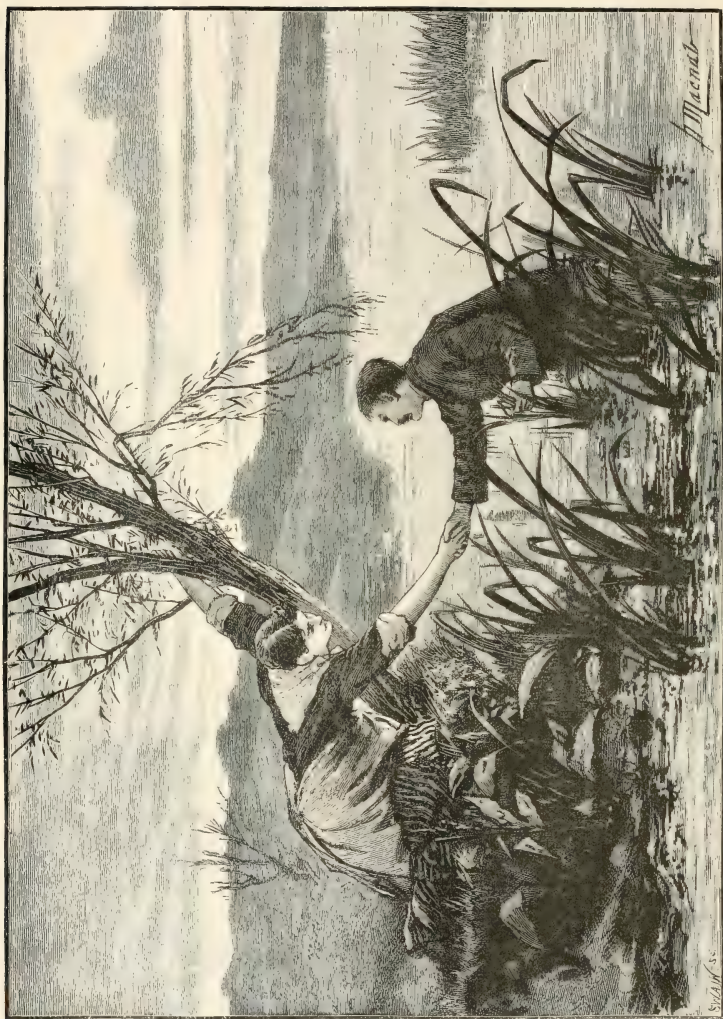
There are few subjects on which greater confusion of thought prevails than that of Assurance of Faith. It has often been the watchword of much fanaticism, and it has also been the object of as fanatical a dislike. The truth appears to lie between two extremes.

1. Assurance of faith seems to be put in a wrong position when it is made a necessary sign of a state of salvation. There have been periods of religious excitement when an exaggerated emphasis has been laid on its necessity; and the result of such teaching has been most dangerous to sensitive minds, leading them to search for this sign of their security rather than to look to Christ and to such truths as are of themselves peace-inspiring. The wish, in such cases, is to feel sure of one's self rather than to learn the sureness of Christ, and presumption or despair has been frequently the bitter consequence. But assurance of faith is not taught in Scripture as being necessary to salvation. When St. John speaks of "the fear that hath torment," he does not say, "He that feareth is lost," but "He that feareth is not made perfect in love." So, too, when he speaks elsewhere of the possibility of "our own hearts condemning us," he adds, "God is greater than our hearts and knoweth all things;" teaching us that God may have far more loving thoughts about us than we ourselves entertain. Our Lord, in like manner, at once answered the request of the man who could not say "I believe" without the prayer, "Help thou mine unbelief." I am certain that there is a large proportion of the humblest and best Christians, to whom it would be as death to be separated from the God they love, who yet shrink from indulging in the language of assured confidence because savouring of a certain tone of self-assertion.

2. But while this may be all true, we must also remember that assurance of faith is not only possible, but is commanded in Scripture. St. Peter exhorts believers to "make their calling and election sure." St. Paul blames the Corinthians because they did not "know their own selves how that Jesus Christ was in them." "The Spirit itself," he says

elsewhere, "bears witness with our spirit that we are the children of God." The apostles had this assurance themselves. "I am persuaded that nothing can separate me from the love of God that is in Christ Jesus our Lord." "I know Him whom I have trusted, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day." St. John's Epistles are full of his own confidence and of that of the believers he addresses as to their "having passed from death unto life." If an assured sense of personal salvation is, on the one hand, not necessary to salvation, nor to be urged as a condition of acceptance with God, it ought, on the other hand, to be recognised as a possible, even natural experience for all those who have truly "known and believed the great love wherewith He hath loved us."

3. And this leads us to the one source of all assurance of faith. "Perfect love casteth out fear. . . . We love Him because He first loved us." The history is brief and plain. The interchange of love with love destroys all tormenting fear. The process is just the reverse of that fanaticism which primarily directs attention to some consciousness of an assured faith, rather than to the grace and goodness of God revealed in Jesus Christ. Whatever dread may have been experienced by the Prodigal as he left the far country, all such terror must have been banished when he felt his father's arms round him, and recognised the love that had met him even "when he was a great way off." All fears about self or security would then give way to the joy of restored filial affection. And it is thus that God would have us brought back to Himself. If our assurance of faith be real it must be founded on no calculations made at a distance from God, weighing merit against demerit, or punishment against punishment, but must arise from frank surrender to the love and goodness which has sought us in our forgetfulness and sin. It would be a bad sign of a child were he to be ever puzzling himself whether he is safe with his father. The interchanges of loving friendship should cause all such distrust to vanish. Confidence can never come from processes of self-examination and morbid introspection. As it is light which can alone banish darkness, so it is love which can alone banish fear. When we "acquaint ourselves with God," then we are "at peace." Instead of becoming the plaything of our own shifting "feelings" and "experiences," we then learn to forget ourselves, and to think most of Him who is our reconciled Father in Jesus Christ.



Engraved by

J. Swain.

"Sir William found himself standing, dripping like a water god, confronting a strong woman of his own age."

Page 156.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A Modern Romance.

By SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER X.—LADY FERMORE'S NEIGHBOURLY WAYS.

THE squires of Eastham did their part by Sir William Thwaite. They all paid their respects to him and held out the right hand of fellowship, declaring that he was not nearly so bad as they had expected, and that now he was "Sir William and all that," the past had better be forgotten and he should be treated as if he had been born, cradled, and schooled in the purple. It would be hard to say exactly what the squires had expected, or what they thought of themselves. Some of them were clownish enough and not without wild ways of their own in their out-of-the-way retreats, though they had worn pink coats, sworn over grouse, handled old plate, swaggered in dining-rooms and dozed in drawing-rooms, ever since the middle-aged men were boys.

But of Sir William's fellow squires and nearest neighbours, every one was too old to be a natural companion for him. The way of the modern world and the poverty of Eastham rendered it impossible that the county should support a population of young men of the higher rank. These lads, including the heirs of estates, were all drafted off betimes into regiments or ships, to eat their dinners in the Temple, to wear white surplices and be petted or pitied as curates, even to figure in the upper walks of trade in the larger mercantile towns, or to make shift in the colonies. The absentees who could turn up at set seasons only fluttered home like the birds the young men came to shoot in September, or like the children and schoolboys at Christmas, or on any private emergency or demonstration in the visitors' respective families. What remained permanently was a small residue of half-pacers, pretenders to a better position than they were entitled to, scampish young fellows of whom nothing could be made, who took their cue from Major Pollock when they were within hail of Knotley. Some of these promising young people were supposed to be trying better class farming or brewing, since there was a great brewery in Knotley, while they plagued the hearts out of their unfortunate parents or all who were responsible for the delinquents.

With both the old and the young sets representing the squirearchy, Sir William

Thwaite's total abstinence, in drinking only water or tea, was, as Lady Fermor had easily prognosticated, a great stumbling-block to familiar intercourse and social intimacy. A rumour spread abroad that Sir William had made a vulgar clamour in refusing to drink wine at Lady Fermor's table, where the choicest vintages had been wont to flow in bucketfuls. Lady Fermor had condoned the offence for her own ends, but her neighbours, who might not have the same inducement, did not feel inclined to excuse the outrage. The most sober of the elder men did not scruple to declare that total abstinence was suspicious and ominous, not to say bad form. The fellow must have suffered from D.T. Depend upon it there would be reaction and an outbreak sooner or later. There was nothing like moderation in all things. The young men in great disgust voted Sir William at once a low prig, a dissenting minister in disguise, a wet blanket, a beastly interloper. The favour of the last-mentioned critics would not have been particularly desirable for the man whom they sent to Coventry. Poor Jen's prevision was prophetic where they were concerned.

But Sir William was lonely in his new estate, and he would have been still lonelier had not Lady Fermor proved faithful to her fancy and approached him as she knew how, in a variety of neighbourly ways. He had touched some softer chord in the hard, cynical old heart. Whether he recalled an honest young brother who had believed in her when she was still deserving of belief, with whom she had been hand and glove in her early girlhood; or a lover for whom she had felt the dawning of fervent respect and regard, though she had tortured and tried him, till for his honour and happiness he had parted from her for ever; or the boy she might have borne instead of weak and whimpering girls, who could perhaps have saved her from the depths which had left her what she was: there was no question of the kindly feeling for Sir William which underlay her mocking defiance of the neighbourhood, her determination to appropriate the new-comer, and the rapid formation in her mind of certain worldly schemes where he was concerned.

Lady Fermor kept up briskly the acquaintance which had been begun. She invited Sir William constantly over to Lambford and

she returned his visits by unceremonious calls, to ask what he was doing, what he thought of the weather for the turnips, whether his lambs were in good condition. She would disturb the absolute silence of the long, low-roofed drawing-room, out of which Lady Thwaite had been wont to allow complacently so much could be made in this age of revivals. It was such a delicious place for window-seats, screens, fans and pot-pourri. As it was now, stripped of Lady Thwaite's reversion of the screens, fans and pot-pourri, and under the superintendence of an unexceptionable housekeeper like Mrs. Cray, who hated what she termed litter, the room was quickly assuming a stiff, stony and disused aspect. But it did not chill or daunt Lady Fermor, who claimed her afternoon tea there, and looked round her on the family portraits which were heir-looms, the couple of Sir Joshua's, the fine fragments of old tapestry, with a freedom which even she had not attempted when the room owned a mistress.

Lady Fermor declared without a falter, rather with sly satisfaction, that she was a great deal too old for people to speak about her any longer, or to mind what she did, so that she could drop in on a young friend to see what he was about without making a rumpus. She never took her grand-daughter with her, on her "larking expeditions," but Sir William was in Iris Compton's company every time he went over to Lambford. He accepted the invitations. Mr. Miles's early warning proved of no avail. Will Thwaite had not been so nice in the company he had kept that he should consider himself too good for these people, one of whom was the sweetest and truest of God's creatures. So long as he did not fail in his promise to Jen, he did not see what harm could come of his going where he was made heartily welcome. He thought more of that after the first visit than of the rank of Lord and Lady Fermor or the grandeur of Lambford.

Sir William did not mind losing a little money; he supposed it was the way of such houses, and he could afford it. For that matter, Lady Fermor had interposed her shield, from the first evening on which Sir William had gone to Lambford, between him and wholesale plunder, as represented by Major Pollock and birds of his feather. She kept her young neighbour very much to herself, either as her antagonist or her partner at the card-table. She would consent to amuse herself by winning more or less of his guineas; but so long as she could help it there should be no turning inside out of his

pockets, no inoculating him with the incurable disease of play, no instilling into him the arts of a blackleg in self-defence. He should come and go at Lambford without his being the worse for it, even if his being the worse were not likely to interfere with a half-formed plan of hers.

Yet Sir William did not respond to Lady Fermor's friendship without some instinctive reluctance. Whatever his youthful errors had been, his better nature was repelled by her, as by an old woman who was very far from what she should be. In spite of her gradual social whitewashing, she occasionally made revelations of herself which revolted him. He resented her lack of affection for her grand-daughter, which he had been quick to notice, and felt aggrieved by it, though it was no business of his, and so far as he could judge, the indifference remained unmixed with any form of ill-usage. But it also belonged to his nature, both in its strength and its weakness, that he should be touched by any kindness shown to himself. Lady Fermor, be she what she might, was awfully good to him, and one day finding her alone among the tulip beds on the terrace at Lambford, tottering along by the help of her parasol, he was moved to an impulsive offer of his strong young arm, the first he had made to a lady in his life.

"Won't you lean on my arm, my lady?" he said, awkwardly enough, "if it ain't too great a freedom in me to propose it."

She took his arm instantly, and patted it with her claw of a hand, as she chatted to him.

Another day he was shown into the back drawing-room—by a bundle of the servant's, Sir William immediately concluded—when he found Lady Fermor almost swallowed up in wraps, in an easy-chair, with one foot swathed as in the cerements of a mummy on a stool before her, in the clutches of gout. He stopped on the threshold with a brief word of apology and regret, and was about to beat a rapid retreat when the sufferer hailed him.

"Don't go away, Thwaite," she forbade him. "Come forward, and let me see a hale and hearty fellow who has all his senses, and is neither worn out, nor deaf, nor blind—even Pollock has to use glasses in private, though the fool goes blinking without them in public. You have not had a twinge of my enemy. Ah, your day will come. Well, perhaps not, if you go on drinking ditch water; but I dare say worse will happen to you. Sit down and tell me what news is going, or read the papers to me for a bit. I am sick of that hole

of a dressing-room of mine, to which I have been confined for three days. I dare say I shall die some day without my friends having had the grace to inquire for me. No; I know you had not heard, but whose fault was that? Now that you are here I am going to make you useful. See, there is a draught blowing from that window, draw the curtains more to my side."

He did as he was told, handily enough this time. He was one of those rough fellows who are gentle in sick-rooms. Indeed, he had a greater knack at nursing even than Iris Compton possessed. This gift had become known both in and out of hospital in the course of his soldiering. He had been repeatedly told off as the orderly appointed to wait on a sick comrade or officer. But he had certainly never waited on an old lady under an attack of gout before. *Mais ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.* When he turned and saw better the hollow eyes glittering with fever and pain, the puckered, yellow face, the constrained attitude, the helplessness, he was full of pity, and of a craving to be of service to her.

"It ain't a joke. Have you had your medicine? Don't it ease you the least thing? No; I am main sorry. I think, if you would let me, I could lift you right up and set you down again more comfortable like."

"Ah! thank you, my dear fellow, that is ever so much better. I am in the very best corner of purgatory now. How long would it have been before any idiot of a servant or a doctor would have managed it? Of course a well-meaning baby like Iris would only kill herself without being of an atom of use to me. There, will you read to me? for the truth is I am not up to talking. You'll find some of the morning papers on that table."

He fell into the trap, if trap it was, instantly. He brought the paper, and read fluently in a stentorian but perfectly distinct voice, which had lost its self-consciousness for the moment. He picked out carefully the paragraphs relating to races far and near, and the last report of the *Mark Lane Express*. Then he courageously attacked the columns that set forth a trial for murder. He was satisfied that these were the portions of the paper in which she would take most interest.

Sir William read till Lady Fermor, growing drowsy, dismissed him with thanks and praise.

"I don't know what I owe to you, since you are sending me off to sleep, which is the very best thing you could have done for me—what Sawbones has tried in vain to bring

about with his abominable opiates. You have read what any rational, unaffected person would like to listen to, and I have heard every word you said, for you don't cheep like a girl or mouth like a play-actor."

The last hit was directed against Mr. Acton, the Rector, who, in seeking zealously to be eyes to his discreditable old parishioner, had neither succeeded in affording pleasure nor conveying profit.

But to-day Lady Fermor's heavy eyes were moist as they glanced after her nurse and reader. She was a good deal of a Stoic, and wished to feel sufficient for herself, but it was so long, so very long, since she had been served with any service she cared to accept out of pure, disinterested good-will, with some kindly care for her at the bottom of the act.

CHAPTER XI.—RIVAL CLAIMS.

LADY THWAITE soon became aware of the degree to which Lady Fermor had diverted Sir William from what, after Lady Thwaite's advances, ought to have been his grateful, trustful reliance on the only person near who had the most distant pretension to being connected with him by a family tie. The absence of any natural Netherton influence over him, and the fact that he could not find anything in common with the late Sir John's widow, were disappointing traits in Sir William. The conclusion might have been held a compliment to her ladyship, still it was a piece of great stupidity in the young man, since Lady Thwaite was so popular in the neighbourhood. She was not bluer or more æsthetical than the custom of the day required. She was not stuck up or puritanical. She was a woman of society, a charming woman in most people's estimation, the secret of whose charm was that she could suit herself admirably to any commonplace, tolerable company, in her own class of course.

The cool appropriation of Sir William by Lady Fermor was a lawless interference with the rights of another, and an arrogant trampling upon them which savoured of the woman's old machinations. But Lady Thwaite, though she had all her life shown that she could look out for herself, was no match for her neighbour, and knew it, which was a considerable proof of Lady Thwaite's cleverness. She felt provoked and aggrieved, but she did not dream of entering the lists against the successful competitor. If Sir William Thwaite had the bad taste and the bad moral perception—and after all, what could be expected from him?—to accept Lady

Fermor for his sponsor and to turn to Lambford for countenance and guidance, unquestionably he was at liberty to do so. Thanks for her mother's lawyer and the late Sir John, his widow was not by any means dependent on the favour of his successor, though she would have liked to have done her duty by him and by the fine old place over which she had presided, which she had once hoped would have descended to her son. But if Sir William showed himself incapable of appreciating her motives and was infatuated, there remained nothing more to be said.

Lady Thwaite in her calmness and reasonableness was, as Mr. Miles had vouched for, not at all difficult to get on with, up to a certain point, and if you expected nothing further, you would not be disappointed. She had at once suspected Lady Fermor of ulterior designs. "Trust the naughty old woman not to do anything without having a sufficiently selfish end to serve," said Lady Thwaite to herself. The preponderance of a certain quantity of brain over heart in her, prevented her from so much as conceiving the lingering womanly regard with which Sir William had inspired his undesirable monitor. "What is it?" pondered Lady Thwaite. "Does she want a fit victim for the intermittent gambling that still goes on fitfully at Lambford? I know I—who make a rule of never staking anything save gloves—was forced into losing three guineas the last time I dined there. I did wish I had paid heed to poor Sir John, and kept clear even of *ci-devant* black sheep, or that I could have pled, like demure Mrs. Acton, that the Rector would not permit me to play for money. Is Lady Fermor bent on making a match between Sir William and Iris Compton? I did think, when they met here, that if it had been anybody else I should have said she seized the first opportunity of taking his homely measure and laying herself out for him. I wonder how it would do! Iris would be a great improvement for a cousin, and she would not rule with a high hand. She is the style of grand simpleton who would never forget old favours and former conditions—for instance, that I had been kind to her, and had been mistress of Whitehills in my day. Ah! but nice as she is, there is *that* in the blood, while the association might prove a fearful risk in its utter unsuitability. Beauty and the Beast, the Princess and—not the knightly Page—the ploughman Squire."

After further thinking over the subject, Lady Thwaite saw herself called upon to attempt a talk with Sir William. She would

drop a gentle hint—double-barrelled—against the danger of houses—of which Lambford was not the only one in Eastham—in which play was an essential element, and against the rashness of marriages which involved bad connections.

Lady Thwaite sent Sir William one of her little notes, summoning him—with the most disarming, compelling confidence in his obeying the summons—to come over to Netherton either for luncheon, afternoon-tea, or dinner, as he felt inclined, to discuss a tenant difficulty with regard to one of the farms set apart for her jointure, about which, by the way, she was a hundred times better informed than he could be. "Men like to be consulted whether they know or not," she reasoned. "Poor Sir John always did. It used to put him into a good humour, and the less he knew, the better he was pleased. I am right to begin by asking Sir William's opinion, and young Sam with views about a new lease will do as well as any other subject."

Out of three evils Sir William chose the least, the slight refection which ladies affect as afternoon tea. Though he never drank tea then, for his own part, it was not such a novelty to him as many another thing. His sister Jen, the washerwoman, and her cronies, had taken tea at all hours! Here was the touch of nature which seemed to make the whole of women kin. Besides he had been fortunate before on such an occasion. Who knew what graceful figure might pass the windows, what flower-face blossom before his ravished eyes, what eager, gentle interposition save him from a horrible strait?

It is a curious study both for philosophy and satire, to recognise how soon a man of ordinary aptitude and fair opportunities accommodates himself outwardly to a change of circumstances. There may be a thousand things, *petits soins* of etiquette, tricks, turns and shades of behaviour which take years, nay generations to acquire, which, when all is said, women learn sooner and better than men. But it would have been either encouraging or mortifying, according to the creed or temper of the individual, for an onlooker to have watched the way in which Sir William had accustomed himself, on the surface at least, within three or four months, to a new style of living. He now sat, or lent back, very much at his ease apparently, in one of Lady Thwaite's fauteuils, and looked round with calmly observant, she could almost have said critical eyes, on her

treasures, the orchids from his own green-houses, the Banksia rose-tree covering the door of the conservatory with its myriads of minute flowers. But she did not have him there that she might privately remark on the improvement in his manner and bearing, which, save for his soldierly carriage, owed little or nothing to his training. The only sign she gave of noticing his progress, was that the faultlessly well-bred widow, in her faultless weeds, did not again break down by committing the solecism of converting her guest and kinsman into a butt.

Lady Thwaite discussed fluently the grievance of young Sam Withers wishing a new lease to his farm already, and settled the question without much help from Sir William, whose one idea, as yet, in such difficulties was Mr. Miles. Then she glided on to general topics, chatting easily and brightly. There was not much going on in the neighbourhood just then—there was not much at any time. Eastham was a little slow, even those who loved it best—and she hoped Sir William would grow fond of his county—must own that. But it would have been a blessing if the quality of slowness had been the only old fashion which still held its own in Eastham. Was Sir William aware that a considerable—she might say a lamentable—amount of high play survived in every class, with the most distressing results in some cases? The Rector could tell him tales of its demoralising effect on many of the farmers. She trusted Sir William as a new-comer would set his face against the practice, when he met it in their circle.

Sir William in his gravity was not without a sense of humour, and now that he was beginning to get over the shocks he had sustained, the humour had room to play at times. "I beg your pardon, Lady Thwaite, I think it is just because I am a new-comer that it is not for me to interfere; now, you are an old hand——"

"An old hand!" she swallowed the brutal plain-speaking. "I would gladly try the little I can, but except abroad a woman has nothing to do with play."

Poor Lady Thwaite! she was an innocent woman dwelling among green fields after all. She had little suspicion of the re-appearance of the mortal malady among the grand dames of the generation. Such a relapse consummates the ruin of old historical families, brings to the hammer broad acres, and scatters art collections which have taken centuries to acquire, and have been kept together through changes of dynasties and

national upheavals, to be gambled away by the turning up of a knave or the loss of an ace.

"It is a vice," continued Lady Thwaite in her simplicity, "which you men keep very much to yourselves in England. But Lady Fermor is an exception. Is it not a melancholy spectacle to see a poor old creature like Lord Fermor, and a battered, bedizened old woman like Lady Fermor—they say she came out at Almack's—cling to cards as their chief good, when one would think the couple might be turning their attention to other things?"

"To their graves or their winding-sheets, I suppose?" Sir William rose to irony. "I thought the Fermors were your friends," he said, repeating the objection he had made to Mr. Miles's opinion, as if the higher Sir William rose in the world the more social hypocrisy he encountered. "They can take their choice, I fancy. If they are too stiff to walk or ride, and can't see to read, and are not able to entertain their friends in any other way, ain't cards made for them, and the like of them, to pass some of their slow creeping time?"

She hastened to explain herself. "I quite agree with you that cards, or backgammon, or chess, in moderation, are excellent resources for old people, especially if they are deaf. Don't imagine for a moment that I am so narrow or silly as to object to cards in themselves. Why, I used to play draughts with Sir John as regularly as the evenings came round. It is perfectly depressing to come across the board now. But it was play for high stakes according to people's means, that I was deploring. If that has ceased at Lambford it can only be lately. Oh! Lady Fermor has been a dreadful woman," exclaimed Lady Thwaite, as if on the impulse of the moment, shading her face with a fan which lay at hand. "One cannot speak of such things, unless when an old married woman, as you rightly regard me, opens her mouth to put a stranger and kinsman on his guard. There is no end of skeletons in that house—very grisly skeletons. The first Lady Fermor died mad. A visitor staying in the house locked his room door and shot himself, after quitting the card-table. He was a young man engaged to be married; the only son of a widow, and he was a clergyman—I am sorry to say, when he yielded to the madness and could not face the disgrace and destruction in store for him. Poor Iris Compton! it is very sad for her, but although she is a charming girl,

as good as gold, and all the horrors happened before she was born, still the reproach attaches in some measure to her—a portion of the shadow falls on her. It is grievous, but it cannot be helped.”

It was a rainy afternoon in May, and he had been sitting with his long legs and his boots—not free from mud—stretched out before him, while he glanced out of the window nearest to him with a mind half-wandering from the conversation, because of her he might see among the laurels, in spite of the rain which had only begun to fall. He drew himself up with a suddenness that made Lady Thwaite start, and turned upon her a lowering brow and a hot cheek. He was unused to any diplomacy in conversation; he only knew that he hated to have his friends called bad names—all the more, perhaps, if they deserved them. But it made him furious to listen to the most distant insinuation of a stain on the spotless plumage of a white dove like Miss Compton. “I have found Lambford a jolly house,” he declared defiantly. “Old Lady Fermor behaves like a mother to me. Why do you smile and shake your head? I am sure she is old enough to be my grandmother.” At that word, which slipped out inadvertently, he coloured more violently than before, and began to flounder in his speech. “You don’t mean me to rake up old scandals, and to distrust everybody who speaks me fair and makes me welcome, because they have not always been on the square. I am not their judge; I have sins enough of my own to answer for—if you only knew. As for Miss Compton, I will not speak of her; she is not to be brought into such talk, only she is as much beyond reproach as the stars in the sky. Good-bye, Lady Thwaite. Oh! I am not displeased. What right has a fellow like me to be displeased or to object to any word which a woman—a lady—likes to say of her friends in her own drawing-room?” and out he marched.

She rose, went to a window, and stood looking after him as he walked fast across the sweep and down the little avenue. She laughed a little at her own dismissal. “Yes, he has dismissed me; I have not sent him away. He might have taken an umbrella; but I suppose he has stood sentinel in the wet like the man in Tennyson’s verses. It is a plain-spoken Sir Will; yet I am not sure that he saw my drift. It is evident he is hit by Iris Compton. He has not the self-control or delicacy to maintain a becoming reserve, not to say to throw dust into people’s eyes. If

the old witch at Lambford does incline in that direction, I dare say the match is made. Poor Iris! she will have many a yawn and many a blush—though she has been accustomed to a dead-alive household—to submit, and to look aside when she cannot look straight before her. She will not have everything her own way—when all is done, in spite of his present blustering worship. I could imagine that a hero from the ranks would have a primitively passionate courtship while it lasted—to be followed by a reaction of coolness, neglect, and rudeness, even when he did not beat his wife like a coal-heaver. Now Sir John was calm and deliberate in his well-bred wariness; one always knew what to do with him. He did not change much, though he could be cantankerous at times, poor old soul! I don’t know—she may be good enough to stand it all, and bear with him while she is making as much of a gentleman as can be made of him.

“If he is to marry somebody soon,” Lady Thwaite cogitated farther, “I would rather a great deal have Iris than any of the Acton girls—only Lucy is old enough, the others are too young, and Lucy has not a soul above choir practising, Sunday-school teaching, and poor people’s clubs—an excellent eldest daughter or wife for a clergyman, but not a wife for a squire. She would have neither time nor tact for taking the lead in county society, and she might drive the squire to become dissenter or the worst of landlords, out of pure contradiction. Such things are heard of nowadays, noblemen holding forth at conventicles and squires declining to interfere between farmers and labourers, and refusing to put another foot in the village, where their wives are for ever pottering and making paupers.”

“Maudie and Nanny Hollis might have the monster for a trick on their brothers, or a wager; but that would not do at any price,” Lady Thwaite pursued her musings. “If an alliance be unmistakably impending I shall throw my weight, such as it is, into Iris Compton’s scale. I suppose she would go up to town for her trousseau. I might chaperon her *faute de mieux*, if Lady Fermor did not choose to accompany her granddaughter. The old lady will not give in; but she cannot attempt many more journeys. I should not dislike it. Iris would have to make Sir William do a good deal of refurnishing, and I should be the best qualified person to advise the couple.”

“There! I believe Lady Fermor has infected me or suborned me,” the schemer ended.

"I could not have believed that I should be so easily reconciled—not to say that I should take kindly to Sir William's marriage—to another Lady Thwaite at Whitehills. Heigho! But it is natural that I should continue to take an interest in my old belongings; at the same time he and she ought to be much obliged to me, as I don't doubt they will be. If my poor boy had lived the place would never have gone away entirely from me; I should have been living over there still, till he was of age, and it was his marriage which had to be planned. Oh, my little baby!" cried the woman with a momentary softening. "I thought for a brief, blessed time that you would grow up like other babies—that we should make a man of you. But it was not to be, and there is an end of it. Where is the use of idle lamentation? The Rector would say it is as unchristian as it is unwise."

Lady Fermor had often astonished—nay, astounded—the world, and she was to astonish it again, by boldly proclaiming that she was to return to it for one night. She would not put herself about to go up to town during the season, while she must have Iris presented next year; but she would have gay doings once more at Lambford—unexceptionably gay doings this time, though she did not supply the qualification. Her grand-daughter would be twenty-one in June, and Lady Fermor would have a ball in honour of Iris's birthday. There would not be a multitude—nothing like the festivities when she and Lord Fermor kept open house for a week at a time in a close run at an election, or when the hounds hunted five times in succession at the different fox-covers within twenty miles round to oblige the Duke, who was staying at Woolaston Lodge. Tom Mildmay, Lord Fermor's nephew, would be down about that date to look around him, curry favour with the steward, lounge through the offices, and take solitary rides over the property, pricking his long ears all the time. They would see whether his wife could find an excuse for not accompanying him on this occasion. Lucy Acton would be at Iris's beck, as was her duty, and the younger girls could come, if they were required. She might count on the Hollis girls, who were never behind when any diversion, within the scope of girls, was in the wind. That meant also their father and mother. Were not those she had mentioned women enough? Very well, Lady Thwaite was to have her house full in June, and she would bring further contributions, if more partners were wanted. Leave the men

to Lady Fermor; she could undertake for them, since Fermor was *hors de combat*. There would be Thwaite first—the ball was as much to introduce him as Iris—Lady Fermor said, with full comprehension of the sense in which the words might be taken, looking her hearers full in the face while she spoke. Any men Tom Mildmay might like to bring down—they would not be much worth, still they would be men—old Hollis and the train of fellows his girls kept at their heels, the officers from Birkett—they were a new set, but every man would jump at his card. Ludovic Acton need hardly be counted; but since he had been blown up by torpedoes he might come, and old Pollock must not be left out.

Nobody was more taken by surprise at the compliment paid to her than Iris. It was an acceptable compliment to a healthy-minded young girl, leading a singularly retired life; but any exultation she was tempted to feel became a good deal subdued after a comment of her grandmother's. It followed on Iris's expression of grateful thanks, and concern lest her grandfather and grandmother should suffer from the disturbance of their usual habits. "Though you and I don't pull in the same boat, Iris," said the old lady with her hardest look and tone, "you have not given me any particular reason hitherto to think you a liar. But don't make pretences that I cannot take in. No girl that ever was born would heed the comfort of Noah and his wife when her first ball at home was mooted. Make the most of your youth and what good looks have fallen to your share, and any other good thing that comes in your way, while they last. Be sure they will not last long, and that you will have a price to pay for them. But leave me to take care of myself and my lord. I am still fit for that and more. Pray don't waste your compassion upon us. I for one should hate it, and I think I can answer for Fermor."

Did the reader ever receive a welcome gift and a slap in the face—figuratively—from the giver at one and the same time? The process is not pleasant, especially to a sensitive, affectionate nature, and goes a long way to spoiling the gift, only, happily, custom blunts pain, and youth is elastic.

Lady Fermor chose that she should be the person to apprise Sir William of her project, making him one of her first confidants. When he received it doubtfully, rather hanging back from the promised boon than jumping at it, as she had described the action of the jubilant officers over at Birkett,

she took him in hand, and pursued him with her design on his company. She had a number of tête-à-têtes with him on his resolution to oblige or disoblige her. These tête-à-têtes waxed positively mysterious to the on-lookers—of whom Major Pollock sneered the ugliest sneers, and Iris smiled without a grain of anxiety because of her grandmother's great fancy for poor, rude, sober, agitated Sir William.

Sir William's agitation increased under the pressure put upon him, and the notions deliberately and persistently introduced into a mind which, though very far from weak, was at its best single rather than subtle, and was narrowed by defects of education and absence of experience. His assailant, on the contrary, was as rich in the experience that served her purpose, as she was destitute of misgivings and scruples.

Sir William, still drinking water, grew practically an intoxicated man, dazed, to begin with, in his intoxication, but at every moment liable to a violent outbreak of his disordered faculties. It was at this point that he started for London with the acknowledged intention of spending three or four weeks there; but he was pledged to return to Whitehills in the end of June, in time for Lady Fermor's ball.

Any one interested in the manœuvre could detect that Sir William went with Lady Fermor's permission, if not at her instigation. The last conclusion was the more likely, since she had been heard to dwell with some testiness on the stupidity of lawyers, even those in greatest repute, and their common failure in securing for clients the very advantages of which they stood most in need, which would be really available to them.

But what did Lady Fermor send Sir William to London for? Did she fancy that knowledge of life and the world, was imperatively called for to finish Sir William Thwaite's halting education? Greenhorns of young squires were wont to be sent up from the country to have their eyes opened, and learn how few people they could trust, and what a "precious difficult" task it was to take care of themselves. Were rides in the park, and visits to Lord's, and running the risk of being black-balled by a West-end club, judged the proper materials for lending a speedy polish to Sir William's original style? Did Lady Fermor's intention of bestowing her grand-daughter on the gentleman induce her to intrust him, of all people, with the delicate responsibility of buying a birthday *cadeau* for the heroine of the ball? Left to such taste

and judgment what might it not be? A hideously-set necklace, fit for a South-Sea Islander; a brooch and ear-rings as big as a plate and a pair of cups and saucers; a new watch, which could be worn by an alderman?

CHAPTER XII.—A HAND IN NEED.

THE simple truth was that Lady Fermor had counselled Sir William to run up in a hurry to London, and, though it was the season, to live as quietly as he could manage it, not even calling at Messrs. Miles and Dickinson's office, unless he felt bound to do so, for he would have little enough time for the business he had in hand, which was to take private lessons from a dancing master. Lady Fermor would furnish him, by the aid of a friend, with the address of the best man for his purpose. While he was about it, he might as well go to a riding master and get a little training from him also. With regard to the last obligation, Sir William had the liking for a horse which reigns in the bosom of ninety-nine out of a hundred young men. Sir John, as a matter of course, had kept up a good stud at Whitehills long after he was incapable of taking exercise on his cob, or having anything farther to do with horses than being driven out for a carriage airing. It had been one of the first of his possessions of which Sir William availed himself, and to the credit of his courage and natural instincts, he had neither come to serious grief, nor made a notorious spectacle of himself. His seat and hand might not be all that could be desired; there might be traces of swallowing a ramrod in the saddle as elsewhere; still Sir William did not look amiss on horseback, while his attainments in this respect were deserving of cultivation.

There is no one to tell what heart Sir William carried to his studies in the freshness of early summer in London. Whether he did not attack the first, mostly with spasms of shamefacedness and self-ridicule? Whether he were not often tempted to abandon it, and find manlier and nobler teaching in that great, wonderful world of stone and lime, which he had not known hitherto, except in the most cursory, one-sided fashion?

Only this is certain, that a strong, sweet inducement was beckoning him on to submit to what was like the binding and teasing of Samson by Delilah, after she had subdued the giant with the spell which he himself had put into her hands.

At the same time absence and leisure for reflection, since he was not capering in one fashion or another all day, and all night to

boot, did something to dispel the fumes of the intoxication, under the influence of which Sir William had rushed off to town.

He strolled many a night with his hands in his pockets and a pipe instead of a cigar between his teeth, where not a mortal knew him, past houses in Piccadilly and Park Lane, lit up that gentlefolks might hold their revels. He pushed his way through the crowds collected to stare at the carriages, as they rolled up to the covered entrances and put down the occupants—of whose fine feathers and sparkling stones the mob had a glimpse while the guests passed into the flower-lined halls and went up the embowered stairs to the ball-rooms, from which the music of brass bands kept sounding. The fellows, who seemed still more the masters of the situation than the footmen, as they rid themselves of their crush hats and other encumbrance, and proceeded to join their partners, were perfectly at ease, and had not been condemned to undergo an absurd ordeal for a full-grown man, or to feel hot and cold in such scenes, as he would feel, even after he had taken lessons in dancing. He hoped desperately Lady Fermor would not turn round and “peach,” and Miss Compton find him out. His heart swelled with angry despair of ever feeling on a level with born and bred jackanapes. It seemed to him that he was going on the course and entering the lists for the sweepstakes, with such a mere shred of a chance that his failure would be accompanied with the roars of ridicule and shouts of derision which he had often helped to raise on other courses. Yet there were drops of blood in his veins which gave him some title—as the squires of Eastham had long ago admitted—to enter such houses, where his acres and title put him, so far as they were concerned, on an equality with all, save those of the highest rank, in these assemblies. In the process of becoming a finished gentleman, Sir William was, to a certain extent, disillusioned and rubbed the wrong way; so that when he returned to Whitehills in good time, and found as the first thing that awaited him, a note in a shaky old hand from Lady Fermor, to tell him that Lord Fermor had been seized with one of his attacks, and been so ill, that though he was now better, the ball was unavoidably postponed for a month, he said to himself he had known all along this was how it would end.

It was in vain that he had sought by despicable efforts to cut the figure of a monkey obeying the directions of an organ-grinder, who did not even play his own organ, and who put that scholar through his paces

as if he had never been drilled, as if he had not been a drill sergeant in his own person, and ended by finding fault with his step and his carriage! He was rightly served for his folly. What a grin it would call forth if it were ever known to his old comrades of the barrack-yard? for whom, though they were rough chaps enough, he was free to own he sometimes secretly sighed. He missed his mates, among whom he had crowed, instead of hanging his head and singing dumb. Where was the good of a title and an estate if they only made a man feel small among other baronets and squires who had worn their honours all their lives, to whom their grandeur came naturally, who knew what to say and do on every possible emergency? Yet with one notable exception, Sir William did not see that the circle, the members of which ought to be his associates, were so very much better than their fellow-creatures after all.

Sir William put no faith in Lady Fermor's assurance that the ball was only postponed for a short time, since she would have Lord Fermor as well as when the affair was proposed, before many weeks were over. She could not make him live or die, though she had driven rough-shod over many a barrier, and stuck at little in her time. It sounded heartless and profane in the old woman, who had wound him round her finger, to pretend to such power.

The young man was suffering from one of the fits of reaction which beset many people who have far less reason for them than he had. His loneliness, which had haunted him in town, struck even more coldly to his heart when he returned to Whitehills. He was not without invitations to his neighbours' houses. Lady Thwaite and Lady Fermor were not the only women in that part of the country who decreed that Whitehills, even with Sir William into the bargain, was not to be despised. Every woman with marriageable daughters, from office-bearing, harassed Mrs. Acton, who was as poor as a many-childed church mouse, to Mrs. Hollis, of Thornbrake, who was rich in her own right, and rich in her husband's, felt bound to cultivate the new-comer for the good of womankind, so far as to see what could be made of him. But Sir William, though he might kick against his subjection at intervals, remained loyal to his chief patroness. In the present state of matters at Lambford he would not go into company. His unvarnished refusals, together with the extent to which he had previously availed himself of the Lambford hospitalities, tended to confirm the rumour which was already

afoat that, in newspaper language, there was a marriage on the *tapis* between Sir William Thwaite and Miss Compton.

This gossip impaired one source of attraction—that of a disengaged eligible young man—but filled its place with another. It would be interesting to see Sir William Thwaite and Iris Compton together, and judge if there were any truth in the story, anything serious between the couple. To think that a woman over eighty should step in adroitly, while younger people held back, in order to subject the prize to inspection, and win it before their eyes! Here was food for excitement in a dull country neighbourhood, while the question in suspense promised to prove an important agent in filling the Lambford ball-room. Instead of a sprinkling of reluctant guests, Lady Fernor, chuckling in her sleeve, was in danger of being publicly and privately assailed for invitations.

In the meantime, one of the two centres of interest was utterly unconscious of the potent charm with which she had been invested. Her great friend, Lucy Acton, might have given Iris some inkling of the truth, but unfortunately Lucy had been working day and night to enable the female teacher in the Rector's school to bring up her pupils to the standard of attainment which should secure a Government grant, and Iris was occupied at home and less at the Rectory than usual, at this date.

The military discipline which Sir William had known, helped his sense of propriety in holding himself aloof from his servants. The one to whom he drew nearest was the young groom who accompanied his master in his rides. This was an honest, sensible lad, a countryman, born and bred at Whitehills. Sir William and Bill Rogers were about the same age, while Bill was *au fait* with all the rural knowledge, with which Sir William, brought up in a town, proved scantily acquainted. And a lad like Bill had at his finger-ends the local annals of which his master was profoundly ignorant. From a casual observation now and then, the two took to chatting a little together—quite respectfully on Bill's part—about the crops and the crows, the colts and the rabbits. Bill would venture to call Sir William's attention to this farm, and tell him there had been Wilkinses in it, folk said, as long as there had been Thwaites in Whitehills. He would point to that mill, the lease of which belonged to Sir William also. It seemed but right the squire should know what trouble there had been in the miller's family, for the last two seasons, since

the miller met with the bad accident, when his arm was caught in the machinery, and his wife was of no use because of "a waste," while their eldest son had taken to drink.

Mr. Miles had striven in vain—as it seemed to him—to awaken in Sir William sufficient curiosity about his tenants, with whose interests his own must be inextricably bound up. He was new and strange to the place and life, and he was still staggered and shaken by the events and revolutions of the last few months. It was different now, or Bill communicated the information in a simpler, more telling manner. Sir William listened, asked questions, even went so far as to certify some of Bill's narratives and make a movement in connection with them. And it must be said of Bill that he did not abuse the influence of which he was not altogether unconscious.

In other departments, even of his own house, the Squire of Whitehills continued terribly unsocial. He gave deep offence to Mr. Cumberbatch, the butler, by ordering his—the squire's—meals to be brought into the library, and by keeping a book lying beside his plate. Sir William might think of his butler's feelings, if he had none of his own. It was too absurd for a fellow who had pipeclayed his belts and cleaned his boots to make a pretence of being "that scholarly." Why, the Dean had never looked at a book for full half an hour before luncheon, saying the mere sight of print, hard on a meal, spoilt digestion. As for reading during dinner, of course he knew better; he was a gentleman. Even when his ladies were from home he was sensible what was due to the table and the wines—not to say to the cook and the butler. But what could be expected of a squire who drank water like a temperance lecturer? The Dean was an affable gentleman in proper quarters; but Sir William had not half-a-dozen words to say—except, as Mr. Cumberbatch had heard, to that lump of a lad, Bill Rogers. Mr. Cumberbatch had no fault to find with Bill; but what could *he* tell a gentleman that would be of use to him?

Mr. Cumberbatch was not a bad fellow himself in the main. He could be just, he could even be magnanimous. But he was full of class prejudices, and he had not the breadth of mind to comprehend that while he himself might repel, even alarm, Sir William as an old prig and humbug of a butler, Bill was Sir William's contemporary, "a nice chap" who would not have been more than "a cut above Will Thwaite" in the old days.

The long summer evenings tempted Sir William to saunter, generally aimlessly enough, beyond the park, along the country roads. When he passed the way-side inns of Eastham, the sound of skittles and jovial voices rich in the inflections and idioms of the native dialect, filled the air. But the only effect of the lively turmoil was to hasten the wayfarer's steps, and cause him to turn into more secluded by-paths. There was one which led by a high matted-together hawthorn hedge, one tangle of traveller's joy and black and green bryony. Beyond lay a long strip of under-wood, prized as an excellent covert for game. Sir William knew that to his cost. He had happened to take a terrier, which had attached itself to him, along the field path. The seductions of scent had proved too strong for the small animal. She had forsaken her late love, and plunged into the underwood, over a sluggish ditch and through a hole which was by no means large enough to admit her companion. Sir William had hesitated to tear his way through, and face, perhaps, one of his own indignant keepers. He had fought shy of them, as he had fought shy of his retainers generally. And the keepers, especially, were down in the mouth with regard to a master who, so far as they could discover, had not asked a single question about the state of the birds and whether poachers were hard to grapple with on the Whitehills ground. The keepers' importance was as seriously threatened as that of the butler. They were only dimly aware that Sir William had in his day fired at game rather bigger and less safe than partridges and hares. Nor did they suspect that he had been testing the truth of his aim at a target, and had inspected all Sir John's guns with some interest and a clear idea of trying his luck on the first of September, or whatever day was the law of the land and the gentry.

In the meantime Sir William had stood still and listened to a great hurry-scurry behind the hedge, and such sharp yelps of frantic eagerness and delight from Vixen, that he was sensible all his whistling and shouting would not bring her back. He feared that dog-slaughter would take place before he could prevent it, and before the perpetrator of the act was cool enough to recognise the intruder, and to realise that the owner of both dog and game stood on the other side of the hedge. However, there are consciences in dogs, and Vixen awakened in time to a sense of the folly and impropriety of her conduct. She sneaked back with her eyes scratched and watering, her nostrils full of sand, and

her coat stuck all over with dead leaves, broken twigs, and seeded heads of grass, presenting the usual disreputable look of a poacher caught red-handed. Sir William took care not to include Vixen in his further rambles in the direction of Hawley Scrub.

He was alone as he strolled one memorable evening across the meadow-land by the Scrub. It was the loveliest hour of the twenty-four, at the height of the young summer. The sun had set, but the light was still clear, not only in the west, where rose and purple had given place to a pale amber, but in the rest of the blue sky, bluer than at any other time, as the corn in the ear and the leaves on the trees were greener.

The trumpets of the greater bindweed and the round faces of the moon daisies, already wet with dew, still stood out prominently among their surroundings, but they were rapidly assuming a character totally different from that they had borne at noon. They were becoming ghostly as by moonlight, and striking even an unimaginative person with a vague impression of something wistful, solemn, mysterious in their ordinarily frank, familiar, cheerful beauty. Just so the commonest, homeliest pieces of furniture acquire an altered aspect when seen by the strange lights and shadows of a solitary candle in the hush of midnight or in the half-obscurity of the grey dawn. As for the closed poppies, like big blood drops, and the blue corn-flowers, like clippings of the sky, they were growing dim and indistinct in their deepening, darkening colour.

Sir William had a love of nature, though he could not have expressed his feelings on the subject very intelligibly. He liked the look of the place at this season. He liked the occasional rustle and chirp of birds gone to roost, and the fitful, drowsy notes of the final evensong of the thrush, before the bird gave way to its rival, the nightingale, which were the only sounds that broke the silence.

Presently he came in sight of the waters of a pond—looking steely blue as a stage to its leaden greyness, when the night had fairly fallen. Eastham was so great in ponds and ditches, that it would have looked as if one of its most distinguishing attributes were wanting, if standing water, in some form, had been long absent from the landscape. In June, flowering rushes and flags formed a suitable fringe to these ponds and ditches, while the former were sometimes thickly set with the great white cups of the water-lily, and the smaller stars of the water ranunculus.

But it was neither water-lily nor ranunculus

that Sir William was staring at, when he drew nearer the pond, and stepping through the sedges, regardless of the slushy footing, gained the brink of deep water. He had his eye on a tuft of coarse grass, among which he believed he discovered the tail of a water rat—yes, it was a water rat, and if Vixen had been with him, there might have been some splashing and rare sport, for water rats had not been much more in Will Thwaite's way than hares and pheasants. Presently there was a splashing, whatever might be said of the sport, without the aid of Vixen. Sir William's footing gave way, and he fell into the water. It was deeper than he had imagined, with an oozy bottom which yielded to his weight. In a moment the muddy water was far above his knees, rising breast high. He was a fair swimmer, and would have been safe in an open sea, in moderately calm weather, for an hour or more; but this small pond, when he tried to strike out, was like a miniature submerged forest, with roots of trees and bushes, and a dense growth of water plants. He could not free himself sufficiently to swim. He was sinking deeper every instant. He could still keep himself afloat, principally by resting his chin on a convenient but slender willow bough which reached his length, and by clutching with both hands thrust into a thicket of osiers invading the water. But he could not pull himself up, from the nature of the ground and the inefficiency of his support. He had cause to envy his decoy-duck, the water rat, and to suspect he might perish with as little grace as he and Vixen would have granted to the denizen of the pond.

Sir William, though he had grown laconic, was not slow to proclaim his case. "Halloa! As sure as fate, I'll be drowned," it is to be feared he said, returning to his vernacular in the exigency of the moment; and with all the volubility which the occasion required, he shouted for help.

To his relief somebody answered him almost immediately from no great distance.

"What's a-do? Don't let go. There's no danger."

The last statement sounded weakly flattering, though it was uttered in a loud rather deep voice, which might have proceeded from a man's chest. But on Sir William's shifting his chin by half an inch, he saw it was a woman who was hastening towards him, and did not feel surprised, in spite of his worship of Iris Compton, that she should talk nonsense in such a contingency.

"It's much you know of it," he protested indignantly. "Run and fetch any man you

can find. Look sharp, if you want to save me."

"That would be an uncommon clever way of saving you," she retorted, still advancing quickly towards him, "when father ain't at home, and I don't know of any other man within half a mile. Just do as I bid you. Hold on like grim death, and I'll help you out before you can say 'Jack Robinson.' What business had you down dabbling among them water docks? There ain't no wild ducks' nests here, if that was what you were after."

He might have answered her that he had the right possessed by the monarch of all he surveyed, but he contented himself with indignantly forbidding her to come a step nearer to him, as soon as he saw what she was going to try. She had slid half-way through the fringe of rushes, and was proceeding to precipitate herself still farther, hanging forward with one arm extended to meet his clasp, and the other thrown round a sapling willow which looked perilously slim as a support for both.

"I'll pull you down," he remonstrated. "Do you want me to drown you, too? Do what I told you."

"And do what I tell you, you great donkey," she insisted unceremoniously. "Do you mean to keep me hanging here all night? I'll go bail I've as strong an arm as you any day, unless you're as big as Dan'l Bates. There, hold on to the bushes with one hand, and give me the other. Try to get your foot upon that patch of dock; the ground shelves there—I know every inch of it—then spring. Didn't I tell you I'd fish you out? Don't go to come over me with your man's strength again."

Sir William found himself standing dripping like a water god, if water gods are ever slimy and green with duck-weed, confronting a strong woman of his own age, and nearly his own height, wearing a black woollen gown and a red handkerchief knotted at her throat. Her head was bare, and her ruffled, dark hair was more conspicuous for its luxuriance than for neatness of arrangement. She turned upon him a brown face buxom even in the weatherbeaten texture and tint of the skin. The full red lips parted and showing the white, glittering teeth, and the well-opened grey eyes looking across at him with a bold, blithe challenge, formed the most conspicuous features.

His inspection and the thanks he was beginning to utter were brought to a summary conclusion. "You'll have to come

straight to our house—it ain't a hundred yards off—and strip, and put on some of father's clothes, while I'll throw yours into a bucket. I'll rake together the fire, and you'll swallow a nip of summat hot, or we'll have you took with aguer before we're done with you. Have you heard tell there's aguer in them parts yet?"

He followed her without resistance into the Scrub, which might have been an enchanted forest for him, though he was a clownish squire, and his guide the most primitive and plain-spoken of princesses.

She stopped abruptly and faced round on him. She had been glancing repeatedly at him, and she found herself on the eve of a discovery which arrested her. "Ben't you the new squire, Sir William, hisself?" she suddenly charged him, with a mixture of dismay, defiance, and lurking amusement. "I've been out of the way, at the death of old auntie at the Quarries, for the better part of the spring and summer. Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, I have got into a scrape, and no mistake!" She hid her crimsoned face for a second in rustic affront and alarm, as a child might have done, then looked sharply up and around her, as if she were preparing to bolt from the consequences of her lack of ceremony in saving the squire. Altogether her behaviour showed a jumble of genuine unreasoning mortification and alarm, with a tremulous dash of diversion at the absurdity of the situation.

He put it before her in a more satisfactory light. "I was such an ass as to tumble into that beastly hole; and I believe that at this moment I should have been lying at the foot with my teeth clenched on a mouthful of mud, if it had not been for your sense and pluck. I'm no end obliged to you—that's about it, though when I come to think of it, I don't know that there is another human being to say as much to you on my account. But you'll take me to your place and do what you can for me—won't you?—like a kind soul; for, to tell the truth, I don't like to show before my fine servants in this guise." His heart was warm with gratitude to his rescuer. He had found free speech wherewith to address the country girl, and under the influence of his freedom, she gradually grew glib as she was wont to be, with only a relapse now and again into consternation—brightened by a suspicion of a frolic, every time they became silent. "What's your name, if I may make so bold?" he asked, as if she were the lady and he the servant. All the time, he was expanding into communicativeness, under the

welcome consciousness of no longer feeling daunted and depressed, forced to pick and choose his words, as he had been for the last six months. "What may your father do when he is at home?"

"Oh, I'm called Honor—Honor Smith; and father is old Abe Smith; Abe short for Abel. He has been one of the under-keepers for a lot of years, so that I were born and brought up at our cottage in Hawley Scrub here. But father do be getting old and losing favour with Waterpark, the head-keeper, and my brothers did no good, but gave trouble, and father—he were blamed for it. Ted, he 'listed; and young Abe, he went off to America. Now, father and me—mother's dead before I can remember—we're thinking of going out, in one of them emigrant ships, to join young Abe in the Back Woods. That name sounds pleasant, don't it?"

CHAPTER XIII.—A HAIR OF THE DOG THAT BIT HIM.

ABE SMITH's cottage was a tumble-down, picturesque, self-coloured lodge in the wilderness. The interior failed to do credit to Honor's housekeeping. Disorder reigned over the articles, few as they were, in the family room. The furniture was summed up in an old oak table, which Lady Thwaite might have coveted, though it was battered and standing insecurely on three legs; a convenient deal chest, into which everything might be stuffed; a chair or two—that for Abe an old arm-chair as black as the table; a cupboard with the door half off its hinges, exposing the scanty supply of common coarse crockery.

But the visitor had hardly time to look around on inanimate objects, for, contrary to expectation, the owner of the cottage was at home. He knew Sir William by sight, though Sir William could not profess to return the compliment. Old Abe testified to his knowledge by the formality with which he stood up, as fast as his stiffening joints would allow, and removed his cap; at the same time he glanced with a flurried look at his daughter for an explanation, which she did not delay.

Then Sir William received a considerable shock as he listened to an entirely new version of the accident.

"I was a-walking round the pond with an eye for them plaguey ducks that wander all the way over from Mistley Down, father, when what should I see but the young squire wallowing in the mire and water at the very worst place, where Adams met his death. Didn't I just run and cry, 'Your honour,

mind what you're about; don't flounder an inch farther, as you value your life, and I'll do my best, which is my bounden duty, to save you!" And, sure enough, I crept through the osiers, and held on by one hand till he gripped the other. You know I'm strong, father, and Sir William's active, so we struggled out of the water, and here we are."

Several times while she was speaking she gave Sir William a half-cunning, half-comical glance of warning and mutual intelligence, as if she dared him to contradict her. Once, when she passed close to him, behind her father, as she was bustling about to make up the fire, which was lying white in ashes, she muttered so that Sir William only could hear, "He'll like that way of putting it best."

But Sir William did not like it, and shifted his wet feet uneasily. He was a truthful man who had never "crammed" a comrade, unless in the plainest chaffing. His sister Jen would not have told a lie to save her life. Perhaps it was a sign of their drops of gentle blood; perhaps it belonged to a higher order of gentility.

There seemed the less sense in Honor Smith's easy fabrications, that her father looked far more pacific than savage—not a man to fly into a fury on a small provocation. He was behaving to his guest so deferentially that it was difficult to separate obsequiousness from the deference.

Sir William amazed his host by absolutely declining spirits of any description and defying the consequences; but he was anxious to have his clothes dried for the reason he had given Honor. Here a difficulty presented itself. It was not from her father that Honor had inherited a splendid physique. He was a little hairy man, who in his faded moleskins, more tattered than patched, and weather-stained fringed gaiters, looked shaggy all over, like a creature of the wilds and the waters, a badger or an otter, rather than an able-bodied man. It seemed as if Sir William could have put him into one of his pockets. No garment of Abe's would be of the slightest temporary use to Abe's master.

"Dear sakes! what are we thinking of?" cried Honor in scorn of her own slowness and forgetfulness. "There's Uncle Sam's old regimentals in the drawer of the chest. They're the best we have to offer, sir; and Uncle Sam was a big man, when he were alive, every way."

Sir William pricked his ears at the word regimentals, and then looked put out. What a fool he was to mind a dead man's clothes, though they were regimentals! Very likely

they did not belong to any department of the service he had known. What though he had thought never to wear the Queen's livery again! It was a big lie that he had disgraced it, beyond redemption, the last time he had it on in the square at Nhillpoor, when he wrenched the stripes from his arm and flung them in his colonel's face. He must put on the red jacket once again, at a pinch, unless he cared to be laid on his beam-ends with ague, or worse, since his teeth were beginning to chatter in his head.

Honor mistook the squire's hesitation. "Uncle Sam's clothes are as good as new," she said a little huffily, preparing to pull out what had been put away with some care in the drawer of the chest. "He were a good many pegs above us, so that his toggery is a'most fit for a gentleman. I have often been on father to sell it right away; but it do be a kind of credit for us to have it, if it were only to show that we hadn't all of us our backs allus at the wall. And father there has a notion that the things are lucky lying ready for use, and that Ted may pick up and come back some day as smart as them which 'listed before him. That will happen when the Queen axes us all to a snack, and a bed after it, at one of the palaces. It will be as good as airing them clothes, besides being a mighty compliment, if you will take a turn in them, Sir William, while I am cleaning your own suit. Father and I will go out and leave you to the fire and your own company, if you'll please shift yourself before the floor is in a swim."

It was clear Uncle Sam had been the great man of the family, and that it was in seeking to pay proper honour to the squire, the uniform had been brought out for his benefit.

Sir William, when left to himself, looked with some agitation at what would have awakened no interest in another man in his place, if it had not excited amusement or annoyance. He lifted up the different portions of the dress with a kind of trepidation, yet with yearning. It was all complete, though a little old-fashioned. By what appeared a singular coincidence, the rank of Sam Smith, which he had not forfeited, must have been the same as that to which Will Thwaite had risen. There were the identical stripes of which he had made short work in his fit of frenzy. He had a glimpse of the old soldier's sword lying gleaming in the half-shut drawer. Sir William dressed himself punctiliously, finding the clothes not far from his fit. Then he looked in the little

looking-glass which hung, for Honor Smith's convenience, on the wall opposite the window—where a withered nosegay thrust into the neck of a bottle stood on the sill. A thrill ran through him as he regarded his image in the glass. He felt at home in the borrowed clothes. He took out the sword and began to make the accustomed passes with it. Ah! that was a deal better than jiggling like an idiot to the prancing of another idiot, who could not even play his kit without the help of another man.

Sir William was disturbed by Honor's knock at the door. He must be quick about changing his clothes, if she were to have them cleaned and even partly dried before midnight.

Was there a spell in these old regimentals which became Sir William so well, that he had not to wait for Abe's respectful compliments, since he saw with gratified vanity the admiration which shone in Honor's great grey eyes? How long it was since his heart had grown warm under the influence of a woman's inadvertently betrayed admiration! He was not very vain, but he was sensitive to public opinion even on his looks. In his old estate he had been a favourite, rather a hero, with women; and though he had shown himself particular in his taste, so as to have been something of a rover who had found no humble heroine, he did not object to the hero-worship.

Lately it had chilled him to meet none save critical eyes. He did not believe Miss Compton had ever wasted a thought on his inches or the colour of his hair—only old Lady Fernor had ever made him feel that she found him a well-knit, comely fellow.

He had not looked so gallant and gay, or made himself so entirely at his ease, for many a day. He sat at the fire and smoked with old Abe, and heard dubious stories of poaching scuffles, or told tales of a soldier's life, in which Abe was interested for his son Ted's sake, and because of gratifying memories of the brother, who had been almost a gentleman in the under-keeper's eyes, and who seemed to sit there again before him.

Sir William shouted thanks and jests through the half-open door into the back kitchen, in which Honor was so obligingly at work on his clothes. After her part was done, there was still the drying of the soused garments, and that necessitated the guest's further stay, and his taking a share in the family supper, which was pressed upon him with the unstinted hospitality of the host's class.

The meal was composed of choicer fare than might have been hoped for from the rest of the establishment. There were cold roasted leveret, pigeon pie, and poached eggs. An explanation was offered of the nature of the feast, with so little disagreement between the speakers and so few breakdowns, that a more thoughtful man than Sir William might have come to the conclusion the father and daughter were accomplished experts in such apologies. Abe had found a poacher's snare with a leveret in it, and he had taken care that the setter of the snare should not profit by his success. The wild pigeons had been brought down by Ikey Musket's sling. The boy meant no harm, but he must be taught not to take such liberties in future, as Sir William would be shooting both the crows and the pigeons for his own and his friends' diversion. The eggs were plovers' eggs, which Honor had gathered as far off as Mistle Down.

Sir William heard every word as if it were gospel, and did not betray the faintest suspicion that he was eating savoury food of his own providing—the game, pigeons, and partridges' eggs which he paid a gang of men, with Abe among them, for protecting from all spoilers.

Sir William was good company on this occasion. He was as much carried away by reaction, old association, and the spirit of defiance which was apt to arise in the man, as if he had swallowed bumpers of strong drink. He joked and rattled off camp experiences. He proved a capital listener to the annals of the woods and fields. He was gay and hearty, until he was nearly volunteering a song which had been the usual accompaniment of former merry-makings. It seemed as if his later dreams and the very image of Iris Compton were for the moment swept from his mind. At last the play was played out, and Sir William, re-habilitated in his half-dry clothes, took a cordial leave of his entertainers.

The fraternisation had been complete while it lasted, and could not have astounded others more than it did some of the participants in it.

"Did you ever, father!" protested Honor. "If the squire ain't one of ourselves, I can't tell who is. Why, he has been jack-fellow alike and no make-believe with us, ever since I brought him in like a drowned rat. He is the right sort to fill old Sir John's shoes. But won't he make the stuck-up ladies and gentlemen stare? Ain't I quick to have been and nabbed him in this way? Now we may

laugh in Waterpark's face. If we only go on as we have begun, it may be 'change seats, the King's come,' with you and he, and we stepping into his grand cottage and no 'Merica for us after all, before the year is out."

"And you may be Lady Thwaite of Whitehills—is that the next thing?" inquired Abe, with mild scepticism and sarcasm, for he stood in some awe of his daughter. "And sure enough that will be when the Queen or the Lord Mayor bids us to a feast, or when the world comes to an end, as is much the same thing. It's like it is turned upside down already, when a chap like him, have got the property. But don't you let your fancy cut capers and get the better of you so as you'll sup disappointment for your pains, Hon. This here had be come of the people, and no mistake. He ain't the supercilily cut of a gentleman, though the name be Thwaite and he do belong to the tribe. But he ain't quite one of us neither, not he, though he may favour your Uncle Sam as were bound to rise in the world. The squire couldn't take no drink like a man, and as far as I could see he didn't tell no crackers, neither one way nor t'other, bouncing or sly, which if ever man had a grand chance to do he had. It would be like playing with fire to have to do with he. You could never tell when you had him or when you wanted him. He would be off like a shot when you least expected it. I ain't so cock-sure that there ben't the making of one sort of gentleman in him, as gentlemen goes, the sort as is blunt—may be thin-skinned and peppery, but is as nice about their word as if it was their nails or their teeth. And when I come to think of it, Sir William was as clean as a dook all over, like your Uncle Sam, barring the mud he brought up out of the pond. He may let us stay over the autumn, till we take ship to 'Merica. Waterpark can hardly have the face to make a stand about trumpery hods and ends, and think for to turn us out at the last, when he knows that you drew Sir William by the 'airs of the 'ead, as I may say, out of the pond; but that's all the good we're like to get of the adventure, if you'll believe me for your own good, my girl, and I am an old man. I should know summat by this time of the day."

"Like enough, father," answered Honor indifferently, as if she were getting weary of the subject; "but that's not to keep me from putting in a claim to the squire's acquaintance, and getting a guinea or a five-pound note when I've worked for it. Maybe I'll get more, maybe no," she added with a

laugh. "Are you going the round of the walks to-night, when Luke Evans is to be at the turnstile about two in the morning? If you go, I'm with you. I'm as fond of a rove when timid folks is in their beds, as you can be, or young Abe and Ted ever were."

"The more's the pity, lass," said old Abe in a moralising vein, "though it do come nat'ral to some women as to most men. Your mother now, she were reared in the Quarries, yet she took as easy to the woods as a fish to the water. More by token her brothers were the biggest poachers here about, and Morry he were transported for life, for his share in such a tussle as has not been heard of since that day. Me and Waterpark were in it, and I was in mortal terror I should have to fire at Morry or bear the mark of his bludgeon. There's no doubt company's cheery," reflected Abe, going off on a new tack, which yet had its link with the former line of conversation; "wandering about in the dark gets a thought creepy and sickifying as a man wears up in years, and recalls old mates and old frays."

Sir William, whose habits till now had been as regular as those of any of "the Methody parsons" to whom he was sometimes compared, for the first time since his coming to Whitehills, kept his servants up late without previous warning.

Cumberbatch, who had constituted himself his master's keeper, experienced real anxiety on his account. When it was relieved by the squire's making his appearance, the sufferer could scarcely go so far as to take the offender to task; but he looked Sir William in the face with such solemn reproach, that the delinquent was impelled to explain. "I stepped into a pond a good bit off, and had to wait in a house till my clothes were dried. No, I don't want any supper. No, I shouldn't think of hot brandy-and-water. That will do." Sir William was himself again, cold and reserved. Will Thwaite, open-hearted and reckless, had been left at the cottage by Hawley Scrub. But the squire asked Bill Rogers, during their next morning's ride, what he knew of an old under-keeper and his daughter living together in the worst cottage Sir William had seen on his lands.

"They're a bad lot, Sir William," answered Bill promptly, "leastways old Abe ain't what he should be. Old folk will have it Abe's come of a queer breed, being a far-off shoot from them squatters as made free with Eastwham when great part of it—because of the water lying easy everywhere—was no man's land, given over to the fowls of the air and

the fish of the fresh-water seas, and to them as liked to catch them. I don't want to tell no tales, but Abe's failings are piper's news, and there's a score of his neighbours as will let you know if I don't, while the man is going for sure across the seas in the autumn. The wonder is that he has been kept so long; but old Sir John—he took it into his head after it were a bit muddled, that Waterpark, the head-keeper, had a spite at Smith, and he would permit no spites, would Sir John, save his own, which were his right like, he being squire and master."

"Is it certain Sir John was in the wrong?" inquired his successor, as if he too were jealous of his likes and dislikes.

"Well, sir, I would not go for to contradict you," replied Bill with sincere respect, "but Abe connected hisself by marriage with poachers notorious. That might have been his misfortune more than his fault, but the word went even before Abe's sons were half grown, that he were in league with the poachers, and connived at their snares and shots, instead of fighting them fair as the other keepers fought them. There could be no mistake about Ted and young Abe, they soon made the country too hot to hold them. I never heard of a Smith as was a credit to the family save Sergeant Smith, a brother of Abe's that ingood when he was in his teens, and did good in foreign parts, and only came home to die, before he was corrupted by the rest of the lot."

"And what about the daughter, Bill?"

"Why, if you will believe it, sir, Honor, the girl—that is as big and strong as one of her brothers—have took up the trade too and is as wild as need be. She had a bad upbringing. Her mother, such as she was, died when the lass was in her cradle; but what finished her off, years and years gone, was that a young chap with whom she kep' company, had a hole drilled through his shoulder, one September night, and were taken up and died of the wound in Birkett gaol. She's the strappingest lass going," Bill said with some lurking admiration, "and I don't say she ain't an honest woman. She's kep' men at the staff's end—all but poor Hughie Guild—and he would be a bold man who would look soft on Honor Smith, or speak sweet to her against her will. She's a regular randy, nigh as bad as a gipsy. She's never in the house save to cook her father's meals. She ain't up to sweeping or charing, or even dressing herself fine like other women, not since Hughie met his end, and that is good six or seven years gone, when she was a slip

of a handsome girl; but the word goes she can tramp day or night, and keep out of the way when she's wanted, and set a snare, and bring down a bird, and dodge and lie and toss off a glass neat—not that I ever heard tell of her being seen in drink—like old Abe's self. That's all I've got to say of them Smiths, if you please, Sir William."

The description did not please Sir William, but he gave no sign. He vouchsafed an explanation to Bill, as the master of the house had offered an excuse to his butler, and he drew an inference which he had already drawn more than once before. "I was indebted to these people last night, Bill. I fell like a big baby into the pond near their door, and the girl you speak of gave me a leg-up—when it was touch and go with me, for I had no room to swim—as if I had been the girl and she the man. Of course you did not know this when you spoke, and I didn't ought to have asked you a question without telling you first. But you understand I don't care to hear the Smiths spoke badly of, after this."

"No, sir. I beg your pardon, sir. I hope you believe me, I wouldn't speak harm of no friend of yours, not if I knowed it, for my wages twice told," cried Bill with genuine regret, for he was quickly acquiring a warm regard for his master.

But the servant's private reflection was, "Why, to think of his making friends with them Smiths, as if he were the forlornest wretch in the kingdom; and he Sir William, and the squire of Whitehills, with half of the gentlemen and ladies in the county ready to strike their hands in his, I'll go bail, if he'll only give them time! They may say what they like of his smelling of the barrack yard, and not of the hoficers' quarters there; either he's too good for this world, or one sick of his lone position."

Afterwards the servants' hall at Whitehills learnt all the details of the accident, as the world below-stairs does not fail to ascertain, in spite of the absence of direct information from the fountain head, what that other world above-stairs has been doing. These judges picked up the additional information that Sir William had been over to see the Smiths, once or twice, during the next fortnight. Mr. Cumberbatch merely turned up his nose in silence, and thought it was what he might have expected, from a baronet's unseemly preference for a young groom over a middle-aged butler.

Bill too was silent, but he groaned within himself. "He ain't fit to take care of hisself. Why don't some of his own kind, the

kind he's in now, look after him? There's the old lady over at Lambford, what runs after him as if she were a gal herself; but they do say she's a devil's himp if ever there was one. Why don't Sir John's widdler stay here till he's served with a wife, or take the squire to bide with her at Netherton?" questioned poor Bill unreasonably, and with a fine disregard of the proprieties in the amendment he proposed to institute. "I'm blowed

if I can tell for what the like of she is charged on the estate, if it ain't to do for the squire when he wants her. If I were my lady, I wouldn't take my wages and give no work for them," concluded Bill, rubbing down the horse he was grooming with virtuous vigour.

Possibly Lady Thwaite's notion of doing for Sir William differed slightly from Bill's, but she was not without a conscience on that point.



In the Suez Canal.

A SAIL THROUGH LOWER EGYPT AFTER THE WAR.

BY LADY BRASSEY, AUTHOR OF "A VOYAGE IN THE 'SUNBEAM,'" ETC.

PART I.

WE left England on the 22nd December, 1882, travelling by rail to Marseilles, where we picked up the dear old *Sunbeam*. After delightful visits to Genoa, Spezzia, Leghorn, Elba, Rome, and Naples, we reached Malta on the 7th January, 1883, and set sail for Port Saïd on Monday, January the 15th. We had a beautiful day for our start, not "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky," but a bril-

liant sky and a westerly breeze, promising us a quick and pleasant passage to Port Saïd.

The weather during the next two days was perfect, and we glided along rapidly, in almost smooth water, with every stitch of canvas set. Nothing of interest took place, beyond sundry shiftings of sails, made necessary by passing squalls and variations of wind. I was suffering a good deal from bronchitis,

and was only able to come on deck for a short time in the middle of each day; so that I got pretty well acquainted with my cabin and all the little objects therein.

On Wednesday afternoon (January 17th), things did not look quite so promising. Though the wind continued fair, a heavy easterly swell met us and caused us to knock about a great deal; and before dusk it was evident that we were in for some bad weather. The usual preparations were accordingly made, the two cutters being taken on board, top-masts housed, reefs taken in all the sails, and canvas coverings lashed over skylights. Our expectations were justified; for a terrible night followed, the easterly gale breaking on us with all its fury, carrying away our fore-boom, and lifting one of the gigs out of the davits, though it was subsequently recovered, with its bows stove in. The anchors were taken in off the rail, sail was still further reduced, and we remained hove-to all the next day (Thursday, January 18th), shipping continual small seas with occasional big ones, though only one or two were of great account. The catastrophes in the china and glass department were numerous and rather serious, the stewards having been deluded by the fine weather into the belief that the usual precautions might safely be dispensed with. The carpenter put the finishing stroke to the various smashes by tumbling off a stool, on which he was standing to screw up a skylight more firmly, right on the middle of the centre table in the saloon, destroying everything on it, including a globe of gold fish, some favourite white china ornaments of mine, and numberless other things; to say nothing of breaking the table itself and the lamp above. Everybody was miserably ill. In the middle of the night, Tom, looking very worried, anxious, and tired—as well he might—came down to discuss what was to be done. It was somewhat difficult to decide, or, rather, there was not much choice, for there was too much wind to scud, even had we been inclined to turn back; it was, of course, impossible to beat and so keep on our course, and there was, therefore, no resource but to continue to lie-to. It was a safe, though a most uncomfortable arrangement; for every time the yacht was put about she shipped a certain amount of sea, though nothing of any serious consequence. The gale might last three days, or even more—horrible thought!—or it might break in the morning; so we agreed to wait till the sun rose and see what change that might bring. We were at this moment near Adria, some-

where about the spot where St. Paul was driven up and down for many days. Tom reminded me of the fact last night, but I do not think it afforded me any consolation, though my own feelings made me understand more fully what must have been the apostle's sufferings in a much smaller and less comfortable vessel than our own.

Friday, January 19th.—By daylight, things looked brighter, as they often do when the gloomy night is past; the worst of the gale was over; and by mid-day we were able to get up steam, and head towards Navarino, where we anchored safely about eleven o'clock at night, to the great thankfulness, joy, and comfort of all on board. Have you ever been hove-to in a gale? If not, you cannot appreciate the rest, the peace, and the gratefulness of heart with which you find yourself in a well-sheltered harbour when all is over, and are able to sink peacefully off to sleep.

Navarino, the ancient Pylos, is a splendid harbour, surrounded by rocks and mountains, which, covered with snow, present a beautiful panorama to the eye, but render the atmosphere bitterly and almost unbearably cold. It is an interesting place on account of the many naval battles that have been fought here in all ages. The Island of Sphacteria, which shuts in the harbour's mouth, is the supposed scene of Byron's "Corsair." Here was fought the celebrated battle between the Athenians and Lacedæmonians, so ably described by Thucydides, of whose narrative Professor Jowett has given us an excellent translation. Many other battles of minor importance took place near Navarino during the war of Greek Independence. Then, in the fifteenth century, the Venetians took possession of the place, and built a fort, after which it was perpetually changing hands between them, the Turks, the Greeks, and the Egyptians. But, in 1827, occurred, perhaps, the best-known battle—that between the English, French, and Russians on one side, in aid of the Greeks, and Ibrahim Pasha and the Turkish fleet on the other.

The town of Navarino is not much to look at from the sea. Our men, who have been ashore, describe it as a place with "nothing to eat, nothing to drink, nobody to speak to, and all the men in petticoats." I was still a prisoner, with a very bad cough, but Tom, the children, and the doctor, who went ashore soon after breakfast, described the scene as most primitive:—herds of long-haired pigs careering about the streets, a cow being slaughtered in the middle of the public place, the post-office established in a cowshed, and

guarded by two ruffianly-looking men, with no knowledge of any language, except a sort of modern Greek patois. The male inhabitants, truly enough, were all in full white petticoats and gaiters, similar to those worn by the Albanians. There is a nice little fort, garrisoned by a commandant and a hundred and ninety soldiers. This officer kindly showed Tom and the others all over the place, including the prison, where there were a great many men in irons, confined in one large courtyard, containing, however, numerous huts or sheds, forming separate dormitories. The commandant was a Spartiate, and spoke with the greatest admiration and affection for the English nation. The children brought me a mandoline, a curious jug, a pretty long-haired little pig, almost as small as my Bow Island favourite, and several other offerings, from the shore. The pig is the quaintest little animal imaginable; he sits up like a dog, and was discovered after lunch to-day comfortably encooned among the pillows on the sofa. He is about half the size of my favourite old pug, *Félice*, and has very sharp teeth of his own.

The weather this afternoon had apparently cleared up, the wind was fair, and as we should be under shelter of the land for some distance, we decided to take a fresh departure. Very pretty indeed the harbour looked as we sailed slowly out past the islands, one of which contains a most curious natural arch. Two steamers had called during the day, and had remained for a few hours; so that I suppose there must be some sort of trade here, quiet as this dead-alive place appears to be. No sooner were we outside the harbour than the gale seemed to burst upon us with redoubled fury, though by this time the wind had changed its direction and was fortunately from a favourable quarter, and we were therefore for a time in smooth water, and went tearing along before it. Once out of the shelter of the mainland, it was a very different story. We encountered terrific seas, of a peculiarly pyramidal form, which threw us on our beam-ends, stove in the side of the other gig, strained the davits, and loosened the rail, besides doing other damage on deck and below. Everything on deck was set swimming, and in the nursery too: for some clever person, after all had been secured for the night, thought it so fine and smooth while we were under the land, that he opened two of the skylights, the result of which was a perfect deluge this morning, when we shipped one of these big seas, frightening the poor maids out of their wits,

and completely inundating everything. The contents of the lockers where the children's boots and shoes are kept, were washed out, and floated about the floor in some eight inches of water.

Matters did not improve as the day wore on; and we continued to roll and pitch violently, shipping seas at intervals, till we got under the lee of Candia. Then at last we had a little comparative peace and comfort, and were able to shake some of the reefs out of the sails and to try to get things into a somewhat better state once more. By six o'clock the wind fell so light that the mainsail was lowered and steam was ordered to be got up; but scarcely had the order been given when the breeze came, and we were rushing along before it, and heeling over at an angle which made it very difficult to get about; though, being still under shelter of the island, the water was perfectly smooth. Past experience had, however, made us cautious, and everything was prepared for a further spell of bad weather, though this time our precautions were happily unnecessary. The rest and comfort of that night to all on board can scarcely be imagined, after the troubles and anxieties of the last few days.

Monday morning dawned fresh and fair, with a light northerly breeze, favourable for carrying us on our course, but bitterly cold, making me cough more than ever. I do not know when I have had such a bad attack, and have spent so much time in bed on board ship.

I am afraid I have not given you a very grand or graphic description of the storm, which was really magnificent as seen from the deck. Below, with all skylights battened down (well secured with canvas and ropes), I passed most of the time, not so much in bed as lying on the leeboard (such was the angle at which we were heeling over) tightly wedged in, with Moonie as a companion, my berth being nearer the centre of the ship than the nursery, and consequently a trifle steadier. Then all the three dogs came and crouched down beside us, horribly frightened, poor things, whenever a worse roll or lurch than usual came and pitched them violently from their places. Baby was never ill for a single instant, and wandered about, trying her best to be a small ministering angel to all the sufferers. A capital little nurse she made too, getting, or trying to get, everything that anybody wanted. Notwithstanding sundry tumbles and bruises, and the fact that everybody was ill and there was no one to look after her, she kept up her spirits very well.

It was of course impossible for her to go on deck, but occasionally she joined our little party on the bed for an hour or so. It was very depressing work lying there, more or less in the dark, listening to the crackings and creakings around us, and hearing the water splashing about on deck, and not knowing what would happen next. Two or three times the sea struck us so heavily, and we took so much water on board, and the yacht seemed to struggle and stagger to such an extent, that I thought we must be going to the bottom. Tom, who was on deck at the time—as indeed he is almost always—told me he had experienced exactly the same fears. All depended on everything holding together; for if any important rope had given way, or a skylight or companion had been broken in, nothing could have saved us. How thankful we were that we had started with new sails and ropes, so that at the end of the gale we found only two or three unimportant spars carried away, two boats stove in, and the rail and davits slightly damaged! The *Sunbeam*, although a beautiful sea-boat, is rather too heavily sparred for such gales and really awful seas as we have lately encountered.

The following morning was rather finer; but I was too ill to get up, and remained in bed all day, feeling very wretched. The wind was shifty, though light and fair. I do not know what we must have looked like to the very few steamers we passed or met. All our sails were set, and the rigging was hung full of carpets, curtains, quilts, blankets, and clothes, which had suffered from the effects of the last few days' soaking. It is wonderful what an amount of salt water these things will stand, if they are really good to start with. Towards evening the wind dropped very light. We accordingly got up steam at midnight and steamed on and on through a dull and sandy sea, with occasional catpaws of breezes, till we reached Port Saïd soon after midnight on Wednesday, January 24th.

Thursday, January 25th.—Early this morning we had many visitors on board and began to repair damages. Our foreyard was sent down, and the sail unbent from our fore-boom, while the boats were got into the water and were taken charge of by Captain Fairfax, who had kindly offered to send them on board the *Monarch* to be repaired. A very small midshipman came to fetch them—so small that I offered him cake and wine, and then sent him round the ship with Moonie and Baby to see all the pets; treatment which I fear he must have thought

rather *infra dig.*, as I found afterwards that he was much older than he looked and had rather distinguished himself during the recent warlike operations. On the occasion of the seizure of the Suez Canal, armed with a large cutlass, almost as big as himself, and in command of twelve blue-jackets, he landed and took possession of the office of the Suez Canal Company, told M. de Lesseps' employés that he was not going to stand any nonsense, and kept them in their quarters all the livelong summer day. Very long and very hot an Egyptian summer day is too.

I am agreeably surprised with the appearance of Port Saïd, which has greatly improved since we were last here. There is a nice square with a fountain and flowers, where the band plays daily, and a very comfortable hotel (the *Hôtel de France*) which has replaced the excellent old *Hôtel des Pays Bas*.

Friday, January 26th.—We went with Captain Fairfax and several other officers to the top of the Dutch House this afternoon, and had the plan of the recent operations explained to us. The country being so flat, it is very easy to see the whole at a glance: the town at your feet—Lake Menzaleh, covered with wild fowl and fishing-boats, Port Ghamil in the distance, and the ships going up and down the Canal for many miles. The late Prince Henry of the Netherlands was persuaded by M. de Lesseps to build this beautiful house as a speculation, for a hotel, at a cost of from £120,000 to £150,000, M. de Lesseps promising to do all sorts of things to improve the surroundings by making gardens, roads, &c. The hotel was good (I speak from experience, as I stayed there when last here), but the speculation was bad. When the hotel utterly failed, M. de Lesseps offered £25,000 for the building, a little more than he had charged Prince Henry for the land some years previously. His executors—one being the King of the Netherlands—said they would rather blow the whole place up with dynamite than let it fall into his hands. Our Government stepped in at the nick of time, and purchased what must prove a most valuable property, whatever happens. It is a fine well-built house, standing on a large plot of land, with extensive out-buildings and offices surrounding a court-yard, with large verandahs on either side, affording protection from the sun, and perfect ventilation.

The only four horses available out of the six in Port Saïd had been placed at our disposal; and on these, Captain Fairfax, Tom, Mabelle, and I, accompanied by the two

children on donkeys, started for a ride through the Arab town, past the light-house, and along the sea-shore to Ghamil, the last rebel fort that surrendered to the Khedive, or rather to the British sailors and marines under Captain Fairfax and Captain Bosanquet. Our way lay along the sandy shore close to the sea, and reminded me of a ride I had often taken on the north-west—instead of the north-east—coast of Africa, from Cape Spartel to our frequent camping-ground in the neighbourhood of Tangiers. The sand was smooth

and hard, the shells numerous, the fetch of the sea considerable, the swell far pleasanter to look at than it would have been to feel the effects of, the waves crisp and curling, running in long curves up the shelving shore, and forming what looked like a series of huge pearly oyster shells from the South-Sea Islands, as the freshly wetted sand reflected all the exquisite tints of the bright sunlit sky.

Ours was rather a different ride from the last that Captain Fairfax had taken, when he went out with a body of blue-jackets and marines (whose camp, which they occupied for three months, we rode through on leaving the town) to seize Fort Ghamil. The expedition started over-night and arrived near the fort at 3 A.M., when the men lay down for an hour to prepare for the attack which they expected to have to make. In the meantime the men from the fleet, which had anchored off the Island, opposite the fort, the previous night, were landed with considerable difficulty, several boats being nearly upset in crossing the bar at the entrance to the narrow channel, which had not been surveyed, and with which they were not familiar. But there



Waiting for hire.

was no occasion to attack the fort; for as soon as our men approached, the garrison came to the water's edge and laid down their arms. Since then the fort has been demolished, and a very small fishing village has sprung up on its site, from which some of the dirtiest Arabs I ever saw came out to look at us with great interest.

The ride back to Port Said was delightful, for it was a relief to turn one's back to the wind, which, though warm, was strong. The sea-birds and water-fowl seemed to be all coming home

for the night, and the shore was alive with them. Anything more beautiful, than the flights of flamingoes can scarcely be imagined—first black and grey, and then, as the sun caught their scarlet and pink breasts and wings, turning into a bright roseate cloud, flashing through the air, and exhibiting every variety of tint as they soared and wheeled high above our heads. We just managed to get on board before the sun dipped behind the horizon and the cold chill of evening was felt.

All the non-commissioned officers and many of the soldiers and marines came on board the *Sunbeam* this afternoon, I hear, and

appear to have enjoyed the visit; at which I am not surprised, for their life here must be very monotonous. The Egyptian Governor of Port Said also came this morning, with his interpreter, and stayed a considerable time. He is a nice old man, decidedly liberal in his views, expressing great regret that Turkish ladies were not allowed to receive the benefits of education, and to travel about and see more of the world, and so become more



A Donkey-boy.

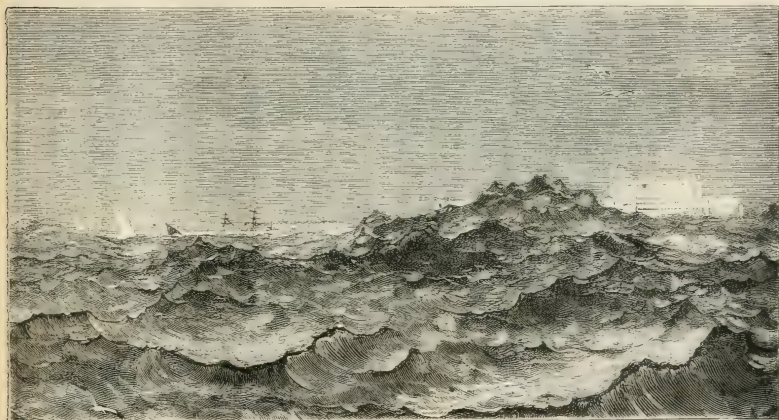
intelligent companions than is possible at present. He was much interested to hear of our visit to Constantinople in 1878, and of some of the Suhanas having come on board the yacht, and the opinions they had expressed on this and other subjects.

Saturday, January 27th.—In the morning we had steam up, and were all ready to start at nine, but were so hemmed in by steamers of all sorts and kinds that it was almost impossible to extricate ourselves.

Privellegio Bey came to see us this morning. He speaks English very well, and is a brave little man. When the war began he was at Suez, and was ordered by the Khedive to take his ship to Alexandria, which he proceeded to do. At one of the stopping-places on the Canal, Arabi sent some soldiers to

seize the ship, the crew of which showed a disposition to fraternise with the rebels; seeing which Captain Privellegio rushed among them, first alone, but soon followed by a few of the men who remained faithful, shot some of the mutineers, put others below hatches, forced the engineer to steam ahead, and with the very few hands available got fairly through the Canal and saved his ship.

As soon as we got outside, we found the wind blowing fresh and rather shy: but the sea was quite smooth until after we had passed Damietta. Then it became rough and unpleasant. The usual precautions of reefing, housing topmasts, getting boats in-board, and battening down with canvas, were taken, and we had a bad night of it again, tossing and tumbling about, but still going



Alexandria from the Sea.

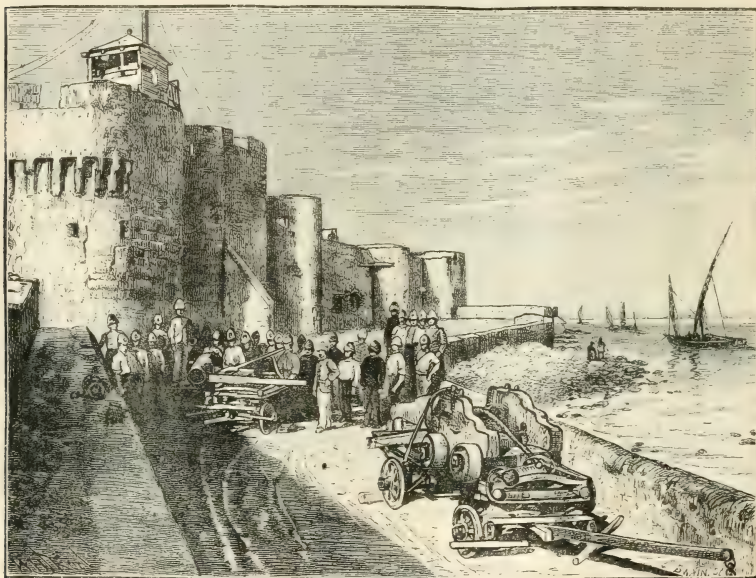
very fast, which was some consolation. In the morning things were much worse, everybody was more or less ill, and I confess that when Tom came down and woke me, to announce that we were still thirty miles off Alexandria, that the wind was dead ahead and blowing a gale, with a nasty cross sea (the latter being a fact of which we were all only too well aware), and that there was no hope of reaching Alexandria until to-morrow, my heart sank within me, and poor little Muriel, who had begged to be allowed to sleep with me, looked most piteous. Soon afterwards Tom came down again to say that the wind was increasing, and that even if we could beat to Alexandria, which was impossible, we might have to lie off that port for two or three days. The question therefore was

whether we should heave-to where we were, or run back before the gale 120 miles to Port Said, the nearest port. I felt greatly tempted to say "run back;" but I resisted and did not. Presently there was a tremendous report, and a crash which made the yacht shiver from stem to stern, and caused me to wonder, with some anxiety, what could have happened. The jib-boom had carried away. There was a good deal of wreckage to clear, but this was done as soon as possible, the ship was put about, and we were soon running at great speed and with comparative comfort towards Port Said, where we arrived at 4 A.M. on Monday, all pretty well tired out. There was a general turn in, and not much was seen of anybody until after mid-day.

In the afternoon we went for a ride with

Captain Fairfax. This time our way lay through another quarter of the Arab town, where a market was being carried on with great animation, and along the side of the Canal between it and Lake Mareotis. There is not much variety of choice in the rides about here, surrounded as the place is by sea, lake, and canal. The ground was nice and soft after the rain of last night, and we galloped along and soon caught up a steamer—one of the Wilson line—going up the Canal, and rode alongside her for some time. Then we turned and cantered back, admiring the graceful lateen sails of the dhows

as they flew across the lake to Damietta, looking like white water-fowl with their wings spread. On the other side there were a great many flocks of real wild-fowl and swans, geese and ducks, besides rose-coloured flamingoes, and sea-birds of many descriptions. Just as we got near the town, it so happened that a party of Arabs, in the brightest coloured garments, were selling the cargo of five or six fishing boats—by a sort of auction apparently—with a good deal of noise and gesticulation. There were fish of all kinds and sizes, and the scene was altogether very picturesque and interesting. We watched it for some



Fort Pharos.

time, as the carts and hand-barrows, the panniers of the mules and donkeys, or the small baskets of the women and children, who walked gracefully away with them on their heads, were gradually filled.

The *Iron Duke* and the *Orient* both passed here this evening, one going up and the other down the Canal, in which there is a great block just now, thirty-six ships having been stopped for five days by the grounding of the *Breconshire*. It is lucky we did not go up to Ismailia in the *Sunbeam*, and thence to Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir. We thought of doing so at one time, but were recommended

not to make the attempt, on account of the delay which so frequently occurs in the Canal; besides which the expense would have been enormous, owing to the high dues, which fall very heavily on non-cargo-carrying ships.

Next morning, at eight o'clock, we again started for Alexandria, the *Monarch* leaving the port at the same time for firing practice. Directly we got outside, canvas was set, and we had a delightful sail on a really hot day—the first since we left Malta. Towards evening it fell calm, and we got up steam. Our progress was so rapid that the engines were slowed, and we passed a really quiet



Alexandria from Pharos.

night, going half-speed only, so as not to get to the Aboukir Forts, which we wished particularly to see, too early. We passed quite close to them, and then steamed all along the coast, by Ramleh, past the forts of Pharos and Aida, of which we had heard so much, to the narrow intricate entrance to the harbour of Alexandria.

Wednesday, January 31st.—In the afternoon we went for a drive with Captain Fitzroy, through the arsenal—where the Egyptian soldiers saluted us with great respect—to the fort of Ras-et-tin, where the evidences of the destruction caused by the bombardment, in the shape of guns dismounted and completely overturned, great holes in the walls, and other effects of the iron storm, were very striking. It is wonderful that some of the projectiles did not penetrate the magazines, which are full of English powder, shot, and shell, of the latest and most improved kind, accumulated here during the last five years. We collected some small relics, of which there was no lack, and then drove on to Pharos, the site of the celebrated lighthouse that was once one of the seven wonders of the world, but of which no remains are now to be seen. A great Arab sheikh was buried here many years ago, and no European was

afterwards allowed to visit the sacred spot under pain of death, or even to go on to the spit of land on which the present lighthouse stands. Since the bombardment, however, we have taken the matter into our own hands, and free access is allowed to the fortress surrounding

the lighthouse, which latter edifice escaped a single shot. In the fort, all the guns that were not dismounted and destroyed at the time have been spiked since. Here the destruction caused by our shells is almost as great as at Ras-et-tin. One of them burst inside the mosque containing the sacred tomb; another penetrated a sort of niche, or what we should call a side-chapel, and partly buried itself in the opposite wall, without bursting.

From Pharos we took one of the saddest drives imaginable, through ruined Alexandria: almost as sad as our drive through Paris immediately after the Communist insurrection. In fact, the state of things here was in some respects more deplorable; for in Paris the fury of the mob was more especially wreaked on the public edifices, while in this city both public and private buildings have suffered alike, and thousands of innocent people have been rendered houseless and homeless. The splendid square is, as you know, a heap of ruins; but the terrible and widespread desolation in all parts of the once beautiful city must be seen to be fully realised. Of whole groups of houses, not one stone has been left standing on another; while in other places one house has been taken and its

next-door neighbour left, having marvellously escaped destruction by some unaccountable chance; the relics of its former grandeur, in the shape of blackened walls and sculpture, and iron balconies, twisted and partly dissolved by the heat, only serving to show how beautiful it had once been, and how melancholy a contrast its present condition offered. The effect of the little huts, booths, and shops, erected among the ruins that are piled up in the centre of the square to make room for the traffic, is much the same. There, where once were beautiful gardens, now stand miserable hovels, hastily put up to shelter the poor homeless wanderers; and also, I am sorry to say, some very disreputable liquor-

shops and dancing booths, which it is to be hoped will shortly be done away with. Their owners took advantage of the general confusion to establish them; but I think it will not be long before they are *disestablished*.

I returned on board the yacht early; the others went for a long walk to see more of this miserable destruction, caused, as in Paris in 1871, by traitors from within and not by foes from without. Captain Bloomfield, Mr. Routh, and Mr. Crosse dined with us, and told us a great deal about that terrible Sunday massacre, which was the beginning of the rebellion. If only the Europeans had been warned and armed, so as to have been able



The Square at Alexandria.

to make a stand, I believe the ruffianly cowards would have run away at once. Captain and Mrs. Bloomfield had been lunching on that day with Captain Fitzroy, and had sent their children in the carriage to hear the band play. Returning on shore, Captain Bloomfield, whose house is near the port and some distance from the town, heard that something was wrong and went off at once to see what was the matter. Of the fearful events of that afternoon you have of course read, but I fear they were ten times worse than the published descriptions lead one to suppose. The villains had chosen their time only too well—the day on which all the resident “giaours” were in the habit of

taking their weekly holiday, their favourite amusement being a drive in an open carriage and pair—a britzka, or small barouche, with a hood, of which there are a large number for hire in Alexandria. The drivers, and, I am afraid, the donkey-boys were in the plot, and brought all their fares down the main street. Opposite a particular coffee-house, which was the rendezvous, the ruffians stopped the carriages, broke in or tore down the hoods, beat the occupants to death with clubs and sticks, and threw their bodies into the streets, the drivers meanwhile sitting quietly on their boxes, and when all was over, driving away; perhaps—who knows?—to pick up another freight and conduct them

into the same trap, to meet a like bloody and untimely end. Captain Bloomfield, as captain of the port, being in Egyptian uniform, and happening to meet a friend, managed, by by-ways, to reach the British Consulate; but could hear nothing of his children, either there or anywhere else. With great difficulty he got back to his own house, and endeavoured to re-assure his wife, though he himself suffered the most intense anxiety. Between nine and ten o'clock the children returned, Captain Bloomfield's private coachman having behaved with great fidelity and discretion. Finding that no band was play-

ing, and that there were symptoms throughout the city of a general *émeute*, he drove them off to a friend's house, where he secreted them and the carriage in an old out-house till the worst of the horrors were over, and then managed to make his way to his master's residence by quiet and unfrequented streets. Fancy the joy of the anxious parents on finding their loved ones, whom they had almost given up for lost, once more safely in their arms! I could fill pages with heart-rending stories and accounts of hairbreadth escapes on the same occasion, which I have heard since our arrival here.

(To be continued.)

PUBLIC DUTY.

BY R. W. DALE, LL.D. (BIRMINGHAM).

WHEN the eternal Word and Son of God became flesh, He revealed the sacredness of human life; its sacredness, not merely in its direct relations to God, but in its relations to that natural order and social environment by which it is disciplined and developed, and in which it exercises its affections and virtues. In translating us into the kingdom of heaven, He does not separate children from parents, husbands from wives. He takes up the Family into the divine order, and so consecrates it. He does the same for industry and commerce, for literature and science and art. Christ does not pronounce them common and unclean; He makes them His own and transfigures them, by declaring that in all these pursuits men are to do the will of God. Nor does He call us out of that social and political order which is necessary, not only to the prosperity, but to the existence of nations. On the contrary He affirms the sacredness of civil authority, and enforces civil duties with new and divine sanctions. As there is no conflict between the Divine Kingdom and the Family, neither is there any conflict between the Divine Kingdom and the State. Christ does not suppress the Family, but purifies and ennobles it. Christ does not suppress the State, but inspires political life with a nobler temper, and directs it to higher ends; He makes loyalty the religious duty of subjects, and under penalty of the divine displeasure requires rulers to be just.

Unhappily this conception of His work has never yet been firmly grasped by Christendom. In the corrupt ages of the Church, men thought that the Family was not divine enough for the perfect life; and there are many Chris-

tian people still of the opinion that political activity is inconsistent with saintliness.

There are the clearest indications in the New Testament that the distrust and antagonism which have so long existed between the Church and civil society began early. The apostles had to insist with great energy on the duty of submission to secular governments; and this is an indication that many of the early converts to the Christian faith were disposed to think badly of kings and magistrates, and to dispute their authority. It was not easy, indeed, for Christian men and women in apostolic times to believe that "the powers which be are ordained of God," and to regard civil government as part of the divine order of the world. Idolatry met the Christian man in all public places. Heathen gods received the homage of the State. The Roman Emperor was the high-priest of Paganism. Why should the sons of God, the heirs of immortal glory, acknowledge the authority of rulers who were in revolt against the divine authority; who often persecuted those who were trying to obey the divine will? What claim had secular rulers, secular laws, secular institutions on their allegiance and respect?

The presence of Jews in most Christian Churches during the first century embittered antagonism to the empire. It was the custom of the apostles to begin their evangelistic work in the synagogue; in many Churches converts from Judaism constituted the majority of the membership; the old vision of an earthly Messiah, with armies and fleets to assert His power, had vanished, or was vanishing, but the Jewish hatred and scorn for Gentile rulers remained. The Churches were infected by

the fierce, reckless, revolutionary spirit which was hereditary among the Jewish people.

Peter, therefore, affirms with great strength the duty of obeying the secular authorities. "Be subject to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake,"—*as part of the obedience you owe to Christ*,—"whether it is to the King, as supreme, or unto governors, as sent by him for vengeance on evil-doers and for praise to them who do well."

Paul tells Titus to "put" Christian people "in mind to be in subjection to rulers, to authorities, to be obedient, to be ready unto every good work,"—*to every form of service to the State, which the laws and the magistrates required*.

In his Epistle to the Romans, Paul develops more fully the Christian conception of the secular organization of society. The Church is not the only institution that has the divine sanction: the State is also divine. Cæsar, the provincial governors, the city magistrates, all "the powers that be," are "ordained of God." Church rulers derive their authority from heaven: so do political rulers. They, too, are "ministers of God's service." Christian men are therefore to submit to them, not only in order to avoid civil penalties, but "for conscience' sake," for "he that resisteth the power withstandeth the ordinance of God."

Christ had anticipated all these apostolic precepts in His reply to the malignant question of the Pharisees and Herodians,—*"Is it lawful for us to give tribute unto Cæsar or not?"* "He perceived their craftiness, and said unto them, Show me a penny. Whose image and superscription hath it? and they said Cæsar's. And He said unto them, Then render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

"Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." The precept was suggested by a question about tribute. In its original reference it enforced the duty of paying taxes. Paul describes the levying and collection of taxes as a divinely appointed function of the civil magistrate. This throws quite a new light upon "Committee of Supply," upon the Budget, upon the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, upon Income-tax Commissioners and Custom-house officers, upon the unwelcome documents which we receive from the overseers of the poor and the collectors of rates and taxes. We are to pay "tribute" because civil rulers are "ministers of God's service, attending continually upon this very thing." The tax may be excessive, unfairly levied, unwisely or unjustly spent; if so, the

civil rulers are doing their work badly, and will have to account to God for their injustice or their folly. We may try to set them right; in a country with a free constitution, and where private citizens have a large responsibility for the acts of the government, this is a duty. In extreme cases—when, for instance, a tax is levied by an arbitrary exercise of power, and in violation of the recognised rights of the nation, or when a government is so corrupt and tyrannical that the primary objects for which the State exists are not secured—there remains the power, perhaps the duty, of resistance and revolt. But a wise nation will suffer much before it resorts to measures of violence, and good men will be slow to come to the conclusion that the powers which are "ordained of God" have lost the divine sanction.

There are some people—honest enough in all their private affairs—who seem to think that a tax or a rate is a claim to be evaded. Paul makes tax-paying a religious duty—"the demand note" of the collector is backed by the divine authority, and countersigned by the divine hand. What happened when Ananias and Sapphira made a false return to the apostles, who were "ministers of God" representing the Church, we know. It ought to warn us against making false returns to the Income-tax Commissioners, who, according to Paul, and according to the whole Christian conception of secular society, are "ministers of God" representing the State. The tax may be vexatious, it may be unequal, but while it lasts we ought to return every farthing of our income "for conscience' sake."

The same obligation holds in relation to all other claims. The Custom-house officer is one of the "ministers of God," and to evade lawful duties is to evade a divine claim.

On the other hand, Christian men in Parliament, overseers, members of town councils and of local boards should remember whose servants they are, and should levy taxes and rates justly, and expend them wisely and fairly as the representatives of the authority of God.

But we have not discharged the duty of rendering to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's when we have paid rates and taxes. In many countries the State requires all men of adult age to serve for a definite number of years in the army; in addition to contributing money to pay for the defence of the country, they have to defend it themselves. We have no military conscription in England, but our constitution requires that very large numbers of men should give a considerable portion of their time to certain national and municipal

duties ; if they refuse to do it the whole system of government breaks down. As long as justice is administered by an unpaid magistracy men must consent to spend dismal hours on the bench. As long as our local affairs are under the control of local authorities elected by the rate-payers men must consent to serve on town councils, to be members of watch committees, markets and fairs committees, finance committees, gas committees, water committees, and the rest ; and they must consent to accept the mayoralty. Other men must be willing to serve on school boards, and others to act as overseers and guardians of the poor. Men who discharge these duties pay a voluntary tax levied on personal service. It is a tax which must be paid by some one, and every man has to determine his own share.

As long as we are governed by two Chambers a member of the House of Lords has no more right to neglect his legislative duties, than a policeman to go off his beat before his time, or a bricklayer, who is paid for ten hours' work, to work five hours and sleep or smoke the other five. It is true that most of the men who have to serve in the Upper House inherit their responsibilities by birth and were never asked whether they would bear the burden of legislation or not. But this does not relieve them from their responsibility. Many of the gravest duties of every man are duties which came to him in the same way ; a man's duties to his parents and to his brothers and sisters are just as binding as if he had undertaken them voluntarily. Nor is it enough for an hereditary legislator to discharge his duties as well as he is able ; he should try to make himself able to discharge them well.

In the House of Commons a man sits by his own consent, and the obligation to discharge the trust he has received from his constituents is too plain to be ignored. A man who uses his position in that House to promote his private interests instead of the interests of the nation, is guilty of a flagrant moral offence ; he is as guilty as a solicitor who uses for his own purposes the money he has received to invest for a client. But men may also be guilty of neglecting duty who refuse to enter the House. It is plain that the State has claims on the services of those who are able to serve it most effectively. Where there is political knowledge, political sagacity, the power of commanding public confidence, leisure to discharge Parliamentary duties, there is some reason to think that a man is in possession of "the things that are

Cæsar's ;" it is possible that in refusing to stand for the House of Commons he is defrauding his country, defrauding it as really as if he had returned his income at two thousand a year, when he ought to have returned it at ten. This is a question for a man's judgment and conscience, not for his personal tastes and preferences. It would hardly do for a man to refuse to pay his debts, and to plead in self-defence that paying debts was extremely distasteful to him, and that he found it more agreeable to his personal inclinations to spend his money in other ways.

Civil authority is a divine institution. The man who holds municipal or political office is a "minister of God." One man may have just as real a divine vocation to become a town councillor or a Member of Parliament as another to become a missionary to the heathen. In either case it is at a man's peril that he is "disobedient to the heavenly vision." The divine right of kings was a base corruption of a most noble truth ; so was the fanatical dream about "the reign of the saints." We shall never approach the Christian ideal of civil society, until all who hold municipal, judicial, and political offices, recognise the social and political order of the nation as a divine institution, and discharge their official duties as "ministers of God."

But in this country the responsibilities of government are shared by the people. The great outlines of national legislation and policy are laid down, not in Parliament, not in the Cabinet, but at the polling-booths. It is the electors who make war or maintain peace, who repeal old laws and pass new ones, who interfere, justly or unjustly, between landlords and tenants, masters and servants, parents and children. Those who abstain from voting determine the national policy as truly as those who vote. The responsibility of the Parliamentary franchise cannot be evaded.

I sometimes think that municipalities can do more for the people than Parliament. Their powers will probably be enlarged ; but under the powers which they possess already they can greatly diminish the amount of sickness in the community, and can prolong human life. They can prevent—they have prevented—tens of thousands of wives from becoming widows, tens of thousands of children from becoming orphans. They can do very much to improve those miserable homes which are fatal not only to health but to decency and morality. They can give to the poor the enjoyment of pleasant parks and gardens, and the intellectual cultivation and refinement of public libraries and galleries of

art. They can redress in many ways the inequalities of human conditions. The gracious words of Christ, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these my brethren, even these least, ye did it unto Me," will be addressed not only to those who with their own hands fed the hungry, and clothed the naked, and cared for the sick, but to those who supported a municipal policy which lessened the miseries of the wretched, and added brightness to the lives of the desolate. And the terrible rebuke, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these least, ye did it not unto Me," will condemn the selfishness of those who refused to make municipal government the instrument of a policy of justice and humanity.

If, years ago, the Christian people of the metropolis had insisted on having an effective system of municipal government, and had worked its powers vigorously, the "Bitter Cry of Outcast London" need never have been heard. Now that the cry has come to them the churches will never be able to remedy the evil apart from the action of municipal authorities. Medicine, and not the gospel only, is necessary to cure the sick. Municipal action, and not the gospel only, is necessary to improve the homes of the poor.

In some countries the local authorities corresponding to our mayor and town council, are appointed by the Crown. The duty of appointment is a difficult one; the central government can never have all the knowledge necessary to appoint wisely. With us the duty of appointment is thrown upon the rate-payers, and the duty carries with it grave responsibilities.

The municipal and political franchise is a trust; it is to be used, not for private but for public purposes. If in appointing an ambassador to Paris, St. Petersburg, or Berlin, the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary were influenced by improper motives; if they appointed a man, not because they thought that on the whole he was the best man available for the post, but because he was an old friend; or if they recalled one ambassador and sent out another on the ground of personal pique, and to gratify personal resentment; or if a man obtained the appointment by giving splendid entertainments to his political patrons or friends; it would be a public scandal. If he obtained it by a bribe—by a bribe given in any form—by a heavy subscription, for instance, to the election fund of the Carlton or the Reform Club—it would be a public crime.

But the same moral laws that govern the exercise of political patronage, govern the

exercise of the franchise. If in a municipal or a political contest, you vote for a man for no other reason than that he is a friend or a neighbour, and it would not be pleasant to disoblige him; or because the rival candidate passed you in the street without speaking to you, or omitted to invite you to a dinner party, or forgot to tell his wife that your daughters were to be asked to a dance:—this is a clear violation of public duty. If you vote for a man for no other reason than that he has subscribed to a hospital, or a school, or a church, in which you happen to be interested, or because he sustained your application for some public office; if you refuse to vote for him because he told the manager of the bank of which he happens to be a director to refuse to increase your "over-draw," or because he gives you no orders for coals or meat:—this is positive corruption.

According to the divine order civil authority is necessary to the existence of civil society. Civil rulers are "ministers of God." But they are not designated to their office by a voice from heaven. In this country the sovereign and the peers inherit their position by birth; the rest have to be selected, directly or indirectly, by those who possess the franchise. It is surely a part of God's service to determine who shall be God's "ministers," and for the manner in which we discharge this service we are responsible to God. Not to vote is to act the part of the unfaithful servant who hid his talent in the earth and made no use of it. To vote corruptly is felony; it is to appropriate to our own purposes what we have received as trustees for the town or the nation.

Those who are in the habit of speaking of political life as though it were unfriendly to all the pursuits and interests of the kingdom of Christ, and who therefore decline to discharge all political duties, are strangely inconsistent. If a municipality proposes to open libraries or museums on a Sunday, many excellent Christian people become greatly excited and strain all their influence to prevent what they regard as a desecration of the weekly day of rest; but they do not seem to believe that members of a town council have to do the will of God on Monday and Tuesday as well as on Sunday, and that Christian ratepayers ought to elect the men who will do it. If a parliamentary oath is to be abolished these devout persons sign petitions and make speeches against it: for a professed atheist to get into Parliament seems to them a terrible scandal in a Christian country; but many of those same persons regard the actual busi-

ness of Parliament as so remote from the province of religious duty as to make it a very "worldly" thing for a Christian man to interest himself in politics. If this is a true account of political life, then all the members of the House of Commons ought to be atheists. I pronounce no judgment in this place on either of these measures. It may be the duty of Christian men to insist that municipalities shall refuse to open libraries, museums, art galleries, on Sunday; it may be their duty to insist that Parliament shall refuse to permit a man known to be an atheist to take the oath. But it is rather odd and not quite intelligible that those who regard politics as the special province of the prince of this world, and who ordinarily shun all contact with political life for fear of losing their spirituality of mind, should now and then become zealous politicians in order to protect the interests of the Christian faith, and to maintain the honour of God. If political forces are so incurably evil one would suppose that the defence of the kingdom of heaven would be the last purpose for which Christian men would be willing to use them. They pray for kings and magistrates; but if politics are so fatal to Christian fidelity, kings and magistrates are past praying for. They enjoy—apparently without any qualms of conscience—all the advantages of municipal and national government; but if municipal and political activity is ruinous to the souls of all who engage in it, Christian men ought to decline the personal

advantages which are bought at so fearful a price.

Paul has taught us a nobler and profounder theory of politics. "The powers that be are ordained of God," for the maintenance of public order, for the protection of life, of property, and of personal freedom. Civil rulers are "ministers of God," and their service is necessary to secure the great ends of civil society, the diffusion of material comfort, the accumulation of material wealth, the cultivation of the intellectual life of the race, the transmission from generation to generation of the discoveries of science and the triumphs of art. Apart from civil society some of the noblest and most generous virtues could never be developed. Through the Municipality and the State, as well as through the Family and the Church, the infinite righteousness and goodness and mercy of God have provided for the discipline of human perfection. The true duty of the Christian man is, not to forsake municipal and political life because it is corrupt, but to carry into municipal and political activity the law and the spirit of Christ; to resolve to do his part to secure for his fellow-townsmen and his fellow-countrymen all those blessings which a municipality and a nation, justly, wisely, and efficiently governed, can secure for them; that so "the powers" which are "ordained of God" may fulfil the purpose for which He ordained them, and the divine will be done by civil rulers on earth as it is done by angels and the spirits of the just in heaven.

SWING-SONG.

SWING! swing!
Birds in the budding wood, birds on the wing
Fill sweet soft air with carolling;
The woods no more contain their glee,
Joy brims over on every tree
In a flutter of leaves hilariously,
Swing! swing!

Early primroses awake from sleep,
In many a dewy dale they peep;
Lo! populous land, far field and grove,
Unreal as yonder clouds that move
In labyrinthine drifts above!
Swing! swing!

Anemone-flakes of a veined snow
Lie over the sunny herbs below,
Lie over brown bents, woven and wet,

Where yellow-eyed white violet
With moss and strawberry hath met,
Swing! swing!

Spring waves her youngling leaves for token
Dark winter's deadlier springs are broken;
The firry roofs, with low sea-sound,
Welcome to their calm profound
The dove's long call in a love-swoond,
Swing! swing!

Baby-boy lies on a sisterly arm
Of little maid Mary, safe from harm,
Little boy Willy will push the pair,
Hark! how they laugh as they rush through
the air!
All the young world laughs, oh, how fair!
Swing! swing!

RODEN NOEL.



CROWS AND SCARECROWS.

By JAMES PURVES.

FIRST PAPER.

POETS, for poetic reasons, despise the crow, but I, for prosaic reasons, am fond of the bird. In the Celestial Empire, and many other places not so far afield, he is a bird of ill omen, and to the poets he is one of ill fame. Bailey, it is true, in his "Festus," puts a hearty song in his praise into the mouth of a student:—

"He loves the fat meadow, his taste is low,
He loves the fat worms, and he dines in a row,
With fifty fine cousins all black as a sloe;"

and so with gusto the student concludes—

"It's a comfort to feel like a great black crow."

It is said in ordinary phraseology, "straight as the crow flies," or "as the crow flies," but the crow does not fly so straight as is supposed. It knows better, and wings its way hither and thither in a good flight of inspection, "blown about the skies," as Tennyson says.

The crow is a bird of all weathers, is ever on the alert and wide-awake, and never wastes its time. It is the most prosaic bird, and deserves a good word from prosaic mortals. You find the crow in our city streets at daybreak. You can ever count upon a "good day" from it. It is the farmer's friend, as the worms and grubs could testify if their voices could be heard, and it is the

embodiment of what a good agriculturist should be—its eyes are ever on the fields. Its flight is tireless, and confidence is heard in its chattering voice. And it is something to its credit and its self-denial that it never sings, for Mr. Darwin tells us that it possesses the proper apparatus. No other bird is so socialistic in habits, and none is so conservative. Where once it nests, it for ever nests. It weds for life; and it is almost alone in the bird world in knowing no law of divorce or separation. But it is the bird's attachment to one spot that makes it lovable to ordinary mortals: its preference for one clump of trees over all other trees in the world; its fondness for trees near a river, on a height, or near to an old manor-house or ruinous tower or gateway. At nightfall it flits about ruins like the ghost of the former owners, and associates itself often with the destiny of families. To me this is not only poetic but unselfish.

Every time I pass a rookery I am in love with the deep murmuring noises of the crows; it is the music one likes to hear on a large estate and near to a country house. No noise falls so full of home associations and so gratefully on one's ears as the early clamouring calls of the dusky birds circling

round and round the rookery the first morning one awakens on returning home from foreign lands. They then speak to us not only of our own childhood, but of that of our fathers.

Theirs are the homely and careless noises that endear them, like rustic voices and parish dialect, to a native. Homeliness is as great a merit in a bird as in an author, and the crow never loses its modesty. The crow's homeliness is probably the result of its fallen estate ever since it has followed in the wake of civilisation, and of its indis-

creet little tattling of Coronis to Apollo when the god blackened him over and gave him one note to sing of. It imitates the strut of man, whom it ever lives in sight of. There is some human interest about a bird that is known to have fed its blind companions, that leads a club-like life, and fiercely repels intruders and pecks them with its black bills, as effective as our black balls; and that builds in trees, in streets, and in the midst of London, at Kensington Palace and in Holland Park, and in Coates Crescent in Edinburgh. Yet its solemn walk and sable look



In Holland Park.

would almost make us believe it appreciates the value it adds, in auctioneers' language, to the advantages and amenities of a family residence.

No landscape is complete without a line of crows. Look around you anywhere in the country, be it the flat lowlands, the hilly slopes, or the grey links; you will find the black line winging the homeward flight when all other birds are silent, or pillaging in a sheep field, or a stubble field, or following the plough in dark dots. Crows are everywhere, and they bring with them the seriousness northerners love. They are birds of

rainy weather, and every wet day you are almost certain, in a country walk, to see them on the move and hear their wings slowly flapping heavy with rain, and to notice how their dull voices harmonize with the grey sky and the brown fields. In summer they make the air eloquent with their loud din, and the evenings are drowsy with their dark bodies "athwart the concave of the dark blue dome." Our scenery is everywhere coloured with them. Their sober blackness brings out the colour of the loam, the delicate tints of spring, the mellow ripeness of autumn, and the dead of winter. They

are the commentators on our scenery and our seasons. They make a world of picturesque contrasts, and nowhere do they look out of place. They fit in naturally wherever they alight.

They are the field preachers, and preach one sermon from different texts, and the sermon consists of a repetition of one word, "Work, work, work;" the letters, on being transposed, spell the bird's name. At what season and in what moral sense do we not find this bird in solemn attendance? They are associated with the solemnities of life. In autumn's early nightfall one looks and listens, and is impressed with the natural completeness of another day as it is rounded off by their homeward flights, by their nearer and nearer approach in blackening shadows until the air is filled with their clamouring calls. It is an evening pastoral that well-nigh brings one's heart, if not to his mouth, at least somewhat near it; for the love that is associated with one's own parish steeple, the vesper bells, and the evening sounds of a rookery around one's old home, is part of one's nature, and part of one's life, at the best. It is the pathos of parish life.

Individually the crow may not possess a sweet voice, but collectively they produce musically engaging sounds. No other sound like a rookery at nightfall appeals so strongly to one's imagination. And only one writer has done justice to this homely English picture—Gilbert White, the father of the English prose pastoral. He talks—in words so charged with realism and beauty, they are still a perfect model—of the crows "returning at night, exerting their voices, and making a loud cawing which, being

blended and softened by the distance that we at the village are below them, becomes a confused noise or chiding; or rather a pleasing murmur very engaging to the imagination, and not unlike the cry of a pack of hounds in hollow, echoing woods, or the rushing of wind in the tall trees, or the tumbling of the tide upon a pebbly shore. When this last ceremony is over with the last gleam of day, they retire for the night. A little girl used to remark that the rooks were saying their prayers."

This pleasing murmur, very engaging to the imagination, soon sets it at work, and one looks and listens and asks himself a number of questions:—though unanswerable, one's imagination finds food for thought. Their voices then become softer, and they do not continually call about work, work, work, but rather play, play, play. Are they going over the roll-call, or comparing notes of their day's foraging, and arranging for to-morrow's routes; or are they indulging in scandal and paying visits to each other's nests, or boasting of the worms they have pounced upon, or criticizing the farmers and complaining of the weather, the ploughmen and the field scarecrows; or are they, like little children, crying themselves

asleep? One wonders and wonders in vain. It is music to be heard only in the plains or fields; and I like the crows the more because they follow the ploughshare and seldom haunt mountains or hills where deer run wild and man cannot live. Bailey was not wide of the mark when he made the student sing of the comfortable feeling of the big black crow. The crow, except in frosty weather, is always well to do and comfortable. And what other bird knows Sunday so well?



(To be continued.)

EDWARD IRVING.

PART III.

WHAT with a new doctrine of atonement, in which there was no bargain made and no price paid, but only a union of fallen human nature with the divine which was to redeem it; and also lectures on the second coming of Christ to do for the world what the Church had failed to do,—what with these and other novelties in her brilliant but eccentric son, the Kirk of Scotland was sorely troubled, and wist not well what to do. The more zealous Presbyters rushed into newspapers and magazines, while others began to furbish up their learning and get ready grave treatises. Of the former class, one whose zeal was surely not according to knowledge, confounding the name of a heresy with that of a heretic, wrote something to the effect that “*Monothelos* himself” had never said anything worse than the minister of Regent Square Church. If Irving had only had Carlyle’s great laughter he might have made rare mirth of that. “*Monothelos*” might have been as famous as the “*gig-man*” or Professor Teufelsdröckh. But he could not make fun of the ignorance of the kirk whose learning he had so often lauded to the Cockneys. His mother church clearly stood in doubt of him, and began to hold aloof. She was slow indeed to take any action against one who gave such lustre to her name in the metropolis. But her orthodoxy must be above suspicion, and while she did not know much about the Fathers, and shrank from possible ridicule about “*Monothelos*,” she had a shrewd suspicion that Irving would have to be dealt with by-and-by. If he would only do something or say something which could be easily handled by plain common sense!

That something they had not long to wait for, and this time the impulse came from Scotland itself, the very home and citadel of orthodoxy.

The late Thomas Erskine, of Linlathen, though a lawyer by profession, was essentially a theologian, and one of the subtlest minds that have dealt with the finer questions of religious thought in these latter days. He was, I believe, the real reviver of that school which in the seventeenth century was worthily represented by Cudworth and John Smith of Cambridge, and in our own day by Maurice and Robertson of Brighton. With him were early associated John Macleod Campbell, minister of Row, and Alexander Scott, son of the minister of Greenock, and

as yet only a probationer or preacher. Growing dissatisfied with the prevailing theology, and feeling out for something deeper and more real than the legal fictions on which the people were mainly fed, they had specially their doubts about the received view of atonement, though they did not take Irving’s way out of the difficulty. They did not see how infinite divine love could be subjected to the limitations of predestination, nor yet how God could form a scheme to propitiate Himself by giving His Son for that purpose, which seemed to make a schism in the divine unity. Altogether, they were feeling that the old Puritan armour did not fit them well, and that they could nowise fight the battle in it with any hope of success. But they still worked at the atonement as the central point which needed better elucidation. They still held to the notion of faith in a doctrine rather than in a person, as Irving had learnt to do.

Among other questions, then, which rose out of the religious fermentation now going on among the green wooded slopes of the Gareloch, that of miracles ere long assumed a rather startling shape. For the mere story of wonders done long ago, on which the authority of the Bible was made almost exclusively to rest, did not seem to help people to believe, seemed even to make faith a little harder. But if a miracle were actually wrought before one’s eyes, that would be a very different matter, one might look then for some notable results. Hitherto the Church of Rome alone had laid claim to a continuity of the miraculous gift, which all Protestants rejected, sometimes for reasons which came perilously near those of the sceptic. But now it began to be asked, what right divines had to assume that supernatural powers were only temporary and for a specific purpose? Who could say at what time they died out? And supposing they had actually disappeared, what if it were only because the needed faith had first departed from the Church? Was not the gift of the Holy Ghost specially a power to speak with tongues, and to work wonders of healing in the name of Jesus? And if these were “the last days” and the second advent were near, as many surely believed, might we not reasonably hope that, as in the days of Moses, and afterwards of Elijah, and finally of Jesus, so now also this power would return to the Church for the convincing of gain-sayers, and establishing of the faithful? On

these lines a good deal of conversation went on, and also some preaching, which were followed, by-and-by, by some remarkable phenomena in Row and Rosneath. Humble and pious women were seized by an apparently irresistible impulse to speak in strange unnatural tones, and sometimes what they said was ordinary enough; at other times, to the hearer at least, it was the merest gibberish; but the speaker called it an unknown tongue, and said that it "edified herself." Several people also rose in a moment from long sicknesses, and were healed of their disorders, as they said, by merely believing that they were healed. The facts were clearly verified; the parties were quite incapable of deception, and naturally enough there was no small stir about these things.

When tidings of them came to Irving in London, they set him at once upon the same quest. They fitted exactly into his present line of thought; and were the very kind of facts needed to give him strong assurance. If only they were vouchsafed to his congregation, what a revival of religious life he might look for in London! Henceforth, therefore, lectures on Daniel and the Apocalypse alternated with expositions of the fourteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians. Thus men's minds were prepared for wonders, and the expectations of course tended to produce them. Their thoughts were in a state of extreme tension, electrical with hope of the marvellous, and it was simply a question of time when the phenomena would appear. Irving himself never tried to work miracles, or to speak with tongues, in all humility confessing that this faith had been denied to him. But very soon the excitement produced its natural crop of enthusiasts in Regent Square Church, and there were scenes there which sorely troubled the douce and steady Scotchmen who came to hear speech of reason, and not unintelligible ejaculation. At first "the tongues" were mostly confined to the women, which ought to have made the minister pause, and take time to think of what Paul had said on that subject. Afterwards, however, the male competed with the female part of the congregation, and both of them in the end shunted the clergyman into a siding. Of course, as in Scotland, there was no sort of deception. Of course, when put duly to the apostolic test, they all confessed Christ without reserve. All the outcry against them, as if they had been only a set of hypocritical pretenders, merely shows how shallow were those who judged them, how ignorant of human history and

psychology, and how unfit to guide men's minds during a time of fermenting religious thought. Every student of history knows that, in periods of religious excitement, abnormal phenomena are apt to appear. We meet them in the Middle Ages, and we have seen them in our own time. Only some score of years ago, many who went to "revival" meetings in Ireland and Scotland were mysteriously "struck down," by an inexplicable fit, out of which they emerged by-and-by with a feeling of light and peace, and a full conviction of its supernatural character. There was no deception on their part; the thing was owing partly to mental, and partly to nervous excitement, and to that kind of infection which will set a whole company yawning if only one begin. Of course, such phenomena are obscure just because they are so far abnormal, but they are not therefore supernatural. And the "power," as it was called with a kind of awe, was not one whit more or less mysterious than "the fits" we can remember at those revival meetings.

Irving has himself described these doings in certain papers which appeared at the time in *Fraser's Magazine*, and there is no difficulty in believing all he says, except as to the final conclusion, that they were of divine origin. At that point we pause, and have to consider whether the thing uttered had any divine quality in it. There were, then, two forms in which the supposed spiritual afflatus expressed itself. The one was the properly "unknown tongue," which I have never heard spoken, but of which I have come across two specimens in writing. Of course, one can make nothing of it, as it was only supposed to edify him who used it, which one will hope it did, for it is of no use to any one else. There are a great many vowels in it, and only a sprinkling of the more liquid kind of consonants, as you might expect to find in a mere ejaculation. When read aloud, I seem to hear in it a frequent echo of Greek terminations, especially the Homeric ones, as if the speakers had once known a little Greek and forgotten all but the general sound of it. It seems also to have a kind of rhythm of a loose, irregular sort; and I can easily imagine that, when it was chaunted in an ecstasy of exaltation, such as Irving describes, the effect would be rather startling in a sober Presbyterian kirk.

But there was another form in which "the power" expressed itself, happily for us. It spoke sometimes in plain English, and if we

might judge by what it said when we can follow its meaning, we might have our doubts about the deep things which its unknown tongue concealed. Indeed, anything more flat and commonplace than the pious ejaculations of Messrs. Drummond, Baxter, and Cardale, when they were under this inspiration, it is not well possible to imagine. Henry Drummond, apart from the afflatus, could say shrewd, incisive, and witty things, worth listening to, even if not always very wise. But when he spoke by "the power," he was weak as other men, or perhaps a little feebler than most. His brisk and sprightly intellect at once became leaden, while the Baxters and others exploded in merest vapid exclamations. I hold no abstract theory as to the possible return of miraculous gifts to the Church. That is not a thing to dogmatize about. There is no scriptural authority for saying they were only meant to be temporary, and there is no distinct point in history when we can affirm they ceased to be. But when the ordinary course of nature is to be departed from, one naturally looks for some result worthy of such a step. We get, now and then, from certain quarters, messages said to be from Shakespeare or Milton, or others of the mighty dead who, in default of handier tools, communicate through creaking tables. I do not affirm absolutely that the dead may not speak to the living, for I know nothing about their liberties or their limitations. But I make bold to say that, if Shakespeare has anything to say to any one, he will not talk twaddle, and that if Milton chooses to speak, he will make even a rickety old table melodious and grandly rhythmical. If they ever do break the solemn silence, it will be because they have something to say which is well worth saying, and which could not be fitly said without them. In like manner, I cannot believe in a supernatural divine afflatus which talks no more divinely than the good folks at a Methodist camp meeting.

At first, when this "power" began to show itself, Irving tried to set some bounds to its exercise. He thought that the apostle had laid down rules which he had a right to enforce. Therefore, when some ecstatic female found herself unable to hold her peace during sermon, she had to make a rush to the vestry with her mouth full of burning words which she poured forth in a torrent, and in a high-pitched key, the moment she got within its door. That, of course, could not go on long. If it was really God that was speaking, who could set bounds to Him? Who dare say that the Holy Spirit must keep

silence that a mere man might speak? So Irving tried a compromise. An interval, after reading and exposition of the lesson for the day, was allowed for any one to speak, who could not be silent. That seemed reasonable, but he had not now to do with reasonable creatures; and in spite of their lack of reason, they had clearly the logic on their side. The Spirit was not subject to times and seasons of human appointment; he was like the wind that bloweth as it listeth. By-and-by, therefore, in the middle of prayer or sermon, during any part of the service, a voice, male or female, would be uplifted, shrill, weird, and eerie; only there was nothing in it, but the merest commonplace. Poor Irving, one pities him, and wonders what had come of his old Annandale common sense. But he sincerely believed in this inspiration of "the latter days," which had so little of the poetic grandeur of the old Hebrew prophets. He was confident that Christ was coming, and that these were signs of His coming. Therefore let him, Edward Irving, stand aside; with his genius and his eloquence, let him be as nothing, while these poor oracles did the work he was not meet to do: so he reasoned; but he forgot that God's weak ones are not generally conceited and self-sufficient as those people were. He may set Balaam's ass to rebuke the prophet, but the ass meekly speaks very good sense, and besides it sees something which the prophet refuses to see.

As we may fancy, there rose ere long no small stir about these things. The crowds in Regent Square grew bigger than ever, but they came not for any good they hoped to get there, but merely to hear the tongues and add to the confusion. Naturally the elders and trustees were greatly troubled, and there were meetings, expostulations, and proposals of various kinds, for Irving was very dear to their warm Scotch hearts. But all came to nought. If this were the Lord's doing, who was he to fight against God? What could they do with a man who, in the simplicity and purity of his soul, moved on a high level of faith far above all orderly proprieties and honoured ancient customs? On the whole, perhaps, the right thing to do would have been simply to resign office, and leave him to go his own way. If they took no action, no one else could, and what good would come of breaking his heart, whose very life was bound up with that church in Regent Square? True, they had got it built for Scotchmen in London, and held it in trust for them. But

after all it was Irving's popularity that built it; to him in equity it belonged, for without his eloquence not a stone of it would have been laid upon another. If the Church of Scotland claimed it, let her establish her right at law. But as for them, what better could they do than depart, at least till Irving came to his right mind again? But in those years men had high notions of ecclesiastical authority and duty. It was not thought enough, when a church and any of its ministers could not agree, to part company, and still try to keep their charity. There must be trials, suspensions, depositions, all formalities of law, however little of its spirit.

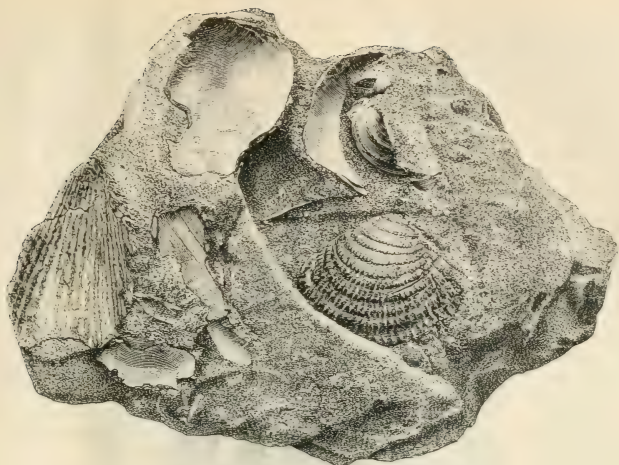
Two of these so-called trials Irving had now to undergo; the first before the Presbytery of London, promoted by his trustees and elders, and the second in Annan, substantially by order of the General Assembly. Charged in London with permitting irregularities in the conduct of public worship, he could not deny that things were done in Regent Square church which were not customary in the Kirk of Scotland, only all the witnesses testified that what they did was by the Holy Ghost, with one exception, and he thought he had been deceived "by a lying spirit." Whether it were so or no, the Presbytery did not pause to inquire, nor would it probably have been to much purpose if they had. They had no particular skill in "trying the spirits," and besides, they had made up their minds to put a stop to the scandal. Irving's beliefs, his protestations, his prophetic warnings all went for nothing. He had allowed unauthorised persons to speak in his church, and therefore its door was closed to him next Sunday, and that though it happened to be the Communion Day—a clearly gratuitous piece of harshness, for they might have let him conduct the service under protest that it was not as of right but of grace only. He found a place of refuge for a time in a hall that was used during the week days by Robert Owen for the preaching of philanthropic infidelity. That was an offensive association for one who loved the Church and the catholic faith as Irving did; but ere long he escaped from it, and pitched his tent in Newman Street, in a gallery which West had erected for his huge canvases.

The other trial was for deeper matters, and involved graver issues. It was conducted by the Presbytery that had ordained him, and in the Church where he had been baptized. Its result, too, was from the beginning a foregone conclusion. The Church of Scot-

land had lately been purging herself of heresy. She had deposed Macleod Campbell, whom Chalmers thought to be "the holiest man he had ever met," and had taken his licence from Alexander Scott, one of the most suggestive thinkers of our day. Having accomplished this, the Assembly tossed Irving to his native Presbytery, with strict injunctions to see to the purity of doctrine taught in the Church. I do not dwell on the trial. Irving was present part of the time, for he clung to the Church of his fathers like a child to its mother's breast. But he did not abide the end when, in the dusk of a wintry afternoon, by the light of a flickering tallow candle, he, whom God had so plainly consecrated for the work, was declared to be no longer a minister of the gospel of Christ. His friends in London received the sentence in a very strange way, to say the least of it. Instead of protesting against an unrighteous deed which, for truth's sake, they must ignore; instead of meeting their minister with a generous sympathy which might have somewhat comforted him, they substantially endorsed the sentence. Like dull pragmatic formalists, they said that what the Church of Scotland had given, she had a right to take away; and when Irving returned to them, they objected to his baptizing a baby, till he had been reordained by the laying on of their hands. Irving, who believed in these people and their orders and inspirations, submitted humbly and, if he felt it, he certainly made no complaint.

By this time also his health was failing. Unremitting work and perpetual excitement had undermined even his splendid constitution. In the beginning of 1834 it was plain he must have rest. But he would not go to the south of France or Italy or any of those resorts where people seek for health in balmy air. He thought he had still work to do, and needed but to get among his native hills for awhile. So he went north, by way of Wales, preaching of course as he went, and for a season it seemed as if he had judged rightly, for he writes to his wife of greatly improved health. But a long ride through a pelting rain brought on a shiver, a settled cold, fever, and other symptoms which greatly alarmed his friends, when they saw his gaunt form and sallow face at last in the streets of Glasgow. There he had only been known when he was in the strength of his manhood, and there now he died on the 7th of December, 1834. There, too, he was buried, in the solemn crypt of the noble cathedral church.

WALTER C. SMITH.



Fossil Shells from the Umenak Fiord, N. Greenland.

EXPLORATIONS IN GREENLAND.

By EDWARD WHYMPER, AUTHOR OF "THE ASCENT OF THE MATTERHORN," ETC.

THIRD (AND CONCLUDING) PAPER.

THE ascent of Kelertinguit was a complete success. The day was cloudless, and the summit proved to be loftier than anything in its neighbourhood, and was well isolated from the surrounding peaks. As I cast my eye down the ridge up which we had come, my followers were seen as little black dots scattered over it at intervals, some regarding their poor feet, and some pretending to be much interested in the landscape, in the manner of people who are very tired. The bearer of the theodolite-legs was the most advanced of them, and when he arrived I fixed and levelled the instrument in order to sweep the horizon. It was soon evident that I was more elevated than anything within a great distance, with the exception of two sharp, glacier-clad peaks lying on the northern side of the Umenak Fiord, and these two mountains, which are between 7,000 and 8,000 feet high, are the loftiest I have been able to find in North Greenland.

Kelertinguit was 6,800 feet high, and there was a grand and most interesting view from its summit in all directions. Southwards it commanded the whole breadth of the Noursoak Peninsula, and extended over the Waigat Strait to the lofty island of Disco; westwards it embraced the western part of

the Noursoak Peninsula, with Davis' Straits beyond; northwards it passed right over the Umenak Fiord (some 30 miles wide) to the Black Hook Peninsula; to the north-east it was occupied by the fiord, with its many imposing islands and islets, surrounded by innumerable icebergs streaming away from the inland-ice; and in the east, extending from north-east to south-east, over well-nigh 90° of the horizon, there was the inland-ice itself—presenting the characteristic features which have been mentioned in the earlier papers. The southern part of the view of the inland-ice, as seen from Kelertinguit, overlapped the northern part of it as seen on former occasions, whilst northwards it extended to at least 71° 15' N. lat., so I had now viewed the section of the interior between 68° 30' and 71° 15', equal to 190 English miles, and had everywhere found a straight, unbroken crest of snow-covered ice, concealing the land so absolutely that not a single crag appeared above its surface.

The height of this straight, unbroken crest of snow was now the object of attention—the principal object for which the ascent was made. On bringing the theodolite to bear upon it, I found that it *appeared* to be slightly depressed below my station; but, as it was

distant more than 100 miles,* it was only lower in appearance and not in reality. On the assumption that it was no more than 100 miles distant, after making allowance for refraction and curvature of the earth, its height was found to be considerably in excess of 10,000 feet.

The reader is now in possession of the reasons for saying it was certain that Baron Nordenskiöld would be disappointed if he should take the direction indicated in his programme, and why his statements regarding the interior of this part of Greenland caused both surprise and concern. A journey made across the frozen interior would no doubt be accounted a remarkable achievement, but there is every reason to believe that it would be barren in results. For, although the interior has not been seen from the outskirts over its entire length and breadth, it has been viewed to a sufficient extent, and has been examined with sufficient precision, to render it a matter of all but absolute certainty that the whole of the interior from north to south, and east to west, is entirely enveloped in snow and ice. Almost all that can be learned by traversing this frigid waste can be learned, with greater ease and at infinitely less cost, by continuing its inspection from the mountains on the outskirts, and this is the course which has the greatest attractions for future explorers.

Though the veritable interior of Greenland

* As some readers may not readily credit the possibility of seeing to so considerable a distance, I may mention that a few days previous to the ascent of this mountain, when upon the summit of Hare Island (1,800 feet), about sixty miles to the west, at midnight, I recognised in the north the mountain near Upernivik called Sanderson's Hope, and to the S.E. the mountains at the extreme southern end of the Waigat Strait—the former being 150 miles and the latter above 110 miles distant from me. This, with one exception, is the greatest distance at which I have recognised objects during mountain expeditions, the one exception being the Pacific Ocean seen from a height of 18,000 feet on Chimborazo.



The Signal-House at Godhavn.

is likely to yield very little of interest to the explorer, the case is far different with the fringe of land bordering the coast. The changes which have occurred both in the elevation of the country and in its climate, are amongst the most remarkable which can

be quoted from any part of the world, and the people by whom it is inhabited have many points of interest about them. I propose to devote the remainder of the space at my disposal to these three topics, taking first the comparatively recent great upheaval of the land.

Earthquakes and active volcanoes are unknown in Greenland, yet the country presents evidences that it has been the scene of tremendous convulsions.

Besides the small areas of erupted rock which may have made its appearance through rifts or fissures, there are wide-spread districts composed of volcanic rocks, with thicknesses of thousands of feet. The island of Disco, which measures more than sixty miles over in every direction, is mainly composed of them, and they are here 3,000 to 4,000 feet thick. The mainland on the opposite side of the Waigat Strait is also principally composed of them, and they attain there a much greater height and thickness, rising to the very summit of the mountain Kelertinguit (6,800), which is the greatest height at which they have been observed in Greenland. In this district the volcanic rocks stretch more than 100 miles east and west, and considerably more than that distance north and south. They have not the appearance of having welled out of a crater, or some vast rift in the surface of the earth, but rather suggest having been violently upheaved or punched upwards; possibly during a somewhat similar convulsion of nature to

that which occurred in 1883 in the Straits of Sunda, when the island of Krakatoa was shattered to pieces, and large areas round about it were suddenly upheaved or depressed. But such a convulsion, if it occurred, must have been on a vastly more important scale than the eruption of Krakatoa. The area concerned is many times greater, and the cliffs are prodigious—on Disco often rising more than 1,500 feet in single clear precipices, and at the northern end of the Waigat attaining perhaps their greatest development, where, on the mountain Karkarsoak the seaward face, nearly 4,000 feet high, is mainly composed of one great cliff, little removed from perpendicularity.

Whether this great development of volcanic matter made its appearance at one bound, or at successive periods, or whether it has been subjected to alternate upheavals and depressions, are questions which are likely to exercise the ingenuity of geologists for some time to come. There is evidence on the lower slopes of Kelertinguit, touching the Umenak Fiord, that at that part upheaval has occurred during a quite recent period; for there, at a place called Pattorfik, there is a considerable shell deposit, rising from a few feet above the sea to more than a hundred feet above the sea, where thousands upon thousands of marine shells* of a dozen or more species, are lying on the surface, or are imbedded in a

conglomerate of pebbles and sandy detritus, and beginning to form a rock of extraordinary hardness. This deposit appears to have been formed at the end of a fiord (which has become dry land), in the same manner as deposits of a similar nature are now being created at the end of fiords in the neighbourhood of the inland-ice. The engraving at the head of this paper represents a small fragment from this interesting spot.

This place has been visited by various travellers, amongst others by Baron Nordenskiöld, who termed the matrix of the deposit, "a somewhat hardened basalt sand in course of transformation to basalt tufa." As there may be considerable difference of opinion on this matter, I referred a specimen to Prof. T. G. Bonney, F.R.S., who has examined it microscopically, and has favoured me with the following note:—

"This rock is composed of various mineral and organic fragments imbedded in an earthy matrix. The mineral fragments consist of quartz and felspar—sometimes in association—of a greenish mineral, in part at least hornblende (not common), of a minutely crystallized basalt (rare), and of a few grains of a dark brown glass, probably related to the last named. The organic fragments are, I believe, in all cases bits of shells of mollusks. The earthy matrix is too decomposed to allow me to decide upon its origin. It may either be decomposed felspar or the detritus of a basalt. The greyish or greenish aspect of the rock would not be unfavourable to the latter view. From certain minute peculiarities I believe that the quartz and the felspar are to a large extent derived from a granite or granitoid gneiss. Volcanic dust may partly make up the matrix, but the rock is not in any proper sense of the word a tuff."



Fossil Magnolia Cone.

(From the type specimen in the British Museum.)

* *Cardium Islandicum*, *C. Granlandicum*, *Pecten Islandicus*, and several species of *Astarte* were in greatest numbers.

About a hundred miles to the south of Patterfok I obtained a better proof of upheaval by finding at a distance of several miles inland, at a height of 550 feet above the sea, shells of the following species:—*Yoldia hyperborea*, L.; *Y. glacialis*, Gray; *Tellina tenera* (?) *T. proxima*, Brown; *Nucula nitida*, Sowerby; *N. tenuis*, Gray; *Saxicava rugosa*, L.; *Astarte*, sp. The foregoing two instances, and especially the latter, afford strong testimony, and they are supported and confirmed by other evidence. All the highest summits I have climbed in North Greenland are composed of rocks of volcanic origin, and they are everywhere, almost up to their highest points, sprinkled with a large diversity of drifted rocks. To the general reader it would be tedious to enumerate instances in the detail, which will be done ultimately, and I therefore quote only one example, namely, the summit of Hare Island. This island lies to the north of Disco Island, and is about seven miles long, with small cliffs by the shore, crowned by a slightly undulating top, almost a moor, favourable for the retention of detritus, as it is little liable to denudation. The whole of this top (the summit of which is 1,800 feet above the sea) is covered with drifted rocks, in size from small pebbles up to boulders containing several cubic yards, which have settled down, with their largest diameters approximately horizontal, and are in many places so well fitted into each other that they almost look as if placed by the hand of man. This is only one example out of many which might be quoted. The general features of the land; the existence of marine shells at considerable elevations above the sea; and the vast quantity of drifted matter, appearing in some places just like a sea bottom; * all lead to the conclusion that great and wide-spread upheaval has occurred, and that it took place (geologically speaking) at no very remote date, as the shells are all of an arctic type, and mostly, if not entirely, still live in the Greenland seas.

It is curious to find, in the heart of this region of volcanic rocks, in an arctic country and in an arctic cold, the fossil remains of a flora totally distinct from that now living there, and one which implies the existence at an earlier period of a very temperate climate at the least. Fossilised wood, leaves, flowers, and fruits have been found at various

parts of the volcanic region of North Greenland, in more than a dozen places, and have been referred to various periods—those which have been assigned to the Tertiary period alone amounting to about 137 species, and the major part of these have come from one place, called Atanekerdluk, situated on the western slopes of a mountain facing the Waigat Strait.

My attention was first directed to this subject by noticing in McClintock's book, "The Voyage of the *Fox*," p. 26, a reference to a "fossil forest," and it appeared that Mr. Olrik (who was referred to in the first paper) had given Sir Leopold some specimens from the above-mentioned place. "I came away," said he, "enriched by some fossils from the fossil forest of Atanekerdluk." On inquiry of Mr. Olrik, I learned the situation of this locality, and that he had obtained at various times through the natives a considerable number of specimens from it, many of which had been sent to Copenhagen; but he had not, I believe, actually been upon the spot whence the specimens were taken. By his advice, before proceeding there, I went to the settlements of Ritenbenk and Sakkak, to obtain local guidance and assistance, and on arrival at the spot was accompanied by fourteen natives engaged to collect, besides my own regular party. From a little shelf on the slope, about 400 feet long, and out of strata amounting to scarcely more than three feet in thickness, I obtained no less than seventy-three species, including oaks, poplars, chestnuts, planes, sequoias, magnolia, and many others. By the instrumentality of Mr. R. H. Scott, F.R.S.,* the first set of these specimens was secured for the British Museum by means of grants from the British Association and the Royal Society, and the whole were sent for examination and description to the late Prof. O. Heer, of Zurich, who had also examined most of the specimens previously brought from this locality, and I take the following extracts from his observations upon them.†

"The collection contains seventy-three species from this locality, of which twenty-five are new. Of these latter five are found in the Miocene Flora of Europe, viz., *Podocites Mearnsianus*, *Smilax grandifolia*, *Quercus Laharpii*, *Corylus insignis*, and *Sassafras Ferretianum*. Of these the *Smilax* and *Sassafras* present points of peculiar interest. The *Smilax grandifolia* represents the *S. Mauritania* of the present Mediter-

* Dredgings executed in the neighbourhood of grounded icebergs on the Greenland coast for the sake of the matter which was being deposited by them, brought up precisely such an assortment of rocks as were collected on the summit of Hare Island, and at other places.

* Who had intended to have travelled in N. Greenland and had obtained a grant from the British Association in 1866 for the exploration of the plant beds; but, being prevented from going, and learning of my intended journey, most handsomely afforded me valuable assistance and information.
† Paper read to the Royal Society, March 17, 1869.

ranean flora, and at the lower Miocene epoch was distributed over the whole of Europe. It is found in Italy, Switzerland and Germany up to the coasts of the Baltic, and we now know that it occurred even in Greenland, hanging probably in festoons from the trees. The *Sassafras* has hitherto only been found at a few localities, which are, however, so far apart that it is very probable that the plant ranged over a large part of Europe. . . . As interesting new species we have to notice a *Viburnum* (*V. Whymperi*) resembling the *V. Latana* of Europe and the *V. dentatum* of America; an *Aralia* with leathery leaves; a *Cornus*; an *Ilex* with very large leaves; two *Rhus*; a *Sorbus*; a *Nyssa*, and two *Pterospermites*. . . . The collection gives us also much information about species already known. It contains many fine leaves of *McClintockia*, which extend our knowledge of this remarkable genus. . . . The oaks appear very frequently at Atanekerdluk. To the eight species which we knew formerly, a new one (*Quercus Laharpiii*, Gaud.) has been added, while among the former ones we obtained more perfect leaves of *Q. Lyellii*, and *Q. Platania*. The same is the case with *Juglans*, *Planera*, and two remarkable ferns (*Hemitelia Torelli* and *Woodwardites*), differing very widely from all species both of the temperate and frigid zones. . . . The discovery of the fruit and flowers of the chestnut prove to us that the deposits of Atanekerdluk were formed at different seasons; in spring when the chestnut is in flower, as well as in autumn. The discovery of the fruit of *Menyanthes* is a further confirmation of a species founded only on the leaves."

To discover such an assortment as this in an arctic climate is in itself sufficiently remarkable, and it is the more so to find it within an area measuring less than 200 feet in length, 10 feet in width, and a depth of 3 feet 8 inches. Within this space thousands of specimens of seventy-three species were obtained.* In his valuable paper, Prof. Heer speaks with admiration of the "densely packed" masses of leaves; but the collection as it reached his hands conveyed little idea of the wonderful profusion seen on the spot, which gave the impression of a most luxuriant growth of vegetation, of numerous species in close contiguity, and of an immense accumulation of fallen leaves, twigs, and branches.

As a rule, there were only impressions of the leaves. The original tissues had disappeared, though in some cases the tissues remained, and even cones and stems were found with their structure only slightly fossilized. Those nearest the surface were in a hardened, reddish clay. These masses did not split easily, and they suffered little in transportation, and the larger part of those which arrived unbroken in Europe were of

this nature; but the lower strata, composed of greyish shales, were by far the most prolific, and, when cleared of the superincumbent rubbish, presented a most charming spectacle of myriads of leaves lying closely one over another, as perfect in nervation and contour as when they had first fallen to the ground.* These shales, unhappily, were exceedingly tender and brittle, and they suffered greatly in transit, and through the frequent packing and repacking, so that few reached Europe intact.†

The deposit at Atanekerdluk is by far the richest which has been discovered in Greenland, either in species or specimens; but I have myself (in 1867 and 1872) collected fossil leaves belonging to various periods at ten other localities, either upon the mainland, Hare Island, or Disco Island, and there is little doubt that many others will be found ultimately. The greatest success obtained in 1867 was the discovery of a *Magnolia* cone on Disco Island, and this afforded much satisfaction to Professor Heer, who had previously observed in specimens which had been sent to him some fragmentary leaves which he referred to *Magnolia*.‡ An engraving from this specimen, which is now exhibited in the British Museum, is given of the natural size. In the same neighbourhood, in 1872, I obtained large quantities of fossilized wood. The stems and trunks which are found in this condition greatly exceed in dimensions anything now growing in the country. There is now, indeed, scarcely anything in North Greenland worthy of being called a tree—the nearest approach to one being the dwarf-birch, which creeps along the ground, and seldom grows as high as a man. The largest living wood is hardly ever more than 2 inches in diameter, while complete fossil stems have been found exceeding 2 feet in diameter, and isolated fragments are occasionally met with, which have apparently belonged to more considerable trunks. The largest fossil stem I have actually brought home, belonging to a coniferous tree, is figured herewith on the scale of 3½ inches to a foot, and an interesting contrast is afforded by the annexed specimen of living wood (the largest I have actually seen growing) which

* *Sequoia Langsdorffii*, Brongn., was the most abundant species both at Atanekerdluk and at other places, and was found at the former in almost every slab of considerable size.

† It was necessary to carry them 2,174 feet down the hillside, then they were re-packed and transported in a boat to Ritenbenk; there transferred to a blubber-sloop and taken to Godhavn; then sent by a brig to Copenhagen; thence by steamer to London, where they were again re-packed, and then dispatched by steamer and rail to Zurich.

‡ The specific name was given by Prof. Heer in compliment to Admiral Sir E. A. Inglefield, F.R.S.; who, I am informed, was the first to bring specimens from Atanekerdluk to England.

* The whole were taken out either by my assistants working under my eye, or with my own hands. They were all collected *in situ*, and there was no admixture of dubious specimens brought in by natives without knowing whence they came. It is not as a rule advisable to employ natives to collect fossils without superintending their operations, as they are very apt to mix specimens coming from different strata, and thereby produce confusions leading to totally erroneous conclusions.

is engraved upon the same scale as the other fragment.

Considerable differences of opinion have been expressed regarding the period to which Prof. Heer has referred this fossil flora, and some as an easy way of accounting for its presence in latitude 70° , in so arctic a land, have suggested that it was floated to its present position from more genial climes—a conjecture that no one would entertain who had seen it on the spot. The evidence is already overwhelming that, in the past, vegetation flourished there of a character now unknown in the country, and that there was a dense and luxuriant forest growth which extended over nearly a hundred miles, reckoning from north to south; and from information I have received, I have little doubt that this area will be extended at no remote date.

The Greenlanders deserve more space than can be allotted to their consideration. They have their peculiarities, but when these are mastered there are few people amongst whom it is so easy and pleasant to travel. A single person can trust himself amongst them, unarmed, without apprehension. There is probably no country in the world more free

from deeds of violence than Greenland. Murder is practically unknown there, and order is maintained, or rather maintains itself, without the assistance of a single soldier, policeman, or magistrate.

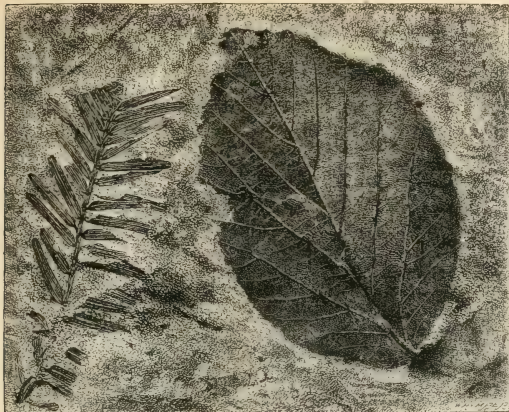
Their treatment of the Greenlanders has for many years past redounded to the credit of the Danes. The native population, which

a century ago numbered about 5,000, now exceeds 10,000. It was stated long since that the majority of the natives could read and write, and from personal observation I should say that the proportion of those who can read is larger than in the British Islands. In some way or other the Danes have succeeded in making school-life attractive, and though the small natives delight in making dirt-pies as much as other children, they display a greater love



(A) Largest Fossil Stem, and (N) Largest Living Stem, obtained in Greenland.
(From the Author's Collection.)

for school than is commonly found in more civilised regions. Some other branches of civilisation which have been introduced are perhaps less generally beneficial. The vices of snuffing and smoking are largely indulged in, and "the skilling (farthing) cigar" has become an institution amongst the urchins. I heard in Disco Bay of one child, aged two years, who enjoyed a short pipe—but it should be said that *she* was accounted precocious.



Sequoia Langsdorffii, and *Viburnum Whymperi*.
(From the specimens in the British Museum.)

Many of the good effects which are now visible should doubtless be attributed to the seed sown a century ago by the Egedes. The house which was tenanted at Claushavn by Hans Egede Saabye (grandson of the first Egede), which was referred to in his "*Extracts from a Journal*," is still standing—a queer, little, incommodious dwelling, into which it is difficult to understand how he stowed away his wife and family. In his time frauds were systematically practised upon the natives; but at the present it would be difficult to point to any country where trade is more honourably conducted.

The list of the goods which are supposed to be obtainable at the stores is very comprehensive, embracing everything that the heart can desire between gunpowder and lavender-water, and, as the selling prices are extremely moderate, it seems at first sight that a traveller would find this a cheap country. It is as well to point out that a great many of the articles set forth exist only in the list, and that all eatables very commonly run short in the summer months just before

the arrival of the annual ships. I came once to a settlement where nothing whatever eatable could be obtained, and where scarcely anything was left in the store except china-buttons, fish-hooks, and lucifer matches; and, as I was very short of food at the time, the problem presented itself, Which of these three articles is the most nutritious?

The arrival of the annual ships is eagerly looked for, and is usually the most important event of the year. In the northern settlements, Godhavn, the capital, is generally the first place to receive news from Europe, after having been cut off from civilisation for seven

months. On the extremity of the promontory within which the harbour lies, there is a signal-house and look-out station, a quaint little building, supported internally at the angles by large bones of whales; and many wistful glances are cast from it down Davis' Straits in the spring for the first ship, bringing news from home and food for the hungry. Jens is perhaps most eager for that half cask of rum which was ordered twelve months ago; Hans considers his sixty pounds of tobacco the most important of earthly considerations; but all devour the news, to find whether the loved ones at home are well, and above all to learn, Is there Peace, or is there War?



House of H. E. Saabye at Claushavn.

MR. MUNDELLA'S COOKERY CLASSES.

IN the twelve months that have elapsed since the subject of the introduction of practical cookery into the elementary schools was discussed in this magazine, public opinion has rapidly developed in its favour. Possibly this is in some degree due to a deeper insight into the causes underlying the intemperate habits that work so much degradation, and to the perception that "Outcast London" and "Squalid Liverpool" in great measure exist because the people in their ignorance have no *capacity* to appreciate or make good use of any comfortable domestic arrangements that are planned for their benefit. In almost every utterance of the social reformers who are struggling for Home Reform this difficulty is recognised as one great barrier to success. Mr. Mundella, in his reply to the complaint of over-education in the elementary schools, says, "that, in his opinion," the children are not *over-educated*, but *under-fed*. We can therefore resume the discussion of cookery instruction with fresh arguments in its favour, as well as fresh encouragements from the Department and fresh experiences of work done to lay before those who desire to take up the subject, or to stir up others who have hitherto been indifferent or even inimical to the proposal.

What Mr. Mundella defines as "the want of proper food" for the children is only one phase of that loss of "home life" which is such a palpable evil among thousands of our working people, and which disheartens so many from making efforts to ameliorate their present external conditions. This loss is to be met with, not only or even chiefly in the degraded mode of living so terribly brought before us of late, but in the homes of otherwise decent working men, where want, dirt, and drink almost necessarily prevail. And why almost necessarily? Because the wife and mother knows little or nothing of thrift, of sanitary laws, or of the art of providing and the methods of preparing wholesome food. And knowing nothing, she finds her ignorant efforts so unsatisfactory that she discontinues them and ends in driving her husband to the public-house, and in bringing up her own girls with an equal distaste to the unknown joys of good housewifery. She herself probably becomes the afternoon loungee on the doorstep, ready for any temptation that may present itself. This is no fancy picture, but a condition of life too often found amongst our people, for which no *one* remedy can ever be found. Possibly *many*

remedies working hand in hand may succeed in restoring a pure and healthy tone to the home of the English working man.

Taught in school the niceties and advantages of *practical* domestic economy, girls of every grade will know how to value and to use the better-arranged houses which may soon be within the reach of even the poorest. And if, instead of philanthropy helping to pauperise by *giving* food to poorly-fed children (or, worse still, the State undertaking to do so), its efforts are directed to teach the people to help themselves, we may hope that the introduction of cooking instruction into the schools will, before long, show results in the better-fed condition of the brains and bodies of the younger members of the family.

In April, 1883, the new code came into operation, and from that date "in schools in which the inspector reports that special and appropriate provision is made for the practical teaching of cookery, a grant of four shillings is made on account of any girl over twelve years of age who has attended not less than forty hours during the school year at the cookery class." This condition is quoted *in extenso* for the purpose of directing attention to the principle implied in the term "appropriate provision for the *practical* teaching of cookery," viz. that this grant is for something quite different from the "culinary treatment of food" taught by *theory* under the head of Domestic Economy. Unless a great part of the children's time is occupied in *practical* work, the condition of the code for which the four shillings is granted is not complied with. Hence, also, the objection to large practice classes, which, for economy's sake, are a great attraction to school managers. In large practice classes only about half of the class can work at a time, while the other half look on, or, perhaps, learn a recipe or two, neither of which occupations produces much result at the age at which these classes are formed, although, of course, the forty hours may be duly made up thereby.

There is one difficulty in the conditions of the grant, viz. fixing the age of twelve years, at which the subject is permitted. But we have every reason to hope that this will be changed to eleven years of age. Out of 14,000 schools in England and Wales, in 8,000 the children are free to leave after passing the fourth standard. Very many of them are only eleven years of age. In two recently examined cookery classes of twenty-four girls, all from the fifth standard and upwards, the

greater number were only eleven, and one only ten years of age. The managers had wisely allowed their children to have the benefit of the lessons, although it is to their pecuniary loss, for they will receive no grant for any under twelve. In another class of thirty, where all had passed their twelfth year, before a quarter of the lessons had been given more than one-third of the children had left to go to work. In consequence of many such experiences as these the Committee of the Liverpool Training School of Cookery have petitioned the Department to reconsider this difficulty, and have been promised an early attention to it. If the change is permitted one of the greatest stumbling-blocks to managers and teachers in arranging the cookery classes will be at once removed.

Even more encouraging than the grant itself, are the terms of approval and recommendation of cookery contained in the report which Mr. Mundella laid before the House on the 20th of July last. He then said, "We are glad to learn that arrangements are being made in various parts of the country, by school boards and voluntary associations, for giving girls, in the last year of their stay at school, some practical instruction in the subject of cookery, a knowledge of which is so useful to them in after-life. The grants offered by the code which has recently come into force, will, it is hoped, be of use in encouraging managers to make cookery a part of the ordinary course of instruction. After the three elementary subjects and sewing, *no subject is of such importance for the class of girls who attend public elementary schools*; and lessons in it, *if properly given*, will be found to be not only of practical use, but to have great effect in awakening the interest and intelligence of the children."

No stronger recommendation could possibly be addressed to managers on the introduction of any new subject into their schools, and if the opinion of the Lords of the Privy Council on Education has any weight with them, we might expect that few schools would consider themselves "excellent," until they had taken up so important a subject. Though placed in the code amongst the "Specific subjects," it is here ranged in order of usefulness next after the four obligatory subjects, and before long may take a place among them.

To this commendation of cookery there is appended a condition to which we wish to direct special attention. The lessons will be of use, "if properly given." This we take to mean, given by teachers who are qualified to do their work thoroughly. The teaching of cookery is not simply the preparation of certain

dishes, which might be shown by any ordinary cook, but includes much instruction in the even more difficult art of choosing suitably nourishing and, at the same time, economical articles of food, so that the smallest incomes may meet the needs of the largest families. Such instruction means a fairly broad education on the part of the teacher, with complete mastery of the practice of cookery, and the power of imparting this instruction in an attractive and efficient manner. Experience shows that the more highly the student has been educated, so much the better teacher she eventually becomes. This is a work which it is most undesirable to add to the duties of the schoolmistresses, whose time and strength are already fully taxed, and who, as a rule, by no means desire to take up this additional burden. We therefore advise, very strongly, that if the subject is to be taught effectively, and to the satisfaction of her Majesty's Inspectors, the lessons should be given by special teachers, regularly trained in those schools of cookery where diplomas are awarded, and with particular regard to proficiency in teaching children of the working class. In this way only can managers feel assured that their children are taught how to become thrifty providers, as well as good cooks. The occupation is one which highly commends itself to many well-educated persons, from whose ranks it is most desirable that the staff of teachers should be drawn, and for whom there will be ample employment if even a small proportion of the schools take up the subject.

The training for a diploma of the Northern Union of Schools of Cookery occupies from five to six months. After taking the different courses of lessons required for her own instruction, and having passed two theoretical examinations, the remainder of the student's time is employed in practising the art of teaching cookery, very special attention being given to qualify her to teach children in the elementary schools. If her specimen lessons satisfy the requirements of the committee, marks for efficiency in teaching are added to those already obtained for practice and theory, and all go to make up the diploma. There are two kinds of diploma. A full diploma qualifies to teach all branches of cookery—high class, household, and artisan. The fee for this is £10 10s. An artisan diploma qualifies only to teach household and artisan cookery. The fee for it is £7 7s. The study of certain specified books is required of the student, and after each theoretical examination she receives a certificate.

We will look now at some of the results already attained, and also answer questions so often asked as to matters of arrangement and general detail.

On the 28th of September last year the Countess of Derby, on behalf of the committee of the Liverpool Training School of Cookery, of which she is patroness, presented the cookery certificates of the Liverpool school to a large number of children who had received lessons in practical cookery for the forty hours prescribed by Government on the plans of that school. We refer to this as a thoroughly representative gathering, children being present from almost every possible variety of girls' school, and showing the many directions in which cookery instruction has penetrated. There were classes from voluntary schools of all denominations, Church of England, Roman Catholic, Unitarian, Non-conformist; from the Female Orphanage, from the certified Industrial Schools, from the Workhouse School, and last, but not least in importance, and certainly first in interest, a class of barefooted girls and boys from the Night Industrial Ragged Schools. Upon this class the examiner reported that they were even quicker in their work and more intelligent in their answers than the children of the higher class schools, though all alike seemed extremely interested in their work, and the majority of them put their instruction into practice at home. The thanks of grateful parents had rewarded the managers for taking a lead in this matter, and the ragged boys had been allowed to learn at their own urgent entreaties. The cleanliness required for their lessons was in itself a valuable experience for them. That such useful instruction has successfully penetrated to the very lowest strata, even to the gutter children, proves what can be done, if we choose to set to work, with the young, in preparing the very poorest to understand and appreciate good house arrangements.*

Many inquiries have been made as to how cookery can be introduced into the already crowded time tables. Experiences differ, but the greater number of schools seem to have taken a portion of time from sewing, advanced arithmetic, and grammar—a plan which would be quite in keeping with the

* An important feature in the practical working of cookery classes is the employment of printed recipes, which the scholars can carry with them. Among these recipes care should be taken to include such as may be of use in the preparation of food for the sick. It has been most gratifying to find medical men testifying to the help they have received from the girls, who in consequence of the lessons on invalid cookery given in elementary schools, have been able to supply suitable nourishment to the patients in the families to which they belong.

opinion of the Department quoted above. In none of the classes mentioned had there been more than fifteen girls in a *practice* class, generally only twelve. The demonstration classes are sometimes attended by two or even three practice classes, so that forty lessons instead of sixty would suffice for *three* classes. The lessons being alternately demonstration and practice, the three classes that attend one demonstration would each have a practice lesson before the next demonstration. This very much reduces the expense of instruction. Lists of utensils and details of plans have already been given in this magazine (January, 1883), but it may be well to remind the managers of country schools of the co-operative plan, by which a teacher giving, as is due, *ten* lessons a week, can reside for half a school year in one central place and instruct ten neighbouring classes.

Evening classes might also meet the difficulty of half-time schools, which are so numerous in the manufacturing districts, where such instruction is particularly needful.

Some people still object to the use of gas in giving lessons to the poor, but no girl has ever expressed any difficulty in working at home, because at school she learnt at a gas stove. If the principles are thoroughly explained, an average amount of common sense will carry them out anywhere. The £5 5s. required for the rest of the utensils is not a very formidable amount, and if other educational associations followed the liberal example of the Liverpool Council of Education, and made grants to poor schools for this special purpose, there are many managers who would be glad to commence work, who are now only deterred by expense.

The conclusion of the whole discussion may be briefly summed up in the words of Mr. Mundella, "Delays are dangerous." And they are particularly so in matters of education. While we are "considering and inquiring," one school inspector after another is setting free from the authority of school and sending into active life whole generations of girls, who go to form the future wives and mothers of the people. By compulsory education the public has taken the training of these girls into its own hands, and therefore it owes it to them to provide such instruction as will fit them to carry out home duties with more success than has hitherto characterized the home life of many people of this land.

FANNY L. CALDER,
Hon. Sec. Liverpool Training School of Cookery.



“JO.”

I’VE played the poor orphan, I’ve bullied and whined,
 In the cold and the wind and the wet,
 An’ I’ve lied like a nigger this whole blessed day,
 An’ I ain’t earnt a ‘allspenny yet!

First a clergyman comes, and I says to myself,
 “Here’s a customer, sure, as ’ll pay.”
 He was thinking of next Sunday’s sermon, I s’pose,
 For he chivied me out of his way.

Then comes a fine lady as carried a dawg,
 As was petted and fed like a saint
 (Ah, there’s many a man as is left for to starve,
 An’ there’s many a dawg as ain’t).

An’ I sez to the lady, I sez, sez I,
 All a-shiverin’ and chatterin’ with cold,
 “My father’s jist dead, and mother is lef’
 With but me, an’ a gel two years old.”

XXV—14

(For yer see it comes easy to lie in that way,
 When you’ve learnt it ever since yer was young.)
 But the lady passed by, with her fat little dawg,
 An’ her foot-boy he put out his tongue.

So, yer see, I felt hopeless, so hungry and queer,
 An’, tremblin’, I ’ardly could stand,
 An’ it seemed as my broom ’ad grew ’eavier much,
 An’ was gettin’ too big for my ’and.

When I see a old lady, as looked wery good,
 An’ could pity a bit of a chap,
 As was ’ungry and little and dirty and pore,
 An’ would give me a penny mayhap.

But she gave me two tracts, ’bout brimstone and that,
 An’ one were called, “Sinner, do Right!”
 But they made my heart ’eavier much than before,
 An’ my stomach they lef’ jist as light.

Ah me! I *was* wretched, and wished I was dead,
Dead and quiet and out of the cold!
An', if you'll believe me (for I *can* tell the truth),
Down I goes in the mud, and I 'owled.

An' I 'owled and I 'owled till I fell fast asleep,
An' nobody noticed—not one,
'Cep' the policeman, who stirred up my bones with
his boot,
An' 'angrily chivied me on.

Blunderin' and stumblin', I crawls on again,
In the face of the wind and the sleet,
Till, more dead than alive, into some one
I walk,
An' fell in a 'eap at his feet.

'Twas a navvy; he hoisted me
up in his arms,
As kind as a h'angel could be;
An' out comes my story, without
any lies,
For I were too wretched, yer
see.

"Oh, give me some bread, sir—
oh, give me some bread!
For I know I shall die, if yer
don't,

An' I give you my word that
I'm not lying now,
An' if you will hear me, I won't.

"I stand at my crossing from morning 'till
night,
An' I begs of the coves as go by;
An' I lies, sir, I lies like a bad little beast;
If I don't they won't listen; that's why.

"You say I'm a werry small chap to be here;
Ay, I've never a friend, 'cep' my broom,
For I ain't got no partikler parents, sir,
An' I ain't got no partikler 'ome."

Then he carried me straight to a 'orspital 'ouse
(An' that's where I'm stayin' jist now),
So warm and so rich, like a palace
it is,
Right away from the dirt and row.

An' a young doctor comes to
me every day,
As gentle as ever I see;
And sometimes that navvy
comes in at his side
A-bringin' a present for me.

An' they whisper and whisper,
the nurses an' all:
An' one told me (my! didn't
she cry!)
That I'm goin' to heaven—'aint
it almost TOO grand
For a pore little shaver like I?

MAUD EGERTON HINE.



SUNDAY READINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

[MARCH 2ND.

Read Psalm civ. and 1 Cor. iii. 9 to end.

THERE are several mistakes, ancient and modern, met by St. James when he gives the warning, "Do not err—Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." He gives us, for example, a principle which may be applied to the difficult question regarding the origin of evil, and to the source of every-day temptation. There have been those who have recognised evil as a necessary and even salutary element, as being the stimulus to virtue and the educator of the will. Others again, puzzled by the existence of sin in a world governed by the Omnipotent God, have drifted into a dark fatalism and dared to ascribe evil to the Almighty Disposer of all events. Now St. James meets all such theories with a broad negative. Whatever difficulties may beset the question, one thing is plain—"God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man." God is "the Father of lights," therefore all light comes from Him;

and with Him can no darkness have its origin, for "with Him is no variableness nor shadow of turning." As the sun gives forth nothing but light, and as darkness springs from the interruption of its rays by matter that is foreign and alien, so the ineffable clearness of God's goodness can have no shadow of inconsistency. The shadow of sin is not from Him. "Every man is tempted when he is led away of his own lust and enticed."

But St. James also meets the error of those who in the spirit of a false Puritanism would confine God's gifts within the limited circle of things spiritual. He asserts that "every good gift and every perfect gift" is from God. There is not one God in grace and another God in nature, but the broad tide of wisdom and power and beauty which floods all worlds, material, intellectual, and religious, flows from Him. It is indeed ennobling to reflect on the fulness of the perfect goodness which thus surrounds us. Only cover for a moment the blots of wickedness and consequent sorrow and death which mar the vision—and, lo! what a paradise lies before the eye, surrounding us on every side with a loveliness

which is absolutely without spot or blemish ! External nature presents a landscape thronged with multitudinous forms, and colours, that are stainlessly beautiful. Or, if we reach back to the laws which regulate all physical movement, we trace, from the greatest sun to the tiniest ephemeral, a wisdom and tenderness which are inexpressible. Or, if we examine the social system under which God has placed us, we recognise in our natural affections and all earthly relationships nothing but tokens of divine goodness. The mutual love of parent to child, of brother to brother, and of husband to wife, is the language through which we learn the meaning of the highest relationships which bind us to God. The social life of the community is a school for self-discipline and mutual duty. Even the body is holy. The hunger and thirst, the heat and cold, the health or sickness, the pain or enjoyment of which our bodies are capable are important elements in our education. They are the promoters of commerce and of the intercourse of nations. It is chiefly to supply our bodily wants that we scatter our fleets over every sea, and cover the globe with railways and telegraphs. Without multiplying further illustrations, enough has been suggested to show that, when we deduct the evil which springs from the perversion of God's good gifts by sinful man, there remains surrounding our common life one vast system of blessing and mercy. It is a strengthening and joyous thought to recognise this in the work of Christ, Who, in removing not merely the penalty of sin but sin itself, would vindicate, as from God and to be used for God, every department of human interest. It is thus that we can understand the religious function fulfilled by the statesman who moulds public policy so as to subserve the beneficent purposes for which the social system has been intended by God. We thus see the nobility of the sphere which the true scientist fills, who learns the wisdom and glory of God in the material universe ; or of the artist who seeks the ideal beauty breathed in nature's groupings of form and colour ; or in him who applies for useful ends the laws which God has imposed. For what are science and art but man's acquaintance with God through material things ? So that every truth learned and every beautiful work accomplished by us are but "good gifts and perfect gifts" that come from "the Father of lights." Even in the clash and din of daily toil we can recognise the acquirement of skill, money, or influence, and the work-

ing together of the many towards the advancement of the social whole. When thus used as from God and for God these labours constitute a truly religious service. Intellect, imagination, skill, the eye which delights in beauty and the voice which thrills with harmony, the joys of domestic life and the varied links which bind man to man, all are from above ; and if we but subtract that one disturbing element, "every man is tempted, when he is led away of his own lust, and enticed," there is nothing left but what is perfectly good and religious in the truest sense.

MARCH 9TH.

Read Psalm lxxiii. Colossians ii.

What is that "world" which St. John commands us not to "love," but to "overcome ?" We are familiar with the interpretation frequently put upon it. Hatred of the "world" is the pet phrase of many religious schools, who with facile audacity classify as "worldly" all persons who do not repeat their shibboleths. Pharisaism has in all ages attempted to set up visible barriers between the lawful and unlawful. The austerities of the early Christians, the monastic system of the Middle Ages, and the easier but equally narrow exclusiveness of modern religious coteries have been founded on a similar desire to create a society which shall be a visible protest against worldliness.

Let us then try to understand what St. John meant by "the world." He certainly did not mean that we were to hate the world of nature. The green earth, the sweep of ocean, the splendid day and night with their chaste beauty, are God's own handiwork, and full of His glory. Nor can it be the world of social life with its manifold duties and influences that is condemned. When men have fled from society in order to escape worldliness ; scowling on the genial humanities, which weave the brighter threads of innocent merriment into the hard web of earthly care ; or regarding with indifference, if not suspicion, the many pursuits—political, literary, and scientific—by which the advance of civilisation is determined ; they have generally experienced worse than failure. Pride and ambition have not always been extinguished by the cowl of the monk. Vanity and all uncharitableness sometimes display their most revolting aspects within those very religious circles which glory in standing aloof from the world. In contrast to such methods of avoiding worldliness we may remember how Christ's own life was a

protest against the distinctions created by mere "schools" of opinion or of observance. He shocked the religious narrowness of His time by His universal lovingness and sympathy. He refused to walk under the petty tyrannies of prevalent conventionalism. He dined with people at whose table no Pharisee would sit. It was because of His very unworldliness that Christ broke through all fictitious distinctions. He was the object of reproach in proportion as he vindicated the liberty of the spirit against the dead letter of external rules.

For worldliness does not lie so much in the object as in the spirit in which we deal with the object. There is nothing necessarily evil in "the world," or in "the eye," or in "life." It is when "the lust of the world, and the lust of the eye, and the pride of life" come, that worldliness prevails. Everything depends on whether we are so governed by the objects around us that they reign over and determine our character, or whether we are governed by the sense of God, and of the holy, and true, and pure, and good, and see the objects that surround us in subjection to these principles. For there are two tendencies with which we have to deal. The one would drag us down, chaining us to the influences or passions created by the things at hand; the other appeals to us in the name of God and of duty; and according as we yield to the one or the other of these principles, do we become worldly or unworldly. When the present so engrosses our interest that life falls under its power, then are we "carried away by the course of this world," and our characters are moulded, not by the eternal ideal, but by the force of circumstances and the fashion of the hour. Without touching on the grosser forms of evil, we can see this principle illustrated in common life. There was nothing wrong in the plenteous harvests and the enlarged barns of the prosperous farmer, but he became a worldly man because these were his all in all. He had neglected that being of his which was made in the image of God, and which ought to have had its life in the spiritual rather than in the material and temporary. His wealth held him in possession, and he was mastered by the very things of which he foolishly thought himself the master. A similar spirit of worldliness may exist in the poorest as well as the richest. The labourer whose interests are centred on the question of weekly wages may in this manner be as worldly as the millionaire who spends his existence over his ledgers. It is

the like principle which converts the possibly pure gratification of our social instincts into worldliness. When society with its petty ambitions, its gossip, its trivialities, engrosses the mind, so that in the world of fashion men and women become mere things carried on by the stream, and accepting the tone and mannerisms of the hour, without obedience to the claims of God or of His love—then are they emphatically "worldly people." And not otherwise is it with that subtle worldliness which so often mingles with the false pietism which affects to be separate from the world. When there is no sincere outgoing of the being towards what is simply just, loving, and dutiful, but when the interests of the little or great sect are allowed unquestioning supremacy, and conventionalisms exercise their tyranny, and ambition, vanity, or petty intrigues find shelter under the sacred names of Church or Creed, then have we what in unconscious satire is sometimes termed "the religious world."

Without further illustrating this principle we may ask next how it is to be overcome? St. John replies, "This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith." If faith is that which gives substance and reality to things unseen, then we can easily perceive how in proportion to the strength of faith we will overcome the engrossing influence of the things seen and temporary. The man of faith walks as "seeing Him who is invisible." He is not dragged down by the earthly tendency, but like one who, ascending a mountain-top, beholds the hills and trees, which once appeared great, shrink into comparative insignificance, so faith lifts him into a position whence all earthly objects can be regarded in their true proportions. He thus learns to use things aright. But it is more than the mere principle of faith which determines him, it is faith in Jesus as the Son of God. We take Him, the living Saviour, as our Guide and Master. If we are ever tempted to be worldly, we are strengthened to live above the world when we behold the glory of Him who, while He consecrated all earthly relationships by His presence, yet was so immovably held by His life in God that no shame or desertion, not the tedious agony of the Cross, nor all that this visible world could heap of difficulty or trial against Him, could make Him swerve from the path of loving obedience or disturb his central life in God.

In conclusion, it is by the application of these principles that we are able to solve many of the practical difficulties which beset

some people. When they ask whether it is right for a Christian to engage in this amusement or that, or where the line is to be drawn between the lawful or unlawful in the degree as well as in the kind of recreation that may be enjoyed, I answer that no such rule can be laid down with any precision. The gospel gives us principles, and leaves the application of those principles to the conscience of the faithful. There is no Pharisaic drill prescribed for the avoidance of defilement. There is frequently both cowardice and wickedness in the demand for certain definite limits, because that demand often conceals the desire for self-abandonment within the limit. But Christ's law of life admits of no such casuistry. He commands us to share His own mind, and if we are true to that then the very instinct of loving loyalty will teach us what is right. This is a searching law which admits of no compromise. It is the law of liberty, for it is the expression of what has become our life. By it must the Christian be guided in all things, and through its power, and by the in-dwelling of the Holy Ghost, can he alone overcome that subtle worldliness, which lurks not in outer things, but in the eye with which they are regarded.

MARCH 16TH.

Read Psalm xix. and 1 Cor. x. 13.

It was in reference to the question, then so keenly discussed at Corinth, regarding the lawfulness of eating meat which had been offered to idols, that St. Paul laid down the maxim, "whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

The old question of meats and drinks, which, like many others since, was noisy in proportion to its insignificance, has long ceased to have any interest; but the principle laid down by the Apostle is as important as ever.

It is not difficult to understand what is meant by glorifying God. There is a sense in which sun and moon, winter and summer, frost and snow, beasts and all cattle, "praise and exalt Him for ever." But it is in a different manner, because conscious and intelligent, that God's children are to glorify Him. The way in which the marvellous structure of the human frame shows forth His glory, is easily distinguished from the method in which the soul that inhabits that frame is called on to praise Him. Man glorifies God when he appreciates and confesses what God is. It was in this sense that Jesus Christ glorified God. He found it His very meat

to do the will of His Father. And we also glorify God only as we respond to what He is. We glorify His love when we render to Him our affections; we glorify His wise government by submitting to His guidance; we glorify His grace by yielding to Him our hearty trust; we glorify His holy will by obeying it; and we glorify His promises by having our hopes fixed upon His faithfulness, as a very anchor of the soul. Every one who thus responds to what God is, really adds to the glory and blessedness of the universe. As the star, which catching the rays of the sun, itself unseen, not only manifests the presence of sunlight in what would otherwise have appeared a dark and empty heaven, but adds to the splendour of the sky a new brilliancy of its own, so does every faithful servant of God make the glory of God visible by reflecting His righteousness and love. Heaven and earth are enriched by every pure spirit who dwells in the light of the divine countenance.

Now St. Paul teaches us that there is no act however lowly, no life however commonplace, which may not be consecrated to the glory of God. It is a simple and often-forced lesson, but none the less requiring to be continually pressed upon our attention.

For there is nothing does more harm to true religion than the non-recognition of the will of God in our ordinary duties. That is a most mischievous error, which teaches us to hand over to what is called "the world," the things which really occupy the greater proportion of our thoughts, and which form the most powerful factors in the formation of our characters and in the advancement of good or evil around us. According to such conceptions Jesus Christ was fulfilling "worldly" labour when He toiled in the carpenter's shop, while He was "religiously" occupied when He was preaching in Galilee. In like manner a man is supposed to be engaged with "religion" when he is in church, but to be pursuing things "secular" or "worldly" when he is in the office, or when wielding the hammer in the workshop. A woman is doing something "religious" when she goes to the prayer-meeting, but can see nothing religious in the management of her household, or in her duty as a servant. And thus life becomes divided, and religion and business are kept in two distinct departments. The consequence is that Christianity is denuded of the very power which God intended it to exert. Commerce, politics, amusements, social intercourse, being classified as "worldly," are left to take

care of themselves, instead of being persecuted by the Christian spirit, whose purpose is to elevate and purify all that belongs to us as men. Now, a primary principle for all right-doing is to remember that it is God Who appoints our various duties, so that the work of shop or factory may be recognised as being given to one, as much as being a clergyman or missionary is given to another. The Christian merchant should know that God has called him to buy or sell, as truly as He has called another to preach. When the right motive governs, then even the cup of cold water becomes consecrated, which is given in the love of Christ.

But it is obvious that this conception of the sacredness of labour excludes all work which, from its very nature, is injurious to our own souls or the souls of others. It is impossible for any sincere man to believe that it is God's will that he should gain his livelihood by things which hinder the good of others. If his occupation is such, or if "the custom of the trade" is such, that he cannot ask God to bless or prosper him in its pursuit; if it is of a nature that he feels Christ's presence with him in it would be a continual rebuke; then he is bound, at whatever cost, to obey conscience. "No man can serve two masters." For the Christian the glory of God is the one guiding rule; and if any man knows that the verdict of the great Judge can never be, "Well done, good and faithful servant," in reference to the manner of his life—then must he make a choice between sacrificing what may appear to be "his interests" or the loss of the divine blessing.

MARCH 23RD.

Read Psalm I. and St. Matt. vii. 12 to end.

Last Sunday evening we spoke of the sacredness of common duties, and the importance of the rule laid down by St. Paul, "Whether ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

There are many hindrances to the advancement of the kingdom of God besides the attacks of modern unbelief, the deficient supply of churches, or the unsuitability of religious services; and among these one of the greatest is to be found in the gulf which has been allowed to separate things religious and secular. The divorce is often complete. He does not seem to be the same man who sits so demurely in the pew on Sundays, full of interest in sacred things, and who on week-days is the overbearing or overreaching man of business. It is not easy to connect the

full-blown decorum displayed in church with the mean trickeries or the unprincipled selfishness which the brother merchant knows were characteristic of certain trade transactions. The "scamped" workmanship or cowardly eye-service is perhaps rendered by another who, if religion meant no more than an ample supply of pious phraseologies, would be eminently religious. The temper which keeps a household in misery, or the rude inconsiderateness which jars every relationship, or the bitter party-spirit which, to serve its own ends, can touch the borders of falsehood, are often found in persons who would expect the highest place to be given them in the synagogue. The effect of such inconsistencies is to deter men from Christianity altogether. Clerks in offices, intelligent mechanics, and artisans ask, "What is the use of religion if it does not make people honest, kind, generous, and courteous?" They point to the revelations of the Bankruptcy Court, they describe the recognised habits of trade, and assert that the Parsee or Mahomedan is as reliable as the Christian. They tell you to contemplate the actual condition of society, and to measure the slight influence which Christianity has upon the relationship in which class stands to class, the rich to the poor, the employer to the employed, capital to labour; and on such grounds as these they refuse, perhaps with a certain bravado, to acknowledge the value of truths which seem so powerless in practical life.

It is easy to give replies, more or less satisfactory, to these objections. It is obvious that Christianity is not to blame for the wrongs inflicted on its every principle by men who "hold the truth in unrighteousness." Nevertheless, we should be thankful if such criticisms serve to rouse the Church of God to evils too much overlooked, and thereby lead to an examination of the causes out of which they spring. And of these causes, one of the most pernicious is the schism between religious and secular affairs, and the identification of religion with certain opinions, feelings, hopes, and observances, rather than with the production of a certain character through the enlivening power of right beliefs and affections. It is by Christian people recognising how God must be glorified in business, in politics, in society, in such relationships as master and servant, parent and child, by manifesting in these the Christ-like spirit of truth, patience, considerateness, generosity and kindly love, that that kingdom can best be advanced which is "not meat and

drink, but righteousness, and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Such methods are surely more powerful than those hard processes of dogmatic argument which so often fail of true conversion; or, still worse, which enlist fleshly passion on some "side" in a wretched Church controversy. The attraction of Christ-like tenderness, and the vision of lives sweetened by meekness and charity, are the best proofs of the value of religion.

But so to act we must have as the ruling motive of our lives the desire to glorify God in all things. I do not mean that the presence of God must always be a distinct subject of thought, but to that love God must form the abiding motive. For it is quite possible for the mind to give itself wholly to the work in hand without such a motive being ever really absent. Just as the workman may be bringing every energy to bear upon his immediate task, while the thought of the home for which he toils, the sick wife, or the child that is to greet him on his return, is never absent as the chief stimulus to labour and its reward—so too, even when God is not consciously thought of, and when the whole attention is strained in the fulfilment of some passing duty, yet may the Christian have the glory of God as the great object of his life. And just as the workman must know and love those for whom he labours, so must we cultivate the knowledge and love of God by daily prayer, and by bringing ourselves under those influences which inspire the sense of God's goodness and glory, otherwise the fountains of motive will soon be exhausted. Otherwise, though we may continue to prate about work being worship, we will find our work speedily losing those qualities which are essential to its consecration.

MARCH 30TH.

Read Exodus xxxiii. 11. St. Luke xv. 11.

The contrast which our Lord draws between the slave who fulfils what his master orders in blind obedience, and the friend who understands and sympathises with the purpose of the command, illustrates the difference between the education of the law and of the gospel. The distinction lies in the spirit in which obedience is rendered, rather than in the duties which are imposed. St. Paul illustrates the same truth by showing the difference between the life of the child as guided by external rules, and that of the full-grown man who acts on the principles of which the rules are but the expression. Under the

letter of law the disciple could ask, "How often shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? until seven times?" implying that after that he might get his revenge. But Christ raised him from the letter to the spirit when He replied, "Not until seven times, but until seventy times seven;" for when a man became His friend and shared His own loving mind, there could be no limit to forgiveness.

But the spirit of legalism assumes many shapes, and the teaching of Christ requires to be continually repeated in order to counteract the Pharisaism peculiar to every age of the Church. In the present day we need His teaching to throw light on many tendencies. This evening we will use it as illustrating the position in which what are called "good works" ought to be viewed.

There is a practical error, common to both Romanism and Protestantism in regard to this subject, which is at once removed when we understand the difference between the spirit of the slave and of the son. Under Romanism and its kindred systems a type of religious service is frequently witnessed which cannot but arrest attention by its great earnestness and devotion. In a luxurious age there is something very striking in the spectacle of self-assumed poverty, and the endurance of painful fasting and numberless privations, in order to win the favour of God. The most menial duties are fulfilled, and an unquestioning obedience rendered, the great merit of both being self-mortification whether there is any right reason for such or not. There is undoubtedly a certain fascination for young or romantic minds in such devotion. There appears something essentially religious in the self-abnegation that is enforced, and many naturally conclude that persons who undergo so much suffering in order to please God must be the true representatives of Christ.

Under Protestantism we discover frequently a similar tendency. When a man becomes anxious regarding his soul, and recognises how very far he is from the standard of goodness which is revealed in God's word, he feels as if he dare not go to God until he becomes a better man. He then resolves to give more attention to his religious duties, to pray more earnestly, to read good books, to lay aside evil habits, and by doing so he hopes that by-and-by God will have mercy on him and save him. In the meantime he thinks it would be presumption in such a sinner to take the place of a son towards this holy and awful Being. It seems more humble

and reverent to remain far off—a hired servant rather than a child. All this is quite natural.

But both the tendencies I have described are contrary to the method of the gospel of Jesus Christ. He came to the world to make us first children of God—and when children He calls us to do the will of the Father in the liberty of sons, who know the mind of the Father and sympathize with it. Reconciliation comes first—and the consequent obedience is to be that of friends, not of slaves. He demands undoubtedly self-sacrifice and thorough consecration to His service, but these to be truly acceptable must be the fruit of the new love which has been awakened. When the Prodigal came home, and his father, embracing him, cried, "Rejoice with me, for this my son which was lost is found, he was dead and is alive again," would it have been true humility if the son had refused to take the friendship thus offered, and had insisted on being treated as a servant? What if he had said, "Take away the ring and the robe and the shoes—I cannot accept such mercy. I insist on labouring with the meanest of the slaves, and by the toil and suffering I endure I will try to

make myself worthy of the hire of bread, for which I starve. Perhaps after such deserved privation I may be received as a son, but not now." Would such conduct be the expression of true humility, or of pride? Would it not be a worthier act frankly to accept the father's love in the spirit of restored sonship? After that he might indeed work and toil; but how different to be working in the liberty of a son from toiling as a slave!

Now Jesus Christ came to show us that God would deal with us even as that father dealt with the Prodigal; that He blots out our sins and iniquities; that He restores us as sons, and will not have us as hired servants; that by His grace He inspires the spirit of sonship, and that the service He seeks is the service of a love which finds its very life in pleasing Him. He calls us not servants but friends—who share His own blessed thoughts of love, holiness, and joy. Good works are even more called for under the gospel than under the law; for there is no law so searching as the law of the spirit of the life that is in Jesus Christ, and no command so exacting as that love which makes self-sacrifice a very instinct.

BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA.

BY M. LINSKILL, AUTHOR OF "HAGAR," "ROBERT HOLT'S ILLUSION," ETC

CHAPTER XVI.—COMIN' THRO' THE SPRAY.

"Then, do you know, her face looked down on me
With a look that placed a crown on me."
The Flight of the Duchess.—BROWNING.

THE day was passing on, the tide was rising, the awful foam-white walls of sea that were rearing and dashing in Soulsgrif Bight were growing more appalling in their dread tempestuousness with every hour that went by. The spray of the waves that struck the foot of the cliff flew upward in curling, twisting columns, the lighter masses staining the white snow on the cliff-tops, the heavier falling back and mingling with the flying surf that was obscuring all sight of the rugged blackness of the rocks at the back of the Bight.

The little boat with the shipwrecked crew was still there, tossing outside the breakers. It could be seen from time to time for a few seconds. When it had been first seen six figures had been visible against the clear cold glare beyond. "Then my little lad isn't there!" said Ailsie Drewe with quivering lips and blinded eyes; and from that time Ailsie had

nothing more to say. But she still stood there, braving the cold, and the snow, and the cruel showers of hail.

Near five hours had gone by between the sighting of the dimasted ship and the sudden looming of the life-boat on the top of Briscoe Bank, but it was only three hours since George Kirkoswald and his Bevis had ridden into the coastguard station at Swarthcliff.

Swiftly, silently, yet with terrible difficulty, the boat was lowered down Briscoe Bank by means of ropes. When it touched the sands of the Bight there was a burst of strong, subdued, yet almost overpowering emotion. Tears, sobs, prayers, broken words of hope and consolation, revealings of long-suppressed affection, warm claspings of hands that had never touched in friendship before—this was the choral music of humanity set to wild accompaniments of storm-wind, and thunder-loud bass of the furious wave.

Swiftly, and as silently as might be, the life-boat was manned, the brave sea-soldiers buckled on their buoyant armour, set their pale blue lances athwart the rest, and turned

to face the foe with hearts as brave, as disdainful of danger, as any that ever beat in the breasts of the chivalrous knights of ancient repute. Chivalrous!

"I do distrust the poet who discerns
No character or glory in his times,
And trundles back his soul five hundred years
Past moat and drawbridge, into a castle-court,
To sing—oh, not of lizard, or of toad
Alive? the ditch there—'twere excusable,
But of some black chief, half knight, half sheep-lifter."

If Homer had seen Ulysses and his men launching a nineteenth-century life-boat straight out into the very middle of the breakers that surge and dash upon the North Sea coast during a hurricane, we had had another epic to set our hearts a-beating to its diviner theme.

George Kirkoswald was a poet, not quite mute, not quite inglorious, but it was hardly to be expected of him that he should see the poetry of that day's deed while his best strength was set to help the doing of it. For a long while after the launching of the life-boat he saw nothing but the desperate strife it had. No eye there saw aught save the boat, its swift forward leaping, its downward plunge into the trough of the sea, its perilous uplifting and suspension on the curling crest of the mountainous wave, its perpendicular rearing as it rose, its dread descent as it fell, its human reel and shudder under the shock of a mighty blow, its sad submission to the drenching, bursting wave that half-filled the hollow between its planks, the swaying, the rocking, the tossing, the threatening, the hard, strong, desperate striving,—how should any eye turn from the appalling fascination of a scene like that?

Genevieve Bartholomew saw it all, not knowing how she dared to see, not knowing or dreaming what she might yet see. For her the scene was as strange, as utterly unimagined, as it was touching and overwhelming. She was still alone, still on the sloping ledge of shale where the rock curved a little to the southward. She was utterly heedless—a native of the place would have said reckless—of the waves that were hissing below her, seething at her very feet, sending flying showers of spray all about her. How could she fear a few flakes of foam in such an hour as that, when men were fearing not to risk their lives, fearing not to face death at such odds as these?

She was not saying these things to herself; she had forgotten herself altogether. She had no thought but for the safety of the souls there in peril—the life-boat crew, and the crew of that lesser boat that every now and then came into sight for a second or two, and

then disappeared in a way that sent a thrill through the girl's whole being, suspending every faculty of life with dread and pain. More than once she had to turn and hold by the rocks behind her for support when the *aura* of fear had passed over her; it seemed to leave her strengthless, and this was a new sensation. It never occurred to her that exposure, need of food, keen anxiety, could have much effect of any kind.

Still she stood there in the curving of the rock, a little sheltered from the wind, and a little sheltered from observation. The surf was still flying about her; it began to fall more and more heavily; and at last the edge of a wave burst upon her with some force. This was awakening. Turning to retrace her steps, she saw with a sudden sinking and sickening of heart that the yellow yeasty waves were tossing the long tangle of the very stones she had passed over—it seemed to her only a few minutes before.

Was it impossible to reach the sands?

Another daring greedy wave, another thud against the perpendicular wall of rock, another clash of the recoiling wave and the advancing one, another cloud of heavy spray,—these things made answer.

She was standing there, holding by the jagged edge of the rock. She afterwards remembered looking up at it, noting its curious linear fractures, its manifold tints of black and green, of russet and blue, of various brown and amber; she remembered distinctly the thought that it might be the last thing her eyes would rest upon.

Presently she closed her eyes, praying for deliverance, if deliverance might be. If not

There was nought to be heard through the roar of the storm. There was a smothered cry down on the beach by the water's edge, where the people had gathered after the life-boat had been launched. Genevieve did not hear it. She had been standing farther forward by the angle of the jutting rock when she discovered her danger. She could be seen as she stood there, a tall white figure against the black rock; and Ailsie Drewe had been the first to see her—the first to raise that startled cry of dismay.

It could only be a few seconds that elapsed before Genevieve was conscious of a dark form dashing through the white whirl of spray, of a strong arm thrown round her, holding her firmly through a fierce shock, a drenching, blinding shock of water. Then she knew herself lifted, borne on For a little while she knew no more.

It was a very little while, not more than a minute or so; she doubted, indeed, if consciousness had ever really left her, it grew suddenly so quick, so keen, so full of shame, so full of gratitude. All at once she was herself again as she stood there surrounded by the little group of helpful women who had left the crowd—she hardly saw them in that first moment. Her eyes were lifted to the face of the man who had risked his life for her life. It was only a look she gave, no word, but it repaid him—he knew that on the instant—it repaid him a thousandfold.

The day was eventful, but that one look was the event of the day for him.

"You will come with me?" he said authoritatively. He was always authoritative; always most courteously commanding in his manner. He drew Genevieve's arm within his own, made it rest there, accommodated his movement to hers, and went up the beach to the little inn with quite ordinary gravity and composure. There was a fire blazing, provision made for any half-drowned man who might reach the shore, a woman waiting to do what might be done. She was rather amused than concerned by the brief history of the lady's drenching that Kirkoswald gave.

"Strange foalks doän't understand, ya see," she said, removing Genevieve's dripping fur paletot, and the little white fur cap with its limp feathers. "They don't understand; an' Ah've seen 'em that ventursome 'at Ah've been fair 'mazed. But all's well 'at ends well; an' Ah reckon you're nut much woss, miss, by t' leuk o' ya?"

"Thank you, I am not any worse myself," said Genevieve, glancing at the dark, wet figure beside her, who stood watching her with quiet concern.

"You'll be thinkin' o' yer cloäk," the garulous woman went on. "Ah's frightened myself 'at it 'll dry rather hask,* wi' t' saut water, an' it 'll be a pity. It's a bit o' bonny graithin',† if 'tis rether kenspac;‡ but it becomes ye well. Ah said so to Marget this mornin'."

Genevieve listened in amusement. George Kirkoswald was turning away; his work outside was not yet done.

"I will come back presently," he said. "Meantime you will have something to eat, please; and you will oblige me by remaining here until I can arrange for your return to Murk-Marishes."

Genevieve looked up with a quick blush.

* Hask—harsh, unyielding.

† Graithing—clothes, household goods, &c.

‡ Kenspac—conspicuous, too easily recognised.

He knew her then, or, at any rate, he knew something about her. Was he aware that she had left Miss Craven, who would be both perplexed and angry, at Thurkeld Abbas? Did he know that she had a father, who would at least be anxious? Did he understand how she had come there; how she had longed to be at hand to offer sympathy, to be of use, to tend and help others rather than be tended herself? Could he comprehend her disappointment and humiliation? All this was behind that one glance that George Kirkoswald answered with a smile as he went out. It was the smile of a man who smiled rarely, and it was strangely moving, strangely sweet for a face so strong and sad.

It passed from his face very quickly. The little door of the inn opened straight on to the low quay. As he went out he saw quite distinctly the life-boat struck by the heaviest sea she had encountered yet. It fell like an avalanche, well-nigh swamping the boat, and breaking six of her oars. "They snapped like straws," said one of the men afterwards, a man whose arm had been disabled by the same stroke. Two other men were hurt; the boat was not manageable against the wind; there was nothing for it but to turn back for reinforcements of men and oars. A whole hour's rowing at full strength in such a sea as that had exhausted the powers of the life-boat crew to a considerable extent, and it had been fruitless.

A low sound that was half a cry passed through the crowd when it was made clear what had happened. The storm was still raging with its wildest fury. The little boat was still in sight. Six long hours it had tossed there between Briscoe Point and Soulsgrif Ness.

CHAPTER XVII.—"SIT STILL AND HEAR THE LAST OF OUR SEA SORROW."

"Love's not a flower that grows in the dull earth,
Springs by the calendar; must wait for sun,
For rain; matures by parts—must take its time
To stem, to leaf, to bud, to blow; it owns
A richer soil, and boasts a quicker seed!
You look for it, and see it not, and lo!
E'en while you look, the peerless flower is up
Consummate in the birth!"

KNOWLES.

GENEVIEVE, watching from the inn window, could see all that was happening out there in the infuriate storm. Another snow-squall was looming and threatening in the distance; the coxswain of the life-boat was calling out for fresh hands—they were there with fresh oars, all waiting ready. Among those who put on the cork jacket for the second attempt George Kirkoswald was foremost. Was it a fancy, or did he really glance up from under

those heavy, frowning brows of his toward the window of the little inn?

Another moment and they were out again in the great white upheaving world of water. It seemed as if the roar of the gale were rising to a shriek as the squall came on. The mingled sleet came down, rain and snow one minute, rain and stinging hail another. You looked, and the life-boat was visible through the slanting scud, leaping, plunging, quivering; the men bending forward on the thwarts under the deluge that was pouring over them, clinging for very life. Again you looked, and there was neither boat nor men to save, neither boat nor men to be saved. All was rage, dread, white fury, black despair.

For an hour, a whole, long hour, that seemed as ten, Genevieve stood there by the window. The childish sense of wrong-doing that had haunted her all day was gone now. Everything was gone but one strong desire.

She would not have said it to herself, she would not have dared to say that one man's life was more than another; but it was one man's face that came before her when she prayed, one man's voice that rose above the others when the cry of drowning men seemed to her tensely-strung nerves to come mingled with every shriek of the gale.

At last, through a break in the thick, yellow-grey mystery, it was seen that the life-boat was being rapidly driven shoreward again. Another minute and it was seen that she had more than her crew on board.

No voice was heard in that suspense. If any spoke, even to God, he spoke silently.

Not till the life-boat actually touched the beach, slanting downward on a seething wave, did the cry reach the shore—

"ALL SAVED!"

Across the Bight it flew, amid the roaring and rattling of the hurricane.

"All saved! all saved! all saved!"

Genevieve heard it. She ran out from the little inn, down the half-dozen steps of the quay, away over the wet, shingly slope. The old man to whom she had spoken first when she came down to the Bight was there. He took her hand and pressed it, tears were streaming down his furrowed face.

"Oh, my honey!" he exclaimed, "they're saved! they're saved! It's a mericle! a mericle! as much a mericle as if they'd been rose fra the dead!"

"Ay!" said another ancient mariner, "Ah niver thowt te live te see the daäy when a boät 'ud be built te swim in a sea like that!"

Some of the people made way for the young lady who had stayed with them so

long, and sympathized with them so keenly. Words of hers, comforting, consoling, had been passed about from lip to lip during the day; and her kind face and unassuming ways had opened hearts that were not opened too easily. Though she never came into Soulsgrif Bight again she would not be forgotten there.

She saw the one figure she desired to see—he was helping to lift the rescued men out of the life-boat, pale, helpless, exhausted men who could not even look their gladness or their gratitude. One was lying back with closed eyes, another had torn hands, torn with clinging to the little boat, but they were too much frozen to bleed. Another had a broken arm, that hung down when he was lifted.

Ailsie Drewe's little lad had been lifted out almost first, lifted into his mother's arms, but he lay there quite stirrlessly. There was no sign of returning consciousness as he was carried home; no sign when he was laid on the sofa by his mother's fire. Genevieve had left the beach with those who had carried him. She was there in the cottage helping others to chafe the frozen limbs, that had been covered quickly with hot blankets; helping, too, to keep up the mother's fainting hope.

"The child breathes—he breathes quite naturally," she said, bending over the wet, yellow curls to kiss him as he lay. He was only a little fellow for his years, and he looked so fair and sweet in his death-like pallor that she could not help but kiss him. In after days Ailsie used to tell him, smiling sadly as she said it, that a lady's kiss had kissed him back to life. Certainly it was strange that his blue eyes should unclose just as the kiss was given. He looked up, at first vacantly, then, as his eyes met his mother's, with recognition. But they were very heavy eyes, and they soon closed again. Was the lad remembering how and where they had closed last?

There was a tale to be told; and by-and-by a gentleman came in, hoping that he might be there when the boy told it. Perhaps he had also another hope.

"I trusted that you would be here, Miss Bartholomew," he said. "I have taken the liberty of sending to the Richmond Arms for a cab; it will be here presently."

"Thank you," Genevieve said, feeling again a confused sense of wrong-doing; a still more confused sense of wonder as to what this stranger was thinking of her.

"I must explain to you," she said. "I came to Thurkeld Abbas with Miss Craven this morning, and I promised to wait for her at the Rectory . . ."

"Instead of which you ran away?"

"Yes," replied Genevieve with a sudden smile, perceiving quickly that she had no need to fear misconstruction. "Yes; I suppose it might be put that way."

"I think you ought to look sorry."

"Don't I look sorry? I should say then that must be because I look afraid. I believe I am very much afraid of what Miss Craven will say. It is so late; it will be dark very soon."

"Don't be apprehensive," said Mr. Kirkoswald, changing his tone to one of greater kindness. "I will see you safely home, if you will allow me; and after that I can easily take care that Miss Craven comes to no harm that I can avert. I shall go back by the moor."

Again Genevieve looked up with the sudden inquiry in her eyes that had amused him so much before; but his instinctive courtesy was stronger than his amusement.

"If you do not know my name I ought to tell it to you," he said. "It is George Kirkoswald, and I live at Usselby Crag; therefore I have the pleasure to be your neighbour."

"Thank you," Genevieve said, "I did not know." To herself she added, "And yet I think I did—I think I have known it all day since that first moment."

All day! It was only a fragment of a day in truth, and yet it was half a lifetime.

Surely if she had never seen this man before, then he was one whom she had long desired to see; she had heard of him, or read of him, until the impression had been made, that he had to-day confirmed. It was he who had mingled with all her past inner history; it was he about whom all that was best and highest in her estimate of humanity had gathered; it was he to whom she had turned for guidance when thought was confused, for help when knowledge was darkened, for support and sympathy when the days were heavy with unsuspected burdens. He had been part of her past life, as certainly as he was part of the present; and her future was bound to his, though she should never see the greatness and the goodness that was in him looking down from his eyes into hers again till her life should end.

She hardly thought consciously of the deeds he had done that day as she stood there. They were only a part of himself; and being himself he could have done no other. Yet doubtless the acts had disclosed the man more plainly than years of uneventful intercourse would have done. And it was not only the thing done, the manner of doing it made evidence also; and there was no

touch there to mar the fine consistency of the impression.

There was a lighter feeling in the cottage by this time; the little lad was sitting up, leaning against a pillow and sipping some tea. Rough, uncomely faces moved smilingly across the firelight. Ailsie looked pale as she sat by the sofa. She was rocking herself to and fro, as if the weight of dread and sorrow were loth to leave her, and full deliverance hard to recognise. She was not ungrateful, poor woman, but her gratitude lay trembling under dread possibilities, awaiting a freer moment for expression.

Presently the boy spoke, and his mother bent over him.

"Yon's him 'at pulled me oot o' the water," he said in a faint voice, and indicating Mr. Kirkoswald as he spoke.

"Yes: and it was more of a pull than anybody would think to look at you now, my man," said George, coming to the side of the little patchwork-covered sofa, and stroking the yellow curls that yet had the salt seawater in them. "I want you to tell me how you came to be in the water. Your captain says there must have been a mistake somewhere. I have heard his account, which is puzzling."

"'Twas my oan fault—at first," said the cabin-boy.

"So it seems. Captain Unwin expected that he was the last to leave the ship—he says that he could hardly see through the spray and foam who was in the boat, and who was not. Then, just as he was about to cut the rope he saw you on the deck of the hull, and called to you as loud as he could to look sharp, instead of which you cast the boat adrift, to the dismay of everybody in it. The captain thinks you must have known that they had not the smallest chance of getting near the wreck again to take you off."

The little lad looked pale, his lip quivered, a tear or two gathered on his eyelids.

"The captain said that?" Davy asked, "He said he shouted 'Leuk sharp?'"

"Yes; what did you think he shouted?"

"Ah thowt he said, 'Let go the rope!'"

"And you let it go?"

"Ay, sir: Ah let it go."

There was a silence in the little cottage. The lad's simple, heroic obedience—obedience to a command which, as he heard it, must in its very horror and cruelty have struck him with a sudden bewilderment, was too great and grand a thing for spoken praise. A sob broke the silence: it was not Miss Bartholomew who was sobbing. Her face

was white and tense, but there was a smile on it.

"What did you think when you saw the boat drifting away?" she asked of the cabin-boy.

"Ah didn't think nothin', miss."

"His not to make reply,
His not to reason why,
His but to do and die,"

quoted George Kirkoswald with a light in his grave eyes.

"And now tell me what you meant when you said it was your own fault?" asked Kirkoswald.

"I meant 'twas my oan fault for goin' doon below when they were gettin' ready to leave the ship."

"Then why did you go?"

"For the mate's pictur' . . . He didn't tell me; but Ah knowed he'd miss it. 'Twas his wife's 'at's just dead a month sen."

"And you went below to get that?"

"Ay, and Ah got it, an' Ah kept it a bit after Ah was i' the water. But it got washed oot o' my belt."

"How long did you stick to the wreck after the boat had drifted away?"

"A good bit—an hour mebbe. Then she began to go doon, starn foremost, an' Ah fastened myself to the life-buoy—the captain told me to stick to that buoy a long time before, when the masts went by the board.—Then Ah jumped off fra the bow, an' tried to swim to the boät, but t' sea were ower heavy."

That was all that Davy Drewe had to tell. George Kirkoswald knew the rest. He had called the attention of the coxswain to something floating on the water before they reached the little boat; and that something had proved to be the widow's one son, tossing there in the storm-swept sea, exhausted, half-frozen, yet fighting even then for the young life that was in him.

Davy's tale was hardly told, when a neighbour came with the startling news that a carriage with two horses was to be seen "in the street." No one there had ever seen a carriage in Soulsgrif Bight—there was not a horse in the place, nor was there a road that any ordinary animal could be expected to climb.

"Since it is impossible the cab should come to you, I fear you must go to the cab," said Mr. Kirkoswald. Genevieve was putting on her cloak and hat, the women were helping her, thanking her. Davy Drewe was looking at her with childish open admiration.

"Will you come an' see me again?" he

asked, holding out his small frost-stiffened hand.

"Yes; I will indeed," she said. "We ought to be friends. This gentleman has saved two lives to-day, your life, and my life . . . We must remember that, Davy."

"Were you goin' to be drooned?"

"Yes;" interposed George Kirkoswald, "Miss Bartholomew ran some risk of being drowned because of her anxiety to see that you were saved."

"You'll be thinkin' Ah'm a thankless woman, sir," said Ailsie Drewe, when Mr. Kirkoswald offered her his hand at parting. "But it's noan thanklessness; it's nut knowin' what te saäy, nor how te saäy it. Ah feel as if Ah'd like te lay down my life for you, if so 'twere to be 'at you wanted it."

"Then that is certainly not thanklessness," said Mr. Kirkoswald. Genevieve did not hear what other reassuring words he said. There was more knocking at the cottage door, more people coming in. Surely that was Miss Craven's bonnet! And quite as surely that was Mr. Severne's low-crowned clerical hat immediately behind it!

"Oh, I say! We simply thought you were lost, Miss Bartholomew," said the curate, pressing forward. "We've come down in a cab, Miss Craven and I, *the* cab, there isn't another in the district; and somebody else had ordered it, but it was coming down here, and we insisted on coming with it. Oh, really! Is that little boy ill?"

Explanations followed, interspersed with introductions, inquiries, disapprobations. Miss Craven was very austere, very determined that her displeasure should not be made light of. She accepted Mr. Kirkoswald's politenesses as if they were justly her due, having an instant suspicion that he might be in some way to blame.

So much attentiveness to a quite unimportant stranger would be very likely to arise out of a sense of culpability. Then, fortunately, it occurred to her that in the eyes of a man of Mr. Kirkoswald's learning, the Cravens of Hunsgarth Hags might not, after all, be such very unimportant people. He would know something of their ancient standing, and he would comprehend that though a family might come to be represented for all practical purposes by one unmarried woman, that family was still entitled in her person to such respect as would have been paid to it under more fortunate vicissitudes. This made matters plainer, Miss Craven's mood lighter, and the homeward journey certainly easier in consequence.

The darkness came down suddenly; the lamps were lighted in the streets at Thirkeld Abbas. Mr. Kirkoswald, who had been riding on before the cab, stopped at the Richmond Arms until Miss Craven came up to ask whether he might not send his man over to take the trap up the snow-covered roads to Hunsghar Hags in the morning. Miss Craven yielded to this, but not too readily. Some transferring of parcels took place; Mr. Severne shook hands with everybody, and went away, smiling, blushing in the dim lamplight. Something had delighted him, some other thing had perplexed him; but he was not very clear about his sensations as he went homeward. Mr. Kirkoswald was riding forward again, and he did not stop till he reached the stile by the cottage at Netherbank. He dismounted there.

"I may call to-morrow to inquire how you are?" he asked, walking by Genevieve's side along the frozen field-path. The wind was still boisterous; a few silver stars shone keenly out between the clouds. There were lights in the window of the little cottage.

"Thank you," said Genevieve, with unhesitating grace. "I shall be glad to see you; and my father will be glad to have an opportunity of thanking you. . . . You will not give him the opportunity now?"

"I am afraid I may not, thank you. I must go up with Miss Craven as the roads are so bad."

He waited a moment by the foot of the tiny glow of steps. Keturah opened the door with an exclamation. "Good night," said Genevieve gravely, standing a moment in the glow of the light that came from the kitchen fire. "Good night. . . . There are so many other things that ought to be said that I am unable to say any of them."

"I am glad you have not tried to say them," answered George Kirkoswald, with a deep intentness in his tone. "There are things that are much more permanently contenting to me unsaid."

CHAPTER XVIII.—JULIET OR ELAINE?

"Love at first sight is the surest love, and for this reason—that it does not depend upon any one merit or quality, but embraces in its view the whole being. That is the love which is likely to last—incomprehensible, indefinable, inarguable about."

SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

GENEVIEVE had spoken quite truly when she told Miss Richmond that she was not lonely. She had an active brain and active fingers. The tiny house needed careful and constant mindfulness; the study offered occupation; Keturah required a considerate

supervision. Then, too, she had her piano, her embroidery; there were letters to be written, books to be read; for sympathy and society she had her father; for the solitary hours which she had always enjoyed there was the moor, the reedy marsh, or the wide sea-shore. "I wanted nothing," the girl said to herself, "and yet it seems as if I had wanted all."

It was but natural that a day so eventful as that stormy day in Soulsgrif Bight should cause a great reversal and upheaval in the existing order of things, especially since that order had, undeniably, been of a simple and settled kind. It was almost inevitable that thought should linger on such a day, that thought should turn to reverie, and muse upon it, that musing should grow creative, and build upon it.

Juliet's musings on the balcony took form, and kindled into a guileless yet forceful confession of love, though not a hundred words of Romeo's had fallen upon her ear.

"Romeo, doff thy name,
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself!"

Elaine spoke less, and less passionately in her first sudden love for Lancelot; but—

"All night long his face before her lived,

Dark-splendid, speaking in the silence, full
Of noble things, and held her from her sleep."

Genevieve's love resembled both these, and it differed from both. It resembled them in suddenness, in completeness; it differed from Juliet's in respect of impatience; from Elaine's in respect of simple and beautiful self-abandonment.

Her nature was too rare, too fine and strong, to die for need of another nature; but by reason of these very qualities her need of love once awakened would become the one passionate need of her life.

Her need of love! It had never existed till now; and now it was one with her need of an atmosphere for her soul to breathe in.

All day there was with her in the room a new light, a new strength, a new reason for living life at its very best.

It was a sunny day, clear and keen, and calm with the strange calmness that only comes after a wild sea-storm. The snow was still lying white upon the great sloping upland, under the clumps of dark fir-trees, over all the wide, low-lying land that stretched between the rugged slope and the sea.

Everything was still, so still that a footfall on the frozen field made echo enough in the little house to stir the pulse to quicker movement. Genevieve was ashamed for her blush,

when the door opened and Mr. Kirkoswald came in ; afraid lest her heart's secret should blaze itself in the heart's colours on her face. How tall and strong he looked in that little room ! He seemed to fill it with his impressiveness, with the finely careless dignity that he had when he moved and spoke.

"I see that it is a mere matter of courtesy to ask you how you are," he said, looking into her face with a grave and kind intentness. "Are you really no worse for all that you went through yesterday?"

"Thank you, no—not any worse," Genevieve replied. "I should like to have gone down to Soulsgrif Bight again to-day if I might. I wish so much to know how Davy Drewe is, and the others."

"They are all right—that is, as right as one could expect," replied Mr. Kirkoswald with compassion in his tone. "Poor Verrill couldn't have his broken arm set till this morning. He looks the worst of them all ; but Dr. Seaton says he'll come round in time. Davy Drewe was sitting on a stool by the fire, whistling 'Sweet Dublin Bay,' and cutting a model of the hull of the *Viking*.

... But there ! that is stupid of me ! I was not to mention the model."

"I see !" said Genevieve, smiling. It was a dreamy, lingering smile that played about her beautiful mouth. Was she recognising the human promptings by which this new-found friend was led ? A little silence followed ; it was as if her beauty were weaving a spell that a man might hardly dare to break unadvisedly.

Was it only her beauty ? George Kirkoswald asked of himself as he sat there. Was it only that she made a picture as she sat before him with her faultless face, her crown of soft, shining, yellow hair, her deep, violet-grey eyes ? She had on a dress of warm white serge ; there was some lace round her throat, and a string or two of coral beads. No detail that went to the making of the whole escaped him ; but he knew that for him the spell was in none of these. The face itself, lovely as it was, did but seem the human expression of some lovelier spiritual ideal.

Suddenly Genevieve recollected herself, and a burning blush of self-accusation spread over her face and throat.

"Shall I tell my father that you are here?" she asked ; "or will you go down to the studio?"

"Which would he prefer?"

"I don't know ; I don't think he would care much ; but I should like you to go

down to the studio, if you will. I have been thinking," the girl said, speaking with her usual unconventional honesty, "I have been thinking that I should like to show you some of his work."

"And I have been wishing much that I might be permitted to see it," replied Mr. Kirkoswald, also speaking honestly.

They went out together, down through the leafless orchard. The twisted trunks of the apple-trees were throwing long blue shadows across the snow ; the old moss-green well was sprinkled with diamonds, the hedges were bright with scarlet rose-hips, a robin was swaying lightly up and down on a purple briar-spray. Far away beyond the snow-covered pasture-lands you could see the dark blue-grey sweep of heaving waters.

CHAPTER XIX.—ART AND LIFE.

"The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ;
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !
This sea that bears her bosom to the moon ;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
Are all up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers ;
For this, for everything we are out of tune."

WORDSWORTH.

THE door of the studio was open. Noel Bartholomew had heard voices, and he stood there quietly eager to welcome the man who had saved his daughter's life. He looked wan and tired ; and it seemed to Genevieve that his scant and ill-arranged grey hair was even greyer than she had believed it to be. He was, as usual, very grave and very calm.

His first words were of course words of gratitude. They were not many, and they were quietly said ; but his emotion was apparent, even to the point of giving pain. This was only for a moment, however.

"It is an ill wind that blows nobody good," he said, recovering himself. "And I must not forget that I owe to yesterday's peril the pleasure of seeing you here to-day."

"I should, of course, have given myself the pleasure of coming sooner or later," said Kirkoswald. "I hope I don't interrupt your work by coming this afternoon?"

"On the contrary, you are doing it a service, by preventing my working with a tired eye and a still more tired brain."

"I suppose most artists are tempted to do that?"

"I believe so ; and I believe that the greater the unfitness for work the stronger the fascination of it, that is, of continuing it. It is so at least with me. It is easier to put my palette down in the middle of a successful morning's work than at the end of a doubtful day."

"That I think I can understand," said Kirkoswald, who seemed to Genevieve to be listening with an interest that was as real as it was deferential. After a moment's pause he added, "I have often wished, when I have found myself standing before a picture that I have really cared for, that I might know something of the history of its creation."

"In many cases, perhaps in seven out of ten, the true history would disappoint you. Is not Browning's 'Andrea del Sarto' a revelation?"

"It is," said Kirkoswald, "a sad one. But the pictures of Lucrezia's face reveal things to me that are sadder far. Take Browning's poem, del Sarto's pictures, his wife's portrait, and you have as painful a soul's tragedy as you need want."

The walls of the studio were still decorated with unfinished paintings, with careless sketches, with masterly studies. On the easel there was a full-length figure. It was, as George Kirkoswald saw for himself, a beautiful-browed Ænone. The Judas had been put away out of sight, untouched since the day it had excited discussion.

Noel Bartholomew was somewhat surprised by the insight and pertinence of his visitor's remarks.

"You paint yourself?" he asked, as they sat by the studio fire, in the midst of the glow of fine colour, of artistic ornament and suggestion that was everywhere in the place.

"No, on the contrary, I can't draw a straight line," was the reply. "But I have long been attracted towards art—half against my will in the first instance. I have been told that Byron had a great contempt for painting. I had no contempt, but a consummate indifference. A painted canvas seemed to me such an unreal thing. I know now that it was my own incapacity for recognising the real, that is to say, the spiritual, the true real, when I saw it; my own inability to perceive the right connection between human life and human art."

"Then you are now altogether on the side of the artists?" said Genevieve. She was sitting opposite to George Kirkoswald, and her eyes met his. He saw that there was an intenser meaning in her question than it might seem to have.

He paused a moment before replying.

"Would you mind explaining to me more exactly what you mean?" he asked.

"First let me explain," interposed Mr. Bartholomew, with a quietly humorous smile that was more visible in his eyes than about his mouth. "My daughter has the misfortune

to have inherited strongly Puritan tendencies, tendencies that have skipped over one generation if not two, and are now displaying themselves all the more strongly for the lapse. . . . Proceed, my dear; inform Mr. Kirkoswald that deep in your heart of hearts you believe all painting, all sculpture, all secular poetry and music to be so many snares of the Evil One."

There was a distinct silence. Genevieve's face was turned a little toward the fire, as if she were looking into it for some thought or word that she wanted.

"I am sure that your father has stated the case from the extremest point he could find to stand upon," said Mr. Kirkoswald, speaking in a tone that betrayed both his interest and his appreciation of the difficulty.

"So he has," said the girl, turning a grave uplifted face toward him. "But I will not say that he has gone beyond the truth. I *dare not* say it, lest my words should come back upon me."

There was no smile now on the face of either listener; one face had a touch of surprise.

"Perhaps, if I may venture to say so, you are suspending your judgment at present?" Kirkoswald said.

"It has been in a state of suspense ever since I began to think at all, and I see no prospect of any conclusion to the matter. Lately, I have let it rest."

"Or, rather it has let you rest," said her father.

"Exactly. Coming to Murk-Marishes was the hoisting of a flag of truce."

"Which I suppose you do not consider equivalent to a declaration of peace?" inquired Kirkoswald.

"No, I do not," said Genevieve. Then she added more gravely, "I think that peace for me would mean the death of one of my two natures—the artistic, or what my father terms the Puritan. So far as I can tell, they are both very much alive; though at present they have no reason for clashing."

"Then you have the misfortune to represent in your own person the two opposing parties?"

"Yes, I suppose so. I am very conscious of being torn two ways," said Genevieve.

"On the one hand by a love of beauty, on the other by a fear that your desire for things beautiful is not, from the highest standpoint of all, a legitimate desire?"

"Precisely," said Genevieve, looking up with some gratitude, some wonder in her eyes. "It is precisely that. I want what I think



Engraved by]

[C. Roberts.

"Still she stood there in the curving of the rock."

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the whole civilised world is wanting, A RECONCILER!"

"To reconcile what, speaking exactly?" asked her father.

"The Sermon on the Mount and the interior of a modern artistically furnished house," said the girl, speaking as if she spoke of a thing long considered.

"The command to take no thought for your life, with the strong, pure-seeming instinct for graceful, refined, and beautiful surroundings?" said George Kirkoswald. Then he added, "Does it seem to you that no such reconciliation is possible?"

"On the contrary, I feel that *it must be possible*," declared Genevieve with enthusiasm.

"But I cannot see it; I cannot find it. One day I honour most the men who can set their foot upon the neck of pride, the pride of the eye, the pride of life—who can live out their days surrounded by four bare walls, and never know that they are bare. Another day, and my whole soul is stirred by some good, some glory that I discern through some triumph of human art—art that has drawn its inspiration from Nature, and so, assuredly, can lead one from Nature up to Nature's God."

"How the world is made for each of us!" said Kirkoswald musingly, hardly recognising his utterance as a quotation.

"You think that?" said Bartholomew; adding reverently, "It has always seemed to me that Christ's own different way of dealing with each differently-constituted and differently-circumstanced individual that came to Him, was certainly sufficient warrant for supposing that He had no desire to reduce humanity to one dead level of thought and opinion."

"One may be sure He never meant that," said Kirkoswald; "and it seems to me, also, a sure thing that He never meant to crush out any human feeling for whatsoever things are lovely, or pure, or beautiful, or true."

"So far I am one with you," interposed Genevieve. "He who said, 'Consider the lilies,' and declared that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as they were, could never have desired that any human being should pass through the world with eyes closed to its marvellous loveliness. But we were not speaking of natural beauty."

"No; we were not," said Kirkoswald, appreciating the effort to keep him to his argument. "But to reply to what you said just now, how many people have passed through the world with eyes closed to every glory of sunrise and sunset, who have never been awakened to one tender thrill by the rustle

of green leaves, the ripple of a brook, or the sparkle of sunlight on a summer sea! How many have gone down to their graves careworn, toil-stained, crushed out of life by the burden and heat of the day, who have never once in their whole long life felt the sweet influence of

'The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills!'

If Art had no other mission but to minister to the needs of such as these, it would still have a most glorious and decided right of being."

"And you think it has even a wider mission than that?" asked Genevieve.

"I do, undoubtedly; a mission as wide as that of science itself," said Kirkoswald. Then his lips parted with the shadow of a smile. "But I am not going to touch upon science," he continued; "you would not let me, I know. You think I was going to reason illogically. But just let me say that it seems to me that science, instead of destroying the Christian's idea of God, will one day unfold Him to human eyes in aspects so grand, with attributes so stupendous, with powers and designs so inconceivable to us at present, that humanity will be tempted to look back upon the days of pre-scientific darkness as pitifully as we sometimes look back over the days of mingled doubt and anticipation that preceded the coming of Christ."

"So great you believe to be the ends of science?" asked Bartholomew.

"Yes; and equally great I believe the ends of art to be. Therefore it is that I look upon a true artist as upon a true steward of the mysteries of God. He is not more nor less than an interpreter—a revealer to common eyes of nature, the 'time-vesture,' woven that man may have some ever-visible token of the nearness of his God."

"You are listening, my daughter?"

"Yes, I am listening very willingly," said Genevieve; "and also gratefully."

"Oh, please don't be grateful!" entreated George Kirkoswald. "That sounds as if I had made no impression at all. I should like to make an impression, if it were but a slight one, so that you may be the better prepared to listen to the Reconciler when he comes."

"Don't make light of it, please."

"Certainly I will not. And, indeed, you are right; it is not a light matter in these days. Every one who can think at all is taking it more or less seriously; and, so far as I can discern, there is a general tendency to what one may term 'coming round,' on

the part of those who might seem to be the natural opponents of art. I heard one clergyman confessing to another the other day that he had never seen the real glory and loveliness of a sunset sky until he had seen a few scores of painted sunsets."

"That bears out what Browning says. What is the passage, Genevieve?"

"You mean the one in 'Fra Lippo Lippi'?"

"For, don't you mark? we're made so that we love
First when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see;
And so they are better, painted—better to us,
Which is the same thing. Art was given for that;
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out."

"If I remember the context rightly, the poet includes more than landscape-painting," said Bartholomew, who appeared to be very content to elicit another's views, keeping back his own, if indeed he had any that he could have presented on the spur of the moment, which is doubtful.

"Yes," said Genevieve, "he includes nature animate as well as inanimate. He puts the question:—

'Do you feel thankful, ay or no,
For this fair town's face, yonder river's line,
The mountain round it, and the sky above,
Much more the figures of man, woman, child,
These are the frame to?'"

"Of course, all that can be said for the painting of nature applies in a much higher and stronger measure to the painting of humanity, or so it seems to me," said Kirkoswald. "The character, the history, that lies so pathetically written in the lines of a human countenance may surely be as beautiful a thing, and as full of meaning, as the truth that lies in the scars of a rugged cliff-side. It is by the study of art that one learns to see 'what beauty there is in the dark eyes that are sunk with weeping, and in the paleness of those fixed faces which the world's adversity has compassed about, till they shine in their patience like dying watch-fires through twilight.' I may be wrong, but it certainly appears to me that there is a greater sympathy abroad for all manner of suffering; and I attribute the growth largely to the greater spread of art and poetry, under the head of poetry including the prose poems of such men as Dickens, such women as Mrs. Gaskell. . . . But, there! again I shall have to be brought back to the subject."

"No, I won't bring you back any more to-day," Genevieve said. "I have a feeling that I did not state my own case effectively in the beginning."

"Therefore my victory has been an easy one."

"You are feeling victorious?"

"On the whole, yes. But it modifies the feeling to be told that you did not bring your full strength against me. Will you do your worst next time?"

"I will do my best," said Genevieve.

"And may I be there to see?" said her father, restraining the smile that played about his face, lighting up its sadness with an almost pathetic light.

CHAP. XX. THE MISTRESS OF YARRELL CROFT.

"Lightly, her suit allow'd, she slept away,
And while she made her ready for her ride,
Her father's latest word bumm'd in her ear,
'Being so very wilful you must go.'
And changed itself and echo'd in her heart,
'Being so very wilful you must die.'"
TENNYSON.

THE thaw that followed that heavy snow was a very prolonged affair: some time had to pass before the Bartholomews could return the calls of some of their more distant neighbours. It was not an unhappy time—it was too full of life and work to be unhappy. Whenever there was light enough Noel Bartholomew wrought at his beautiful Ænone; or, if Mr. Severne came, he worked a little at the Sir Galahad. When the light failed he would read, or draw in black and white, or sit and dream. Sometimes he would read aloud to Genevieve whilst she sat at her embroidery; sometimes in the firelight they would sit and talk. Genevieve always thought this the best time of all; there was so much confidence, so little strain; there was no more dread of silence than of mistaken speech.

One dull grey afternoon they sat together as usual: there was a cheery fire, and Genevieve's canary seemed to be singing to the leaping flame. Mr. Kirkoswald had called during the day, merely, he said, to beg that they would not think of going up to Usselby until the roads were better. He had stayed in the studio awhile, then he had lingered again in the dainty sitting-room; and Genevieve had found that his lingering there was very sweet—perilously sweet. When he went out, a little cry, half of gladness, half of a new and unknown pain, went after him, a cry that came echoing back a moment later with the force of an openly-uttered reproach.

Genevieve was thinking of it as she sat silently there by her father's side in the twilight. When she spoke he was aware of the slight effort in her voice.

"What age should you say Mr. Kirkoswald is, father?" she asked, somewhat abruptly.

"I was thinking of his age this morning,"

answered Mr. Bartholomew. "He will be thirty-five, or thereabouts."

"Not more than that?"

"No, he can't be more than that. . . . What age should you have supposed him to be?"

"Fifty! . . . What is it that makes him look so old?"

"He does look old for his years, I admit; and there is a history in his face. But I should say it was the history of some more or less intellectual strife, rather than of any ordinary life-experience. Whatever it is it has taken the years. Still it is a grand face and a grand head!"

"You are thinking of painting it?" said Genevieve, rather in the tone of a protest. A minute later she was conscious of a strong desire to see it painted.

"No; on the contrary, I decided this morning that his face was one that I should never attempt," replied Mr. Bartholomew. "I could but fail. It is too full of the perplexity of life, and his eyes have too much of the luminousness of thought in them. Altogether there is a good deal in him that could never be made visible on canvas. I should try to make it visible; it would elude me; and I should be left with the consciousness of having spent my strength for nought."

There was another brief pause, then another question came with effort:—

"You like him, father?"

"Yes, I like him."

"You don't say that heartily."

"Don't I? Shall I say it again, and put more heart into it?"

"There! that is satire. We will not speak of Mr. Kirkoswald again to-day." * * *

Another afternoon—a pale yellow afternoon—the cab came from Thurkeld Abbas to take Noel Bartholomew and his daughter to Yarrell Croft. It was a large, massively-built, grey stone house, standing half-way down the slope where the upland curved to the west. The roads about it were well-kept, the leafless trees were tall and stately, and they were so grouped as to look picturesque even in their leaflessness. In front of the house there was a portico with pillars, and a double flight of broad stone steps.

Miss Richmond was in the drawing-room. She was alone when they went in, sitting there, gracious and graceful, in a dress of ruby velvet. She was like a picture in its proper setting now. The yellow light outside seemed to give value to the rich furniture, the glowing draperies, the blue and

crimson and gold of the painted and diapered ceiling. Genevieve could not help wondering what Miss Richmond had been doing, and of what she had been thinking as she sat there in the midst of so much magnificence. There was no sign of any book or work. The grand piano was closed. The luxurious-looking cushions, strewn about so profusely, seemed to be the only things in actual use.

Miss Richmond was very quiet, very impressive, perhaps even more impressive than usual. Cecil, coming into the room, seemed as if he hardly understood his sister's mood. He watched her furtively for a time; then he ceased to watch, or to try to understand, but he went on wishing that she would be more cordial to Miss Bartholomew. Genevieve had not missed any cordiality. She tried to be responsive to Cecil's attentions, but they became a little pronounced, a little embarrassing; and he seemed to take any sign of embarrassment rather as a compliment. It did not trouble Genevieve much. She was listening to Miss Richmond, wondering about her life. Something seemed to be weighing upon her, some great loneliness or weariness, some strong desire. She was speaking of wasted lives, of unseen sorrows, unsuspected despairs, of life-long misunderstandings. Mr. Bartholomew was listening, replying when reply was called for, but he felt at a loss to know whether Miss Richmond's remarks were quite of the general nature they appeared on the surface of them to be. It was odd how, now and then, the man's keen perceptive powers failed him.

Genevieve knew less of Miss Richmond than her father did, but she saw more than he did to-day. To her there was nothing impersonal about Diana Richmond's words except the grammatical mood of them.

Once the girl thought that, if they had been alone, she would have knelt down beside Miss Richmond, and clasped her hand, and prayed her to speak of the thing, whatever it was, that was lying underneath the stilled, oppressive graciousness of her ways. Her words were said slowly, quietly, emphatically, but they had the effect of a wild cry of confession upon the girl, whose own emotions were just then being wrought upon more than she herself knew.

"The strange thing is," Miss Richmond was saying, "that people don't get over things; they *don't* forget as the preachers of consolation tell you they do. 'Time heals all sorrows,' they tell you; but it is a platitude, and not a true one. Sometimes people deceive themselves; they think they have

forgotten, and then something brings all back again, and it is worse than before."

"I suppose it is so, very often," said Mr. Bartholomew, sadly. He was thinking of his own sorrow just then—he could not help it—wondering if he could ever deceive himself into thinking that he had forgotten.

Miss Richmond was continuing:—

"I had a friend," she said; "it was years ago; we were children together. When she was engaged to be married I felt it like a blow, as if she had died; and I went into deep mourning. But the engagement was soon broken off. The man was a flirt, and as cruel and heartless as a man could be. Nothing would move him. She was years before she got over it. All the best of her life went in anguish. But she did seem to get over it at last. Then—only a year or two ago—the man came back: he had been abroad for years; and with him came all my friend's sorrow. It had all to be lived and endured over again. She is enduring yet. You might think it would kill her, but it will not. She is very strong. She will live and suffer for a lifetime yet. And the man does not care. They often meet. He must see it all, but he cares nothing—nothing for the life-long martyrdom that he has brought about."

Suddenly—while Miss Richmond was speaking—there flashed across Noel Bartholomew's brain the remembrance of the conversation that had passed between himself and Miss Craven on the first night of his arrival at Hunsgarth Haggs. He glanced towards Genevieve, but she did not understand the glance. How should she? Miss Craven and her father had spoken of a dozen people, all of whom were only names to her. How should she remember that George Kirkoswald's name and Miss Richmond's had been mentioned together? And if she had remembered, how should she have suspected—as her father did—that Miss Richmond's friend and Miss Richmond's self were one and the same, with historical variations?

"And after all it is only a suspicion," he said to himself during the long drive homeward from Yarrell Croft—it was very long and very silent, and the silence was less comprehensible than the silences between the father and daughter usually were.

Two days later the thick yellow sky changed to a clear, vivid, frosty blue. Noel Bartholomew was divided in his mind as to how he should make the most of such a day. Finally the expression on his daughter's face decided

him. He would leave his mournful Ænone, and go down to Soulsgrif Bight to sketch a wreck washed ashore during the last night of the storm; the night after the day on which George Kirkoswald had spent his strength and risked his life to save the lives of others.

It was not only Kirkoswald's chivalrous courage that was moving Bartholomew to have faith in him. Doubt thrust itself in; echoes of Dorothy Craven's words came back; remembrances of Miss Richmond's emotion; but Noel Bartholomew was not a man to be unduly influenced by such evidences as these against his own better judgment. "There has been nothing in Kirkoswald's life that he could not explain, if explanation were needed," he said to himself in the dead of the night, when he lay awake, thinking of his daughter's future as he had never thought of it before, and realising his own carelessness about it.

The carelessness was incomprehensible now that its probable consequences were becoming visible in the distance. If life were spared to him, with power to work, he might atone in a measure; but the "if" was an important one, and he perceived it now. He could only hope that knowledge had not come too late.

He could not shut his eyes to the other possibility, the possibility that his daughter might marry. It was distant enough—he hoped that it might long remain distant; but he recognised the fact that since his child had no mother, it would be well for him to try to exercise a mother's foresight. He would spare her pain if she might be spared by any watchfulness of his.

A moment of mingled sadness and perplexity came to him when he saw the sudden light on her face as he spoke of going down to the Bight. But the sadness did not stay with him. He looked it fairly in the face. "What is it I am dreading?" he asked of himself; and he knew that there was nothing to which he could put a name. He took no account of the fact that the nameless fears, the nameless sorrows of life, are often a large and heavy part of life's ill.

No such shadow came over Genevieve. Even in the solitude of her own little room under the thatched eaves she blushed for her own half-uttered hope. "He will be there—I know he will be there!" she said, arranging her yellow hair under a wide-brimmed, purple velvet hat. She was not vain—she had never been vain—but she was too simple-minded not to be glad for once in her life that another should find her fair enough to

be pleasant to look upon. It was a gladness she had never really known till now, and she could not have told how she had come to know it. All within her that concerned this new-found friend was unquestioned, and unquestionable.

Friend! That was quite the right word, and she used it to herself always, saying softly, "I shall know now what human friendship means. At last I shall know."

Her cheek had not forgotten its blush, nor her lip its happy smile, when she perceived that her prophecy was fulfilled.

Soulsgrif Bight was all alive that morning—almost as much alive as it had been on the day of the storm. The stranded ship had broken up during the last tide or two. Groups of figures were hurrying about; men with gay-coloured sou'-westers and dark blue guernseys; women with red shawls; children with bright pinafores; some were bringing firewood from the wrecks that lay on the dark beach; others brought ropes and iron. A man was coming up with a clock that he had found amongst the wreckage; both its hands were gone, and the dial-plate was cracked across. Some children were making merry over a bird-cage which had been found among the tangled weeds, with a little dead bird at the bottom of it.

People were straying all about the sands. Some were sauntering away toward the reef, others were coming back. On the edge of the quay there was a gentleman standing, a tall, strong man, with dark hair; a loose grey coat, and an impressive manner of wearing it. He was talking to the auctioneer, who had come down from Thurkeld Abbas to sell one of the wrecks. Suddenly he turned his head, not knowing why he turned it, and the colour that rose slowly to his clear, dark-toned face was plain there for any one to see. He came forward rather hurriedly, but as if he tried to repress something as he came. The light in his eyes as he shook hands with Genevieve was at least as glad as the light in her own.

"Do you know that I have been hoping—I may say expecting—that you would come?" he said. "Indeed, more or less, I believe that I always expect you to be in Soulsgrif Bight when I come down."

"Do you expect to see me standing on that rock in a storm?" she asked, the smile dying away from her lips as she spoke and a grave look coming into her eyes. "I sometimes wonder how I can ever forget that moment!"

"I think I don't forget it," George Kirkos-

wald replied, speaking intently, but as if he spoke to himself. Mr. Bartholomew was walking forgetfully away with Ishmael Crudas toward a group of people who were gathering round the wreck that was about to be sold by auction.

There was a little silence. Mr. Kirkoswald and Genevieve were standing on "the staith," as the people termed the wooden quay. The sun was shining, in a pale, wintry fashion, over the blue sea that was only just stirred by a light breeze; the wavelets broke far out over the purple-brown reef that was all broken into long lines by the strips of standing water that reflected the pale blue of the sky. Russet-red anchors were lying half-embedded in the sands; a strong sail lay riven into strips of canvas a few inches wide; a tall mast was there, with broken yards clinging to it; half-buried underneath there was a ship's lantern and a tea-kettle; a little farther on there was a curving piece of the back of a violin standing out of the sand.

"You will not care to go down to the sale?" said Mr. Kirkoswald. Turning to look at Genevieve as he spoke he saw that her eyes were filled with tears. "You had better come and see Davy Drewe," he added with gentleness, moving to go as he spoke. "Davy has been wanting to see you for days past, and I am beginning to have a notion that he holds me responsible for your non-appearance. . . . Would you like to go and see him now?"

"Yes," said Genevieve; "I should like it very much. But will you tell my father? He may want me if he is going to sketch."

"I will tell him while you talk to Davy. I should like you to stay there awhile, in the cottage, if you will. You are not used to scenes like this."

It was all quite natural—this care, this protection, this deep understanding kindness. It was as natural as if it had always been; and yet it had the tremulous surprise, the quick, quiet, palpitating gladness of a new and unhopd-for joy.

There were only Ailsie Drewe and her little lad in the cottage on the hill-side. Ailsie was knitting, and she might not stay her hand; she earned much of her living that way, knitting strong blue guernseys for the fishermen of the Bight.

"Eh, bless you, then, is 't you?" she had said in her own rude, glad way as she opened the door. "Come yer ways in, an' sit ya doon, both o' ya. Ah said when miss came she'd be comin' wi' you; Ah said so to Davy.

An' Ah said if Ah'd been better off for menseful * graithing, Ah'd ha' meäde bold to ha' asked you both tiv a cup o' tea." Then the woman stopped, too dignified to lay bare the worst, and too cheerful for any ordinary listener to suspect it.

George went out presently, and Davy went up-stairs, coming down again with a tiny model of a ship, which he would have lacked courage to offer but for his mother's presence there. It was not very daintily finished, but it was beautiful by reason of its exquisite proportions.

"He's done it all hisself, miss, an' he thowt 'at ya'd like to hev it, as it 'ud sort o' remind ya o' that day, an' o' your life an' his bein' saved together like. An' eh, but yon gentleman is a brave man! an' a strong un, too. They säay he pulled i' the boat as if he'd niver done nowt but handle an oar since he was born. . . . Ah reckon ya'd know him afore yer came to this neighbourhood, miss?"

"No; I did not know him before," said Genevieve. "I did not know him until that day."

"Ya don't säay so? Then, mebbe, 'tisn't as Ah thowt," said Ailsie, looking into Genevieve's face, as if she feared that she had made a mistake. "Ya mun excuse me, miss, if Ah said owt 'at Ah sudn't ha' said. But there weren't no harm anyways in me praisin' him. Ah didn't know him mysel' till they said his name were Kirkoswald; but Ah'd seen him when he was a little lad; Ah'd seen him up at Usselby. . . . Ya'll ha' been there, miss?"

"No," said Genevieve, again feeling that the admission would be considered an unwilling one—"no, we have not been to Usselby yet. . . . Do you know it well?"

"Noa; Ah don't know it nut to säay well; but 'tisn't much of a pläace; nut like Yarell Croft, nor nothing o' that sort. Years ago 'twas a kin o' rackledoon oäd spot; an' Ah niver heerd 'at owt had been done to it. T' oäd man was sa queer, ya know. He warn't nowt o' a gentleman; nut like this. He'd a seeght o' money, so they said; but he were as greedy as sin; t' sarvants used to tell on him goin' doon into t' kitchen, an' cuttin' a talla candle into three, an' givin' owther on 'em a bit yance a week. An' they warn't alloo'd noä supper. He turned ivery sarvant there was off t' spot one winter, acause they'd roasted some 'taties unbeknown tiv him."

"But had he no wife?" asked Genevieve, who could hardly in any way connect George Kirkoswald with such a home-life as this.

* Menseful—decent, respectable.

"Noä, honey," said Ailsie Drewe, slipping into the word of endearment unawares, as homely Yorkshire folk will do, when their hearts are won. "Noä, honey. His wife died when this gentleman was born; that mebbe was how t' oäd man came to be sa despt straänge. An' he was straänge! Ah remember once when Ah was nobbut a little lass goin' about wi' t' Kessenmas waits to sing; an' we went trampin' all t' way up to Usselby i' t' snaw an' darkness; an' what did t' oäd teästril * do but throw up his winder, an' fire a gun right in among us afore we'd fairly gotten started wi' 'God rest you, merry gentlemen!'"

"Oh, imagine it! Was any one hurt?" Genevieve asked in amazement.

"Noä, honey, so it happened. We ran off, despt frightened; an' we niver went there no more. T' oäd chap died; an' t' son were sent away to school; an' it's but little we've heerd on him doon here till t'other daäy. I hope we'll be seein' and hearin' more on him noo. He seems to take a sight o' interest i' poor folk; an' it's nut what we're used to fra t' quality hereabouts. They're despt hard, mostly. If they buy a bit o' fish they'll beat ya doon i' price till ya scarce can see yer oän again."

Davy was sitting still, waiting, looking wistful; but when his turn came he had very little to say; he could only smile and change colour and push his yellow curls nervously away from his forehead when Miss Bartholomew spoke to him. He was going to sea again, he said, after Christmas. The owners of the *Viking* had another ship almost ready to sail. "Eh, me!" said his poor mother; "he'll be like his father. He'll niver ha nowt but what he blashes i' t' sea for; an' then he'll end wi' lyin' at the bottom o' t'. It is a dree doom."

CHAP. XXI. THE SOUNDING OF HUMAN CHORDS.

"Let be, beloved—

I will taste somewhat this same poverty—
Try these temptations, grudges, gnawing shames,
For which 'tis blamed. How probe an unfelt evil?
Wouldst be the poor man's friend? Must freeze with him—
Test sleepless hunger—let thy crippled back
Ache o'er the endless furrow."

KINGSLEY: *The Saint's Tragedy*.

NOEL BARTHOLOMEW spent a couple of hours over his sketch of the wreck of the *Waldemar*. His daughter sat near him awhile; but it was too cold for her to remain sitting there in the December breeze. Perhaps too she was in a less quiescent mood than usual. She went back again to the little hamlet after a time; asking George Kirkoswald

* Teästril—a violent or boisterous character.

to remain there by her father, who always liked to have a companion near him when he was sketching out of doors. She wanted to go in and out among the fisher-folk quite alone.

"They will talk to one person as they cannot talk to two or three," she said, speaking to Mr. Kirkoswald, who was accompanying her to the edge of the reef. "If I had a trouble I could never tell it to more than one person."

"Do you think you could tell it to me?" asked George Kirkoswald, speaking with a sudden effort.

Genevieve hesitated a moment, her head drooped a little, her colour came and went; but she spoke honestly, and without affectation.

"Yes; I think I could," she said in a low, penetrating voice. She knew that she made a great concession. George Kirkoswald knew that it was not made lightly.

Was it fortunate that they were parting just as the word was said? Genevieve was saved from further embarrassment. Kirkoswald, with a glance that might mean mere gratitude, went back to where the white easel gleamed upon the dark reef. Genevieve went forward to the village in the rocks; happier than when she left it a little while before.

* * * *

An hour later they went up Soulsgrif Bight together, Genevieve, her father, and George Kirkoswald. The two men were talking over certain suggestions that had arisen out of the day's events; Genevieve was silent, and her face told of a certain amount of sadness.

"You have not been accustomed to what clergymen's wives term 'parish work,'" said George Kirkoswald, passing round to her side.

"Then the result of what you believe to be my first attempt is visible?"

"Not the result, but the effect upon yourself. . . . It is very saddening, I admit; even in a place like this, to feel your way right into the lives of the very poor."

"I thought I knew," said Genevieve. "I thought I understood it all better. I have read about it, and thought about it, but one has to see, to meet it face to face, to know how deep it goes; how entirely suffering and endurance is their life; how it enters into everything, the food they eat, the clothes they wear, the beds they lie on, and the fires they burn. And what strikes one is the quietness one finds everywhere, the extreme patience. I have been talking to an old woman over seventy years of age, who has never once in her whole long life known what

it was to be sure of the means of existence for a week beforehand. And that woman's temper is as sweet, her faith as whole, as if she had never known an ungratified desire."

"That I can well believe," said Kirkoswald. "One fancies sometimes that such people must see farther than they seem to see; that they must feel unconsciously something of the influence of the wider laws of the world's onward movement, laws that compel them to take their part in the great human sacrifice that is always being offered up for the wheels of progress to pass over."

"Do you think they dream of that?" asked Genevieve. "Ah, it is such a hard thing to remember, to realise! And yet I believe, as James Hinton believed, that we are all of us helping, all of us who suffer, to work out the redemption of the race. It is beautiful, it is sad, it is infinitely great."

"Yes: it is great; but, as you say, the idea has an element of sadness in it. Now and then one meets sad, aged, tired eyes fixed on one's face full of things altogether unutterable. They are the eyes of people who have lived through want, and wrong, and contempt, and pain, and lifelong neglect; but it is as if they said, 'And yet we have not lived vainly.' Vainly?—no; it is not such lives as theirs that are lived in vain."

"The great problem of how best to help the suffering poor," said Bartholomew, "is always more or less a painful one, unless you happen to be able to offer substantial help yourself in the cases that actually come under your own notice."

"That is true," said Kirkoswald. "But I fear that a great deal more than mere giving must go to the solving of the problem."

"It seems to me that there is almost infinite good to be done without any giving at all," interposed Genevieve warmly. "That is the one thing that struck me most of all to-day, the gratitude of the people for a word, a mere look of sympathy. They don't say they are grateful; but you feel it in their very accent, in their reluctance to let you turn away, in their wistful hoping that you will come again. Oh, if I could, I would go down there and live amongst them, live as they live, work as they work, endure what they endure; then I would tell the world what I had learnt in Soulsgrif Bight."

"And you expect the world would listen?" asked her father.

"There are people in it who would listen, some who have no chance of hearing of such things, some who would not go out of their way to hear them. . . . Oh, the world is not

bad!" said the girl, speaking out of her own bright human heart which no experience had as yet torn or bruised. "The world is not bad, it is not unkind; it is only stupidly inanimate. And it is not only where the poor are concerned. We show it in everything. I believe people hold aloof from each other as much from fear and dread of repulsion as from anything else. Sometimes—in London—I have felt half-wretched, half-angry, to see a room full of people, one staring coldly, another contemptuously, another with sublime indifference; and no two people taking any trouble to get nearer to each other. And yet these very people . . ."

"Won't you finish what you were going to say?" asked George, drawing a little closer to her, and lowering his voice somewhat.

"I was going to say that those very people will, at least every Sunday, declare that they believe in some future life, and that one of the joys of that life will consist of bright and fervid and intimate intercourse with others, 'Communion of Saints,' we term it. But who are the saints? And in what is it supposed the communion will consist? . . . I think sometimes that if we don't begin it beforehand, begin with small and poor beginnings here, we shall never continue it there."

"Then you don't consider that it is something of the nature of a solecism to introduce religious topics into ordinary social intercourse?"

"Religious! What precisely is religion?" asked the girl passionately. "Is it going to church on Sundays? Is it singing hymns? Is it even the scrupulous praying of one's daily prayers? Is that all that it means for us—all that it can be made to mean? If so, keep it silent then, keep it straitly in its place. If it might be made to mean something less pathetically unhelpful, less unprofitably dreary—if, for instance, it might be made to mean a more carefully beautiful human life, with finer and higher sympathies and manners for every-day uses of life; if it might suggest a quicker and more keen-sighted compassion for unobtrusive sorrows, a less cruel contempt for uncomprehended failure and mistake, a less open and sickening worship of wealth for wealth's sake, a stronger and more fervent desire to lessen but for one day, one hour, some small part of the great crushing burden that we help to lay upon the hapless shoulders of others—if religion might but ever so remotely mean these, or any of these, then, in God's name, let us speak of it; and we shall cease to dread the commission of that unpardonable sin, a social solecism."

* * * * *

George Kirkoswald had a long and lonely walk before him after he had said "good-bye" to the Bartholomews at Netherbank. Lately he had grown a little tired of walking alone; or so he fancied. To-day he covered a good deal of ground quite unaware of loneliness.

It was not altogether thought of Genevieve Bartholomew that occupied his mind. It seemed to him that he had lived a tolerably long life before that eventful day in Soulsgrif Bight. He had lived much, he had endured much; he had made mistakes, and suffered for them. His early dreams, like the early dreams of all of us, had wrought for him some very painful waking moments. Still there had been good in his life as well as evil, gain as well as loss. The thing that impressed him most when he looked back was the enormous aggregate of the experience which had been crowded into his five-and-thirty years. Until quite recently it had seemed to him that if he should live another five-and-thirty years they would inevitably be years of comparative emptiness. There could be nothing to make them otherwise; nothing that could add any great zest to life, and make the natural ending of it seem particularly undesirable. He had ideas, and not vague ones, of the future and its work, but they had been very apt to round themselves off with an expressive sigh.

He was thinking of the future now as he went striding over the dark brown moor, but no sigh followed upon his thoughts.

He had put away the past—he put it away with an audibly-spoken word:—

"Oh, the difference!" he said, "oh, the unspeakable difference between one human soul and another!"

He was thinking of two souls as he spoke, and neither of them his own. One had been laid before him in that past from which he turned so willingly; the other was unfolding itself to him now. Another page had just been turned, fair, pure, glowing with human warmth, alight with intellectual fires, inspired by something beyond, finer and rarer even than these. What wonder that as he walked on he should lose the sense of time and distance! What wonder that, for that hour at least, the future that had seemed so irksome and infelicitous, should open before him like a vision of a new life, a life that he might live, entering upon its fair chances and far-reaching possibilities, with the hope and gladness of a man entering into possession of a great and unexpected heritage!



Engraved by]

[C. Roberts.

"A parting word."

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BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA.

BY M. LINSKILL.

AUTHOR OF "CLEVEDEN," "HAGAR," "ROBERT HOLT'S ILLUSION," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—"I CRY YOUR MERCY— PITY—LOVE! AY, LOVE."

"Scorn me less
For saying the thing I should not. Well I know
I should not. I have kept, as others have,
The iron rule of womanly reserve
In lip and life till now."—MRS. BROWNING.

A WINTER'S afternoon, with a clear, deep blue summer sky; a low sun slanting across the Marishes, making dreamy picturesque effects where you least expect to find them. A few stray cattle stand among the dead reeds, little pools of blue water reflect them. In the stubble-fields at Netherbank some great grey Royston crows jerk solemnly about; a flight of field-fares rush past; Genevieve's pigeons come whirling down from the cote, and perch on the top of the old draw-well.

In the little sitting-room also there is an atmosphere of quaint and quiet beauty. The sun slants across the room, lighting up Genevieve's shining hair, and her pale, attentive face. It rests, too, on the soft silver-white hair of Canon Gabriel, who is speaking.

"And you think, then, that so far as you can see, the plan has answered?" the Canon asks, in a tone of deep interest.

"Yes; so far as I can see. But I am never quite sure how far I do see. And my father needs, what I believe most men of genius need, some one to see for him, to think for him—that is, so far as thought of anything but his own work is concerned. If he can concentrate his whole force continuously upon that, it is well with him."

"I see; but when the thread gets broken . . . ?"

"Then that particular thread is broken for ever. . . . He has not touched one of the pictures that were begun before—before my mother died."

"And is the work that he is doing now as good as the work that he was doing then?"

Genevieve hesitated a moment, then she said, lifting sad eyes to Canon Gabriel's face: "No, it is not, not as a rule. I would not tell him so, not for the world; and, happily, there is no one else here to tell him. And I hardly know myself where it fails. It is not in design, and it is not in execution; so far as that goes he will do good work or none. The defect seems to arise out of failure of that staying power that he once had

so abundantly. He changes his mind; he alters this and that, and so confuses the original conception. This has happened to everything he has done here, except the *Ænone*; that is the exception to the rule. It is as perfect, perhaps more perfect, than aught he ever did. But his work is taking ten times as much out of him as it used to do, because of this very uncertainty."

"Ah! that is quite intelligible," said the sympathetic old man. "I have had my fears lately, but they were of another kind. Now I understand. That was partly why I came with Severne this afternoon, that I might see you alone a little, while your father and he were busy. . . . Is the Sir Galahad promising well?"

"Sir Galahad is here to answer for himself," said that benignant young man, bursting into the room, displaying his beautiful white teeth and his crimson blush. "I say, I've been turned out of the studio! There's a lady there. . . . Miss Richmond!"

"Miss Richmond!" exclaimed Genevieve, in amazement. "She is in the studio? . . . Then I ought to go down!"

"I—I don't think I would, if I were you!" said Sir Galahad. "I beg pardon, but—well, you know Miss Richmond seems as if she didn't want anybody. That was why I came away. She looked awfully glad when I said I would go."

That Miss Richmond should be described as looking "awfully glad" was, to say the least of it, a little incongruous under the circumstances.

There was something in her face and in her manner that Noel Bartholomew would not have attempted to describe at all. It perplexed him, and he was perplexed, too, by her coming in the manner she had come.

"I will let my daughter know that you are here," he said, moving as if to follow Mr. Severne. But Miss Richmond detained him, as much by her look as by any word she said. Already it was becoming evident that she was in one of her "desperate tranquillities."

As usual she was dressed with a studiously-careless magnificence. She wore a purple silk dress, which made her look paler than she was, and the white shawl which she had thrown artistically about her shoulders added yet more to the look of pallor, almost of suffering, that was upon her face. She threw

her hat aside, as she had a habit of doing, on every possible and impossible occasion, knowing that she could afford to dispense with the shade of it. Her thick, dusky hair, curving downward over her forehead, made sufficient shade to add intensity to her eyes, had they needed adventitious aid; but they did not, they were dark enough, changeful enough, inscrutable enough for any ordinary uses of life.

She sat upon a low sofa, over which Bartholomew had thrown some antique embroidered stuffs that he had been painting from. One hand grasped lightly the cushion by her side, the elbow of the other arm was placed on her knee, her head rested on the white fingers that were turned under her chin. Her purple train was wrapped about her feet.

She sat quite silent for some moments—this, too, was a way she had at the beginning of even ordinary interviews. It was impressive.

Her half-closed eyes seemed as if they were scrutinising the picture on the easel with an extreme judicial scrutiny.

Bartholomew looked, waited, wondered.

"You have come to make me an offer for the *Ænone*, Miss Richmond?" he said at last, smiling as he spoke under his grey moustache.

Miss Richmond raised her eyes slowly to his, not fully unclosing them.

"No," she said, speaking in a low, quiet, deliberate way. There was no smile about her mouth. Her prominent upper lip curved forward, the under one was drawn in. "No, I have not come to make an offer for the *Ænone*."

There was another silence. It was broken by Miss Richmond, speaking always with the same forceful calm.

"I was desirous of seeing your picture," she said; "I have heard of it."

"Have you, indeed? Do people talk of pictures in the neighbourhood of Murk-Marishes?"

"They talk of everything in the neighbourhood of Murk-Marishes. They talk of you, and they talk of me."

"Ah! that is more conceivable," replied Bartholomew, instinctively keeping to a light and lively tone. "That is much more conceivable; but I should like to know what they say of the picture—I should like to know *all* they say. That is the drawback of being surrounded by non-critical people, one hears only the praise."

"Do you like to hear blame?"

"No, I don't. There are people in the

world who tell one their adverse opinion with a kind intention, no doubt. They think it must be a good thing for an artist to be made aware of his faults, of the mistakes he has fallen into. It never seems to occur to them that he has probably been very sadly and bitterly aware of his shortcomings all through. A man seldom sees mistakes of any kind till he has made them, and as a rule that is too late. The best plan, undoubtedly, is to put your failures in the fire if they can be put there. . . . But you have not yet told me what you have heard said of the *Ænone*?"

He drew the easel forward into a fuller light as he spoke. The picture on it was large; the figure of *Ænone* standing there in her white Greek drapery, "leaning on a fragment twined with vine," singing her sad music to the stillness of the mountain shades of Ida, was a striking and infinitely suggestive figure. The fascination of the picture was, of course, centred in the face of the "beautiful browed" maiden. It was purity itself—faultless purity; and it had in it an unspeakable loveliness, a most sweet and touching sorrow. The pale countenance was uplifted; the eyes raised supplicatingly; the wan yellow hair floated down over the neck and robe; the lips were parted as if uttering the words that were to be given as keynote to the picture.

"O mother Ida, many-fountain'd Ida,
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die."

Hear me, for I will speak, and build up all
My sorrow with my song, as yonder walls
Rose slowly to a music slowly breathed,
A cloud that gather'd shape: for it may be
That, while I speak of it, a little while
My heart may wander from its deeper woe."

Altogether, the work had been made to seem what indeed it really was, an echo in colour of the poem that had inspired it.

"It is Tennyson's *Ænone*, rather than Homer's," said Bartholomew, "and Tennyson's scenery. The background, the pine-trees and the flowers, the lawns and meadow-edges, the suggestion of Ilion in the distance of swimming vapour; these things are all taken from the singer of to-day."

"So I have heard; and I have read the poem that I might be able to understand the picture. I read it this morning. . . . I could not help wondering how much you had comprehended it yourself!"

"Then now you can see."

"No: pardon me. I cannot, not altogether."

"So far then, my intention has failed?"

"Not if your intention was simply to paint a beautiful picture," said Miss Richmond. "I can see that it is beautiful. I can see that

the face is the face of a lovely and sorrowful girl. But it is different from my ideal; the ideal raised in me by the poem itself. . . . It is not the face of a despairing, forsaken woman, longing passionately for death to end her despair! praying to death, crying aloud to him on the hills:—

‘Pass by the happy souls that love to live:
I pray thee, pass before my light of life!’

Your *Ænone* is not therefore the *Ænone* that I find in Tennyson.”

“You think it needs more fervidness?”

“I do not know. It needs something it has not.”

“My idea,” said Bartholomew, anxious apparently to keep the conversation as artistic as possible, “my idea has always been that either artist or poet is the greater in his art if he can succeed in heightening his effects by repression, by understatement, rather than overstatement. . . . It would be easily possible to make the *Ænone* shriek aloud.”

“I suppose you could never understand that a woman might be driven to shriek aloud?” said Miss Richmond, in tones that were as far as possible from shrieking,

“One has to understand such things,” said Bartholomew, at a loss to know what to say. The feeling was gathering about him that he was standing on the very verge of some precipice; and that he had stood there before. He could only turn his face, refusing to look downward.

Miss Richmond looked at him for a moment as he made this reply. It was a look of appeal, of suffering, of such tenderness as he had never thought to see on the face before him. It was only pain to him to see it there.

When she spoke again she spoke as if the silence had been full of continued speech.

“Have you forgotten so completely?” she asked in a tone that almost startled him by its intensity.

He might, without cruelty, have asked to what particular incident of his life she was referring, so little impression of any lasting kind had been made upon him by that part of his existence which had been lived within Miss Richmond’s ken. That was about all that could be said of it; that it had been lived within reach of her influence. Her question as to whether he had forgotten awoke no sense of shame, of regret. If any touch of embarrassment was upon him, it was not for his own sake.

He was not a vain man now; he had not been vain twenty years before. He had always been conscious of his own exterior

disadvantages. He even believed himself to have been saddened by his want of the power of making a favourable impression at first sight. When he had been able no longer to hide from himself that Miss Richmond was apparently trying to make a favourable impression upon him, he had with excellent good sense set it down to her desire to beguile the heavy days that were passing on at Yarrell Croft. Besides, tall and splendidly-formed as she was, he had but looked upon her as a child, an untrained, inexperienced, and rather daringly unwise girl of seventeen; while he was a man of well-nigh thirty years. In point of fact the whole affair had amused him first, and then annoyed him, without once awakening in him any real interest.

Now that he was thus asked if he had forgotten, it was but natural that a keen and vivid memory like his should bring back the time with many of its small incidents. It passed across him like a flash, that one summer when he had been half-vexed to find that he could not set up his easel anywhere in the neighbourhood without sooner or later seeing Miss Richmond coming toward him, or hearing her step behind him, she had sat beside him, talked to him, looked at him, questioned him, and even read to him, until from being glad to see her, he had grown to dread her coming with a strong and really well-defined dread. She had discovered this, and in the event there had been a scene. Was it of this that she was thinking as she sat there on the studio sofa among the embroideries?

“I am afraid I forget very few things, Miss Richmond,” he said at last. He was feeling some compassion, some desire to make his resistance as little hard and cruel as might be.

“If that be so, then, at least you can understand me,” Diana Richmond went on, looking into his face with eyes expressive only of keen pain. “I forget nothing. I have never forgotten. Indeed, it does but seem as if all through these long weary years every feeling had been growing, intensifying itself. . . . And once I thought I had forgotten; you will have heard of that. And that was one reason why I came to-day to tell you the truth. I thought, too, that I might have led you to make wrong inferences the other day when I told you that story of my friend. . . . You remember?”

“Yes, I remember quite distinctly.”

“And you discovered that I spoke an allegory—that I meant myself when I spoke of another?”

"Yes, I may admit it since you ask. I thought that you alluded to your own experience, and I was sorry."

"You were sorry?"

"Yes."

"May I ask why you were sorry?"

"To learn that you had suffered so much. It is natural that one should feel regret at another's pain."

Again Miss Richmond looked at him wonderingly, appealingly.

"You might have saved me from all the pain I have ever had," she said at length, in low, wistful, beseeching tones. Then her head dropped, her face slipped downward till it was hidden by her white hand. "You might have saved me!—you might have saved me!" she murmured in a wild, piercing way.

Noel Bartholomew sat with clasped hands, looking into the fire. The grey hollow of his cheeks looked greyer; the deep intensity of his eyes seemed deeper for this strange perplexity. There was safety only in silence.

Miss Richmond raised her head presently; there was a new look on her face—a look as of one torn in conflict and overpowered.

"What was it I said of George Kirkoswald just now?" she asked, evidently trying to remember.

"You said nothing," replied Bartholomew; "that is, you did not mention his name."

"No? I should be glad to know that his name need never pass my lips again. If I ever felt hate in my life, if I know what hate is, then I hate that man. It has not always been so; I know that, and sometimes . . . but no, no, I do hate him, and I wanted to tell you so. I wanted to tell you, knowing that it was safe with you." Then Diana Richmond changed her tone for a moment, and added, "There may yet be reason why I should be glad to know that that fact had only been confided to one person, and that one a gentleman."

"I think it will be safe with me," said Bartholomew, with as little expression of any kind as he could use. He was not sorry to know this thing. He could conceive of nothing just then that could make him wish to disclose it.

"And that is all you have to say?" asked Miss Richmond with surprise. "That is all your reply? It is no relief to you to know that I do not care for another?"

The only reply that Bartholomew could have made truthfully would have seemed pitiless, almost inhuman under the circumstances. Again silence only was possible to

him; but it was not a silence that could be mistaken.

There was a new softness in Miss Richmond's tone when she spoke again.

"I am not a child now," she said. "I need not tell you that I know all that this means—this that I am saying to you. I know what the world would think of it, and of me; and it shows how I trust you, how I recognise you for what you are, that I can say it at all. But do not think it is easy; do not think it is costing me nothing. . . . Nothing? It is my life."

Bartholomew did not look at her. He was still looking with grave grey eyes into the dying fire. The sun was low now; it had gone over the hill-tops; and the studio was dim, the air chill and heavy.

"It is not easy to me—this part that I have to take," he replied after a time. "You will understand that; and, therefore, you will believe it."

"How can I understand?" she asked, speaking with a subdued passionateness. "How can I understand that you should be so inexorable—so impassive? . . . Answer me this—at least answer me this—do you hate me? Am I hateful in your sight?"

Noel Bartholomew looked at the face before him. It was beautiful at any time; it was much more than beautiful now in the new light of suffering and tenderness.

"Only one answer is possible to that question, Miss Richmond," he said; "and I hope I hardly need make it. I do not hate you; most certainly I do not. I am not conscious even of the faintest antipathy."

Diana Richmond looked up. A smile came over her lips; it was the first smile that had been there that day, and it was full of sadness; but, despite the sadness, there was a touch of wonder and disdain.

"You are not conscious even of antipathy?" she repeated slowly. For a moment or two she sat silent, stirless, looking out from under her dusky hair, away into some vague distance. A keen observer might have seen by her heavy breathing, by her dilated eyes, by the quiver of lips that seemed firmly closed, that some strong conflict was going on within.

It was even so. She fought with a wild temptation; and she won. Her impulse, hearing this man's quiet, indifferent confession of indifference, had been to rise to her feet, to stand before him, to pour down upon him her wrath, her contempt, her utter scorn for a thing so callous, so apathetic, so obtusely imperturbable. This she could have done effectively without bating one iota of

the love she had—that she had undoubtedly always had—for this man, whose love was not for her.

Another thought crossed her mind. There was a temptation that she might throw down before him. There were men in the world, she said to herself, who, if they could not give their affection, would at least consent to sell a semblance of it for a fair price. Miss Richmond was not so wealthy as the world supposed her to be, but she knew that she could offer a price that might surely seem fair to a non-provident and not too-successful artist. . . . She thought of it a moment; then she put the thought away. This man was not as other men.

She rose to her feet suddenly, at last, and drew her shawl about her. Her hat had fallen to the floor. Bartholomew stooped for it, handed it to her with a look of pain on his face, and Miss Richmond took it quite silently. She did not offer her hand as she went out into the twilight. Her carriage was there. Noel Bartholomew would have gone with her to the gate across the fields, but she turned to decline this last attention. She said no parting word; but Bartholomew, watching as she went, saw the clasping of white hands, the passionate upturning of a despairing face; he heard, too, a cry, a low subdued cry that touched him more nearly to the heart than all that had gone before. Long afterward he heard it echoing, echoing plaintively—

"Is there no hope? . . . none? . . . Will nothing win back hope?"

CHAPTER XXIII.—USSELBY HALL.

"Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages."
Merchant of Venice.

GENEVIEVE BARTHOLOMEW watched the Christmas customs of Murk-Marishes in something of an antiquarian spirit; and so watched they were not devoid of interest.

The mummers came, a dozen or so of men and boys with blackened faces, and fantastically ordered attire. They sang an old carol, they performed antics, Keturah pretending to wild alarm—she had been wildly alarmed for several Christmases past. Ishmael Crudas had sent a handsome fir-tree top for a Christmas tree, which Genevieve hung with small gifts for the children who came to the door on Christmas morning shouting, "Ah wish ya' a merry Kessenmas an' a happy New Year, Mr. an' Mrs. Bartlemew, an' Keturah Glead!" The first boy who crossed the threshold had to be a fair-haired boy; Keturah was mindful of that. A dark-haired

lad would certainly have heralded a dark fate for the coming year.

Did any one think of the flaxen whiteness of the little head when the snows of next Christmas fell? Was anybody's faith shaken by finding that Fate had ignored the Saxon fairness of the first to enter the cottage at Netherbank?

Another point of antiquarian note was the turning of Wassail Cup into Vessel Cup. Old Mrs. Craven could remember the time when a real wassail-bowl full of spiced ale had been carried from house to house in the villages. It had been carried always by young girls in her time, and the tasting of it had been a matter of scrupulous observance in all well-ordered households.

The name remained under its changed form, and it stood for a ceremony; but no wassail-bowl was carried now. Instead of a band of rustic maidens an ancient woman came, who carried a box with a waxen Babe of Bethlehem, lying in wide-eyed placidity among sprays of laurel and red-berried holly. The old woman sang quaveringly; a tear or two dropped from Keturah's eyes—the girl was strangely emotional; and the coming of the Vessel Cup was, traditionally, of the nature of a consecration.

Miss Craven had provided the bowl of "firmity" for the Christmas-eve supper, firmity being, as perhaps every one knows nowadays, wheat porridge, eaten with sugar and spices. The taste for it is an inherited taste, doubtless; and doubtless also the most patriotic of Yorkshiremen would admit that it might be difficult of acquirement. The fact that it had been eaten at Netherbank was much appreciated in the neighbourhood of Murk-Marishes.

It was Miss Craven too who lent the large round pewter dish to contain the gingerbread and the big cheese of her own making. Genevieve had to be instructed concerning the dispensing of cheese and gingerbread, the lighting of Christmas candles, and the preservation of the charred remains of the Yule log. These remains were to be put under a bed, to preserve the house from danger by fire throughout the coming year!

A few invitations came, a few were accepted, but it was not an easy matter going about that rugged country on moonless nights. Bartholomew went for his daughter's sake; his daughter went for his sake; and as a rule they were both of them glad when the small sacrifice was completed.

It was a satisfaction to Genevieve to know that George Kirkoswald was not spending his

Christmas in loneliness at Usselby Crag. He had come down one day from the Hall to tell them that he was going to York for a week or so, to St. Aldhelm's Vicarage, his friend, John Warburton, being Rector there.

"I hope that fortune and the weather will favour us when you come back again," said Bartholomew. "I am ashamed to think that we have never yet found our way to Usselby."

"I always hold professional people excused from conventional observances," replied George. "Besides, I have a fear that I have never given you any very strong impression that I should be glad to see you. Truth to tell, the place looks so desolate, nay, worse than that, so dilapidated, that I am half-ashamed of it. Nevertheless, come. It will seem less desolate when you have been there."

He had spoken to Bartholomew, but his eyes had sought Genevieve while he uttered the last sentence; and she knew that he spoke to her alone. Her colour came, and deepened; a little pleasantry died away from her lips unsaid. Did he know what these seldom-recurring admissions and revelations were to her? Did he dream what solemn weight they had? how full they were of grave assurance? Already it seemed that she could need no further assurance. This love was definite enough for this life.

So it was that there could be satisfaction in his absence; contentment in his silence.

Never in her life had there been a time of such full rest, such full sweetness, such full faith in a large and liberal future.

She asked no question of herself, none of him; there were none to be asked. The unspoken understanding that was in a glance, in a tone, authenticated every thought of the days to be. It was a time of stillness; the stillness that precedes rapture; and it held opportunity for an almost spiritual reverence of the latent felicity that the next moment might unfold. There was no desire to hurry its unfolding; rather was there desire for the continuance of the present beautiful strangeness; the present immaterial ties; the present half-acknowledged sympathies. No certain knowledge could overpass this sweet uncertainty.

The day when the long-promised visit to Usselby came to be made was a bright, windy January day. The leafless trees on the edge of the moor rocked and whitened in the sunshine; the wind blew pale hollows in the fleeces of the black-faced moorland sheep; the sea of barren heather was tossing and heaving in dark wild waves for leagues away.

It was a day on which to be strong, to be glad, to put away fearfulness if you had any.

The white stony road went winding all the way by the bold edge of Langbarugh Moor. Below the moor there was a great sweep of common all dotted over with grey boulders. To the left a vast dark fir-wood bounded by freestone walls covered the sloping land that lay between the moor and the low-lying Marishes.

The entrance gate to Usselby was a common five-barred gate in the wall of rude unshapen stone. The drive, which wound between the fir-trees, was a narrow road, full of deep ruts. Tall fronds of fern, still green and graceful, were curving out from beds of warm pine-needles. A squirrel crossed the road; a large handsome magpie dived slowly downward from the blue mystery of the pine-tree shade, another following. Presently some water-fowl rose up suddenly out of a little streamlet, and went chuckling and fluttering away as if quite conscious of providential escape.

The house itself was not out of keeping with its wild surroundings. It was ancient, but you did not think of its date in looking at it; nor did you ask any question as to its architectural order.

It stood a little below the road; the dormer windows of the upper story projected over the lower; the red tiles of the gabled roof were green and grey and yellow with lichens. Dark yew-trees stood in the terraced gardens; wide grass-grown steps led down under the shade to the great arched doorway. A sun-dial stood in the middle of the lawn.

The old brown door seemed to open of itself; a tall eager figure came hurriedly forward, holding out a hand to Genevieve, uttering words of cordial welcome. "Come in, come in!" he said—"to think of your walking so far in such a wind as this! You will have to come in here, it is my study; there is no fire anywhere else, Jael won't allow it as a rule, but she would have made an exception if she had known you were coming. . . Is there a chair free from books anywhere, Mr. Bartholomew?"

"I think I see one in the distance," was the reply. It was a room that had a distance; a long old-fashioned room with a low ceiling, and unexpected recesses. Despite its shabbiness there was a prevailing dark warm tone that lent an air of comfort to it. It might be gloomy on a gloomy day, just when you desire of a room that it should have some brightness; but all days are not

days of darkness. It was not dark to-day. The sun was slanting athwart the mullions of the low window at the other end of the room. Far away beyond, over the green of the cliff-top, there was a streak of dull blue sea against the brighter blue of the sky.

Kirkoswald had been writing, and the contracted lines about his great, square forehead did not smooth themselves out all at once. There were books on either hand, newspapers on the floor, sheets of manuscript still wet on the table.

"I am beginning to have a suspicion that we have interrupted you," said Genevieve, taking the chair he had placed for her by the fire.

"You have; but just at the very point when interruption was needed. I was writing an article for the *Quixotic Review*, and it is already too long. I shall have to spend as much time in cutting it down as I have spent in writing it."

"You might make a pamphlet of it."

"So I might. But do you think anybody reads pamphlets in this epoch of magazines? Perhaps it might get itself read if I called it a monogram. But thanks for the suggestion. I shall think of it. If you will let me I will talk the thing over with you some day, before I send it off. I know you would be interested. It is connected with something we were speaking of the other day—the life of those to whom life means nought but labour. I would have asked you to listen a little now, but Jael is coming with some tea, and I want you to see the house. I want Mr. Bartholomew's advice about it. What am I to do with such a place?"

"Are you speaking disrespectfully of it?" asked Genevieve, opening her violet-grey eyes a little wider.

"Do you wonder that I should? Do you like it?" asked Kirkoswald with an almost boyish eagerness.

"I like it so much that I feel as if I had always liked it, always known it," said Genevieve, speaking with guileless unreserve. "Indeed, it is strange," she went on; "ever since I saw the twisted chimneys, and the gables, and the dormer windows, I have had quite a strong impression of having seen the place before."

"It is probably some picture that you remember," said her father.

"It may be," said George; "or it may be another instance of that feeling of reminiscence with which we are all of us acquainted. I believe the secret of it to be a sudden sense of affinity. If you meet a man

towards whom you are about to be strongly drawn, between whom and yourself any valuable intercourse is likely to be possible, you never meet as strangers meet. The first glance does away with six months of preliminary acquaintanceship."

Was he thinking of a glance that had met his in Soulsgrif Bight as he spoke? Was he wondering if Genevieve had any glance of his that she cared to remember?

The tea came in presently, the sight of Jael bringing to Genevieve's mind for the first time all that Ailsie Drewe had told of bygone days at Usselby Hall. The old woman's narrow forehead, her suspicious glance, her penurious gown, her independent speech, made that inconceivable piece of local history to be conceivable in a single moment. Genevieve looked round, wondering from which window the irascible old man had fired upon the carol-singers; wondering, too, if his son knew all the strange traditions that were being handed on. Looking at George Kirkoswald she could imagine that there had been pain and darkness somewhere in the unforgotten past.

They went over the house; up-stairs into a wide drawing-room with windows that looked seaward; it was hung with frayed and faded satin damask. The carpet was faded, too, and the worn yellow satin of the gilt-and-white chairs looked too dingy to be spoken of as yellow any more.

"I have been told that my mother used to like this room," said George with a quiet echo of a dead sadness in his tone. "She used it always till my sisters died, after that she never left her own room again. . . . That is her portrait," he continued, taking a miniature from its case and putting it into Genevieve's hand with tender touch and movement. It was not a beautiful face, even on ivory, but it was strong, and pure, and compassionate. The eyes were her son's eyes, dark, full of thought, comprehensive of human pain.

There were other portraits in the dining-room below. Ladies in lavender simpered with cold, pale lips; fierce old women with double chins looked threateningly down from frames of shabby gold. There was a puffy hunting-man in pink, a naval officer in blue, a legal ancestor in wig and gown. It would have been a curious study to try to make out the spiritual lineage of the present owner of Usselby Hall by help of these varying portraits of his ancestors.

Remembering some such rooms, would it not be possible to find in one's heart a feel-

ing of satisfaction that one's ancestors had never been painted at all; that one stood alone and distinct, so to speak, unhaunted and undaunted by a painted cloud of witness to one's heritage of meanness, weakness, vanity, hardness of heart, or general moral obliquity?

There were not many of the portraits that George Kirkoswald could turn to with any feeling of gratification, or even of content. Some day he would remove the greater part of them, he said to himself this afternoon, looking at them through another's eyes. And even as he said so his imagination painted for him another picture to fill the frame where a faded lady in orange satin stood leaning against a brown tree. The orange-coloured lady's hair, with some one else's to help it, was built up a quarter of a yard above her head, she had puffy cheeks and tiny beadlike eyes of a dull brown. Kirkoswald could hardly help turning to the living picture that stood beside his undignified and unbeautiful ancestress. For one moment he had a wild impulse to ask Bartholomew then and there if he would paint this daughter of his as she stood at that moment, with her fine, sweet face turned upward toward the picture, her curved lips parted with half a smile, her rich masses of golden hair blown into picturesque confusion by the winds of Langbarugh Moor, and touched now by the last slanting ray of sunshine.

Could any artist that ever painted paint such loveliness as this? And if he achieved that, could he achieve something more, could he put on canvas the inner light that was in the eyes; the changeable meanings that passed so swiftly across the mouth, the revelation that was in the ascetic lines of the lower part of the face, the vigorous intellectual activity that stamped the upper part? If it could be done it ought to be done now, he said to himself, feeling instinctively that it was the kind of face that ten years of life would harrow with the wear and tear of twenty. "But, heaven helping me," he added, "there shall be little wear and tear that I can keep away from her."

Just then something—was it a mere passing shadow?—came suddenly down upon him, darkening his forehead, showing the strong lines about his mouth, the cleft that crossed his lower lip, and was visible again on the broad, firm chin. Genevieve, meeting his eyes, could not but wonder at the sudden change. It had come like a shadow, so it departed, leaving light and gladness behind it. Another room or two had to be inspected, and Mr.

Bartholomew had to give his opinion on the capacity of each for improvement. The furniture was of all kinds; so, too, were the ornaments; but things had been so long in their places together, they had ministered so long to the needs of the same people, that they had acquired a certain harmony that was not without a beauty of its own. There was little beauty of any other kind. The priceless and abundant treasures of ancient china and glass were all packed carefully away out of sight in garrets and cupboards, and the keys were in Jael's pocket—they had been there for close upon five-and-thirty years now.

CHAPTER XXIV.—ETHICS AND ÆSTHETICS.

"Where we disavow
Being keeper to our brother, we're his Cain."
MRS. BROWNING.

GENEVIEVE listened quite silently while her father gave the opinions that were asked of him; and she recognised the fact that they were worthy of being listened to. It seemed as if the old place had stirred his decorative instincts to even more than usual activity.

His ideas were not, of course, the latest modern ideas. He made no mention of sage green or of peacock blue; he did not insist upon screens, or dados, or lily-pots.

"I want to have the thing done once for all," said Kirkoswald, "and therefore well done."

"And, of course, you know what precisely the thing is that you wish to have done?"

"Yes; I believe so. I wish to have this house made into a home, a home that shall be a desirable place to live in because of its beauty. And, moreover, I want it doing as soon as may be, since it is evident that I cannot ask Warburton to bring his wife here till it is done."

"If you do all that I should do in your place it will require time," said Bartholomew. "You will want an artist, perhaps two, down from London, who can paint in fresco. I should recommend the Gambier Parry process."

"Yes; you are thinking of the staircase? And there is the drawing-room. The panelling below the picture-space has been painted white. It might be scraped; I should say it is oak."

"Probably. But you would not care for the effect of dark oak in that room; especially as there would be nothing to balance it. Why not have the panels decorated—some of the lighter and brighter historical scenes, for instance? It would have to be done in flat-painting, and in the palest pos-

sible tints. The wall-space above might be gilt and diapered; and above that again you might have a frieze painted to accord with the panels."

"That promises well!" said Kirkoswald after musing over it a little while. "But if the tints are all to be so flat and pale how would you get a look of warmth into the room?"

"By means of the hangings, something Indian; nothing can equal the Indian things for good subdued harmonies of rich colour. And you would have your carpets and rugs in keeping."

"And the dining-room?" asked George.

"The dining-room I should leave as it is," replied Mr. Bartholomew, "and this room also, that is so far as the walls are concerned. Nothing could be finer in its way than this old wainscoting. You might have fireplaces of carved oak, and you will want some tiles, both for the fireplaces and the floor of the hall. You will have to be careful about choosing your tiles—good ones are to be had."

Genevieve had taken no part in the conversation so far; she was not even looking at the two who were carrying it on; but one of them was watching the varying expression of her face somewhat closely.

George Kirkoswald had not forgotten that day in the studio, the girl's cry for a reconciler; nor the instance she had given of need for reconciliation.

"I need hardly ask you if you approve of

your father's plans and designs?" he said presently, turning to her with his usual gravity.

"I am thinking them out," she said, "trying to realise them. At first I objected to the idea of Indian hangings in an English room decorated with English historical scenes. Then it occurred to me that the histories of the two countries are now so twined together, that it would be rather interesting to have combined associations."

"Thank you for that idea; I agree with it. And you like the rest?"

"I think the result will touch the thing you aim at—beauty."

"I see," said George, musingly. "And the aim? You sympathize with it only so far?"

"Only so far."

"And suspect yourself of wrong-doing even in that," said her father. "By the way, I believe you have never explained to Mr. Kirkoswald what I am sure must need explanation, the non-Puritanical nature of your own dress, and

of such surroundings as you possess at Netherbank?"

"No; I have not. I have left Mr. Kirkoswald to suppose for himself a fresh instance of feminine inconsistency."

"Or rather a fresh instance of graceful and womanly concession," George interposed, "which is above all consistencies whatever in such matters as this . . . I have understood."

"Have you also understood my attitude in the matter?" asked Bartholomew. "I



Ussellby Hall.

do not understand it myself. I never pretend to understand the strong human craving for material beauty. Men will ruin themselves to possess it; though they know that the possession will add a new anguish to death itself. Think of Cardinal Mazarin dragging himself from his death-bed to walk round his picture-galleries for the last time, exclaiming, 'See this beautiful Correggio, and this Venus of Titian, and this incomparable Deluge of Antonio Caracci! Ah! and I must leave all this, I must leave all this!' It makes one's heart ache to read of it; but it does not enable one to comprehend the secret that lies behind. I dare say you know the second volume of 'Modern Painters,' and Ruskin's idea that all pure beauty is neither more nor less than a shadow of something to be found in God Himself. If that be so, and I think it is, it will account for much that we take no note of now; it will make plain much that we misconceive. Who can express in words the effect upon his own soul of a sunset, of a storm at sea, of truly grand music, of a really good picture, of a really fine statue? And these latter are but form, and colour, and sound."

"Only form, and colour, and sound," repeated Kirkoswald. "And yet so long as a man's soul can be reached through his senses it is important to consider what shall be put before him for his senses to entertain. There are men who can be stirred, uplifted, through their senses alone. It seems as if the straight soul-avenues of thought, of spiritual perception, were closed for them. Over men of this stamp music often has a power that is quite inexplicable. Others find form and colour more stimulating; and again there are men who can be moved by all three. Perhaps I am among the latter; so you will understand why I am anxious to arrive at some sufficient reason for making my house beautiful, or leaving it unbeautiful."

"Is there no middle course?" asked Genevieve, smiling. "Must you either spend some thousands of pounds, or go on with frayed curtains and faded carpets?"

"Softly, Genevieve, dear!" said Mr. Bartholomew. "Softly; I think you should leave the question of cost till Mr. Kirkoswald raises it himself."

"Then I must leave one of the most important issues of the whole matter," said the girl, speaking firmly. "If these things that you suggest could be had without money, I would say, have them by all means; and as soon as possible, let us all have them. There is no inherent harm in them; it is conceiv-

able, as you say, that there may be good; they are most certainly full of delight, quite pure delight. It is the idea of the money they represent that takes the delight out of them for me. If I were walking up your frescoed staircase I should hear the cry of children who cry for hunger; I should see the white wan faces of women worn with working for bread."

There was a silence, a somewhat lengthened silence.

George Kirkoswald sat looking into the fire; it was leaping, blazing; he felt the comfortable warmth of it; but he felt also a chillness that the fire could not reach.

A minute or two before he had seen his painted walls, his historic panels quite plainly; now it was as if he saw them fading before his eyes. The knowledge that the old damp stains were still there was a satisfaction to him.

Genevieve broke the silence.

"You will not misjudge me," she said, turning an earnest face toward George Kirkoswald; "and you will not suppose that I am judging you, or meaning to legislate for you for a single moment. I told you the other day," she went on, her lips breaking into a smile as she spoke, "that I had not stated my case effectively. So far as I remember, I did not state it at all. I hadn't the courage, and went on wandering outside of it. Let me try now to say what I meant then. . . . I did not mean to imply that there was or could be any special wrong in surrounding one's self with any and every kind of material beauty one could obtain. It is possible that the time may come when every desire of the kind may be satisfied without a hint from conscience of anything but approval. Ugliness, commonness, unseemliness, will be considered as blots, mistakes. . . . But has that day come yet? . . . Can any of us dare to say to ourselves in our best and most secret and most sacred moments that this is the time to decorate finely, to dress rarely, to add picture to picture, and ornament to ornament, while all about us the poor are crying silently, or suffering patiently, or turning to stone, in the effort to endure the hardness we do not even see they are enduring. *We do not want to see, and they know it.* And yet they take off their hats and curtsy, and do us little kindnesses when they can, as if they would express a penitence for their unprosperous days. In all this world there is nothing more pathetic, more strangely touching, than the bearing of the respectable poor towards the heedless or apathetic rich! I believe firmly that the poor man is better

skilled in the science of soul-reading than the rich man is. Your well-dressed and well-fed man, with a balance at his banker's, hardly cares to brood over what may be passing in the brain of the man whose very soul faints with chronic hunger. He will pass him in the street, and never see that his eye is dim by reason of sorrow, and his lip closed hardly by pressure of long despair, while, if you could know what the poor man says to himself, nine times out of ten you would find that his thought had shaped itself into an excuse: 'They don't think, bless you! rich folk never think!' That is how they bear, how they find patience, how they find a courteous humility so grandly and greatly possible. . . . If I might ask for a gift that should be more to me than all else in this world, I would certainly ask for the pen of a ready writer, ready enough and powerful enough to awaken the souls who are at ease concerning their daily bread, and who never see on any human face a sign that is significant to them of human need for the compassion that is divine. . . . These are they who will ask in such amaze—'*Lord, when saw we Thee an hungered?*'"

* * *

The conversation did not end there. It went on gravely awhile, moving in and out, being, as it were, the silver thread that the Master workman uses to draw His work together.

Genevieve and her father went home in the twilight, and George Kirkoswald went with them to the farther edge of the moor. As he went back alone a young moon, like a tiny sickle of pure gold, hung over the dark purple distance; the sky was one vast, clear gradation of tint and tone, from faint amber to indigo blue. Late as it was a robin was chirping and swinging on the curve of a long spray of briar.

And George Kirkoswald was questioning himself as he went. Seeing Genevieve Bartholomew at his own home that day, watching her as she moved about his rooms, listening to her foot on the stair, to her voice as she spoke, he had recognised the things that alone could make his home homelike. Two souls with one high aim, two minds with one strong will, two hearts beating in tune to one impulse—the rest might be there, or not there. Would she decide? Had he ground enough for hoping that one day she would come and say, "This let us do, for the sake of seemliness, and that let us not do, for the sake of Christ?"

Then, thinking again, he knew that she

had said these things. If she never came to Usselby, nor spoke of it again, she had drawn for him a line over which he knew that he could never step unarrested.

CHAPTER XXV.—OUT OF THE PAST.

"But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
For term of life thou art assured mine;
And life no longer than thy love will stay,
For it depends upon that love of thine."

SHAKESPEARE: *Sonnet XCII.*

It was acknowledged throughout the district that the downward tendency of things at Hunsgarth Hags was in no way attributable to ignorance or mismanagement on the part of Miss Craven.

There was not a farm of its size in the neighbourhood that had been more carefully dealt with in respect of rotation of crops, abundance of lime, and almost ceaseless tillage. There were fields of Miss Craven's, where the labourers seemed almost to live; but these same fields were not profitable. The soil was stiff clay, the water stood in pools between the lands, not seeming to find its way to such drainage as existed; and the yield of corn was only good in unusually good years. As for the pasture-lands they were full of moss and whin and picturesque bramble-brakes, and therefore failed to feed the number of cattle they should have fed.

It had been different once, Dorothy said. Labour had cost less, there had been no American supplies to cause fluctuations in the market, and more than that, there had been no lack of capital. It would have been hard to say exactly how the capital had been drained away; the draining process had probably been going on a long time when that historic snow-storm had buried Joseph Craven's splendid flock of sheep in the hollows of Langbarugh Moor. The old man had felt that to be a kind of final stroke, and he never rallied from it.

There had been a touching scene one morning. Old Joseph had lain awake all night—perhaps he had lain awake many nights; but on this particular morning he felt as if his night's sleeplessness had wrought some change in him. He had gone to his daughter's room quite early—it was hardly light—and she had been roused to a very keen and startling dread by seeing him standing there with an account-book or two, and a box with a few sovereigns in it. There was a strangely haggard look on his face.

"There's nobody but you, Dorothy—nobody but you," the old man said in a faint, plaintive voice. "If you'll not take things in hand there's nobody else; they must go, Dorothy, if you don't look to them."

Dorothy watched him silently for a moment, then she made him sit down by a little table, while she prepared him a cup of tea. A rose-tinted light was coming up from the sea, flooding all the room; the old man's white head was bowed over his trembling hands. He could hardly turn the pages before him. He seemed as if he found it difficult to understand what he himself had written there. Yet Dorothy could see that he was, so to speak, watching himself; that he had mental insight enough to know that that insight was failing. The effort he made was heart-rending; though he made it so quietly. There was money borrowed here, money owing there. "You're listening, Dorothy?" he said, now and again. "You're trying to understand?" And Dorothy assured him to his satisfaction that all was plain to her comprehension; all that so far had been placed before her. But there was a good deal behind yet, confusions, intricacies, arrears of rent, arrears of interest. The old man's utterance grew less clear, less firm; his voice trembled; then it gave way altogether.

"I can't see, Dorothy—Dorothy, I can't remember; I can't understand!"

That was the end of effort—a passionate burst of wild, unrestrained weeping that would not be comforted; of sobs and tears that seemed like a great upheaval of the strong man's strength. . . . That was the end. He was never himself again after that, and it was Dorothy's turn to be strong—strong and faithful. From that morning she had done her best; the best that might be done by a woman in a world of hard and unscrupulous men.

She had had offers enough of help, some of them from men who had professed themselves her father's friends; but no keener strokes had fallen upon her life than those that had taught her what such offers meant. She was not an over-sensitive woman; but many a time her brain had almost reeled under the sense of her own helplessness against wrong and oppression.

Still Dorothy Craven had borne up and borne on bravely; fighting where fighting was to be done, and enduring where fighting was of no avail. None but God took count of it. None but God. In all the wide world there was neither man nor woman to whom Dorothy could turn when her soul fainted under her burdens. Some of the people about saw that she had burdens; they did not fail to gossip of that; and they all of them knew that deep under her business trials she had

another trial lying still, if indeed it did lie still.

It had all happened long ago, when Dorothy Craven was quite a girl, a proud, handsome, dark-eyed girl not yet twenty, too proud to be on cordial terms with the daughters and sons of the other farmers of the district. . . . When the worst came the old proverb that declares that pride always goes before a fall fitted in finely; and Dorothy was made to perceive how pleased her neighbours were to have the satisfaction of fitting it. She had never forgotten that.

Genevieve Bartholomew had never heard the history; but, as it has been said, she had reasons for believing that there was a history.

Of late the Bartholomews had known, as everybody else had known, that something very like a crisis was coming on at the Hags. There had been five bad harvests in succession; cattle had been found dead in the fields; a horse that had fallen over the edge of a stone quarry on the moor had had to be shot, and the result of all this had been that Mr. Damer, the agent for the Yarrell Croft estate, had had to consent to take Miss Craven's rent by instalments. Further than this, it was known that she was wanting to sell one of her best milch cows; of course people said that this was in order to enable her to meet the tithes.

The confirmation of it all was there written on Dorothy's face. Her mouth had compressed itself till the droop at the corners was a settled thing; her colour was fading, leaving only a net-work of fine red lines on her thin cheeks; her eyes looked out at you with strangely mingled expressions; pain, defiance, endurance, each came 'by turns. Had there been a little wistfulness mingled with these of late, Genevieve asked herself? A little wonder if anywhere in the world there might be compassion?

One fine February day Genevieve set out for a walk; she would go up to the moor, she said to herself, and she would call at the Hags on her way. She had not seen Miss Craven for some days; and the last sight of her had not been reassuring. There had been signs plain enough to be seen; but not easy of comprehension.

There was not much promise of spring anywhere. A few pale snowdrops stood with folded petals in the garden; some lily bulbs were thrusting up strong green leaves; there was a thrush singing in the boughs of the ash-tree by the stile.

Genevieve went upward in the sunshine as lightly as a bird. There were a few daisies

by the road-side; a young oak-tree had some red crisp leaves on it, last year's leaves. A man was coming round by the bramble-brake, whistling "Barbara Allen," looking hot and angry, swinging his arms about.

"Eh, it's you then, Miss Bartholomew, is it?" shouted Mr. Crudas, his grey whiskers seeming to stand out on either side of his keen red face a little more fiercely than usual. "You'll be going up to see Miss Dorothy, Ah reckon? Well, I hope she'll be civil to you. It's more than she's been to me. Ay, it's more than she's been to me for many a year back. But I hev'n't given up hopin' yet; an' what's more Ah don't mean to give up. You can tell her that if she gives you a chance o' speakin'."

Genevieve could only guess what it was that Mr. Crudas was determined to hope for so persistently. Perhaps she looked rather perplexed.

"Ah'll nut keep ya stannin', miss," said Ishmael, with polite thoughtfulness. "Ah'll turn about, an' walk up t' hill a bit, Ah can saäy what Ah want to saäy better, so . . . Ah've thought many a time 'at mebbe you could put things afore Dorothy in a different waäy fra what Ah can put 'em. Ya'll know all about it, Ah reckon?"

"I don't know anything about it," said Genevieve. "I cannot even guess what should make Miss Craven ungracious to you. I fancied—well, I fancied you were old friends!"

"Friends! It doesn't seem to me so very many years sen we were lovers—just on t' point o' bein' married! 'Tis a good bit too. Dorothy was only turned o' nineteen, an' Ah was but just thirty. All t' country side knew on it; for there was mony a better-like, an' better to do chap nor me would ha' married Dorothy Craven if she'd given 'em a chance. Not but what we were well anuff off, my father and me; an' them 'at said we'd gettin' t' bit we had wi' smugglin' tell'd a lee—beggin' yer pardon, miss. Ah might ha' said a lie, as Ah's talkin' tiv a laädy!"

"Smuggling! But was there smuggling in this neighbourhood so recently as that?"

"Ay, an' not a little neither, an' Ah'll nut say but what Ah knew more about it nor Ah sud ha' done. An' Ah'll nut lay t' blame o' them 'at is dead neither; for when a man's gettin' on for thirty years of aäge he's oädeaneaf to know right fra wrang. An' Ah knew it was wrang all t' time; an' for that reason Ah never meddled wi' nowt o' t' sort, but when Ah couldn't fairly help myself. An' Ah couldn't help myself that neet, an'

Dorothy knew that as weel as Ah did; an' if she'd had mair pity an' less pride she'd ha' had an easier life nor she hes had. An' it's as much for her sake as my own 'at Ah want her to gi waäy at last. But she's as stiff as a stoän—ay, as stiff as a stoän in a wall, she's been fra that daäy to this."

"Then she thinks that you were to blame?" asked Genevieve, knowing that she must be well up in her case before she undertook to plead with Miss Craven.

"Ay, an' she's right anuff there. Ah was to blame. But what could Ah do? We were goin' to hev a bit of a spree at Swarthcliff Top—we'd allus had a spree o' my birthday—an' poor old father, he kept it up to the last. An' that year 'at Ah's talkin' on he'd set down to goä to Blakehouse Baäy t' day afore, an' just a few hours afore he sud ha' started he was ta'en bad all of a sudden wi' rheumatics; an' Ah were forced to goä i'stead. Ah wasn't nut to saäy eager to goä, but goä Ah did; an' got my two tubs o' Hollands—two fairish-sized tubs they were; an' Ah slung 'em one on either side o' t' oäde galloway, an' kept 'em partly covered wi' t' skirts o' my father's greät-coat. Of course Ah didn't start fra t' Baäy till t' was darkish; an' when Ah gat te t' toon, 'twas as dark as onybody could wish. But as bad luck wud ha' 't, t' bridge was open for a ship to goä through, an' she'd stuck i' the bridge-way; an' there was a gay few folks waitin' to be across; an' Ah was about i' t' middle o' t' crood afore Ah saw 'at there was one. Ah durstn't turn back then for fear o' raisin' suspicion, an' Ah durstn't stand still for fear 'at folks wad see t' tubs. Ah was in a des-pert takin' for awhile, when all of a sudden Ah bethowt me to use my spurs a bit, and mak' t' oäde galloway rear. 'Twas almost laughable to see t' folks flyin' back, an' Ah was left i' peäce a bit. But t' crood seän closed in again, one pressin' behind another to get ower t' bridge as seän as 't was shut, an' I had to keep usin' my spurs ivery noo an' then. Another minute an' Ah sud ha' been saäfe, when up comes a man oot of a dark corner. 'Let us have a look at those kegs, my friend!' he said, in a sort of a mincin', south-country tongue. An' Ah knew 'twas all up wi' ma then. He was one o' t' coast-guard, an' there was mair on 'em behind; an' folks com' clusterin' round like bees round a burtree. . . . Well, the up-shot was 'at Ah didn't see Swarthcliff Top reä mair, well, t' next winter. My poor old father had been buried just a week when I got heame. An' fra that daäy to this Dorothy

Craven's niver spoken me a civil word to swear by."

Genevieve was silent a minute or two. It was certainly something of a shock to her to find herself talking on friendly terms to a man who had been a whole long year in prison for smuggling. It was not difficult to understand Miss Craven's attitude now.

The girl could not help thinking over it all from Miss Craven's side—the side of a proud, high-spirited woman, sensitive to her neighbours' opinion. And she did not doubt but that there had been wounded love as well as wounded pride. Though the story was short, it evidently covered long years of suffering.

Ishmael Crudas expressed repentance for his wrong-doing, though, sooth to say, it had seemed to him that his error had consisted in his being found out. His regret and sorrow for the consequences to Miss Craven was altogether another thing; but if she had suffered, so had he. Since she had refused to enter Swarthcliff Top as its mistress he had sworn that no other woman should enter there, and he had kept his word. He had men-servants and maid-servants on his farm, but no woman crossed the threshold of his big, dismal house, not even Martha Haggets, who did his washing. Ishmael Crudas had laid it down as a condition that her husband should take it home. It was a lonely life for a man, and uncongenial; but if Dorothy Craven could make her days hard and her life solitary, so could he. She should never reproach him in that; she should never say that the punishment had fallen upon herself alone. Ishmael Crudas had said that he had not done hoping yet, and this was evidently true. Just now it seemed to him that circumstance was working very certainly towards the fulfilment of his desires.

"There isn't a chance for her, miss; there isn't a chance. She's done desperst well for a woman, but she's had ivery thing ageän her fra t' start. There's misery anuff alore her if she will haud on i' this waäy. An' she's nowt to deä but saäy half a word—half a word 'ud do for Ishmael Crudas; an' there she'd be, mistress o' Swarthcliff Top—as tidy a farm as you'll find i' the three Ridings, an' all my oän; not a steän nor a sod mortgaged to nobody. Ah've had things settled i' my oän mind this mony a year—ay, down to the varry chairs old Joseph an' Barbara 'ud ha' to sit on, an' the corner where they'd sit. Dorothy knows they would want for nowt 'at money could get 'em; neither sud she, an' she knows that an' all. . . . But seems as if 'twas all o' no use.

Ah've gone ower 't all ageän to-daäy, but 'twas like teamin' water intiv a sieve. . . . Mebbe it 'ud be different if you could saäy a word, miss. Dorothy thinks a lot o' what you saäy!"

There was just a touch of gentle enviousness about the last sentence. The man's shrill voice softened and broke as he said it, "Dorothy thinks a lot o' what you saäy." It was almost as if he had lifted a veil for a moment, and had given a glimpse of the strong, patient love that was in him. It must have been very patient; perhaps it was patience that had worked such hope—hope that had never failed though the years had counted well-nigh twice the service of Jacob for Rachel.

CHAPTER XXVI.—LOVE AND PRIDE.

"But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining,
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between,
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."
COLERIDGE.

Nor wishing to step straight into the middle of milking-time, Genevieve had to hurry upwards towards the Hags. Miss Craven, strange to say, was standing near the garden-gate, looking pale and abstracted. She had only a faint smile of welcome, yet she was glad that Genevieve had come. "I was beginning to think you'd forgot me," she said, in a tone of quite new humility.

It was a little difficult for Genevieve to pass at once and uninvited through the outworks that we all of us, in our pitiful human helplessness, use for self-defence. Do not these very outworks help sometimes in bringing about final defeat? If the enemy cannot get beyond them, neither can the friend who would bring relief. There ought to be a pass-word. Was there, once upon a time, a word that people used?

Genevieve thought herself very daring, but she could see that she was raising no resentment. Resentment! 'Poor Miss Craven! Her outworks had been strong, and very high. Neither friend nor enemy had seen that the years behind them had been years of self-conflict, of pride that was all pain, of love that was all sorrow, of strong resolution understruck by strong yearning, of seeming self-sufficiency where in reality there was one long cry of acknowledgment that the days were full of burdens too heavy to be borne.

And yet, even yet, there were slight signs of relenting.

"I don't know how it is with me," she

said, looking out with weary eyes across to where the sail-studded sea was gleaming. "I don't know how it is. I feel as if years ago I'd passed beyond the point where givin' way was possible. I've hardened myself till I couldn't yield if I would, an' if I did it seems as if life would be as bitter as gall when I'd done it."

"And yet—yet you said just now that you do still care for Mr. Crudas?"

"Care! Some day you'll know what such carin' means, if you don't now," said Miss Craven, catching the sudden pink flush as it rose to Genevieve's cheeks. . . . "But no; you don't know what it is you're speakin' of; no more does he. He never knew that I'd all my weddin' clothes lyin' ready, down to the last thing. I was young, an' eager, an' ower sure o' things; an' I made all ready as if there weren't no chance o' nothin' happenin'. Think of it, o' my weddin' gown an' bonnet lyin' locked away out o' sight ever since afore you were born! The day had been settled on, everybody knew it; an' when it came, an' him i' prison, I felt as if I'd be glad to know 'at never another day 'ud break for me."

For Dorothy it was as if it were all happenin' over again as she stood there, it came back so vividly, so full of strong pain; and even Genevieve felt as if it were hard to realise that the whole of her life, and more, was lying between.

"You say you promised that you would say a word or two for him," Miss Craven went on; "but I don't think you'll say much 'at I heven't said to myself. I've had time enough. All the best o' my days has gone i' sorrow—they're gone! If I marry him now will they come back again? Could I ever be young again as I was then, an' full o' hope an' happiness? . . . Happiness! I've forgotten what it's like. I've forgotten what everything's like but loneliness, an' hard work, an' dread o' failin'. Do you think I could forget these things now, an' take up my life again where he broke it off? If I could forget, then I might forgive; but I don't feel like forgettin', nor forgivin' neither. I've known what it was to feel a good deal more like goin' mad wi' tryin'."

"Is that your greatest difficulty—that you can't forgive?" asked Genevieve sympathetically. "Do you know I think I can understand that. I have always felt as if forgiveness of a person who had actually and wilfully wronged another was one of the very hardest virtues that a human being could be called upon to practise. But then, the kind

of wrong that I think I could not forgive must have been done deliberately, and out of *malice prepense*. This wrong that was done to you was not like that; there was no thought of wronging you at all. And surely it has been repented of? I think I could never help forgiving a person who repented, who was but ever so little sorry for having done me harm!"

"Well, wait till you've tried! I hope that'll never be; but if it is think o' what I've told you to-day. Do you think I wouldn't forgive if I could? Do you think I like livin' out all my days full o' sourness, an' bitterness, an' hardness toward all the world? Do you think I wouldn't like to be as you are—gentle, an' pleasant-spoken, an' kind to everybody? . . . Sometimes I've hated to look at you, because you were so young, an' free from trouble, an' had such an easy, light-some sort o' life. The contrast was brought ower near. But don't go dwellin' o' that. It's past. I'm glad you came to-day; I'm glad there's one to understand a little. There's been nobody to care. I've niver said as much to any human soul as I've said to you."

"You will not repent having said it!"

"Yes, I shall. I shall be wild wi' myself for a bit. Then I shall be glad, mebbe."

"And after that?"

"After that it 'll all be as it was again."

"Then I have made no impression whatever?"

Miss Dorothy hesitated a moment, then she smiled a little—a strangely sweet smile for so sad a woman.

"It won't do Ishmael Crudas no harm my knowin' 'at you take his part. Nobody never took it afore to me."

"I cannot help it. I cannot but feel sorry for him because of his long repentance, of his keen desire to make up for the ill that was done. Has his patience never touched you at all, not even a little?"

"He's been more than patient," Miss Craven admitted. "He's done me many a good turn 'at I've only found out after from others; an' he's borne more fra me than I ever thought any man would ha' borne from a woman. An' I've seen all that, an' more, plain enough. But if ever I've had a thought o' relentin' I've had ten o' bitterness an' desire for revenge to make up for it. . . . But I heven't felt so vengeful lately. I've been ower much broken down wi' other things. An' that's what folks 'ud say if I was to give in now. I should be a laughing-stock for the country-side. It 'ud be said 'at

I'd had to go to Swartheliff Top to save myself fra havin' to go to the workhouse."

Genevieve sighed. It was very perplexing to her inexperience to find what a strong reserve of motive Miss Craven had accumulated; still she had an instinctive feeling that some of the arguments were being brought forth in the hope that they might be met; that they might be overthrown in the meeting. Genevieve did her best. She expressed amazement at the idea that any one should care for the gossip of "the country-side;" and she almost surprised herself by her own boldness in daring to suggest that Miss Craven had strengthened herself in her pride until pride ruled as her master—but she did dare. "Is not that the root of all your bitterness?" she said, speaking gently and pleadingly. "Is not that the secret of your inability to yield? . . . You must forgive me if I say anything I ought not to say. Think that I am your sister; and let me speak as a sister might; let me try to show you what I think I see. It seems to me that if one can see rightly where a hindrance or a difficulty lies, it is so much easier to get over it. And I do want you to get over this difficulty. I do want to know that you are not intending to go on darkening the days that might be so bright; so different for yourself, and for another. And why is it all? What is the real strait through which you cannot pass? What is it but a feeling that you can neither define, nor defend?"

Miss Dorothy listened in silence, but it was easy to see that it was not offended silence. No; there was no offence in it; but only pain, only a keen sense of isolation. The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and no other heart can know it. This is true always; but more sadly is it true when the sorrow is one that has linked itself with the years, woven itself with the life, coloured every thought, darkened every joy, and embittered every grief. How should this girl understand? How should she be able to go back over such a life, to enter into its fine mesh of miseries, its coarse humiliations; to have sympathy with its calm despairs, its wild unrests, its ceaseless longings for some reparation that should be as great as the suffering had been? If Miss Craven had a favourite passage in the Bible it was certainly that passage of the grand Psalm of Moses, wherein he prays for adequate compensation. "Comfort us again now after the time that Thou hast plagued us; and for the years wherein we have suffered adversity."

When Genevieve left the Hags she did

not carry with her much sense of assurance. No word had been said that could be construed as a word of actual concession. Yet surely Ishmael Crudas had some ground for his hoping; surely he had seen, as Genevieve had seen, that there was, unsuspected perhaps by Miss Craven herself, a tremulous wavering of emotion, a balancing of thought, a sense of fainting under the strife, betokening anything rather than a continuance of stern unyieldingness.

How could it be that such unyieldingness had been possible so long? Genevieve wondered over it as she walked up the Ravensgates towards the moor. She would just go up there and watch the sun sink down into the far distance. It was worth while walking a long way to see that, to watch the warm purple of the moor quivering into the haze of pale daffodil yellow that hung across the west. The sun was only a little way from the horizon now. The fuzzy hillocks all about caught the lingering light, kept it awhile, then it faded slowly, tenderly away. It was like watching a friend who was saying "good-bye," saying it so gracefully that sorrow lost itself in admiration.

But no; it was not "good-bye" that the friend was saying; it was "good evening." Genevieve had heard the step, and recognised it even before she turned. Her face flushed with a sudden crimson as George Kirkoswald took her hand in his, and held it for a moment, with a strong, warm clasp. They were silent save for the word that the one glance said.

There are always some moments in the one true love of a lifetime that are to be remembered when other moments are forgotten. They have no event in them; there is nothing to be described unless you could describe the stillness of them. They are not moments of hopefulness, nor do they hold the fruition of hope; they hold nothing—nothing but the still, sweet sense of the sureness of all things—all things worth knowing, or being, or having, so far as this life is concerned.

"I have been down to Netherbank," said Kirkoswald, breaking the silence at last; "and I also called at Hunsgarth Hags, in the hope of finding you there."

"Did Miss Craven tell you that I had come up to the moor?"

"Yes. Poor Miss Craven! Did you leave her in tears?"

"In tears! No, but very sorrowful. She is in trouble, and I am troubled for her. I was thinking of her when you came; wondering if one could do anything to relieve her

mind but a little from the terrible strain of responsibility. . . . Do you know what her life has been?"

"I have heard something of it—only lately. It is a sad history altogether; but one cannot help being struck by her bravery; I mean with regard to the farm, by her splendid perseverance. As for the other matter, well, perhaps I admire her less there. But, then, I do not understand; perhaps I do not know the truth. Do you know it? Do you think she ever really cared for Crudas?"

"She has cared always—she cares still. I think it is grander than all else in her that her love has never changed—never wavered. She might have been married many times—my father told me that—but she has never cared except for this one man, who has made all the best of her life to be one long sorrow. . . . I think it is beautiful!"

"Yes, it is beautiful!" said Kirkoswald, looking into Genevieve's face, and seeing there the deep interest, the keen animation that awoke there always to the lightest human touch. "It is beautiful," he said again. "I think love is always beautiful!"

"If it be true," said Genevieve, watching the descending sun and the deepening yellow haze. The two were still standing by the edge of the furze-brake where they had met.

"Yes, if it be true," repeated Kirkoswald, a sudden inquiry leaping, so to speak, into his eyes. "What made you say that?" he asked in a low tone that had concern in it.

Genevieve smiled at his seriousness. "I said it because we were speaking of love that is beautiful; and it seems to me that its whole beauty lies in its truthfulness—in its unchanging truthfulness."

George Kirkoswald remained silent awhile. Lately he had been conscious of unrest—of dread. This great and growing love that was dominating him so utterly could hardly be said to have sole possession of his faculties. There was room for fear—fear for the effect of disclosure and confession. How could one so simple-minded, so noble in intent, so direct in aim as Genevieve understand a blind swerving, an almost inexcusable self-delusion, and all that had followed upon such a delusion? And if she should not understand, what then? Would she have pity? Would she condemn? Would her love shrink back in disesteem?

Kirkoswald had made up his mind that he would confess that long-past mistake of his before he urged his love; and the resolution was a hindrance in his path already. The confession would be so hard to make. Had

not the word that had just now been said made it even harder?

"I suppose," he began after a time, "that you could never understand that there might be two kinds of love?"

"Yes," replied Genevieve, "I think I could. I think I could see that there might be a false love and a true."

"And what should you think of a man who had been betrayed, so to speak, into a love that was not true?"

"I should say that he had betrayed himself!"

"And you would hold him in contempt?"

"Not without knowing something of the circumstances," said Genevieve in her gentle, serious way. Was there anything like a suspicion dawning across her mind, a suspicion that George's earnestness had a personal motive behind it? Be that as it might, she had made an opportunity. Here, if anywhere, was an opening for Kirkoswald to speak. Never could any moment more favourable than this await him. The very word had been said that could more than any other word charm out from his heart that hidden thing that lay coiled there like a snake, certain to spring sooner or later, unless it should be drawn out by some sweet note of human music. That note had been sounded, but the lip that should have moved to its sounding remained closed. There was a pause, and the sun dropped down behind the moor, putting an end to the day, and marking the oncoming of the long, drear night.

Stay from blaming Kirkoswald. The strongest men have moments of weakness, of failure of insight, and it must be that some such moments are fatal.

He could not have told you; not then, nor later, what it was that had held him from this thing that he had required of himself. He had decreed that it should be done, and he was not given to the making of vain decrees. Perhaps it was the unexpectedness of the opportunity; or it might be that the moment was too sweet to be rudely broken in upon without consideration as to the manner of doing it. There was no point at which he had said, "I will not do it now." He had waited, overmastered by his own emotion even as he did so, for some impulse to compel him to his task; but there had been no movement strong enough to be called an impulse. His sole satisfaction afterwards lay in the fact that he had not made resistance; there had been nothing to be resisted.

There was no idea in his mind then that the moment had been decisive in any way.

There would be other opportunities ; and he would be better prepared, more on the alert to take advantage of them. It was less easy to talk seriously now that they were going down the rugged Ravengates. They went silently for the most part ; silently happy, silently certain of happiness to be.

"You are not to brood *too* intently over Miss Craven's troubles," said George as they stopped at the stile to exchange a parting word. He spoke with all the tender authoritativeness that Genevieve loved so much to hear. "If you will promise me that, I will promise to think the matter over myself," he added.

"Ah ! then you are thinking of something already," Genevieve exclaimed, turning her face to his with delight written on every feature. "You see some gleam of hope, or you would not speak so."

"I see some very brilliant gleams of hope," said Kirkoswald, speaking with a quiet yet ardent eagerness ; and taking Genevieve's

hand in his as he spoke, he held it there in his strong grasp. "The whole world is radiant with hope to me now," he exclaimed ; "and it is such a radiance as I have never seen before, nor dreamed of. . . . Heaven keep it unclouded !"

He raised Genevieve's hand, pressing the small white wrist with a passionate respectfulness to his lips for one moment ; then, with a glance that pled eloquently for pardon, he turned away.

For an instant it seemed cruel that he should go—strange that he should be so equal to the pain of parting. But it was only for an instant. The echo of his footstep died softly into the distance ; the silver stars came out overhead ; the entrancement of still, sweet restfulness came down through the twilight. It was an entrancement that did not depart with the twilight ; it stayed, and dwelt under the thatched roof, over which the thick ivy was clustering, and made of the life lived there one long act of fervent gratitude.

GEOLOGY IN GREENLAND.

BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.

THE articles recently published in this magazine by Mr. Whymper, entitled "Explorations in Greenland," are a most interesting contribution to our knowledge of facts which are of the highest scientific interest. In some points of view there is no one well-defined area of the earth's surface more curious than Greenland. In the first place let us observe its enormous extent. Look at it on any general map of the world, and it will be seen to occupy a far larger space than many of the areas of continental importance in geography, and of corresponding importance in human history. It is far larger than the whole of British India, with its population of 250,000,000. It is at least 1,380 miles long from the southern point (Cape Farewell) to the farthest point of the northern coast hitherto explored. At the broadest part it is nearly 700 miles across from sea to sea ; and its whole area is not less than about 320,000 square miles. By far the largest part of it is within the Arctic circle, and its north-western point is the most northerly land which has been seen by the human eye, the nearest to that great object of laborious and abortive efforts, the North Pole. It is this extreme northerly position which, coupled with other facts, gives to it its great scientific

interest. We are accustomed to associate this geographical position with extreme cold. But the rocks of Greenland tell us that, although this is the case now, it was not the case in some former ages, and consequently that there is no necessary connection between an extremely low temperature and a position near the Pole. They tell us, in short, that this association is purely temporary and accidental. It is striking and curious enough to find, in the bleak headlands of the Isle of Mull, on our own coasts, the leaves of an abundant forest vegetation—the large leaves of the plane-tree, the ever-green needles of the taxodium, of the yew, and of the pine, and mixed with these the frond-like leaves of the tree called by botanists "*Salisburia*," which is now an inhabitant of Japan. But the curiosity of this contrast between the present and the past, as regards climatal conditions, is nothing to the still greater contrast in this matter which is presented by finding the same fossil flora in the rocks of Greenland—rocks whose surfaces are now almost wholly bare of vegetation, and all the higher elevations of which are covered with eternal ice and snow. And yet even this contrast is not the contrast highest in degree which the rocks of Greenland present. The Miocene Flora, to which those leaf beds

belong, is a very old Flora now, but there was another Flora much older, which we have never seen in life, and which, from its nearest living analogies, we are accustomed to think must have been associated with almost a tepid and steamy atmosphere. This is the Flora of the Coal measures. Yet this Flora, too, in long ages before the Miocene, has certainly flourished on the area which is now occupied by Greenland. It is needless to point out what curious questions these facts raise. How came this great change of temperature? How could such warmth be maintained in so high a latitude? How could such plants flourish, even if the climate were as temperate as it is now severe, if then, as now, there were nine months of great cold and darkness and only three months of a little warmth and light? Or is it that we are all puzzling ourselves on a false assumption—that the pole of the earth's rotation has always been where it is now, whereas, in reality, it has changed, and Greenland was really at one time as far from the pole as California or Japan are distant from it now? Or is it that temperature is the only real difficulty, and that darkness is no difficulty at all—because plants will flourish even in prolonged darkness, provided the temperature be maintained at a sufficient elevation? All these questions, and many more, arise out of the facts; and probably it may be said with truth that not one of them has been solved conclusively. The mathematicians, indeed, come in with their calculations, and tell us that on physical data the hypothesis of a change in the axis of the earth's rotation must be dismissed as impossible. It is a comfort to have any one point in so many problems dealt with by methods capable of demonstration, and though the majority of us may have no conception of the process by which such disproof is arrived at, we may be well content when such authorities as Sir William Thomson and Mr. George Darwin tell us that "the axis round which the earth revolves must be a 'principal axis of inertia,'" and that as such it cannot have been changed without "such enormous transposition of matter on the earth's surface, or else such distortions of the whole solid mass," as would present far greater difficulties of another kind than those with which we have actually to deal.* Failing the theory of any possible change in the position of the pole, we are driven back to other explanations of the change of temperature, and we

are obliged to conclude that long darkness is a condition perfectly compatible with the growth of forests which now only flourish when the days and nights are far more nearly equal throughout the year.

But these curious questions raised by the condition of Greenland in long ages past are not the questions to which I desire to direct attention in the present paper. Other questions not less curious and interesting are raised by its condition now, and the interest of these questions lies in this—that they have a direct and immediate bearing on certain favourite theories as to the physical conditions of the whole of Northern Europe in what is called the Glacial age.

One of these theories is that during the glacial age there was what is called an "ice-cap," sometimes variously called an "ice-sheet," which lay heavy upon the whole northern regions of the globe, and was of such immense area and dimensions that it occupied and filled up a great part of the Northern Ocean, and "flowed" southward like a mighty glacier, entirely covering or submerging all the mountains of Scotland, and of England, and of Wales.

I have always been an unbeliever in this theory because of two great objections. The first is that there is no proof whatever that such masses of ice, mountain-high, ever existed. The second is that if such masses of ice had ever existed they never could have moved or acted as the theory assumes them to have done.

As regards the former of these two great objections I shall say nothing here, first, because Greenland throws no light upon it, and secondly, because the geological arguments upon which the objection is founded are too technical and detailed to suit the pages of a popular magazine.

But the second of the objections above specified can, I think, be easily explained so as to be understood by those who are not professed geologists; whilst, at the same time, a very important part of the argument is much confirmed by the facts described by Mr. Whympers and others in respect to the physical conditions now presented by Greenland and its adjacent seas.

My proposition is simply this: that great masses of ice lying upon any surface approximately level, still more such masses of ice lying in vast hollows—depressions such as the bed of the German Ocean—would not have any proper motion of their own such as is ascribed to the supposed ice-sheet, and in particular that it would not "flow" as an ordinary glacier flows.

* See Paper by Sir W. Thomson in the *Transac. of the Geol. Soc. of Glasgow*, Feb. 22, 1877

We all know that the causes of the motion in ordinary glaciers have been the subject of investigation and of much discussion among Physicists for a long period of years. De Saussure and Agassiz among foreigners, and the late Principal J. D. Forbes of St. Andrew's, were among the most distinguished observers. Substantially, there is only one explanation. A glacier "flows" down its bed with some distant resemblance to a river. It flows more rapidly in the middle than on its two sides. The principal moving force is simply gravitation. The retarding force is friction along the bottom and along the sides. Some of the effect may be due to what has been called "dilatation"—the alternate swellings and contractions which accompany partial meltings and partial regelation. But as the advance is always downwards, it is clear that gravitation is the force which ultimately profits by every ancillary cause of movement. Almost all glaciers are gathered on steep mountain-sides. Down these sides they tend to fall, and although their own cohesiveness is considerable, and the friction must be tremendous, yet on the whole the glacier on the great scale acts as a plastic, or semi-liquid body, and as long as it is fed by the pressure and accretion of fresh snow from above, it continues to fall slowly but steadily down hill, until at last it reaches a level, where its own waste by melting is greater than its protrusion and growth from above, and there it terminates.

Now, in the "ice-sheet" theory, it is assumed that masses of ice would always have a similar motion, whether they had a hill-side to tumble down or not. It is assumed, further, that masses of ice on a much greater scale than any glacier of the European Alps, would not only move over level ground as they move down steep declivities, but that they would be so instinct with motion, and be possessed with such immense momentum, that they would not only move over plains, but ascend opposing slopes and climb up mountains from 2,000 to 4,000 feet. The idea seems to be, that ice under such conditions would "flow" almost as water flows in a pipe—or dash up as water does in a basin when it is poured in at one side, and runs over at the other. Such an explanation has actually been suggested to me by an ingenious and Glacial friend. I am not, indeed, prepared to deny that ice may be forced up against an opposing surface by some great pressure from behind. The pressure of the tides and currents of the

sea has this effect on no inconsiderable scale with the floating masses of thick ice which are driven hither and thither on the Palæocrystic Sea—as the Polar Ocean was called by our last explorers. By this means, effects of great power in the grinding, abrading, and polishing of rocks are produced along the shores of all the Polar Seas. I am, indeed, satisfied, that to action of this kind we must really attribute most of the effects upon our land surfaces which are usually ascribed to the land ice of the ice-sheet; because as we know from other evidence that our mountains have been submerged to a great depth during some part of the Glacial age, it is certain that floe, or floating ice, would be brought into action at all levels in succession during the process of sinking and of rising again; or, perhaps, during both of these stages. But when we consider the theory that land ice has been impelled over our hills from lower levels without the intervention of water currents, we are compelled to ask what other kind of pressure can be invoked for the movement of mountains of ice up the sides and over the tops of mountains of rock? In reply to this question, the only answer we ever get is a reference to the action of glaciers. The action of the ice-sheet is said to have been like their action, only on an enormously greater scale. Now this is precisely the question on which the condition of Greenland throws an important light. Here we have an ice-sheet of enormous magnitude in respect to area. We have, too, this ice-sheet resting upon a highly inclined land surface, so that, unlike the theoretical ice-sheet which lay in hollows like the German Ocean, this Greenland ice-sheet has all the advantages which gravitation can give to it in making it "flow" outward from the immense reservoirs of its thousands of square miles of snow-fall. Surely here, if anywhere in the world, we may expect to find proofs of the moving powers of an ice-sheet—pressing outwards on all sides, and overflowing for great distances any opposing hills, and even invading the bed of the adjacent seas.

Now, instead of this result, which might go some little way to justify the theory, we find a set of facts which are wholly different. So far is the vast ice-sheet of Greenland from overflowing the whole of the land area of that country, that it fails even to reach the coast except at particular spots where it comes down valleys, and appears as true glaciers terminating sometimes in the valleys themselves, sometimes in a field or arm of the

sea. So inadequate is the motion of this immense continental mass of ice to carry it any distance beyond the subjacent slopes, that all round the West Coast of Greenland there is a margin more or less broad of country which is free from the ice-sheet, and is called by the Danish settlers "The Outskirts." Hills of comparatively low elevation in that region of country are free from the invasion of the ice-sheet, and even far within the margin of the ice-sheet itself, there is, at least, one solitary peak of about 5,000 feet, which that sheet is unable to overflow. And yet just let us try to conceive what that ice-sheet is. Mr. Whympster and Baron Nordenskiöldt have both described it, and I think it must be one of the most impressive sights of our planet. When one of its terminal glaciers has been scaled, and the human foot is fairly planted upon the ice-sheet, it is seen rising to the most distant horizon in one smooth unbroken slope of spotless snow. No man can know the maximum elevation to which it reaches, nor the distance to which it stretches. There is nothing to mark distance on that unsullied surface. It is open to the silent heavens, and receives upon its trackless surface, nothing but the cosmic dust of meteors.

If now we turn our faces the other way, and look at the sea which divides this enormous continent of ice from other lands, we find that on the west it is separated from the islands lying to the northward of the American continent by a channel nowhere broad as compared with the breadth of Greenland, but narrowing rapidly as we follow it northwards through Smith Sound and Robinson Channel, until at one point it is less than twenty miles across. Yet this narrow channel, which, as compared with the breadth of the Greenland ice-sheet, may be said to be a mere ditch, is quite broad enough to constitute a complete barrier between it and the opposite shores of Grinnell Land. The ice-sheet sends out into these straits and channels its broken fragments in the form of icebergs, which float away southwards, or become entangled in the intricacies of the coast. But the ice-sheet itself does not occupy or even invade the channel. It is confined strictly to the land of its birth; it is just able, at certain points, to creep sluggishly to its shores, and along hundreds of miles of coast, it is not competent to effect even this short excursion from the hills which it buries in its embrace.

It is indeed true that we do not know what proportions, as to height or depth, the

hills and the ice-sheet of Greenland bear to each other. We do not know the maximum elevation of the surface. But Baron Nordenskiöldt has mounted it to an elevation exceeding 6,000 feet, and it still rose before him to distant sky lines of loftier height. It is probable, therefore, that the buried mountains rise higher and higher towards the interior. Mr. Whympster estimates it at not less than 10,000 feet. If this mountain slope were indeed unbroken in its own surface, it would represent conditions under which the upper ice-sheet would tend to "flow" most easily, and with a tremendous and accumulating pressure upon the lower portion of the ice. If, therefore, we were to assume such a land surface, it would indeed be an extraordinary proof of the low moving power of ice even under the most favourable conditions. But I do not make this assumption. I think it probable that the buried hills of Greenland are more or less undulating, or more or less broken by glens and hollows. Every one of these hollows represents at least one surface which opposes a high resistance to any movement of the ice-sheet, at least in its lower strata: and the general result is that the vast ice-sheet of Greenland is wholly unable to overcome the resistance so presented to its passage to the sea, except where valleys happen to lie in the direction of its movement, and down those it is just able to creep, and to show itself at a few points upon the coast, where these valleys happen to break its line of hills.

It so happens, indeed, that we have a detailed and most graphic account of the nature and behaviour of the Greenland ice-sheet very near the highest latitude attained by man. This account will be found in the appendix to the second volume of Sir George Nares's "Voyage to the Polar Sea." One of his officers was sent in the month of May to examine a great inlet of the sea, called "Peterman's Fiord," in latitude about $78^{\circ} 5'$ N. This great inlet, which stretches as far as the eye can reach into the interior of Greenland, in a direction S.E. by N.W., is occupied in its upper portion by an enormous glacier. The two sides of the fiord are formed by precipitous cliffs of limestone, from 1,000 to 1,100 feet high, and on the top of the cliff is seen in section the true ice-sheet, properly so called, by which I mean the ice-sheet, not as it is consolidated in the hollows into glaciers, but as it lies more thinly on all the mountain-slopes. Moreover, the top of these cliffs is merely the coast termination of great masses of moun-

tain-land, which rise to the height of 6,000 feet at no great distance from the coast, so that from the top of these slopes to the edge of the cliffs there is a gradient of some 5,000 feet. Here then we have all the conditions under which the behaviour of the Greenland ice can be estimated—in the glacier occupying the bed of the fiord, and, coming from a very distant elevation, we have the motion of a true glacier: whilst in the ice-sheet on the top of the cliffs, we have the motion of the universal Greenland mantle falling down a much steeper declivity. And what do we find? We find that this great Peterman glacier was distinguished by all the marks of an arrested and exhausted motion: whilst, on the contrary, the ice-sheet on the top of the cliffs, estimated to have been about forty feet thick, and consisting of the solid ice of the characteristic blue-green colour, was perpetually having its edges pushed over the precipices by the pressure from behind, and was all day long sending down roaring avalanches on the floes of the fiord, showering fragments of rock upon them, and propelling the stones sometimes to the distance of eighty yards from the bottom of the cliffs. It is very remarkable that in so high a latitude, and on mountainous elevations of so great a height, the great Greenland ice-sheet should have been no thicker than about forty feet. But this fact also may well increase our scepticism as to the thicknesses of ice which can alone be reckoned upon as having probably occupied the slopes of our own mountains during the Glacial epoch. At all events, the phenomena of Peterman's Fiord confirm the opinion that ice masses even of vast extent and mass do not retain any motion at great distances from mountain-slopes from which they come, and are soon and easily arrested by friction, or by any opposing obstacles: whilst, on the other hand, they greatly confirm the opinion, that even under the most rigorous glacial climates, and even on high mountains in those climates, the only work done by glaciation is done by comparatively thin sheets of ice lying upon, and sliding down, steep mountain surfaces.

On the whole, then, the evidence supplied by the condition of Greenland is strongly adverse to the assumption that ice-sheets lying on level surfaces of the earth, or still more in the hollows of the sea, would have any tendency to "flow" outwards even as slowly as glaciers may be said to flow; and that there is no known cause of motion which could possibly drive them over rough and adverse slopes.

Passing, then, from this question to another of great interest, it seems to me that the facts connected with Greenland throw great doubt upon, if indeed they do not altogether disprove, another theory, which is comparatively new, but which seems to be becoming popular among the speculations of geology. That theory is, that the crust of the earth is so sensitive to pressure as to be almost like an aneroid barometer, and to be liable to sink with the slightest addition of weight applied to any portion of its surface. This theory is invoked to account for the accumulation of delta deposits at the mouths of great rivers—each layer of deposit sinking the surface on which it falls, and thus by a multiplication of layers and a multiplication of sinkings, forming at last beds of such depth and thickness as are found at the mouths of the Mississippi and the Nile. On a much grander scale the same theory is invoked to account for the great submergence of the land, which, as all geologists are now beginning to admit, was an accompaniment of part of the Glacial age. It was the "ice-sheet" which sank it by the mere effect of weight. There is something very attractive in this theory—it is so simple, and would account, at first sight, for so many facts. But here again Greenland is a great obstacle. The whole coast of Greenland, for many hundred miles, covered as it is by an enormous ice-sheet, is not sinking, but rising, and rising, too, apparently, at a rapid rate. It is true that another part of the same coast is undergoing the opposite movement, and is sinking. But, unfortunately for the theory of cause, it is the northern half of Greenland—that which is presumably most loaded with ice, which is rising; and it is the southern half of the continent, presumably less loaded with ice, which is sinking. The axis of these two opposite movements—the hinge point or hinge line on which they turn—lies somewhere about the 77th degree of latitude. A most interesting and graphic account of the appearances which prove these movements on the Greenland coast will be found in Dr. Kane's "Account of the Second Grinnel Expedition in search of Sir J. Franklin, in the years 1853-4-5." (Trübner, 1856.)

It is evident that we do not know the real causes of these secular movements of the earth's crust. It is best to confess our total ignorance. All that we gather certainly from the fact is, that we are constantly in the presence of forces which are capable of producing in comparatively short periods of time the most enormous changes in the dis-

tribution of sea and land ; and that according to all the analogies of nature these forces have probably worked by alternations of activity and of repose. The highest of our mountains are mere roughnesses on the sur-

face of our planet, and a very small acceleration of the rates of movement now going on in Greenland, would submerge in a few years the whole habitable arc of the old world.

THE PRAYER OF SOCRATES.

Καὶ εὐχετο δὲ πρὸς τοὺς θεοὺς ἀπλῶς ταυτὰ διδόναι,
ὥς τοὺς θεοὺς καλλίστα εἰδότες ὅποια ἀγαθὰ ἐστί.—XENOPHON, *Men.* 1 3, 2.

GRANT, O Olympian gods supreme,
Not my wish, and not my dream ;
Grant me neither gold that shines,
Nor ruddy copper in the mines,
Nor power to wield the tyrant's rod
And be a fool, and seem a god,
Nor precious robe with jewelled fringe
Splendid with sea-born purple tinge,
Nor silken vest on downy pillow,
Nor hammock hard on heaving billow ;
But give all goodly things that be
Good for the whole and best for me.
My thoughts are foolish, blind, and crude ;
Thou only knowest what is good.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

PICTURES OF NORWAY.

By WALTER SCOTT DALGLEISH, M.A.

NO. I.

THE characteristic scenery of Norway, for the sake of which travellers from all European countries and from America are being drawn to it every year in larger crowds, lies mainly on the west coast. The coast itself is marvellously picturesque and varied, on account both of the ruggedness of the mainland and of the beauty of the myriads of islands that form a continuous archipelago, and an almost continuous breakwater, for four hundred miles north of Stavanger. On that coast are the famous fjords, which form the most characteristic feature of the country. Between the fjords and around their heads are the fields which are their natural counterpart, and which in truth give to the fjords their greatest charm. Among the fields are the stupendous glaciers—the Jostedal Brae and the Folgefonden—the former of which has the reputation of being the largest in Europe. On the west coast, too, or near it, are the most interesting towns in Norway—the towns which retain most fully an antique look and an old-world flavour—Trondhjem, Christiansund, Aalesund, Molde, Bergen, and Stavanger.

That being so, it is clearly for the interest of the traveller in Norway that he should make for the west coast by the most direct route possible. Christiania, the capital, is a pretty and interesting town, with some handsome buildings and many kind-hearted people. But it does not differ greatly from other capitals. It has tramways and telephones, cabs and policemen, churches and markets, banks and railway stations, like large towns elsewhere. True, it stands at the head of a magnificent fjord, and that as well as the surroundings of the place will delight those who have time to visit them ; but it is quite possible to see all that is best and all that is most Norwegian in Norway without going to Christiania.

It is a mistake to suppose that a trip to Norway calls for something like heroism, on account of the difficulty of reaching the country, and of the discomfort of travelling in the country when you have reached it. The North Sea, it is true, is sometimes unpleasantly rough, and in crossing it in any weather you require to trust yourself out of sight of land for a couple of days together.

In these days, however, we do not cross the North Sea as our forefathers did in Viking ships, but in swift and comfortable steamers of 800 or 1,000 tons' burden.

It may seem curious that our passenger steamers have not yet found out the shortest route between Great Britain and Norway. The usual routes are from Hull to Christiania, from Hull to Bergen, and from Leith to Christiansand. The distance from Hull to Christiania is 600 miles, and the voyage occupies 56 hours. The distance from Leith to Christiansand is about 450 miles, and from the latter place to Christiania is 150 miles more.

But the seaports nearest to each other on the opposite shores of the North Sea are

Fraserburgh and Stavanger. The distance is only 300 miles, and the voyage could be made easily in a single day. If Aberdeen were considered a more convenient port for embarkation on this side, it would not make a difference of more than one or two hours. If that route were adopted by a line of swift and well-appointed steamers, it cannot be doubted that the objection of nervous persons would be in a great measure overcome, and that the tourist traffic to Norway would be greatly increased. The difficulty that stands in the way of this route being adopted, of course, is that at present the passenger traffic is subordinate to the goods traffic, and that for the latter Leith and Hull are more convenient than more remote ports like Fraser-



The Midnight Sun.

burgh and Aberdeen. Nevertheless, it may be worth the while of steamboat proprietors and speculators to consider whether they cannot in some way combine their own interests with those of the travelling public.

As for travelling in Norway, after the initial difficulty of crossing the North Sea has been overcome, its discomforts are as nothing in comparison with the pleasure it gives. Threading the maze of islands and penetrating the fjords of the West Coast in the small coasting steamers that ply regularly between Christiansand and Bergen, and between Bergen and Trondhjem, is delightful and even luxurious travelling. It reduces the *dolce far niente* of touring to a system. You have no trouble, no cares which are not

of your own making, no anxieties about baggage, or routes, or correspondences. You have committed yourself to a travelling hotel, which glides easily and comfortably from station to station. There is nothing to be done but to give yourself up to the enjoyment of the constant and constantly varied succession of grand scenes through which you are carried hour after hour and day after day. You can read or write, you can eat and drink, or you can sleep and dream, as the spirit moves you. You can pass a pleasant hour in conversation with the captain or the mate; for the captains and the mates on these steamers as a rule speak English tolerably well, and are very intelligent fellows. When there is nothing more



Veblungnaes and the Romsdal.

laborious to be done, you can lie on deck with a cigar in your mouth and gaze upward ; for that is the most convenient and most approved method of admiring the scenery of the narrow fjords, flanked by stupendous cliffs which are seamed with picturesque waterfalls. At the many stations at which the steamer calls there is no lack of diversion. You see farming operations in progress. You see pleasant villages. You see boat-building going on. You see fishing and merchandise. Above all, you see the people of the country, and you have golden opportunities of observing their costumes and their manners and customs.

Travelling on land is not quite so luxurious ; but it brings its own pleasures ; it leads to new experiences, and it has its own trials. The tour may be pleasantly varied by quitting the steamer, and by crossing overland the peninsulas which separate the fjords. You may cross from the Eide on the Hardanger to Gudvangen on the Sogne Fjord, from Vadheim to Förde, or from Invik to Hellesylt, or *vice versa* in each case ; and you may acquaint yourself thereby with the interior of the country, and with the pleasures and the pains of carioling. For my own part, I am bound to confess that I am not enamoured of the cariole, which is the typical conveyance of the country. The sensation of bowling along in "a one-horse chaise," with legs extended horizontally, is pleasant enough at first ; but the attitude is

apt to become tiresome, as well as painful in other respects which shall not be mentioned more particularly. The chief objection to carioling, however, is that it isolates the travellers. It is in fact the least sociable and the most selfish mode of locomotion that ever was invented. One of the greatest pleasures of travelling in company lies in the interchange of ideas and experiences ; but if you wish to exchange comments with your companion in carioling, you must either shout to the detriment of your lungs, or call a halt for the purposes of conversation.

Then there is in carioling the inconvenience that you may be delayed provokingly at station after station, till fresh horses are procured. Knowing travellers send on a "forbud" to engage horses in advance, but that is not always effectual in preventing delays. The station-masters are bound by law to be as obliging as they can be ; but their powers in that regard are limited by their resources ; and it is no uncommon occurrence that travellers have to wait two or three hours at a station till fresh horses are procured. I am bound to say, however, that the station-houses in Norway, which are generally under government control, are now very well managed. Many of them have attained to the magnitude of hotels ; and on the most frequented routes travellers have now very little to complain of.

It is not my intention, in these fragmentary papers, to inflict on my readers anything

like a diary, or a detailed narrative of my tour in Norway during last summer. All that I shall attempt is to present them with a series of pictures of the most striking scenes that presented themselves in the course of my ramble; and that without giving much regard either to time or to geographical order. I shall begin with a reference to what is generally regarded as one of the chief attractions of a Norwegian tour, namely—

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

I may as well confess at the outset that I have not visited the North Cape; and therefore, I suppose, I cannot be said to have seen the midnight sun in perfection. I am quite satisfied, however, that one can get the full effect of continuous daylight without going much farther north than Trondhjem. The trip to the North Cape is one about which opinions differ greatly. It is in high favour with Norwegians, who speak of it as being the finest excursion in Europe, not merely on account of the novelty of uninterrupted sunshine for days together—a novelty, it must be added, not always realised—but quite as much on account of the wildness and grandeur of the coast and island scenery through which the traveller is carried for many days and nights together. On the other hand, most of the foreigners with whom I have spoken on the subject, and who have made the excursion, have expressed themselves as disappointed with it. They admit that the coast scenery is fine, but they maintain that it does not repay the outlay of time and of money which it involves. The excursion occupying from ten to fourteen days going and returning, and costing from £15 to £20 a-head. They speak of the midnight sun as a delusion and a snare (especially as the weather is sometimes so dark and stormy that no sun can be seen), and of the wretched little Lapps who are brought down to the coast to display their charms as an intolerable nuisance. I believe that the question of going or not should be determined solely by considerations of time. If the traveller has the time to spare let him make the excursion by all means. If his time is limited he can occupy the ten days or the fortnight which the trip requires much more profitably in the fjords and valleys of the west coast.

Moreover, as I have said, at Trondhjem you are far enough north for practical purposes. You are on the sixty-fourth parallel of north latitude—as far north as the south of Iceland. By making the voyage from Trondhjem to Molde in favourable weather,

you may practically see the midnight sun and also as much as is necessary of the rock scenery of the coast. In June, the sun sets between ten and eleven; it rises again before two; so that, though its orb is below the horizon for three or four hours, there is sunlight all through the night.

Such, at least, was my experience last June. In the far north-west there were streaks of cloud, grey, rose, pink, orange, and purple, beneath which the sun suddenly dipped into the sea and went out of sight; but the glory of sunset continued all night. The darkness of the darkest hour was never greater than that of a summer evening in England. On deck we could read all night, even the smallest type. The sea was smooth and clear as a mirror. All night long the sailing ships went on their course. All night long the sea-gulls and other birds, of which by the way there are marvellously few in Norway, were flying across our bows, and the minutest objects on shore could be distinctly seen. The effect was intensified by the appearance of the moon, which was at the full; and just as the sun set in a warm glow in the north-west, the moon became prominent in the south-east, clear and cold and silvery.

As going to bed on such a night was out of the question, we remained on deck till sunrise, which came about two o'clock. As that hour approached the glow in the north-north-east became more intense. Suddenly the orb appeared in a niche formed by the intersection of two islands, and sent out level rays which flooded the islands and the hill-tops with young light.

Presently, as the vapours on the rocky islet became condensed, a weird halo was formed around the sun's disc, so that it seemed like the eye of an eagle looking out on the desert of waters. Deep and dark were the shadows cast by fishing-boat and rock. The shimmer on the rippling water was like that of moonlight. By-and-by, as the sun got clear of the horizon, rosy hues stole over the sky, and Nature rejoiced in the glories of a new day.

THE ROMSDAL.

No view in Norway is finer than that of Veblungснаes with the Romsdal panorama behind it, as seen from Thorvik, on the northern bank of the Romsdal Fjord. The picturesque village of Veblungснаes stands at the mouth of the river Rauma, on the seaward verge of an alluvial plain, which is surrounded by stupendous mountains rising perpendicularly from its sides to the height

of 5,000 and 6,000 feet. The sides of these mountains are seamed and scarred in the most wonderful fashion, and are streaked with tumultuous cataracts. In the foreground is the placid sea reflecting the white houses of the village, and the white sails of the passing ships, and presenting a marvellous contrast to the panorama of rugged mountains in the background, some of which are covered with snow even in summer, while all of them make their clefts and valleys a refuge for cloudy masses and wreaths of mist. First there is a stupendous wall of rock on the left stretching inland for many miles, not bare, but having its ruggedness relieved by a clothing of scattered verdure. Then there is the grand double-peaked Vengetinder, with its wonderful series of cross ridges, which appear like rafters in the roof of a giant cathedral. To the right of that we have the curious and terrible Romsdalshorn, looking like one giant peak poised on the top of another. Next comes the serried mass of peaks called the Troltinder, or witches' peaks. The masses of the Setnaesfeld close up the view on the right.

A somewhat different view of the same remarkable mountain-system is obtained from Hotel Aak, three miles inland. You there stand at the foot of the wall of rock in the left of the picture, and look across the Rauma toward the south-west. The giant peaks now form a rough semicircle around the broad valley—first the Vengetinder, then the Romsdalshorn, then the Troltinder, then the Middagshoiden, or Mid-day Hill—so-called because the sun at noon strikes its summit between two other peaks—then the wonderful Isterdal peaks, known to the natives as Bishop, King, and Queen, lastly the spur of the Setnaesfeld that overlooks Veblungsnaes. As these peaks vary in height from 4,000 to 6,000 feet, and are separated by magnificent glens, deeper and darker than Glen Sannox or Glen Ogle, some notion may be formed of the grandeur of the scene.

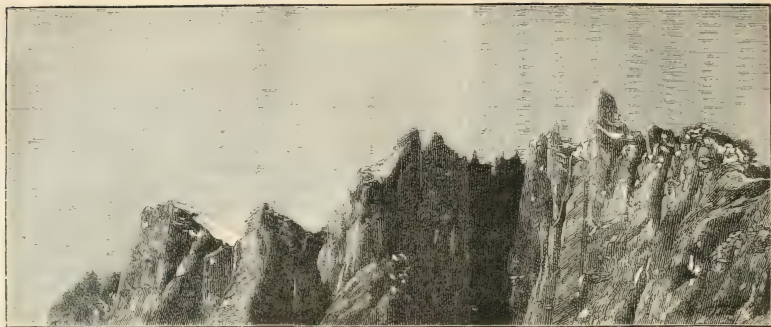
It is noticeable, however, that these mountains do not look by any means so lofty as they really are. In point of fact all are so large that they dwarf one another. Everything is on so vast a scale, and the proportion is so justly maintained between the several parts, that the eye is deceived. Another thing that apparently dwarfs these and many other Norse mountains is their abruptness. There are no gentle slopes, and far-reaching ridges, and gradual shoulders carrying the summit far away from the spec-

tator at their base. They rise up sheer, in one unbroken whole from base to summit.

This is especially true of the Romsdalshorn as seen from the valley of the Rauma. Though not the highest peak in this system, it is the most curious and striking. It rises almost perpendicularly from the valley to a height of more than 5,000 feet. It has no spurs, or shoulders, or cross ridges. The horn itself, however, from which it derives its name, is easily distinguished from the pedestal on which it stands. It is as if Nature, having finished one giant mountain, wished to show that her powers were not exhausted, and straightway raised another giant mountain on the top of the former. Grand as these mountains are in the noon-day sun, or when robed in mists and storm-clouds, they are most beautiful when warmed with the tints of sunset. I have seen them thus clothed with the parting glory of day. The Horn was like a monster ruby sparkling in the red glare. The Vengetinder was suffused with roseate hues except where the shaded corries made lines of black between the transverse ridges. Above the peaks the saffron sky was flooded with cloudlets, every one of which glowed like a gem.

The grand scenery of the Romsdal may be most conveniently visited from Hotel Aak, without encountering the weariness of a long overland journey through the comparatively tame scenery of Gudbrandsdal. Indeed, the most impressive part of the Romsdal is that between Aak and Hogheim, about ten miles up the valley. There the glen becomes very narrow, and assumes a wild and relentless aspect. The Romsdalshorn rises precipitously on the left to a height which makes the beholder giddy as he gazes upward. On the right, the dark masses of the Troltinder rise almost to as great a height, and are surmounted by fantastic and jagged peaks which resemble a line of giant statuary. In the midst the Rauma roars and rushes seaward. Far up in the clefts are patches of snow and bits of glacier ice, which may be recognised by its blue colour beneath the white layer of snow. Looking back on this dark and stupendous gorge from above Hogheim is like looking on an entrance to the infernal regions, guarded by towers and pyramids, and surmounted with colossal domes.

Higher up, the valley broadens out, then narrows, then broadens, then narrows again, forming a continuous series of land-locked basins joined by narrow passes. One of these passes is filled with rocks, and boulders, and wooded knolls confusedly hurled,



"Troltinder."

through which the river foams fretfully, now over the rocks, now under, now between them. It is as if the giants had broken up a mountain and left the fragments in the valley.

The Romsdal surpasses all the valleys I have seen in Norway, in respect of the number and the beauty of its waterfalls. It is, in fact, a dale of waterfalls. Their number is legion, and their variety is endless. Some are like silver threads streaking the bare and dark-coloured rocks. Some leap in masses from one ledge of rock to another. Some throw themselves from an immense height, and lose themselves in mist before they reach the ground. Some descend like showers of rockets bursting in spray. Highest of all is the Mongefos, a little way above Hogheim, in which a great mass of water leaps clear over a rock of fifteen hundred feet high. Very picturesque, too, is the triple Vermofos opposite Ormeim, where the stream is broken up by intervening rocks into three separate cataracts, each of which would by itself make a striking object. But finest of all is the thundering Slettafos, about three miles farther up the valley, in which the whole volume of the Rauma rushes through a rocky gorge only a few feet wide, and seethes and foams in the natural caldrons which it has worn for itself in its solid bed. Though the height of the fall is not great, the effect of the tremendous rush of water is much grander, much more suggestive of relentless force, than that of commonplace cataracts, though hundreds of feet in height.

THE GEIRANGER FJORD.

The Geiranger Fjord is one of the branches of the Stor Fjord, near its head. Though small, it presents in a concentrated form

all the most notable features of Norwegian scenery—steep and lofty cliffs rising abruptly from the water's edge, towering mountains, rushing waterfalls, dark ravines, dense and feathery woods. The fjord is one of the narrowest in Norway, and the rocky walls that flank it on both sides are steep, rising in many places sheer from the sea to a height of two thousand feet, with still loftier mountains in the background. The entrance to the fjord is guarded by two lofty headlands, and from these the fjord winds inland for twenty-five miles. On the north side, about half-way up, there is a magnificent pile of rock, supported by massive buttresses, and surmounted by a bold horn which rises to the height of 5,500 feet. On the top of a prolonged ridge on the southern bank we see a deep layer of snow, the transverse section of which has the appearance of a wall fifty or sixty feet high. The echoes reverberating among these mountains, when the steam-whistle sounds or when a gun is fired, are wonderful.

The walls of rock approach more closely, and become more precipitous and more picturesque, towards the head of the fjord. There the wild grandeur is most impressive, and it is intensified by the grotesque profiles that stand out against the sky. The magnificence of nature is lavished in all directions. The waterfalls, which sweep over every ledge and fill every corrie, add immensely to the charm of the scene. In some cases they are dissolved in spray before they reach the middle of the rock. Others appear to drop directly from the clouds, or to pour themselves forth from the overhanging mists. The finest of all is the group of falls called the Knivslaaferne, or the Seven Sisters, the streams of which cross and recross, separate

and reunite many times, forming, when the water is abundant, an elaborate network of silver threads covering the whole face of a broad and dark precipice.

High up on the cliffs we see little gaards, or farm-houses, in positions in which it seems incredible that human beings can live. Some sixteen hundred feet up the cliff there is a grassy ledge not more than a hundred feet wide, and above it there is another cliff two thousand feet high. On this narrow ledge the hardy Norseman has built a log-hut for his family and a shed for his cattle. The farm can be reached only by a tortuous path, which goes zigzag up the bed of a roaring torrent. The supplies of the peasants must be carried painfully up this path, or must be drawn over the face of the cliff by ropes. When the parents go out to the hill to work, or descend to the shore to fish, they tether

their young children with ropes, lest they should stray to the edge of the precipice and fall over. In these and in similar cases there is generally seen at the foot of the cliff a trim little boat-house with a skiff moored close by. It is as necessary that the Norwegian farmer should have a boat below him as that he should have a roof over his head, and he is as much at home on the billows as on the rocks; but, with all this, it is marvellous that such situations should have been selected for human habitation, and it is even more marvellous that it should be possible to extract the means of living from such places and out of such soil. There are many such instances among the cliffs of the Geiranger, and they cannot be said to encroach on its grand solitude any more than the eyrie of the eagle mars the grandeur of the Alpine height.

OUR VILE BODY.

BY L. B. WALFORD, AUTHOR OF "DICK NETHERBY," ETC.

"TO have as much work to do as one can do, and a little more," has been given as the best recipe for cheerfulness and contentment; but while readily concurring in the first part of the sentiment, we cannot but suggest that it may be, perchance, that very "little more" which is at the root of half the ill-health, pale faces, and fractious nerves of the present day. It is that last drop in the already full cup, that last straw on the already well-laden back, which is too much, just one degree too much for the sorely pressed men and women who are fighting in the fight of life, and it is that overplus from which they ought if they can to abstain.

They will not see it; they will not do it. Each allows that in the case of another, that other's duty in the matter is plain enough; but for him or herself—and then follow excuses, arguments, and obstinacy not to be shaken.

Now, as this short paper relates simply to the ill-usage of the poor *body* under the press and strain of daily overwork, or daily neglect, or the like, we will say nothing of the manner in which the soul and the mind, those two higher powers, likewise suffer under the effort to do too much, to undertake too many things, to see too many sights, to keep up too large a correspondence or acquaintance,—in short, to be twenty people instead of one. We will leave out of sight every higher consideration, but merely put in a plea for that hardly treated and long-suffering, yet marvellously fashioned and

gloriously appointed image of our Maker, which it seems to us meets with but scant respect from many in the present day.

It is the fashion to hold it cheap, and to work it hard. What matter that it is hot or cold, tired or famished, when there is fame to be won, money to be made, admiration to be bought, or—and though we say it tenderly, yet the principle is wrong—souls to be saved? Those who give themselves to God's service, or to the world's service, are alike mistaken in their policy when "they make haste to be rich" in obtaining their desire. They will not bring in the best harvest who cannot wait for it, who must have it all at once; they who rend themselves in wrestling for the prize cannot hold on, and another, who has husbanded his powers, obtains what they miss.

But how few consider this; how many flout the idea when presented to them—at all events when presented as a home thrust! Everybody, it would seem, must attempt something over and above what he or she can possibly accomplish; everybody must drain a little more out of their worrying feverish brains than can be yielded consistently with only wholesome effort or energy; everybody must fly at game beyond their reach, if only it be within their sight.

Perhaps the most hardened offender of all is the earnest, anxious, middle-aged married man, who carries with him from hour to hour, sleeping and waking—for even his dreams are troubled—a settled burden of care which

curtains rest, indisposes for recreation, and *indigests* meals. (N.B. Unluckily it does not interfere with the appetite, or that sinking gnawing hunger which passes for appetite when no food has been taken for hours. That would be the lesser evil of the two, because the more palpable and the more easily remedied; but it takes a bitter revenge directly the meal is over.) The hardest task-master could not use worse the body of another, than does the over-wrought professional or business man oftentimes his own. It is not the work he gets through, not the hours of busy application, nor even of deep thought, which do the damage eventually; no, it is the fretting under a load which *can not* be borne, the pressure of promises made which are impossible to be fulfilled, of engagements which cannot be carried out, of things such as these, which presently form into a cloud over the brow and draw lines round the eyes and mouth.

"Oh, it is all very fine to talk," the man will tell you; "it is very fine." Perhaps he may add, "It is very true, what you say, in the abstract; but *you don't know*, you cannot appreciate the circumstances, you are not in the secret of my affairs, I *must* do as I am doing," &c., &c., &c.

Or, he will go farther and allow more. "Yes, yes, you are in the right;" he really "cannot hold on much longer," he feels he "ought to relax and take things more easily;" and in his acquiescence he is so frank and sincere that you imagine the impression is made, and will be acted upon. But somehow or other it never is; you hear that your friend is still *at it*, still steaming onwards and upwards at the same high pressure, and you meet to find him older, oh! so much older, all in a year or two; you feel that he is more engrossed, more submerged in cares and fears and a looming over-charged future than ever; and presently—the string cracks, that's all.

So much for overwork, now for *over-food*.

There is a member of our vile body which is so important, so useful, so influential, that he has been styled "the father of the family"—in plain terms, the stomach. How wickedly, how wantonly, is that poor stomach maltreated by many of us, and that without knowledge, or at least reflection, or at any rate compunction!

It is allowed to go fasting and empty for hours and hours in defiance of the laws which cry aloud to be heard, then all at once it has thrust upon it, bolted down, a hasty voluminous reeking-hot meal, the last mouthful of which is scarcely down ere the chair is empty

and its late occupant off anywhere and everywhere, feeling miserable and irritable it is true, but ignoring the cause and persisting, from day to day, in pursuing the same course. Well, he can't do it without paying the penalty. "Indigestion is the conscience of the stomach," says a writer of to-day, and its warning voice nothing can silence. Can any one be happy, cheerful, amiable, can he be benevolent and forbearing towards his fellow-men, or even take the full measure of comfort and support out of religion itself, who is *never well*, who never knows what it is to be without a pain in his side, or an ache in his head, or a sinking sickness within? Such a sufferer will doubtless affirm that he is "only a little out of sorts," or that it is "nothing which signifies," and he never stops to ask himself honestly and practically *why* he should care so much about that extra letter he has to write, or the extra half mile he has to walk, or the little matter that went wrong. But the doctor—he knows; his practised eye sees to the root of the matter, and he will tell you, though you may laugh at him until you believe it by bitter experience, that life itself becomes a burden scarcely to be borne by the victim of simple indigestion.

Then another thing this poor body needs is sleep. We turn now to those whose days are comparatively easy, and who, having from morning till night to work in, to read in, to talk in, to benefit others and enjoy themselves in, persist in sitting up regularly far into the night just because "it is too early to go to bed." The toil-worm by day have an excuse for prolonging their scanty time for recreation, but this is for those who, *having no reason whatever* for sitting up to burn the midnight oil, have fallen into the habit, and have persuaded others to do as they do.

It is hopeless to tell people who are not early risers by nature of the glories of the summer morn, of the fragrant scents from the meadows, the dewy cobwebs on the grass, and the peaceful sights and sounds to be met with ere the bustling day is awake; but when they sit up night after night *when there is nothing to sit for*—it is always worth while on occasion of course, when there is any fine sight to be viewed, or music to be heard, or company to be enjoyed—but when there are only the same faces to be seen that have been there all day, and only the same things to be done that can be done in the day, then we do affirm that it is cruelly hard on the poor body to be forced to breathe the gas-lit or lamp-lit air, and to work the eyes by artificial light when the hour for "beauty sleep"

arrives, that sleep which would make the slumberer wake in the morning fresh, vigorous, joyous—or, at any rate, not indisposed by the discomfort and weariness of the flesh for the morning devotions and the after duties and pleasures of the day.

Cold air, cold water, plenty of exercise, and abundance of recreation, are all very necessary for and too often denied that duped and defrauded body we think in some ways so little of. You can dance, young ladies, admirably; you can ride, you can skate, you can play lawn tennis for hours together, but you do not know how it is you do not, if you own the truth, like walking. When there is anything to be *done*, you say, you do not mind; you can shop, you can visit, you can dawdle in and out of your neighbours' houses, or if your tastes and principles are higher, you can engage in mission work, teach children, pass from one cottage to another, trudge miles to church to hear a favourite preacher, but you shudder at the bare idea of a good, brisk, healthful *walk* for walking's sake. Ah, but you do not know the pleasure of it: the exhilaration of spirits, the glow in the veins, the delightful well-earned fatigue of the limbs, so different to the fatigue of the head and brain, the honest hunger that finds everything good at the time, and nothing troublesome afterwards. And—let none despise this—the erect carriage, the elegant shape and graceful movements are to be obtained, legitimately obtained, by exercise, by merry games, and sports, and plays, not by a miserable compression, that worst torture of the poor body, about which so much has already been said that it is unnecessary to say more; the bright complexion is to be won by fresh breezes, not by—but this is outside our province.

Each one of us knows his own weak point, his own temptation, and it is hardly too much to say that two-thirds among us do wantonly and mischievously and ignorantly thwart and injure our own flesh and blood. But why be thus unkind, why thus unjust? You would not so treat another; your voice would be the loudest, your arguments the most urgent, if it were not yourself whom you yourself were thus at war with? Then, why not recognise once for all claims so manifest? You cannot, be assured, long go on holding your own body at bay, as it were; you cannot make of it a drudge, or a drone, as the case may be, without bringing down a retribution which you will not like, my friend, and which, perhaps, if you are piously disposed, you will refer to Providence, and endeavour to submit

to with patience and resignation. But, may we, with all reverence, suggest that Providence has nothing to do with Nature's revenge on her own injuries?

You men who will not curtail your long working hours, who will undertake what you know you cannot possibly do, who consider it a trifle, perhaps beneath your dignity, to be more regular, and stinted, and careful in your diet; you women and girls who will gape and yawn in each other's faces, instead of laying your tired heads on the peaceful pillow, who will huddle over the fire, or the desk, or the sewing machine, instead of letting the fine wintry air fill your lungs and redden your cheeks, you will all pay for it some day. *Some day?* You are paying for it *every day*, every day of your lives. You are paying for it in fretful peevish tempers, low spirits, aches, pains, moods, offences against God and your neighbour, all of which you probably yourself deplore, and the most of which you are fain sorrowfully to attribute to your "un-Christian state of mind."

So it is, very un-Christian. Christ, your Master, would have you honour and preserve that poor body you despise, would have it sound, vigorous, elastic, instead of aching and dwindling. Go and take a breezy blow in the fresh outer air, instead of writing a lamentation in your diary: tear up your diary and open your windows. Don't come shivering and miserable out of church or the Sunday-school because you have no warm comfortable wrap to throw around you, and don't fly along from one over-heated noisy busy place to another all the holy day of rest. When you are tired out, when your head or your eyes or your back is aching, be content to accept the willing substitute who offers to do your work, and believe that some one else besides yourself is good for something in the world. True it is, indeed, that one may and does not unfrequently hear of or behold with awe and adoration God working His wonders through some poor afflicted agonised saint whom *He* has stricken, but surely it is not unreasonable to conclude that where He has bestowed full powers, senses, and faculties, it is *not* pleasing in His sight that these should be slighted and enfeebled; nay, we may go a step farther, and affirm that the servant who serveth Him best is he who, with every energy of the mind and every aspiration of the soul strengthened and animated by the soundness and vivacity of a perfect *body*, yields with a willing cheerfulness and an humble gratitude the fruits of these at the feet of his Creator, after whose image that body itself was created.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

BY THE EDITOR.

AMONG the many memoirs which have been published of recent years, few have created greater interest than the autobiographical notes left by the late Mr. Anthony Trollope. We regret that we have been unable before to notice, in *GOOD WORDS*, the life of one who for many years past contributed to its pages, and to whom our readers were so much indebted.*

His reminiscences are full of interest and instruction. Professing to be chiefly literary, and teeming with literary criticism and delightful literary gossip, they also contain a self-revelation in which no detail is omitted necessary to the understanding of his life. In common with all who knew him only after he had achieved distinction, we were surprised by the picture he draws of the hardships of his early life. For no trace of sorrow, no memory of disappointment, could be detected in that bluff and cheery presence. He seemed to revel in the fresh air of a healthy, happy, and useful existence. The loud manly voice, the *banging* emphasis and straightness of leap with which he plunged into any matter of discussion, had something in them of his favourite amusement of hunting. He addressed you as a man trotting alongside, and in the teeth of a strong breeze, might address you. There was the ring of the "View-halloo" in his heartiness. His countenance beamed with thorough honesty and kindness. And yet he describes the first twenty-six years of his life as "years of suffering, disgrace, and inward remorse." We are disposed to make large allowance, in these statements, for the influence of a sensitive temperament. His "craving for affection" probably made him exaggerate the slights to which he was exposed. A coarser nature would have forgotten many of the incidents that left deep scars on his kindly spirit. But the picture he gives of his school-days is none the less touching. The son of a barrister of some ability, who was afflicted with poverty, a bad temper, and thorough inaptitude for business, he was born under a conjunction of evil stars. His mother, the celebrated novelist,

was the one solace of his youth, but by a hard fate he was long separated from her. He thus describes his first experience at school:—

"I was only seven, and I think that boys at seven are now spared among their more considerate seniors. I was never spared; and was not even allowed to run to and fro between our house and the school without a daily purgatory. No doubt my appearance was against me. I remember well, when I was still the junior boy in the school, Dr. Butler, the head master, stopping me in the street and asking me, with all the clouds of Jove upon his brow and all the thunder in his voice, whether it was possible that Harrow School was disgraced by so disreputably dirty a little boy as I? Oh! what I felt at that moment! But I could not look my feelings. I do not doubt that I was dirty; but I think that he was cruel. He must have known me had he seen me as he was wont to see me, for he was in the habit of flogging me constantly. Perhaps he did not recognise me by my face."

Later on, when he was at Winchester College, he was as miserable as before.

"I suffered horribly! I could make no stand against it. I had no friend to whom I could pour out my sorrows. I was big, and awkward, and ugly, and, I have no doubt, I knocked about in a most unattractive manner. Of course I was ill-dressed and dirty. But, ah! how well I remember all the agonies of my young heart; how I considered whether I should always be alone, whether I could not find my way up to the top of that college tower, and from thence put an end to everything?"

He had other sorrows to meet before he entered on the business of his life in connection with the Civil Service. The beginning of his career at the Post Office was equally unfortunate with that of his boyhood. His superior officers at "The Grand" found him unpunctual and careless, while he thought them overbearing. It seemed to him as if he were doomed to ill-usage. Yet even during those unhappy years there were the stirrings of literary ambition, and tokens of the shape which that ambition was to take. He was haunted with a passion for castle-building.

"For weeks, for months, if I remember rightly, from year to year, I would carry on the same tale, binding myself down to certain laws, to certain proportions, and proprieties, and unities. Nothing impossible was ever introduced, nor even anything which, from outward circumstances, would seem to be violently improbable. I myself was of course my own hero."

The two turning points of his career were his transference to Ireland and his marriage. In Ireland he found, for the first time, congenial surroundings, and he threw himself with enthusiasm into his official duties. His marriage added a new stimulus to his ambi-

* The following is a list of the stories and articles which he contributed: "The Widow's Mite" (1863); "The Two Generals" (1865); "Malachi's Cave" (1866); "The Last Austrian who left Venice" (1867); "The Golden Lion of Granpere" (1872); "Why Frau Frohmann raised her Prices" (1877); "Young Women at the London Telegraph Office" (1877); "The Telegraph Girl" (1877); "Alice Dugdale" (1878); "In the Hunting-Field" (1879); "A Walk in a Wood" (1879); "Kept in the Dark" (1882); "The Two Heroines of Plumpington" (1882).



From a Photo.]

Anthony Trollope.

[By Messrs. Elliott & Fry.

tion. He determined to increase his income by the gains of authorship, and accordingly sat down to his first novel. This was in 1841, when he was twenty-six years old. Fortune, however, frowned on this first attempt, as she had frowned on every commencement he made in life. But a new spirit of courage was in him, and he faced the world with a determination to succeed. With that dauntless energy and perseverance which became his chief characteristic, he girded himself for his conflict with fortune. It was not, however, till 1855 that he gained his first success. It was then that "Barchester Towers" appeared, the earliest of that series which included "Framley Parsonage," and "The Last Chronicle of Barset." It is on that series his fame will chiefly rest. From 1855 his place in contemporary literature was recognised. If it was not the very highest place, it was close to the highest. He would himself have been the last to claim equality with Thackeray or George Eliot. They had genius; Trollope had talent: but it was talent of rare quality. It seemed exhaustless in productive power, and capable of bringing its full strength to bear on every production,

however rapidly executed. If his work never rises to the loftiest range, it maintains an excellence that is astonishing in view of the speed with which story followed story. He describes his method of working with perfect frankness. He despised the idea of a writer waiting for inspiration. "Genius," he once said to us, "is but another name for the length of time a man can sit." "I was once told," he says in his *Autobiography*, "that the surest aid to the writing of a book was a piece of cobbler's wax on my chair. I certainly believe in the cobbler's wax much more than in inspiration." No cobbler's wax, however, could have held him so firmly as did his own determination.

"According to the circumstances of the time," he writes, "whether any other business might then be heavy or light, or whether the work which I was writing was or was not wanted with speed, I have allotted to myself so many pages a week. The average number has been about forty. It has been placed as low as twenty, and has risen to one hundred and twelve. And as a page is an ambiguous term, my page has been made to contain two hundred and fifty words; and as words, if not watched, will have a tendency to straggle, I have had every word counted as I went. In the bargains I have made with publishers, I have—not, of course, with their knowledge,

but in my own mind—undertaken always to supply them with so many words, and I have never put a book out of my hand short of the number by a single word. I may also say that the excess has been very small. I have prided myself on completing my work exactly within the proposed dimensions. But I have prided myself especially in completing it within the proposed time, and I have always done so.”

It was indeed a comfort for any editor to have Trollope as a writer, for there was never any anxiety as to “copy” being forthcoming at the appointed time. We remember the surprise we experienced when, on the occasion of our first arranging with him for a story, he asked, “How many words do you wish?” “On what day do you wish copy?” was the next question. A jotting was then taken of the agreement, and it was observed by him to the letter. Such methods cannot but appear inconsistent with any preconceived notions of inspiration, and as being too mechanical for the accomplishment of the best work. Yet we believe it had no such trammelling influence on Trollope, whose temperament was such that he could reach his highest power whether he was flying in an express train or being pitched about in a steamer in a gale. With unflinching regularity and decision he could concentrate his mind on his allotted task—sometimes even timing himself with his watch for the production of so many words in so many minutes. We question, however, whether the consciousness of having to fill so many pages, while quite consistent with the maintenance of a certain literary proportion, did not sometimes lead to undue “padding.” If he worked hard, he very properly expected to be paid for his work. He had no false sentimentalism as to money in connection with art. “It is a mistake to suppose that a man is a better man because he despises money. Who does not desire to be hospitable to his friends, generous to the poor, liberal to all, munificent to his children, and to be himself free from the carking fear which poverty creates?” The profits which he reaped from his works amounted in all to something between £70,000 and £80,000. It seems a large sum, but when we consider the talent and industry employed, and think of what this same talent and industry might have gained had they been engaged at the bar or in commerce, we cannot estimate the result of his life’s work as at all extraordinary.

His conception of the moral purposes to be served by the writer of novels is a noble one, and he is justified in his claim to having honestly tried to fulfil his ideal.

“There are many who would laugh at the idea of a novelist teaching either virtue or nobility—those, for instance, who regard the reading of novels as a sin, and those, also, who think it to be simply an idle pastime. They look upon the tellers of stories as among the tribe of those who pander to the wicked pleasures of a wicked world. I have regarded my art from so different a point of view that I have ever thought of myself as a preacher of sermons, and my pulpit as one which I could make both salutary and agreeable to my audience. I do believe that no girl has risen from the reading of my pages less modest than she was before, and that some may have learned from them that modesty is a charm well worth preserving. I think that no youth has been taught that in falseness and flashiness is to be found the road to manliness; but some may perhaps have learned from me that it is to be found in truth and a high, but gentle, spirit. Such are the lessons I have striven to teach; and I have thought it might best be done by representing to my readers characters like themselves, or to which they might liken themselves.”

His life, in spite of its incessant toil, was an exceedingly happy one, and he recognised its happiness to the full. His duties afforded him the opportunity of travelling extensively. Egypt, the West Indies, America, Australia, South Africa, became familiar ground to him. When at home he had his four hunters ever ready to carry him to the covert side, and (what was more difficult) to carry a rider across country who was so short-sighted that he could never form a judgment of fence or ditch, and who boldly rode straight at everything. From his habit of rising every morning at 5.30 A.M., he was able to have his literary work over in good time, and the day free for any other duty or amusement. Loving his own fireside, he yet enjoyed going into society, and seldom in his later life did he miss, when in town, the afternoon visit to the Garrick, and the afternoon rubber at whist there. Never making any very loud professions of religion, and regarding all that was innocent in life as open to his free enjoyment, all his friends knew him to be a reverent and sincere Christian.

From the affection and admiration with which we regard him, it is painful for us to draw attention to one passage in his Autobiography in which his memory has evidently betrayed him, and in which he writes in a tone which, for many reasons well known to us, has filled us with surprise. We refer to the following passage:—

“‘Rachel Ray’ underwent a fate which no other novel of mine has encountered. Some years before this a periodical called *GOOD WORDS* had been established under the editorship of my friend Dr. Norman Macleod, a well-known Presbyterian pastor in Glasgow. In 1863 he asked me to write a novel for his magazine, explaining to me that his principles did not teach him to confine his matter to religious subjects, and paying me the compliment of saying that he would feel him-

self quite safe in my hands. In reply I told him I thought he was wrong in his choice—that though he might wish to give a novel to the readers of *GOOD WORDS*, a novel from me would hardly be what he wanted, and that I could not undertake to write either with any specially religious tendency, or in any fashion different from that which was usual to me. As worldly and—if any one thought me wicked—as wicked as I had heretofore been I must still be should I write for *GOOD WORDS*. He persisted in his request, and I came to terms as to a story for the periodical. I wrote it and sent it to him, and shortly afterwards received it back—a considerable portion having been printed—with an intimation that it would not do. A letter more full of wailing and repentance no man ever wrote. It was, he said, all his own fault. He should have taken my advice. He should have known better. But the story, such as it was, he could not give to his readers in the pages of *GOOD WORDS*. Would I forgive him? Any pecuniary loss to which his decision might subject me the owner of the publication would willingly make good. There was some loss—or rather would have been—and that money I exacted, feeling that the fault had in truth been with the editor. There is the tale now to speak for itself. It is not brilliant, nor in any way very excellent, but it certainly is not very wicked. There is some dancing in one of the early chapters, described, no doubt, with that approval of the amusement which I have always entertained; and it was this to which my friend demurred. It is more true of novels than perhaps of anything else, that one man's food is another man's poison."

When we remember the trueneess of the friendship which existed between Mr. Trollope and Dr. Norman Macleod, and which was not even disturbed by the incident of "Rachel Ray," we are at a loss to account for the irritation which this passage betrays. Still more unaccountable is his narrative of the rejection of "Rachel Ray," and his supposition that the only cause for it was the occurrence of some dancing in the early part of the story. To show the groundlessness of the reason he attributes, we have but to recall to our readers the song once written for *GOOD WORDS* by Norman Macleod himself.

"Dance, my children! lads and lassies!
Cut and shuffle, toes and heels!
Piper, roar from every chanter
Hurricanes of Highland reels!
Make the old barnshake with laughter,
Beat its flooring like a drum;
Batter it with Tullochgorum,
Till the storm without is dumb!
Sweep in circles like a whirlwind,
Flit across like meteors glancing;
Crack your fingers, shout in gladness,
Think of nothing but of dancing."

But Mr. Trollope ought to have had no difficulty in divining the reasons for "Rachel Ray" not being accepted, because he had these reasons given at length by Norman Macleod in a letter which we published in the memoir of our brother, and part of which we here reproduce, not only to show that there is very little trace of "wailing and repentance," but also to give our readers an insight into the principles upon which the former and present

editors have tried to select fiction—that most difficult of all elements in a periodical with the aims which *GOOD WORDS* has always put before it.

"N.B.—This letter will keep cold till you are at peace with all the world, with a pipe well filled, and drawing well. Read it then, or a bit each day for a month.

"Glasgow, June 11th, 1863.

"You are not wrong; nor have you wronged me or my publishers in any way. I frankly admit this; but neither am I wrong. This, 'by your leave,' I assert. The fact is that I misunderstood you and you me, though I more than you have been the cause of the misunderstanding. What I tried to explain and wished you to see when we met here was, the peculiar place which *GOOD WORDS* aimed at occupying in the field of cheap Christian literature. I have always endeavoured to avoid, on the one hand, the exclusively narrow religious ground—narrow in its choice of subjects and in its manner of treating them—hitherto occupied by our religious periodicals; and, on the other hand, to avoid altogether whatever was antagonistic to the truths and spirit of Christianity, and also as much as possible whatever was calculated to offend the prejudices, far more the sincere convictions and feelings of fair and reasonable 'Evangelical' men. Within these extremes it seemed to me that a sufficiently extensive field existed, in which any novelist might roam and find an endless variety of life and manners to describe with profit to all, and without giving offence to any. This problem which I wished to solve did not and does not seem to me a very difficult one, unless for very one-sided 'Evangelical' or anti-'Evangelical' writers. At all events, being a clergyman as well as an editor—the one from deepest convictions, though the other, I fear, is from the deepest mistake—I could not be else than sensitive lest anything should appear in *GOOD WORDS* out of harmony with my convictions and my profession. Well, then, was I wrong in assuming that you were an honest believer in revealed Christian truth? I was not. Was I wrong in believing and hoping that there were many truly Christian aspects of life, as well as the canting and humbug ones, with which you heartily sympathised, and which you were able and disposed to delineate? I was not.

"Perhaps I had no ground for hoping that you would give me a different kind of story from those you had hitherto published. If so, forgive me this wrong. Possibly the wish was father to the thought. But the thought did not imply that any of your former novels had been false either to your own world within or to the big world without—false to truth or to nature. It assumed only that you could with your whole heart produce another novel which, instead of showing up what was weak, false, disgusting in professing Christians, might also bring out, as has never yet been done, what Christianity as a living power derived from faith in a living Saviour, and working in and through living men and women, does, has done, and will do, what no other known power can accomplish in the world, for the good of the individual or mankind. . . . Why, when one reads of the good men in most novels, it can hardly be discovered where they got their goodness; but let a parson, a deacon, a church member be introduced and at once we guess where they have had their badness from—they were professing Christians. Now all this, and much more, was the substance of my sermon to you.

"Now, my good Trollope, you have been, in my

humble opinion, guilty of committing this fault, or, as you might say, praiseworthy in doing this good, in your story. You hit right and left; give a *wife* here, a sneer there, and thrust a nasty *prong* into another place; cast a gloom over Dorcas Societies, and a glory over balls lasting till four in the morning. In short, it is the old story. The shadow over the Church is broad and deep, and over every other spot sunshine reigns. That is the general impression which the story gives, so far as it goes. There is nothing, of course, bad or vicious in it—that could not be from you—but quite enough, and that without any necessity from your head or heart, to keep GOOD WORDS and its Editor in boiling water until either or both were boiled to death.

“* * * I know well that my position is difficult, and that, too, because I do not write to please both parties, but simply because I wish to produce, if possible, a magazine which, though too wide for the ‘Evangelicals,’ and too narrow for the anti-‘Evangelicals,’ and therefore disliked by both cliques, may nevertheless rally round it in the long run the sympathies of all who occupy the middle ground of a decided, sincere, and manly Evangelical Christianity.”

We have only to add in reference to another remark made by Mr. Trollope—that such have been the changes in public opinion that the once rejected novel would probably now be published without question in GOOD WORDS,—that having just finished

the perusal of “Rachel Ray,” we thoroughly endorse the judgment of the former editor.

We will close this brief sketch of the good Anthony Trollope with a story lately given us, which is both amusing and will serve to show how hearty was the friendship which existed between him and Norman Macleod, long after “Rachel Ray’s” rejection had been forgotten. They were both with Mr. John Burns (the well-known chairman of the Cunard Line) at a little Highland inn, when, after supper, stories were told, and the laughter became loud and long, lasting far into the night. In the morning an old gentleman, who slept in a bedroom above where they were, complained to the landlord of the manner in which his night’s rest had been disturbed, and presumed to express his astonishment that such men should have taken more than was good for them. “Well,” replied the landlord, “I am bound to confess there was much loud talking and laughter; but they had nothing stronger than *tea and fresh herrings*.” “Bless me,” rejoined the old gentleman, “if that is so, *what would they be after dinner!*”

EAST-LONDON LIFE AND WORK.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

THIRD (AND CONCLUDING) PAPER.

THE East of London is reckoned to be dull, and certainly it stands in need of more wholesome public amusement than it now can conveniently realise. But its social life is often unfairly judged by a few who miss the society with which they have been personally familiar. Some time ago, *e.g.*, an Oxford East-end clergyman wrote letters to a paper signing himself “An Exile.” From what was he exiled? Trams and trains are frequent, cabs are numerous, and it used to take about thirty-five minutes for us to drive from Ratcliff Highway to Mayfair when we happened to dine with friends in that fashionable region; but our “Exile” was of course separated from the immediately contiguous touch of “University” men, from that of such as kept butlers, rode on horseback, and quoted Latin accurately. He was not cut off, however, from a very fervid, sagacious, and outspoken set of people amongst whom my wife and I reckon warm friends. There is, moreover, much East-end middle-class interchange of hospitality, and such an estimate of current literary culture as many “West-enders” would be surprised at. One day the Bishop of Man-

chester was preaching for me at St. George’s, and in his sermon took occasion to deprecate a notable article in that month’s *Fortnightly*. Our Junior Warden, living and trading in Ratcliff Highway, said to me afterwards, “I’ve got the magazine at home, and am glad that he gave Clifford a dressing.” At another time, during one of our choir suppers, the conversation ran without forcing or pretence on the last number of the *Nineteenth Century*. Every now and then I was struck by the way in which subjects of high general interest came up in local society, and realised the influence of popular educational periodicals on the scope and tone of its conversation. The prevalence, too, of little “parties” among eastern working people was, it seemed to me, more notable than in the west, where they have few parlours in which they receive their friends. Still, there is sore lack of wholesome recreation, and chiefly to this end the scheme of a People’s Palace was started at a Mansion House meeting in December last. The gathering was remarkable, and one of the speeches, by Professor Huxley, gravely startling. He told us that he well knew one poor parish forty years ago, and had never forgotten it. He said that since then he had

been round the world, and seen many kinds of savages, but he solemnly asserted that if the choice were given him between the life of a savage and that of a dweller in the place which he remembered so well—a wretched waterside district—he would distinctly choose the life of a savage. This was an awful sentence, but though avowedly forty years out of date, and by no means specially applicable to East London—I know more about that than the Professor does—the case of some people in all our great cities might justify it now. Matters have mended in many ways, notably since Hogarth photographed the streets, but the present amusement of the poorest is woeful. Many must have had more mirth in the dark ages, with their fairs, church festivals, miracle plays, and May-poles; though they were sparse jerkins, slept on straw, and were much kicked about by the upper sort. Certainly the most superstitious pilgrimage on foot gave a better knowledge of the country than a modern excursion, when people are packed into a third-class carriage and projected out of one set of public-houses into another. That is what a “Holy day” often comes to in these enlightened times. A sad business. Once perhaps this land deserved the name of “merry.” Now we have so blundered that many poor children, especially boys, even in the country, do not know how to play with corporate interest, when they get the chance. They have not spirit of self-sacrifice enough to realise the true taking of sides, and of a sound corporate licking. Their play is individual, such as cat, peg-top, &c. Though it is pursued with greediness and noise, they break off in a moment to crowd and grin around a white-haired drunkard, or a tearing fight between two women, whom God forgive, for they know not what they do or say. This scent of the social air is, however, ominous, and we may trust that the Mansion House meeting, which moved quite out of usual ruts in the Egyptian Hall, and left Gog and Magog something to think about, will bear fruit. An appreciation of sound learning and wholesome play for the people was certainly then shown, and if the people themselves are employed in its realisation, we may have turned a useful social corner, at least in respect to London. I happen to have been made by the Charity Commissioners one of the trustees of the “Beaumont Trust,” out of the ashes of which we hope to see the People’s Palace rise, and I may be allowed to take the opportunity of saying that we want fifty thousand pounds.

The time has not come in which to form a just judgment of the elementary educa-

tion now being given to the working class. There are, nevertheless, several things in it which seem wrong to me.

I would instance the combination of compulsory attendance and a payment of fees. The former, or at least the attempt to realise it, makes school stink in the nostrils of too many. The very babies in our crèche used to play at “school visitors” by themselves. One would come in peeping about with infant severity, whereupon the others fled, or affected to hide themselves. This indicated not merely general and profound domestic distaste for compulsory school, but a frequently successful evasion of it. If we have Board School visitors they should be shifted, and not be allowed to remain so long in the same place as to be immediately recognised at the corners of streets. We made one capture once, at St. George’s, of which I am keenly ashamed. After our recreation ground was opened, truants naturally frequented it. The ground is entered by two large iron gates. One day, at about eleven o’clock, we shut these and put a visitor in the midst. It was like lowering a terrier into a pit of rats. They squeaked and ran; in vain. We caught fifty-seven palpitating recusants. But I must be allowed to say, gladly, that we were not moved to repeat the process, however piteously comical.

To return to the economy of schools: the small ordinary fee of a penny or twopence is enough to suggest resentment when demanded after compulsory attendance, and at the same time it is not enough in respect of the benefit received and cost incurred. It is urged by many, that people do not value what they do not pay for. Very true sometimes. But they do not, and know that they do not, pay for the schooling of their children when they send the weekly pennies. The looking after these, too, takes up much of the teachers’ time. If we must have compulsory education, I, for one, would like to see those schools free in which it is applied. They need not be all. The attendance at the greater number of schools in a district ought, I venture to think, to be voluntary, but in some cases—I would not be too hard on little girls minding babies which are half as big as themselves, and pull them lopsided—the presence of children might be enforced. Again, the part payment of teachers by results, so far as these are measured by government inspections and grants, obviously tempts masters, who are no better than the rest of us, to shirk the profitless instruction of the most backward scholars. They should be paid a fixed income, and fined for failures, heavily for gross ones.

In respect to instruction generally I have, of course, realised the resentment with which it is generally met. Very few in any class or condition like to be taught anything, but I confess to disappointment when I provided lessons in cheap and toothsome cookery. I was full of enthusiasm about it, but nobody cared twopence for the matter. I had a room properly fitted up for the purpose. There was the bright, white-aproned teacher from Kensington, with her pots, pans, hints, wrinkles, and sniffs about nice dishes to be made for next to nothing. The resultant viands were set on the table, to be smelt and eaten, and they smelt uncommonly good. But, no; our people would have none of it. They came in crowds to the opening lecture by Mr. Buckmaster, cheered lustily, and then stayed away. "Oh," said some, by no means the poorest, "give us meat, and we will find a way to cook it." This was, perhaps, natural, but all the same provoking, for these cynics really ate meat on most days, but did not know how to prepare it well. Thus, I am pleased to see cooking form part of elementary education in a growing number of schools, for it is one of the most important matters which need to be taught. Certainly it is more useful than grammar, with which dry stuff many poor children have hitherto been crammed, to the great discredit of us managers, pastors, and masters. I look, too, with mixed thought at the huge Board Schools which hunch up their backs above the flats of tile and chimney pot, inasmuch as they seem greedy to swallow up family life. This ought to be treated with the more respect where its influence is likely to be tainted; but I take comfort in the knowledge that many in those battalions of children under their roofs find appreciative friends in teachers, and that veins of love traverse the lumbering scholastic carcase. I am thinking just at this moment of a flower-cross sent by children of an East-end Board School to be laid on the little blue coffin of the care-keeper's baby. What a profoundly joyous and consuming career might be found in elementary teaching by many young ladies who deserve a better fate than success in lawn tennis! The worst of it is, that however charming, they are often too ill instructed to teach even the most ignorant. But the opportunities open to the younger and most capable among them in these educational days are incalculable.

While recalling the "remedial" factors in East-London society, and passing in mental review the many polyglot institutions and invitations for our sailors' benefit on the

borders of the docks, I might dwell on the Wells Street "Home," which has beds for several hundred tars, and stalls under its roof for the purchase of whatever they really need, and which supports itself, but I stop to say a word about the "Ratcliff Highway Refuge." I am still an acting member of its very small board of management, or whatever it is called, and go there occasionally; but it is managed by Miss Steer. I will not write what I think of this lady's rule, for it combines more true tact, love, and sense—with a wholesome vein of sad humour—than I know how to set down the record of, but I must pen a sentence concerning the Refuge itself. It came about in this wise. Down Old Gravel Lane, which leads out of the "Highway," there is a dock bridge, popularly called "Bedford's Trap." It was thus named, not after the genial bishop who has made so many love him in East London, but after a coroner who was continually sitting on the bodies of the people who had thrown themselves from it to be drowned. The water there was not only stagnant and deep, but poisonous. This was probably caused by the copper bottoms of those ships which lay long in the docks, and which, indeed, defiled them in other ways. People said that the swallowing of a pint of dock water was enough to kill you, even if you were drawn out before you were dead from suffocation. The stone sides of the wharf are high, steep, and slippery, defying after-thoughts of self-extrication. Here "unfortunates," weary of "Highway" life, betook themselves so frequently that a special police constable was obliged to watch the bridge, and if possible stop fatal maddened leaps. The provision of a better door of escape was one of my hopes at St. George's, and it eventually arrived in the shape of a "Ratcliff Highway Refuge," a few doors off that thoroughfare—at No. 26, Prince's Square. Its title is written up plainly outside, so that she who runs to destruction may read, and at any time, day or night, a penitent meets with a kind and smiling welcome. The house is always full. Some who come in are moved on to larger institutions, a few go away ungraciously, or are inevitably dismissed till they can approach the place with such honesty and decency as the most forbearing must require; others are sent home to their friends. All the abandoned frequenters of the Highway know of this harbour of refuge, and are thus tempted to prefer it to "Bedford's Trap" when they would turn from the evil of their ways, and make a plunge into another sort of

life. No importunate public appeals are issued for this excellent work, but divers of those who come to know of it send money to help Miss Steer, who lives in the house; which at first was mobbed by sons of Belial. Hers is not a post which many could fill. It is surrounded by devouring anxiety and exposure to strains of foul unrighteousness, but its guiding spirit had not broken down when I saw her last—this afternoon. God helps her.

I need not dwell on the various directly religious or spiritual influences which are employed and invoked to move and cheer the people in that part of London where I have last lived. They are numerous and manifold. No doubt, though it is an impossible feat anywhere to live without God in the world, there are those who *seem* to do so at St. George's-in-the-East, as well as at St. George's, Hanover Square; but offers of religious ministration, when they are perceived to be genuine and self-sacrificing, are gladly received before very long by many, at all times, and in all places. And I do not think that the "opinions" of those who offer them much affect their acceptance. Opinions, especially when advanced with acrimony, are always imperfect, and mostly repulsive in any one. This is not inconsistent with the truth that enthusiasm is a prominent

factor in the movement and conduct of the world of men, nor with another truth, *i.e.* that there must be some form of belief. It is impossible to build upon a sentiment alone. The most worldly material spirit must have a cask to hold it, if it is to do good or harm. But given a sober man with an open eye, a loving heart, a touch of true humour, and a big faith in the power of right over wrong, and he inevitably affects his fellows for good. I knew, and knew of, men credited with curiously different views, who were all doing excellent work, and setting me a wholesome example in various ways, though I tried to preserve my individuality, and had my own notions about their religious fads. They were more or less known—often less—sturdy personal inglorious evangelists, with a belief and trust in a living God, and Jesus Christ who loved to call himself the Son of Man. I could dwell at length upon many varieties of religious machinery and motive, but much is written on these things, and I do not now want to add my pebble to the heap. I will only say, in a last word about East London, that nowhere have I more clearly seen the worth of the man weighed rather than that of the party to which he was supposed to belong.

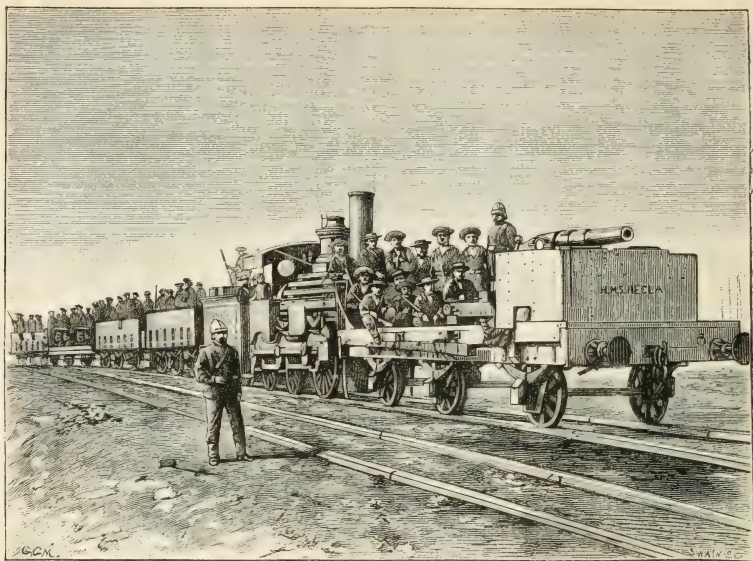
A SAIL THROUGH LOWER EGYPT AFTER THE WAR.

By LADY BRÁSSEY, AUTHOR OF "A VOYAGE IN THE 'SUNBEAM,'" ETC.

PART II.



HURSDAY, *February 1st.*—To-day we went with Lord Napier, Major Napier, General Harman, and some of the staff, including Colonel John, Captain Sinclair, Mr. Errington, and others, to the lines at Cafr Dowar, and thence to Ramleh. We drove first to the Mahmoudieh Canal, and then for some distance along its banks, past beautiful palaces and gardens, which had all fortunately escaped the violence of the mob, though they now look sadly desolate and deserted; their owners having fled and not having yet returned. Near Mr. Antoniadès' garden (the best, by the way, in Alexandria) some of the British troops, under General Harman, were encamped for several weeks: and, to their credit be it spoken, not a tree, shrub, or flower was injured during the whole time. Just before the camp was broken up, they had only a few days' water-supply for horses and men, and were getting very anxious indeed, when the change in the tide of affairs turned the water into the canal once more and all was well. Here we found horses in readiness for us; but it was now raining so hard, and the weather looked so unsettled, that we were obliged to wait more than an hour for it to clear up. The time was,



The Armour-plated Train.

however, not at all unpleasantly spent in listening to various details of the campaign from the lips of some of the actors therein. Rain is the last thing one expects to encounter in Egypt; and we were all beginning rather to despair, when the heavy clouds passed away, and the sun came out once more. The General had kindly lent me his favourite pony, a dear little Arab, taken at Cafr Dowar. Accustomed to be ridden by his master in front of everybody at a hand-gallop, he did not at all approve of going at a comparatively slow pace in the midst of a lot of other horses. He stuck his nose straight up in the air, and jumped about and bit at his companions, and capered and slipped on the muddy ground, till I thought we must inevitably come down and probably roll into the canal together; for the rain had formed a sort of greasy paste on the top of the hard ground, which made riding rather dangerous.

Presently we arrived at a very ill-repaired iron tubular single-line railway bridge, of which some plates were gone, and others, full of holes, looked as if it would not be long before they followed their example. Altogether it was a most unsafe-looking structure. However, safe or unsafe, if we wished to continue our ride we *must* cross it; and that

in spite of the objections of some very decrepit railway officials, which received little or no attention. Every one dismounted; and after a short delay and a little difficulty, all the horses were led across in safety. We mounted again on the other side, and had rather an exciting gallop, which I much enjoyed, along a narrow raised causeway, built on the top of a steep embankment, for a single line of rails, between two lakes—or rather across one. General Harman, knowing the peculiarities of his pony, and seeing my difficulties, kindly suggested that I should lead the way, as we could only proceed in single file. The difference was marvellous. The pony flew like the wind, without pulling an ounce; and was as quiet as a lamb. The General advised us to make the pace pretty good till we reached the junction to Melhalla, as the down train from Cairo was nearly due, and there would not be much room, if any, for it to pass us. "Still," he added, "if we do meet the train, you have only to get off and let the pony stand on the embankment" (which was very steep) "close to the line, and he won't mind it a bit." I have no doubt his master knew the animal's ways; but I was very glad not to have to put this proof of his steadiness to the test, and that we

reached Melhalla junction just before the train arrived there.

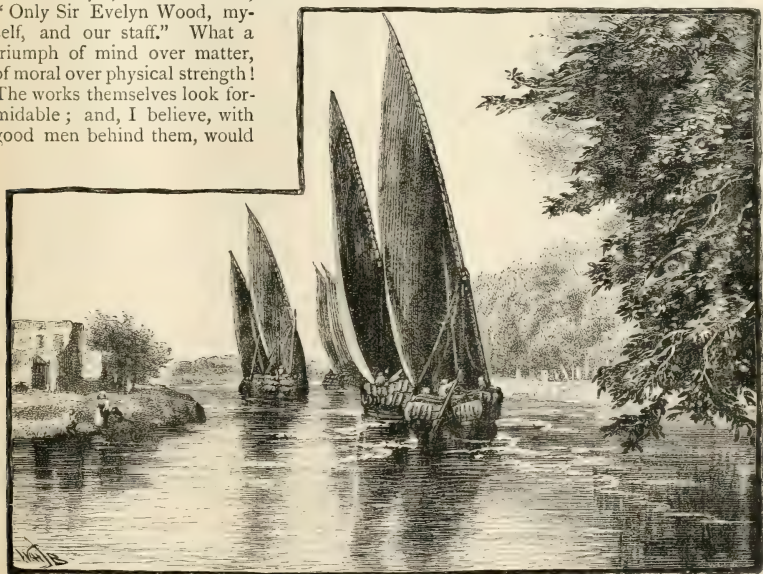
It was along this causeway, over which we had just galloped so fast, that the armoured train, of which we heard so much during the war, used to come slowly out from Alexandria, to reconnoitre the enemy and throw shells into his lines. It was very interesting to have the operation explained and described on the exact spot where it had been carried out; for we had of course all seen the pictures and read the descriptions of the train, which appeared at the time in the newspapers; and we wanted very much to know more about it.

From Melhalla we had a less exciting ride, below the embankment, on the marshy ground beyond the lake. Here we were shown the various outworks and lines, and the small, covered ditches, along which the Egyptians crept in shelter until they were close to our advanced posts. Just before reaching Cafr Dowar, we saw a very dirty Egyptian, riding a miserable-looking donkey along the railway. "There," said General Harman, "is the place where all the pachas, and the thousands of men who occupied those works, laid down their arms to us." I asked how many were there to receive them, and was told, "Only Sir Evelyn Wood, myself, and our staff." What a triumph of mind over matter, of moral over physical strength! The works themselves look formidable; and, I believe, with good men behind them, would

have been perfectly impregnable by any army, however determined and numerous.

The modern Egyptian, when not properly commanded—as was the case in the late war—seems to be rather a despicable enemy, running away directly he is hard pressed. I believe that immediately after the surrender of Cafr Dowar the sudden dissolution of the army of thousands of men was perfectly marvellous. Having laid down their arms, they retired to their villages, some of them far distant, resumed their ordinary fellah's dress (or the want of it), cultivated their fields, and were no longer distinguishable from their more peaceful brethren.

We had to cross the ditch inside the fortifications, to make a return journey alongside the Mahmoudieh Canal, in order to see the other lines. The General crossed first, with some little difficulty; for his horse did not like facing the water. I followed, with a jump, a flounder, a splash, and a scramble. Then came Lord Napier; the place, of course, getting more difficult with every jump. Captain Sinclair tried a new place a little lower down, and got over all right. Mabelle came after; and her horse, who evidently did not much like the look of it, caught his foot in a wire



On the Mahmoudieh Canal.

(laid down originally as a trap by the Egyptians), and rolled completely over into the water. Mabelle came off on the other side, and hung by her habit, the horse rolling and plunging furiously. If Colonel John, who was following, had not jumped into the water up to his neck, and Captain Sinclair, who had already crossed, had not also dismounted and rushed to the rescue, she must have been drowned or crushed. It was a horrible thing to see! After one roll I thought she would never come up from under water again; but in what was really a few seconds, I suppose, though it appeared many minutes, she was half led, half carried to the shore, dripping and nearly drowned, but perfectly cool and collected, and not much the worse apparently. There are only about two or three trains a day each way on this line; and as one to Alexandria had just passed, there was nothing for it but for her to continue her ride just as she was, and to hope that the sun, which was now shining fiercely, would dry her clothes, and that the brisk exercise would prevent her taking cold.

We rode close to the canal, on which were numerous dahabeeahs sailing up or rowing down; those coming down being laden with cotton, sugar-cane, and jars from Upper Egypt, those from Alexandria with all sorts of stores from other lands for the interior.

We saw the "one-tree picket," of which we have all often read: so called because of a curious old forked tree, which is conspicuous at this spot. In the said tree, perched in the fork, Sir Evelyn Wood used to pass many hours, seated on an old carriage cushion, watching the operations of the enemy. Other pickets, advanced works, and small mud intrenchments were passed; till at last, after riding through a large mud village, we again reached our old rotten bridge, which we once more crossed safely. Then we turned to the right, and came to a village situated in the midst of a fine grove of palm-trees, through which an avenue had been cut, by Sir Evelyn Wood's orders, to prevent their masking the enemy's fire or concealing his approach. The owners only charged £5 apiece for them (by way of compensation), which I should have thought was hardly as much as they were worth. Close by was established the battery of heavy guns, brought here with great skill and labour by the Naval Brigade, and placed under the "Red House Fort,"—or, in other words, the waterworks, with a large tower adjoining, which made a capital look-out station during the war. In fact, it was the chief point of observation for all the pickets about

Ramleh and towards Cafr Dowar; commanding, as it did, a large extent of country. Thence a short ride took us to the Khedive's Palace at Ramleh, from which he was rescued with so much difficulty, and on the roof of which he used to sit in an arm-chair, provided with a pair of opera-glasses, to watch the effect of the bombardment. Here are now quartered the 46th Regiment, old friends of ours at Gibraltar: and very pleasant it was to meet them again, and to be hospitably entertained by them at lunch, in the marble hall of the palace; for we were all pretty tired and hungry after our long morning's work.

Friday, February 2nd.—This morning we went by special train, with Lord Napier and much the same party as yesterday, taking donkeys with us, to see the forts at Aboukir. A three-quarters of an hour's journey brought us to Aboukir Station, where was a large quantity of fish of various kinds, including a porpoise, waiting to be sent up to Alexandria.

Leaving the train, and mounting our donkeys, we had a quiet ride across the sand to Fort Tewfik, as it is now called;—the oldest of all the forts, and one that was specially mentioned in Nelson's despatches; since which time it has, of course, been much modernised and strengthened. There were still some very heavy Armstrong guns lying on the ground, ready to be mounted, and stores of the most modern English ammunition, sufficient in quantity for a prolonged siege. It was a lovely day; and the waves of the (*sometimes*, not by any means *always*) blue Mediterranean looked bluer than ever, seen through the white embrasures of the fort, or in contrast with the yellow sand and green feathery palm-trees surrounding the little village of Aboukir. There was Nelson's (or Aboukir) Island; to the shoreward of which he so successfully manœuvred his fleet, notwithstanding the numerous sandbanks, over which the crisp waves were curling to-day, before the light northerly breeze. I am not sure that I did not take more interest in recalling the events of that battle than in listening to the description of recent events.

On our return to Alexandria, we went to the Gabbari Hospital, where most of our sick soldiers now are. It used to be a cotton store, and having no windows—only shutters—is somewhat dark; but it is large and airy, and contains commodious wards. There were a good many patients, mostly fever cases, some very ill, and all looking haggard and drawn—even more so than those we saw at Cyprus in 1880, I thought. But they were

evidently well cared for, and there were any number of doctors to look after them; in fact, more than were necessary, we were told; perhaps, by way of compensating for their insufficiency on the scene of operations during the war. A very pleasant young surgeon showed us round, and gave us many interesting particulars. We next went on board the *Carthage* hospital ship, which is to go home to-morrow, as she is no longer wanted here, and is rather an expensive luxury to keep, costing £10,000 a month, although her accommodation is extremely limited. She is beautifully fitted up, and is now provided with regular navy cots, instead of ordinary passenger berths; which is a great improvement. The sisters in charge told me that what they went through at first, before this change was made, in their endeavours to nurse cases of broken thighs and fractures of various kinds, where it is so necessary to be able to get at the patient on either side, was terrible. Miss Stuart showed me all round the ship, and told me a great deal about her work and her patients, past and present. The *Carthage* is pretty full just now, the sick from Cairo, who are delighted at the idea of going home again, having arrived on board to-day. Almost all the wounded have been sent home already; and only sufferers from fever and other sickness are left in the hospital here. Those with severe coughs or any similar affection are to remain in Egypt until the milder weather sets in; and quite touching it has been to see how they have tried to conceal their symptoms, in order to get back to the dear ones at home in England.

A "nursing-sister!" I wonder how many who read that word realise all that it means, the strict discipline and the total abnegation of self which such a vocation involves. I have the very highest respect for all the sisterhood; especially do I sympathize with those who have known, not better—for that would be impossible—but brighter days. They have the most interesting of all work, I think, to perform, and are encouraged by the knowledge that they are doing immense good in the relief of suffering humanity. Still, in the lonely watches of the night, during the long weary vigils of an anxious case, the tears must sometimes unbidden flow, as memory recalls the days that are no more, and thoughts "retrace their hurried footsteps" to the time when existence was more pleasurable, but not so noble as at present.

Saturday, February 3rd.—We started at ten o'clock this morning for Cairo—a long weary-some journey, in uncomfortable carriages; for

the rolling and permanent stock of the line is in very bad condition. An unconscionable time was wasted at every small station, half-an-hour being allowed at one place for dinner. Lord Napier and Major Napier were in the same train, and a good many officers and soldiers. On our arrival, an hour late, at Cairo, we found a waggonette awaiting us at the station; and a quick drive through the ever-busy streets brought us to Shepheard's Hotel, where the most polite of managers, Mr. Gross, met us on the steps. The hotel, as usual at this hour of the afternoon, was crowded; most of the European visitors and residents assembling here to listen to or relate the news of the day. We met so many friends, that it was some time before we could escape to the same comfortable suite of rooms we occupied on our way home from our voyage round the world, in 1877.

Sunday, February 4th.—Tom and the children breakfasted with the Duke of Sutherland, who arrived yesterday, and has kindly asked us all to go with him by special train to Tel-el-Kebir to-morrow; thus affording Tom a chance of visiting that place before he returns to England. Later on we went to a rather small and very stuffy church, where we heard Dean Butcher preach.

Monday, February 5th.—We started about nine o'clock, in a saloon-carriage attached to a special train, for Tel-el-Kebir, the party consisting of the Duke of Sutherland, Mr. Chaplin, Sir Samuel Baker, Sir Arnold Kemball, Captain Maxwell, Mr. Maxwell, Captain Hunter, Mr. Greg, Mr. Leigh Smith, the Earl of Caithness, Lady Fanny Sinclair, Mr. Stewart, and some others; besides Tom, myself, and the children. The latter were rather young for such an expedition, I thought; but the Duke kindly insisted on their accompanying us, and ordered a special supply of oranges and sweets for them. I think they enjoyed it as much as anybody; and we did not see any of the ghastly sights I had heard of and feared for them. We stopped at Zag-a-zig for a short time, and saw the telegraph clerk who so cleverly mystified the Egyptians by his messages after the battle, causing train after train to be sent into the station by the enemy for *our* use.

Our arrival at Tel-el-Kebir put me somewhat in mind of our South American experiences, the donkeys we were to use having been brought with us from Cairo, just as we used to take horses with us in cattle trucks, in readiness to ride across the Pampas from any station we might stop at. Here the donkeys were quickly got out of the train; and after

the usual bustle and confusion, and the special and vociferous recommendation of each particular animal by his attendant owner or driver, the whole party were mounted. Those who were very keen, and had breakfasted before starting, went off to the lines at once. Those who were not so well prepared—and they were by far the more numerous—went straight on board a comfortable dahabeeah that has been towed up here by the ever-enterprising Mr. Cook. There are eight or ten sleeping berths on board, a saloon, and a large covered deck, where an excellent meal was served. I was rather

amused the other day to hear of a man who, after considerable hesitation, had at last hardened his heart to make the expedition to Tel-el-Kebir. He provided himself with a tent, tinned provisions, revolvers, and I don't know what besides; and talked a great deal about the hardships of camping in the desert. His disgust at finding that there was a floating hotel on the spot, where three meals a day were provided, and where donkeys *à discrétion* were to be obtained on which to visit the field of battle, may be imagined. A young officer of the 79th, Mr. Ewart, has a tent pitched close by the station, and has been



Tel-el-Kebir.

surveying for some weeks, all by himself. It would be terribly dull, but that he is hard at work all day, and that generally the train brings somebody to the dahabeeah for the night, and gives him a chance of not quite forgetting how to speak his own language.

A ride of a little more than a mile from the station brings you to the first line at Tel-el-Kebir; which is altogether seven miles long, with five redoubts at intervals, to increase its strength. The second line is not so long, and has no redoubts. About four hundred yards in advance of the first line there is a detached fort, which every reconnaissance

from our side failed to discover. As is the case sometimes with an island, which, viewed from the sea, does not detach itself, but appears to be part of the mainland, so this fort did not detach itself from the main line, but, in spite of the closest observation, seemed to form part of it. By some extraordinary and almost unparalleled piece of good fortune, our men, when advancing in the darkness to the attack, passed the fort without attracting attention; for if once they had alarmed the sentries and drawn its fire, the warning of their approach would have been conveyed to the main line: and what a different tale of

loss of life that of the 15th September would then have been—even if the tide of battle itself had not been changed, as was quite possible! For those four hundred yards our men must have advanced against the deadly fire of the enemy, over a bare sandy plain, without a single irregularity of ground, or bush, stick, or stone, to protect them. The main line itself looked a formidable place to assail, with a deep ditch in front of it, which the assailants must either jump across or scramble through or over as best they could; the bodies of those who fell forming stepping-stones for their more fortunate companions.

Many, in fact most, of the relics of the engagement, possessing any special value or interest, have of course been collected and carried away, either to be kept or sold by their finders: but there are plenty still left. Shot and shell and cartridge cases still strew the ground, interspersed with water-bottles, broken articles of various kinds, and the heavier parts of a soldier's kit; while here and there a larger quantity of cartridges, used and unused, and of spent bullets, show where was the thickest of the fight, and where the struggle, short as it was, raged most fiercely; helmets and tarbooshes or fezes in close proximity proving that the contest must have become a hand-to-hand affair at last. Here and there, in various directions, huge mounds mark the spot where many a brave man lies buried, close to where he fell. The painful work of interment was not properly performed in the first instance, the bodies not being sufficiently deeply buried; so that it subsequently became necessary to send out detachments of soldiers to complete the task. The officer who was in charge of these burying-parties told me it was the most painful and disagreeable duty he had ever had to perform; which one can well believe. Black crosses in some places now mark the graves of non-commissioned officers; other black crosses, with a number upon them, show where many men of one regiment fell together.

Having ridden nearly the whole length of the first line, and returned by the second, we dismounted and studied the plan of the field of battle, and also examined various parts of the ditch. Mr. Stewart pointed out the place where his men had got in easily, which still shows traces of the conflict: and we also saw where the side of the ditch had been thrown down and the artillery had charged right across it, the marks of the wheels being still plainly visible. It was, indeed, a plucky



Fellah at leisure.

exploit: but one can scarcely realise how difficult and dangerous it was, without actually seeing the depth of the ditch which the guns had to cross. In some of the redoubts there were still large quantities of shot and shell—some that had done their work, and some that had buried themselves harmless in the sand.

After our examination of the Egyptian lines, we were shown the place where the British cavalry came up, and whence a portion of them continued their ride to Cairo. They did not actually cross the lines, the depth of the ditch in front rendering this impossible, but passed round one end of them. The plain between the two entrenchments was more or less strewn with relics, including shells, both live and exploded, with some of

which the members of our party loaded themselves. There were very few traces of the conflict near the second lines, the fighting having been practically over before our troops reached them, and the Egyptians having thrown down their arms and fled. By the next day the whole of their army had melted away like snow in a hot sun, and hardly a soldier was to be seen; for they had been forced to fight against their will, and were only too glad to return to their peaceful occupations. During the attack they had, as a rule—perhaps owing in some measure to the angle of the sand parapet—fired much too high, their bullets passing over the heads of those for whom they were intended, and doing almost as much harm to our second lines as to the attacking party. They were either unacquainted with the use of the bayonet, or else were too frightened to avail themselves of their knowledge; for while the Egyptian killed and wounded had many bayonet wounds, scarcely one of our men was so injured.

A quick ride brought us back to the station, and we reached Cairo again at seven o'clock. At ten Tom was obliged to start for Alexandria, on his return to England, leaving the children and me to feel very deserted and lonely. I should dearly have liked to have gone back with him, for many reasons; but my cough was still very bad, and the doctor would not hear of my returning to a colder climate. Even here the weather is still treacherous, a hot sun and a cold wind making the risk of taking cold very great. We are one and all glad to get round the fire in the early morning and in the evening; and yet the mosquitoes are most troublesome, and buzz hungrily, angrily, and annoyingly, outside the curtains, when, as is too frequently the case, unable to sleep, I write or read for two or three hours in the morning, before daybreak, by the light of a candle.

Wednesday, February 7th.—Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, the children, and I started at eight o'clock for the Pyramids. It was a lovely day, though the wind was rather cold; and we had a pleasant drive, rendered specially interesting by the presence of our companion, who pointed out to us several places where some of the principal incidents of the occupation had taken place. There was Arabi's prison, a little corner room in a house close by the present headquarters staff; and there was the large square in the centre of the Gezireh Barracks, where Arabi was publicly degraded. It was a very unimposing ceremony, I hear from those who witnessed it. Few people were present; and the sen-

tence was read out in an almost inaudible voice by an insignificant little man in an Egyptian uniform. There was no breaking of the sword, nor any of the usual forms which are gone through on such an occasion; and when it was over, and Arabi drove away, the English soldiers quartered in the barracks, who were looking out of the windows or hanging over the balconies, cheered him—I suppose as a mark of sympathy with a fallen foe. After his sentence, the justice of which is difficult of comprehension to the Egyptian, and perhaps to a few other minds, those who saw most of him say that he was chiefly occupied with considerations of his own comfort, and the arrangements to be made for his journey to Ceylon. His wife was not well enough to travel, and is still here, but is to follow him in a few months. The general impression seems to be that he was a puppet in the hands of cleverer and more unscrupulous men than himself, rather than the actual instigator of the rebellion. He was, of course, the nominal leader of the movement; but the others are responsible for some of the worst plots and crimes, which he had neither the brains to conceive nor the courage to execute. At first, bitter disappointment was felt here that Arabi was not hanged. That feeling had subsided somewhat, but has recently been revived by the execution of the men who were concerned in the murders that took place at Tantah in July last.

On the Gezireh Bridge, and for many miles beyond, we met crowds of Arabs, with their camels and donkeys, coming in laden with *berséem* (a sort of clover), and sugar-cane.

Arrived at the foot of the Pyramids of Cheops, we were surrounded by the usual crowd of shrieking, gesticulating Arabs, anxious to take us to the top; or at all events to exhibit their own skill and agility by running in the shortest possible space of time up and down one and then to the top of another, which is paved at the summit, and affords but little hold for the feet. Then we went on donkeys round the Sphinx to see several tombs and temples, now more or less imbedded in the sand, and to get a good view of the Pyramids. Marvellous monuments are they of the greatness and yet the littleness of human power! That one man, in those far distant days, should have had authority to command such a lasting monument to be built, and cause it to be completed, in order to commemorate himself and his dynasty, and yet that his very name should be lost to posterity! Surely, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

We got back to Cairo before one o'clock, and in the afternoon went to the Victoria Hospital—or Lady Strangford's Hospital, as it is generally called here, since it was she who, at much personal trouble, inaugurated it, collected the subscriptions for its establishment and maintenance, procured the gift of Arabi's house from the Government, and, with her excellent staff of trained nurses, managed it throughout the war, and for some time afterwards; thereby earning the gratitude of many.

Thursday, February 8th.—This morning we went to Helwán by the 11.30 train, which we very nearly missed; being stopped on our way to the station by the funeral procession of the Russian Consul-General, M. de Lex, which was nearly two miles long.

Helwán is situated in the desert, about

fifteen miles from Cairo, on the opposite side of the river to the Pyramids of Sakkárah, and the ruins of the city of Memphis, the most ancient capital of Egypt. The sulphur springs for which the place is noted are supposed to possess peculiar efficacy in some cases of disease; and a large hotel has now been built, where people stay in order to take the waters and inhale the fresh, pure air of the desert. On account of the well-known healthiness of the spot, a large camp of cavalry and infantry has been established at Helwán. I believe the men find it a very dull place; but the officers manage to get up to Cairo pretty often. Colonel Chapman, of the 7th Dragoon Guards, met us at the station; and we first went with him to see all the horses that were coming to be watered in troops at some primi-



Distant View from the top of the Great Pyramid.

tive water-troughs. They seemed fearfully thirsty, poor beasts; and some could with difficulty be restrained until the troop before them had finished and retired, and the bugle sounded for the next troop to advance. Most of the horses had been through the campaign, and they almost all looked well; though I was surprised that, in spite of the heat, many had not yet lost their winter coats—some, indeed, looking just like bears, so rough and woolly were they. We went all through the camp, which was much like other camps, and seemed extremely comfortable and well arranged, and visited the mess-rooms, the canteens, and the recreation room for the men, which had a nice little theatre at the end, and was well supplied with newspapers. The mail had just arrived; and groups were gathered round every illustrated paper, the vagaries and flights of

imagination indulged in by some of the artists, in depicting the various scenes and incidents of the war, giving rise to much laughter and many amusing remarks.

Friday, February 9th.—Lord Dormer called for me at ten o'clock to take me to the bazaars. A very pleasant morning we spent in the most picturesque of streets and shops, sometimes only gazing on the many living pictures which every corner presented, sometimes bargaining for curtains and carpets. I delight in all Eastern bazaars; and some of those at Cairo are specially good. The carpet bazaar is the most picturesque of all, and therefore my favourite. The curious overhanging balconies and quaint stone niches, each occupied by a Persian or Arabian carpet-merchant, in long flowing robes of bright colours, form a fitting background to

the rich dark colours of the rugs and carpets, brought from Persia, Smyrna, and elsewhere. If you wish to see it to full advantage you must try to choose a moment when there are no Franks in that special corner of the bazaar at which you are looking. Without them, you may imagine yourself living once more in the time of the Arabian Nights; but a party of tourists soon dispels all illusions, and brings you back from dreamland to the prosaic realities of every-day modern life in Cairo.

In the afternoon we went to the races at Gezireh. The racecourse is close to one of the Khedive's palaces, on the very spot where the English army were encamped when they first arrived in Cairo. A portion of the centre of a temporary-looking grand-stand was railed off for the Khedive, his ministers, and the foreign representatives and their wives. The Khedive sat in the middle, in a gilt chair, with red velvet cushions, having Lady Helen Blackwood (her mother, Lady Dufferin, not being there) on his right, the French Minister's wife on his left, and the other *diplomats*, with their wives and daughters, close by. Tewfik is a pleasant-looking man, with the most agreeable manners, but with a weak face, which, when you look at it, makes you cease to wonder that he should have been able to do so little to relieve the troubles of his country. His handsome though somewhat effeminate features, his pink and white complexion, his *embonpoint* figure, and his languid attitudes, were in striking contrast with the bearded and bronzed soldiers and the various foreign Ministers; and, in fact, with the whole of his European surrounding. All the royal princesses were present; and on one side of the stand was an enclosure entirely reserved for the harem carriages, well guarded by slaves and eunuchs. The stand was crowded; and as every officer was in uniform, the scene was a gay one. I always like soldiers' races; they are so cheery; and when the riders are all gentlemen, and one knows most of them, one's interest is greatly increased. Mr. Stewart rode a horse called "Sunbeam" in one of the steeplechases, his colours curiously enough being a light blue, exactly like that of the frocks that the children were wearing. They of course were greatly interested in this race, and particularly in the water-jump which we went to see. Unfortunately poor "Sunbeam" would not look at it, which caused great disappointment; and we hurried back to the stand just in time to see the favourite, Prince Ahmed Pacha's "Obeyan," win.

In the evening I dined with Lord and Lady Dufferin, and had a long talk with Sir Evelyn Wood, from whom I heard a great deal about the Egyptian army. He seems well pleased with the soldiers, and says they are only *too* good; and that it is quite a novel experience for him to have so many men under his command, without a single complaint being made against any of them. The only fault he has to find with them is that they are altogether too meek and mild. He has been trying to teach them to *salute* instead of to *salaam*, and to look up instead of down; a work in which he finds some difficulty, the change being so entirely opposed to their notions of respect to their superiors. He has made himself extremely popular among them by reforming some of the abuses of which they had reason to complain. They now get their pay regularly—much to their surprise—and every hundred men have a hundred rations issued to them, instead of only ninety-five or ninety-seven as was formerly the case, the rest having been kept back as backsheesh by the contractor, who naturally does not approve of the new order of things.

People here differ as widely as they do at home about the future of Egypt. One man, who ought to know, expressed an opinion that in two years time, under our rule, Egypt would be quite a different country, and that it would be our own fault if it were not so. Another, with equally good opportunities of forming an opinion, said he thought we were not severe enough, and that we should never do any good until we were; another that all the Egyptians wanted was "the stick, and plenty of it;" another, that a couple of years of Russian rule was what was required.

Sir Alfred Horsford has just returned from his trip up the Nile, and gives a favourable account of everything, so that I hope our proposed expedition will be a success. It involves giving up Madam Nubar Pacha's dance on Monday, and General Dormer's *bal-poudré* on Tuesday. The latter, judging from the accounts of his *bal-costumé*, is sure to be a pretty sight and a great success. Most of the princesses from the harems went to the last ball and enjoyed looking on immensely, I believe. They were put in a room behind curtains hung across an archway, whence they could survey the novel scene. I wonder what they thought of their Western sisters' manners and customs, which they could never have had the chance of seeing before, though it is perhaps possible that they may have read about them.



NIGHT.

By CHARLES GRINDROD,

AUTHOR OF "PLAYS FROM ENGLISH HISTORY," ETC.

THE sunset fades into a common glow :
 A deeper shadow all the valley fills :
 The trees are ghostlier in the fields below :
 The river runs more darkly through the hills :
 Only the Night-bird's voice the coppice thrills,
 Stirring the very leaves into a sense.
 A witching stillness holds the breath of things.
 Earth hath put on her garb of reverence,
 As when a nun within a cloister sings
 To mourn a passing soul before it wings.
 Silent as dew now falls the straight-winged Night.
 Clear overhead (God's still imaginings),
 Shining like Hope, through very darkness bright,
 Star follows star, till heaven is all alight.

SUNDAY READINGS.

By THE EDITOR.

APRIL 6TH.

Read Isaiah liii., and Luke xxiii. 13-34.

I PROPOSE to take for our Sunday evening readings during this and the following month, The Seven Words or sayings spoken by our Lord upon the Cross. We must ap-

proach their consideration in the spirit of devotion rather than of criticism, and with a deep sense of how shallow at the best must be our apprehension of their meaning. For we must love as He loved before we can fully understand what it was for Him "to be

despised and rejected of men;" we must be holy as He was holy before we can comprehend the horror with which sin affected Him; and we must share His fellowship with God ere we can measure the weight with which "the reproaches of those who reproached" the Father "fell upon Him."

On the Friday morning, when Jesus was led from Jerusalem to Calvary, He had for several hours been undergoing the severest mental and physical strain; and now, between eight and nine in the morning, He was led forth to die. We can somewhat understand the physical suffering, but who can measure what it was for Him to contemplate the true meaning and consequences of what these men were perpetrating? That His mind was then filled with some such thought is evident from what He said to the women who were touched by the spectacle of One so pure and gentle being led to torture, "Weep not for Me, but weep for yourselves and for your children." Outside the gate, close to the city walls, was a garden, and the "place of a skull"—not a hill, as Calvary is so often called. It was near the public road, so that the crowds of pilgrims streaming into Jerusalem became witnesses of the dreadful scene; and there also, hurried along by the seething mob, were Mary the mother of Jesus, and St. John, and Mary Magdalene, and others whose hearts were breaking.

Crucifixion was not a Jewish, but a Roman form of punishment, and was generally reserved for slaves and murderers. Its cruelty consisted in the protracted nature of the suffering it inflicted. The victim generally lingered three or four days, and died eventually of fever and exhaustion. The Roman cross was not high, as generally represented in works of art, but was so low that the crucified was elevated only two or three feet above the crowd. Nor did the sufferer hang by the nailed hands and feet, being chiefly supported on a projecting piece of wood, which served in a measure as a seat. Again, it was usual to attach the victim to the cross before it was raised to its upright position.

And thus we may imagine the manner in which the events recorded in the Gospels actually occurred. When Jesus arrived at Calvary they handed Him the beverage of wine mingled with myrrh, which it was the merciful custom to give to the condemned to deaden sensibility. But He put aside the alleviating draught. He would drink with unclouded consciousness "the cup which His Father had given him to drink."

Jesus was then stripped, stretched on the wood, and nailed to it. And it was in all

probability as the cross was raised, when not only the first pang of suffering was experienced, but, for the first time, when thus lifted above the crowd His eye fell on the sea of faces around Him—not a face in it which did not seem to say, "I hate you!"—and when there rushed upon His soul the sense of utter rejection; that then, looking up from those dreadful faces to the calm heaven, He breathed the first majestic word from the cross, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!" "All they that see me laugh me to scorn, they shoot out the lip, they open their mouths as a ravening and roaring lion. . . . But Thou art holy, O Thou that inhabitest the praises of Israel." That glance down on the hell of hatred boiling around Him was for Him the first stab of death. "He had come to His own, and His own had received Him not." At such a moment His bodily suffering would be forgotten. For what father among us, were his own child to smite him on the face, would care for the pain of the blow, compared to the hatred of which it was the expression? And so was it that in Jesus all thought of self was forgotten under the acute agony of His wounded Spirit. He had ever been revealing God's own truth and goodness, and now they have crucified Him between thieves, and every voice around the cross shouts its scorn. "Verily, now have they seen and hated both me and my Father." But He, "being reviled, reviles not again." He meets it all with the prayer, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

These words may impress us as the most wonderful illustration of the Spirit which He had always enforced in His teaching. His love being tried was revealed in power. And they also show the love that is in God. Except He had known that there was that in the Father's heart to which He could appeal, He could not have prayed, "Father, forgive them!" He knew that His own love was in harmony with the love of God, and so, not as trying to change the Father's mind, but as knowing the Father, He gazed up beyond the storm of suffering and shame to the cloudless glory of the Divine Goodness, and said, "Forgive them!"

And His prayer was a righteous prayer. "They knew not what they were doing." If they had known it, and in full consciousness of the act had rejected the Divine Son, Jesus could not have so prayed. But so far were they from knowing it, that they thought they were doing God service. Many a one who that day was reviling Him was soon to

be crying out at Pentecost, "What shall we do?" Many a voice then blaspheming Him is now joining in the anthem of the redeemed. And so methinks may the same righteous intercession be going on still for many who may in ignorance be crucifying the Lord afresh. We are encouraged to believe that many who in our judgment are enemies of Christ, may nevertheless draw forth from His lips only the prayer, "Father, forgive them, they know not what they are doing." For, alas! how many pure, generous minds have there not been in all ages among those who have pierced Him! How many too who deemed they were loyal to the God of Truth when they rejected Christ? They did not know Him. They had rejected, perhaps, man's misrepresentations of Christ, rather than Christ Himself. And can we doubt that He who understood the real meaning of their lives felt for them and interceded for them as He did for those Jewish fanatics, "who knew not what they were doing"?

APRIL 13TH.

Read Psalm lxxix. 1-21, John xx. 14-27.

When the cross was raised, then, for the first time the title fixed on it by Pilate became visible. It was placed there by him in three languages to throw discredit on the Messianic hopes of the people. It was really an unconscious prophecy of Christ's glory. But when the inscription was read by the crowd, in which were pilgrims from all parts of the world, the studied affront which Pilate had inflicted on the nation was understood. Immediately deputies, headed by the High-priest, went to the Governor to have it removed. They were met by the stubborn refusal, "What I have written, I have written." It was probably at this time, when the bitterest of our Lord's enemies and the more fanatical of the mob were away, and when there was a certain pause in the storm of mockery, that the friends of Jesus found it possible to approach near to the cross. The Roman soldiers were too absorbed casting lots for His garments to interfere with them. When the other disciples had fled then these women and St. John, almost womanly in his tenderness, passed through the horrors of the crowd and went up to the terrible cross. Of this sort is indeed the strength of woman. St. Peter might draw the sword, and be willing to die fighting for his Master, but, stronger than man in the might of her love, it is woman's part to draw near to the wounded, and to suffer the sight of blood and pain, if she can

only soothe by her presence the agonies of the beloved.

"When Jesus, therefore, saw His mother, and the disciple standing by, whom He loved, he saith unto His mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother!"

(1.) There is here a certain tone of farewell. As on other occasions He addresses his mother by the name "Woman," which according to Greek usage was not a disrespectful form of address. Yet that there should never be an instance during His ministry of His calling her by the name "Mother," is a suggestive fact in the light of the after history of the Church. And now, as He dies, he acknowledges indeed His relationship, and by His care for her temporal wants, He reveals the tenderness of His love; yet His farewell is couched in such terms as to convey the further thought—"Though thou hast known me after the flesh, yet, now henceforth thou shalt know me no more. Behold thy son!" And so we find the new relationship recognised by her. Only once again do we meet with Mary in the New Testament, and she is then a believer among the believers—one of the hundred and twenty who were waiting in Jerusalem for the Promise which they had received from Him.

(2.) There is a certain farewell of another kind. It may have been that she, like the other disciples, expected some sudden deliverance. "God will surely deliver Him"—they might have thought—"seeing He delighted in Him." But He mercifully dispels that dream. The other son and the other home of which he spoke, indicated plainly that separation and death were inevitable.

(3.) And this saying illustrates, too, our Lord's faithfulness to the commoner duties. Nay, there seems in this word to St. John a further hint of tenderness and consideration, as if He had said, "Take her away, let her not see it all!" St. John seems so to have understood Him—"from that very hour he took her unto his own home." And thus was she in His love spared the spectacle of the indignities and the terrible darkness, and the hearing of the piercing cry.

(4.) And may we not see in that new home where Mary is with St. John, a faint picture of the new fellowship in Christ which in the subsequent history of the Church has bound hearts together in ties closer than earthly relationships? How often have not the same words been spoken in the name of Jesus, and desolate mothers have found sons, and orphan

children have found parents, through the love of Him who gave Himself for us! It is Christ's love which alone can inspire the spirit of a boundless charity. For let us hear what that same St. John who took Mary to his home has written—"Hereby perceive we the love of Christ, because He laid down His life for us: and we ought to lay down our lives for the brethren. But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him? My little children, let us love not in word or in tongue, but in deed and in truth."

APRIL 20TH.

Read Psalm cxxx., Luke xxiii. 35-43.

The most cursory reader of the Gospels cannot fail to notice that the sequence of the events of the Crucifixion is not given in the same order by the different Evangelists. One omits a circumstance related by the other, and the other brings into prominence what is only alluded to by the rest. We are, therefore, at liberty to construct for ourselves that sequence which recommends itself as being most likely to have been the true one.

Last Sunday evening we pictured the approach of the women and St. John to the cross, as having occurred when the priests and scribes, and the most fanatical of the mob, had gone to Pilate to beg the removal of the title from the cross. But on the return of the deputation, followed by the wilder enthusiasts, the storm of mockery broke into redoubled fury. Baffled in their petition to the Governor and enraged that He who had claimed to be the Messiah should bear the very title for assuming which they had crucified Him, they level all possible scorn at Him. The people going past on the road join them, the rabble shout and jibe, and the soldiers rejoice to insult the Jews by insulting their would-be king; and during all this time, the priests and elders and scribes were moving among the crowd and stirring up their passions. For there is a suggestive difference in the form of speech adopted by the leaders from that which the people used. The populace speak *to* Christ, "Thou that destroyest the Temple and buildest it in three days, save thyself." "If thou be the Christ save thyself and come down from the cross." The soldiers also speak *to* Christ, lifting up a cup of their sour wine, as if pledging Him, while they cry, "King of the Jews, save thyself!" But the priests speak *about* Christ as if they were busy rousing the multitude to

a wilder rage. "He saved others, Himself he cannot save." "He trusted in God, let Him deliver Him, seeing He trusted in Him." "If He be the King of Israel, let Him come down from the cross, and we will believe Him."

These were bitter words, and yet they were unintentionally a wonderful confession of the glory of Jesus, and a revelation of their own sinful unbelief. Truth and falsehood were mixed up in them. They said, "Himself he cannot save." In one sense that was false, for He could have summoned the legion of angels for His deliverance. He had "power to lay down His life and power to take it again." And yet they expressed the deepest truth. "Himself he could not save." There were moral restraints which made that impossible. He could not save Himself and let the world perish. "Save self!" cried the priests; and their words were the echo of the very Kingdom of Satan. This had been the devil's lie from the first. "Save Thine own will, Thy passions, Thy comfort, Thy self—life in whatever form it may please Thee." Such had been the temptation in the Wilderness, when the devil tried to lead the Divine Son to use His power for self independent of God. And now in that which was "the hour and power of darkness," these priests and rulers become his mouthpiece. But Jesus, with hands stretched to the nails, revealed the glory of the new kingdom of the Son. It was His to yield self as a living sacrifice.

There was a further element of truth in their taunt. "If He be the King of the Jews, let Him come down now from the cross and we will believe in Him!" But what would they then have really believed about Him? They would have accepted Him, it may be, as Messiah in their false conception of what the Messiah ought to be. They would have regarded Him as a great magician—a political leader who by means of His magical powers might fulfil their ambitious dreams. But they could not, thereby, have learned to recognise the real glory of Christ, as King in the spiritual kingdom of righteousness, obedience, and self-sacrificing love. That glory was shining in its fullest radiance on the cross of sacrifice. That was the very throne of His true power.

We have to recollect this for our own good. If we really confess that He who thus would not save Himself, but obeyed God even to the death, is the One we worship and serve, let us take care that we do so in our lives by following in His footsteps, and that we accept

for ourselves the laws of that Kingdom in which love reigns supreme and self is surrendered.

APRIL 27TH.

Read Psalm xxxiii., Luke xv. 1-10

And while the storm of mockery thus raged against Him, Who, in His patience was firmly submissive to the Divine law of love and obedience, a new voice joined in the tide of cursing. One of the thieves began to rail at Him.

It is probable that the crimes for which these robbers were dying were connected with some of those bands of marauders who, under false Christs, then infested Judea, and, under the guise of patriotism, were no better than fierce banditti. They thus combined a certain religious fanaticism with a life of crime. One of these robbers was now dying in agony, and his passion turned itself into blasphemy against Jesus. There is a wild, half-despairing hope in his cry, "Save Thyself and us." He thinks of Christ's power as a power which may be used at will—no matter the purpose—and as Christ heeds him not, his anger is the deeper stirred, so that he rails at Him. But the torrent of rebuke receives a sudden check. The other malefactor calls past Christ to his old companion, "Dost thou not fear God, seeing we are in the same condemnation? And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss." And then with earnest accent he prays to Christ: "Lord, remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom." Jesus, whose silence under reproach had never been broken, at once responded to this cry: "Verily, to-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise."

When we first read this prayer and the rapid answer, and recollect that the man who prayed was a robber suffering deserved punishment, we may experience some surprise at his sudden acceptance by Christ. We ask, "Is there not something arbitrary here? What of the necessity, elsewhere expressed, for repentance and faith?" Further consideration will show that so far from being an exception the case of this man is an illustration of the law, for that he had indeed passed from darkness to light before he entered the promised Paradise.

There can be no doubt as to the sincerity with which a man thus on the brink of the grave would speak. Now notice the solemn thought which was uppermost in his mind—"Dost thou not fear God?" he asks his

dying companion. Here is the key to his penitence. He realises the glory of the unseen Judge before whom he is about to appear, and his own responsibility to Him, and this produces a deep sense of sinfulness. He confesses, "I am justly condemned; I receive the due reward of my deeds." He makes no excuse. He has no glimmering hope that his sentence may be mitigated. He condemns himself, and meets the righteousness of the law which had condemned him with an "Amen," because he had deserved it all.

Again, consider not only "his repentance towards God," but also "his faith towards the Lord Jesus Christ." "Lord," he says—not "Rabbi" or "Prophet"—but "Lord, remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom." Such faith at such a time is marvellous. He thus addresses One Who is weak, blasphemed, dying. It was when Mary and John had gone away, and when, among those around Him, there was not one that believed in Him, but when every representative of the Church and of the world was scorning Him, that this thief called Him Lord, and spoke of Him as coming in His kingdom! He was perhaps the only person in the world who at that moment recognised the full majesty of Jesus, and was willing to trust Him. We wonder what previous circumstances could have suggested such faith. Had he formerly heard Jesus and seen His miracles? Had he listened to His confession before Pilate? And had the events of that day, and the sublime bearing of the great sufferer, revealed the deep meaning of it all? That we cannot tell. We can only marvel at his faith now, under such circumstances. His prayer is not only full of faith, it is touching in its humility. He makes no definite request; he utters but this simple "remember me" of penitence and desire. Like the woman of Canaan who would take the place of the very dogs, if she could but gather the crumbs that fell beneath the Master's table, so does this man cast himself entirely on the mercy of Christ. We were, I think, therefore warranted in saying that his was an instance of very real conversion, for he had come to see his sin in the light of God, and had learned the majesty of the suffering Christ, Who, though now despised and rejected of men, would yet come in His own glory and in that of the Father.

And Christ met this prayer with the kindly and gracious answer, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." On that cross as on a throne, we see Him dispensing

judgment. As sublimely calm He opens the kingdom of heaven to this penitent, we see the glory of the higher crown casting its aureole around the crown of thorns.

And how tenderly He meets the wants of the sufferer! The man was perhaps looking forward to days of protracted agony. But Jesus tells him of release that very day. Not in the dim future—but ere that sun had set would he be with his Lord in Paradise!

And can we not imagine how precious that voice of faith must have been to the Lord? If “for the joy that was set before Him He endured the cross and despised the shame”—must not the confidence of this dying malefactor, who, in spite of the shame which others were heaping on Him, cried, “Lord,

remember me!” have been a forecast of that coming glory when He shall receive the praises of the multitude which no man can number? Thus seeing of the travail of His soul He must have felt, even on the cross, some foretaste of His eternal satisfaction.

We do not even enter on the discussion of what is meant by Paradise. It was enough for the dying thief to know that he was to be with Christ. The conditions of the future life are necessarily involved for us now in great mystery. But Christ removes all terror from His own children with one word of promise, “Where I am, there shall ye be also.” This surely may suffice us, and help us to leave all other questions until “that day shall reveal them.”

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A Modern Romance.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF “CITOYENNE JACQUELINE,” “LADY BELL,” ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—MISS COMPTON'S BALL.

LADY Fermor was as good as her word. She brought Lord Fermor up to that point of recovery which made it permissible and not outrageous that a ball should take place in his house of Lambford, where he was dragging out his weary days.

The ball had come to be called Miss Compton's ball, without any objection on the part of Lady Fermor, although she suggested an improvement.

“It may also bear the name of my worthy young neighbour, Sir William Thwaite,” said the old lady demurely. “It is his first ball in Eastham, as it is my grand-daughter's first ball at Lambford. Let it be Miss Compton and Sir William Thwaite's ball, if you please. Awkward to couple the two names together, do you think? Oh! I don't mind it,” declared Lady Fermor, with such an unblushing amount of candour, that it sounded as if there were something under it, something to excuse the indiscretion.

But the persons appealed to judged that the union of names was premature, to say the least. Even supposing Miss Compton and Sir William had got so far as a betrothal, England was not Germany, where betrothals were announced like marriages, and betrothed pairs appeared in public together the same as husband and wife. As for Lady Fermor, she did not care what the hypocrites and fools called the ball if they came to it, and it served her purpose.

Mr. Mildmay and his wife lent Lambford their countenance for the event. He was simply and strictly polite as usual. She looked frightened to speak or move lest she should compromise herself, while she stuck to her husband like his shadow, as if she might require his protection at any moment.

“Does the good woman think I shall take a bite of her?” protested Lady Fermor in one of her slight asides. But both Mrs. Mildmay and Lady Fermor knew it was not being bitten but being socially contaminated that the lady dreaded. It was a little compensation to her, for being dragged down to face this horrible ordeal, to be able to take stock, covertly, of the possessions among which she was to reign as the future Lady Fermor. Mrs. Mildmay did not count Iris one of these possessions, and would almost as soon have proposed to be on confidential terms with the wicked old grandmother as with the innocent young grand-daughter. In fact Mrs. Mildmay, though she was not worse than other colourless, cowardly, self-engrossed women, had very little doubt that Miss Compton's innocence was nothing better than a callow stage of wickedness, and felt disposed to regard it as more insidious, if less repulsive, than the advanced stages.

Iris was glad to turn from the chill of Mrs. Mildmay's unthawed reserve, and her constant withdrawal to her husband's side, to the friendly presence of Lucy Acton, who had been allowed to spend a few days

at Lambford to support Iris on the great occasion of her ball. It was something like a preparation for home gaiety to have Lucy on one of her rare visits, and to grow enthusiastic in her company over the dresses, the decorations, the dancing, the supper. Iris would have taken delight in them all had she not been behind the scenes, whereas Lucy happened to be a matter-of-fact girl, who took things as she found them, and did not seek to look below the surface. She was a good daughter, and an assiduous helper of her father and mother, and with the parish and the younger children. She was a faithful friend to Iris, and paid back with easy fondness the girl's fervent affection. But Lucy Acton was not gifted either with much sensitiveness of feeling or discrimination of character. She was inferior to Iris both in heart and mind. Her personal appearance was of less consequence; but in this case the body reflected the spirit. Lucy Acton was a well-grown, rather comely, but perfectly commonplace-looking young gentlewoman, the colour of whose hair and eyes, and the shape of whose nose and mouth, though quite well defined, her acquaintances were constantly in danger of forgetting. A crown on her head and a sceptre in her hand would not have made her look otherwise than a contented every-day individual. But Lucy was worth a great deal to Iris, and the solitary girl warmed into something of the pride and pleasure which the ball at home called for. The two girls were excitedly comparing notes on all the important items that belong to such an entertainment—surreptitiously inspecting the ball-room and supper-room—dwelling in delighted half-mystification on what was to be the distinguishing characteristic of the evening—fluttering from Iris's room to Lucy's to gaze upon this dress or that, and compare these flowers and those, and study the programme till they had it by heart.

"It must be so nice for you to have a ball at Lambford, dear," said Lucy in all sincerity. "You are the young lady of the house, and therefore the queen of the ball. It is for you to confer honour and bestow pleasure, though you may kindly share your good things. Won't you like it very much? I am so glad Lady Fermor thought of it at last."

"Yes, it is kind of grandmamma," said Iris, hesitating a little, with a momentary cloud coming over her small face. "Of course I like to have a ball of my own, and to invite my friends. They are not very many now—that is one drawback," she remarked quickly. "Other girls are happy in loads of home

relations and family friends. Where there is an affair of this kind, the house itself is overflowing with kindred near and remote. But grandpapa and grandmamma are old, and have outlived whole generations, and that makes a difference," she broke off with a sigh.

She had conjured up a vision such as she had read of, rather than seen, of a girl with loving sisters and brothers, with a mother of whom she was proud, who held her child dear, and a father whom she could trust implicitly, who guarded her as the apple of his eye—a family who were among the salt of the earth, whose friendship was coveted and prized by like-minded people, arriving in troops to take part in their festival.

"But in that case you would not be the one queen, with an undisputed, undivided sovereignty. I know there are girls who hate the idea of rivals, even in their own family, and are ready to be thankful that they have no sisters to come in and claim any portion of the attention that falls to their share. But there is no use in speaking of them, for I know you are not a bit like them. As for myself, I must say I should not care to be without King Lud, and Susan, and Georgie, and the rest—not to say without the poor dear father and mother, to be handed back to a former generation. I have not more than one grandmother living, the kindest granny in the world, at Birkett, you know, Iris," said the literal Lucy. "But it's the will of Providence, and we must all submit to the will of Providence," she quoted glibly from her stereotyped speeches by cottage sick-beds and in the Sunday-school. "We ought to make the best of things, and to feel contented and cheerful, as I know you do, Iris. Only I don't know why you let your deprivations—we all have our deprivations—it would not be good for us if we had not—crop up on the afternoon of your ball. You are not badly off for a birthday treat this year, and I do hope that Mr. and Mrs. Mildmay behave well to you."

Iris winced a little at this suggestion, even from Lucy Acton. Neither of the girls knew a great deal of the old; miserable embroilments of the family, but they were acquainted with the general outline—that Tom Mildmay was the son of Lord Fermor's younger brother, who had, further, married a sister of the first Lady Fermor. It was understood that there had been an entire breach between the two branches of the family for many years, and that though young Mildmay submitted to a patched-up reconciliation for his own interest,

he looked with hostile eyes, under his cold courtesy, on Lady Fermor and all her belongings. Iris, though she was his cousin once removed, was also Lady Fermor's granddaughter and heiress. In the last light she was likely to contest with Mr. Mildmay such money as the old Lord could "will away," either with or from the entailed estate. When it is further taken into consideration that Tom Mildmay was a married man and the father of a family, that he had only the modest income of a moderately successful barrister, tacked on to Lord Fermor's allowance to his heir-at-law, wherewith to maintain his household, it may be argued that he would have been more than human if he had been able to entertain a strong regard for Iris. Perhaps it was to the credit of both that, in their formal intercourse, he could preserve towards her a species of neutrality.

"My dear Lucy, there is not a fault to be found with the Mildmays' behaviour, unless, indeed, they behave too well," replied Iris hastily. "They are never off their good behaviour, as people sometimes say of children, with rather a stand-off result, to be sure."

"Then you ought to be satisfied," Lucy hastened to say, with a tone of sensible, affectionate reproach. "You should not spoil your grand birthday ball with crying for the moon, and raising up bugbears of trials and troubles."

"I don't mean to spoil anything," insisted Iris, still a little ruefully. "But it is not my birthday ball; that is another contradiction; my birthday was on the 29th of June, as you remembered, when you sent me that pretty, kind card. I spent it all alone without even you to speak to; grandpapa was lying at his worst, grandmamma would not come down, and she did not care for me to go up and help her to nurse him. But I did try to submit and make the best of things. It was a lovely day and I had a new book which I cared for, and took with me into the woods. Fancy how delightful they were while they were still fresh and full of flowers, and all the birds were singing! Mrs. Pole had baked a cake for my express benefit, and Susan and Georgie ran over to inquire for grandpapa, in time for afternoon tea, and helped me to eat it. Then we heard poor grandpapa was better and had enjoyed some hours of refreshing sleep. I am not sure whether a ball like this which we are going to have, would have made me so very much happier on my real birthday than I was, after all."

"That is going to the opposite extreme

and talking nonsense still," said Lucy briskly. "I won't have you grow unsocial; but it is more likely you will have your little head turned with the compliments and flattery and all that sort of thing which you will be receiving presently. It is rather a pity that it is later in the season than the 29th of June, for then it was moderately cool, while the 30th of July is really too hot for anything save a garden party. I wonder Lady Fermor did not change the ball into a garden-party, Iris."

"She was set on the ball and had made her arrangements; besides, I fancy garden parties were not so common when she was young. However, we are to have something of the kind too, and you will be there, Lucy. Mind you must not cheat us of our due, and escape to a mothers' meeting, or a cottage reading at the other end of the parish. The Mildmays have half-consented to stay and go, and Lady Thwaite is to preside, though it was grandmamma's idea, and I believe it was her influence which brought it about."

"I am not going to make any difficulty; I am not often in such request," said Lucy merrily. "I enjoy a treat just as much as the school children do. But you have never told me where this one is to be."

"At Whitehills, at Sir William Thwaite's," said Iris composedly. "He is to have the second cutting of hay in the water meadows just beyond the park, to-morrow. We are all to go down after luncheon to look on at the hay-making, and I suppose to help also if we have a weakness for playing at Daphnes and Chloes. Lady Thwaite is to give us tea in her old drawing-room. Poor soul! I dare say she will not like it, though she can laugh and carry off her troubles as well as most people. The Rector thinks she has behaved beautifully to Sir William, though, as you say, we all have our deprivations. Oh, Lucy," went on Iris, in the rambling manner of a person who is saying everything that is crowding into her head—without stopping to classify the materials. "I should not be surprised if the Hollises were there. Grandmamma will take care that they have an invitation. I think the hay-making will help us to subside gracefully into our usual soberness. I have only been at two or three balls before, and I confess I felt headachy and dawdling and do nothing, for days after the ball."

Lucy had heard the name of the host, and of his local habitation, with a modified "oh!" She was too busy a girl to be quite familiar with all the last confident gossip

which served to confirm idle guesses and audacious prognostications. But she knew enough, to have put it to any other girl as intimate with her as Iris Compton, whether she were going to marry Sir William Thwaite. But somehow Lucy could not ask such a question of Iris Compton. Girls, especially fairly educated, well-bred girls, may be very good friends, without exchanging love confidences. In this case there was none to exchange. Iris had none, and if she had, the greater depth and delicacy of her nature would have made her shy of confiding it, till the very last moment, to her dearest friend.

It seemed only the other day that Iris and Lucy Acton had speculated, with the rest of their world, on the anomaly of a clownish squire at Whitehills, and asked each other if he would be fit to enter a drawing-room, and how they should shake hands with him when he might swing their arms like a pendulum or crush their rings into their fingers. What should they find to say to him, especially if they wished to propitiate him—supposing Lucy sought a subscription for her pet cottage hospital or any one of her missions, and Iris was solicitous to abet her?

When brought to the test the difficulty had not proved so insurmountable to a girl with an exceptionally tender heart and single mind. But Lucy had only an inkling of this, while it struck her that Sir William's name was constantly coming up in the conversation.

On Iris's tablets, which were not left clean ivory, it was recorded that she was to have Mr. Hollis for her first partner, while Mr. Mildmay was to dance with Mrs. Hollis. This was a piece of county etiquette. Iris again, as a piece of family etiquette, was to waltz the first waltz with Tom Mildmay.

"And I hope you will give the third dance to King Lud," suggested Lucy, using her brother Ludovic's family nickname.

"No, nothing quite so good," answered Iris. "I am to have Sir William for my third partner."

"But can he dance? are you sure?" urged Lucy, in alarm for the consequences. "Will he not trample on your toes till they are like jelly, or tear your skirt to tatters?"

"Oh! no," answered Iris, laughing fearlessly. "At least grandmamma vouches for him, and scouts at any doubt. It is only a quadrille, so that I cannot come to great grief. But I don't think he would attempt what he knew nothing about. He has sense and observation. You must remember I have seen a good deal of him since grandmamma has received him into high favour. I have

not seen her make so much of anybody for a long time; she keeps him mostly to herself, but occasionally I have to talk to him, or play to him, or take a turn with him on the terrace. It is not nearly so awkward and uncomfortable as we feared. I believe he is rather a nice fellow. Plain? Oh! without any pretence, homely, and not particularly bright; though it is hard to judge of a man brought up quite differently from ourselves. He never drinks anything save water, because he promised to a friend that he would not touch strong drink. Then you know Jenny Roger, the little table-maid out of your class, whom I like so much? She tells me that she has a brother a groom up at Whitehills; since the rain and heat he has been attacked with rheumatic fever, and Dr. Snell is attending him at the Whitehills offices. Sir William goes to see Bill Rogers every day, and lifts him in his arms, as if he were the servant and Bill the master. He offered to read to him to ease the pain and help to pass the time, just as he has read the newspapers to grandmamma during a fit of her gout. The book was to be what the lad liked, but he had no choice, so that Sir William took over 'Tom Brown's Schooldays,' which I had told him to get, when we happened one day to speak of boys' sports. I am so proud of having mentioned it, because he said it was first rate. I declare," said Iris impulsively, with her sweet smile, "I am falling quite in love with poor Sir William, though he is a rough diamond. His eyes are like a woman's, or like a dumb animal's when it is trying to make itself understood."

It was a frank announcement, which did not sound promising, and Lucy did not mistake it for a moment.

Lady Fermor had ordered a dress for her grand-daughter from a court dressmaker, and the old lady turned out certain jewels from her jewel-case for Iris to wear. Had the girl known their history, the thought of it would have burnt into her pure, just soul as if the jewels were red-hot and scorching her tender flesh; but Iris did not know, and her ignorance was more than bliss, it was unsullied righteousness.

Lady Fermor had spared nothing for the occasion. She had even condescended to consult Lady Thwaite on what novel luxury, elegance, or eccentricity would bestow *éclat* on the ball. Formerly Lady Fermor's attempts in this direction had tended to aristocratic, but rather riotous orgies. She now sought to establish a different character for

Iris's ball. She was asking the suffrages of the neighbours, and she made a concession to their prejudices to the extent of letting it be known that Miss Compton's ball was to be a ball pure and simple. There was to be no cosy room, with green tables, to attract stragglers from the chalked floors. For once play was abjured at Lambford.

Lady Thwaite had suggested a foreign fashion of dancing the cotillon. It certainly called for expensive accessories, but it might be new in Eastham, though it had been ridden to death half-a-dozen seasons ago in London, and had fallen back in a great measure on its native ground of French and Austrian ball-rooms. But Lady Thwaite could think of nothing better as a surprise to tickle and charm the natives, and Lady Fermor adopted the device.

Iris and Lucy met to put the finishing touches to each other's toilets. Iris's costume was made up of white silk, tulle, and lilies, with long grassy leaves. It might have been looked down upon as insipid, tame, and old-fashioned by the man-milliner Worth and his prostrate American and English worshippers, but she had never worn anything so befitting her youth and beauty. As she looked at herself in the long mirror, her face beamed with girlish gladness at her own fair image. It beamed still more brightly, though bashfully, when Lucy cried out in honest exultation, "Iris, dear, you look—I won't say how you look," for she knew Iris, however pleased by her friendly admiration, would still feel affronted if she were told to her face that she was beautiful. "Your dress is charming. Madame deserves her reputation and her prices," with a little sigh; for poor Lucy—one of the many children of a much-hampered clergyman—had to be satisfied with an old pink silk of her mother's, which had seen much service but was still supposed to pass muster when covered with fresh tirlatan.

"I am so happy you like everything about me," said Iris, with her soft blushes, "but if love were not blind, you would see that all is needed where there is a face like a Queen Anne's sixpence, and a big bump to be concealed by real thatch," and she stirred with her forefinger the silken tangle above the disproportionate forehead.

The next moment Iris forgot herself in inventing improvements on Lucy's dress. She would gladly have given her friend a new gown for the occasion, while Lucy and her mother would not have been too proud to accept the gift. But Iris, though a prospective heiress, had little more pocket-

money at her disposal than Lucy possessed. Neither was Iris at liberty to transfer for a night one of the diamonds glittering at her throat and waist, and on the band passed through her hair. It was only her love, taste, and skill, and a few perishing flowers, which Iris could lavish on her friend. But Iris looped up here, and gathered together there, and festooned with ferns and *Géant de bataille* roses, till Lucy protested with gratification she would not have known her gown, and that Iris had far too clever fingers for anybody save a dressmaker.

"There is not much of you, but we have made the most of it," said Lady Fermor, when Iris went to show herself. The mistress of Lambford spoke from the superbness of her purple velvet and ermine, which only royalty, condemned to wear robes of state, or eighty years of age, with an icy finger on its veins, could have borne on a July night after the Goodwood races had sounded the retreat to the rear-guard of fashion from suffocating London rooms. "See that *you* do the best for yourself, child," said the ancient oracle, "and make your hay when the sun shines. Don't be such a fool as to think you are everybody's bargain, and lose the only chance that may fall to your lot."

Iris was accustomed to her grandmother's speeches. She had got into the habit of not stopping to analyze them when they held anything enigmatical. Where was the good of pulling words to pieces in order to find beneath them gall and wormwood, ashes, golden powder from the great image of Mammon, stamped small and strewn on the water which men and women were to drink for their daily refreshment?

The little-used ball-room at Lambford was one of the finest, least-spoilt rooms in the house. Iris's taste and dexterous fingers had been there too in the decorations. She had laughed to herself as she indulged in her little spurt at the æsthetic mania, with which she was so familiar from her studies of *Punch* and the other illustrated papers. She had introduced the great tawny discs of sun-flowers and shields of peacocks' feathers among the drapery of ivy, Virginian creeper, and clematis. "Even *Punch*, and Toby, and 'the Colonel,' of whom one has read, would own the effect was good if they were here to-night."

CHAPTER XV.—IRIS WITH THE BALL AT HER FOOT.

THE guests, though there was a shade of shyness and stiffness about them at first, be-

cause they were conscious of replacing a different company, did not disgrace the scene. True, Mrs. Mildmay was more colourless than ever in her pale grey satin. She would have liked, if she had dared, to have her gown black, and to wear no ornaments but her pearls, which might have stood for congealed tears of reluctance and consternation. She drew Mr. Mildmay aside into the conservatory, and begged him to tell her which were the least objectionable people present. She got into a scare, and pointed out the Hollis's party as certainly disreputable.

"My dear Amelia," replied the harassed gentleman, "it is quite right that you should be particular about the company you keep, no husband worthy of the name could blame his wife for being careful on such an important point. But for heaven's sake don't go into a panic and do yourself and me irreparable injury. Remember this is to be our future home and these are to be our neighbours. There is nothing wrong with anybody here to-night, unless it be that stout, bottle-nosed man in the corner, whom there is not the slightest occasion for you to notice. Lady Fermor knows better than to have us down to countenance her old associates;" and the small, pompous man, who was to be the future Lord Fermor, spread out his chest, and brushed up his flaxen hair, which was in a higher top than usual, and drew his fingers through the "Piccadilly weepers" of his long moustache and beard. "Besides, the old woman is not such a fool as to compromise that girl and the lout on whom she is to be bestowed. I wish they would take themselves farther off than Whitehills, certainly; but the rank-and-file 'baronet' may be more easily dealt with than a finer gentleman. Now, just to show you how much you may be mistaken, and how near you may go to impairing our future comfort here, the very people you have singled out as objectionable are the most unexceptionable in the whole room, so far as birth, fortune, and irreproachable antecedents go."

"You don't say so, Thomas!"

"Fact, I assure you. Indeed, the family is so irreproachable that the present people must needs trade on their immunity from scandal, and begin to play pranks. Hollis is of a very old Eastham family, who have left their estates unencumbered—not the usual practice with the gentry here—neither will he impair them. He is an excellent man and admirable magistrate, though not so much master in his own house as he is on the bench. Mrs. Hollis had a large

fortune and is equally well descended—she is nearly related to the Marquis of Eastham's family—all of which is perhaps at the bottom of the mischief. I mean these people can do anything they like, and they, especially the young people among them, have chosen lately to revive many of the tricks and tomfooleries of a former generation. I cannot help thinking it is a pity, but there is no serious harm in it, and it must be overlooked in their case. You can see for yourself what thorough aristocrats these two pretty girls are, though they have early shown themselves fond of making people stare."

Tom Mildmay's definition of the Hollises was not a bad one. Either they and their actions were a singular relic of the rudely healthy thoughtlessness, half-haughty hoydenishness, and half-refined, half-barbarous horse-play of their predecessors, or else the existence of these qualities was one sign amongst others that, in the moral as in the physical revolutions of the world, we are constantly edging back to a good deal that we were fain to hope we had outlived. Thus the puritanism of the Commonwealth was replaced by the licence of Charles II.'s reign, and the virtues of good King George III.'s court were replaced by the vices of the Regency. At such eras old quips and cranks and odd traditional practices come to the front again. Such were the unbridled giddy love of fun—not ending with boyhood or girlhood, and the feather-headed unscrupulous devotion to frolic for which nobody was responsible, that had distinguished the Marquis of Eastham's race when its members were contemporaries of the wits and bullies of the earlier Georgian chronicles. The same characteristics had reappeared strongly marked in the family lately. It was a remarkable testimony to the influence of blood and to the truism that there is nothing new under the sun, so that biography must repeat itself, to discover how decided the attributes were in a branch from the main line, consisting mostly of women, like the Hollises. For the sons were rarely at home, and Mr. Hollis, representing generally the sole male element in the family, had no quicksilver blood in his veins.

Mrs. Hollis had laughed and grown fat like Lady Thwaite. She was in a measure *hors de combat* where active sport was concerned. But she would not stand in the way of nonsense—which she enjoyed with the zest of the youngest engaged in it—or hinder her girls in their maddest escapades.

It was difficult to believe what these two

stately-looking nymphs, certainly with roguery peeping out, now and again, from beneath the stateliness, had dared to do and to leave undone. All Eastham would have been up in arms against the culprits, if they had not been the Hollises, who might do anything.

Maudie and Nanny Hollis had dressed themselves like farmer's daughters, and driven a market cart through Cavesham, stopping at every door when required, measuring out and selling peas and early potatoes, blackberries and cherries, much as Sarah Jennings, the future Duchess of Marlborough, dispensed oranges, for a wager, in the streets of London.

The Misses Hollis were never out of their mail phaeton, during the summer, when they had a brother at home. They coaxed him to let one of the girls blow the horn, and the troop had been known to draw up, and invite each marvelling stray pedestrian they met to avail himself of their cattle and trap.

Sometimes zeal for the improvement of the human kind was engrafted on the family foible. The young ladies would arm themselves with a formidable array of brushes, brooms, and pails, and force an entrance into a cottage closed for the day. Dainty hands would splash and sweep and souse with such good will, that the cottagers, returning from toilsome field-work, craving sluttish rest, would stand transfixed before a dwelling reeking and running down with cleanliness, and half-dried whitewash. Every chair and table had been ousted to undergo soaping and scrubbing; every cherished old secret hole, full of rubbish, stood gaping in emptiness, in the garish light of day. It never appeared to occur to the imperious, gleeful philanthropists what their feelings might have been if Thornbrake, with all their pet retreats, had been so assaulted, taken by storm, and well-nigh washed and swept off the face of the earth.

At another time it would be the children the girls would rout out of their hiding places and hunt into the Hollises' school, which was under no officious, troublesome Board. There the young idea was taught to shoot in a wholly fitful and grotesque manner. According to the amateur schoolmistresses' moods they would set their small scholars such astounding lessons as no youthful brain could compass, which drove the juvenile fry and their parents to the verge of despair. Or Nanny Hollis would undertake to enact the entire drama of "Punch and Judy" for the benefit of the assembly.

Withal, the Hollises were kind-hearted

in their heedlessness. Whole and half sovereigns, which to be sure they never missed, were continually finding a way into Lucy Acton's or her father's purse, so as to salve, in the people's day of distress, what wounds had been dealt to the pride which still survived in the stolid day-labourers, and doltish, unskilled mechanics of Eastham.

Nanny and Maudie Hollis were the most simply dressed girls in the room, but for the gleam of some of their mother's jewels, to which Lady Fermor's ill-gotten gems had been nothing. The sisters sat demurely by Mrs. Hollis's side, and it was only those that knew the madcaps best, who entertained an unerring apprehension that the long, sleepy-looking eyes—the true Eastham eyes, under the well-pencilled brows, were glancing out from beneath their lids in search of prey.

Lady Thwaite's weeds had passed gracefully into black satin and bugles, and a Queen Mary cap. She had fulfilled what had been expected of her. She had brought with her a train of young nephews, and nieces, and cousins, to whom any ball was welcome. She was sincere in seeking that neither Miss Compton's ball, nor the great *coup* which Lady Thwaite had herself inaugurated, should prove a fiasco, only if either did she was not called upon to cry over it. She was easy in her mind with respect to "hedging," so far as any woman could perform that prudent, manly measure, where the ball and any results that might follow the ball were in question.

The officers from Birkett had appeared to a man, and Lady Thwaite was taking some of those she knew into her confidence about her special part of the programme. When the best that could be brought forward was said of Sir William, he was not the man who could be chosen with any prospect of a successful issue—nay, with anything save trembling apprehension—to figure as a Master of the Ceremonies in a *jeu de société*. There he stood, half-hidden among a knot of men at one of the doors, so that though many an eye was turned upon him, and many a whisper breathed his name, he did not suffer from an overwhelming consciousness of observation. He could pass muster, tugging at his gloves, in his well-fitting dress-coat, with the camellia, which Lady Fermor had herself picked for him, stuck in his button-hole.

Iris had danced with Mr. Hollis and received the kindest encouragement from the white-bearded, indulgent, too-indulgent master of Thornbrake, whom his wife and daughters set at nought, coaxed and laughed at as

"poor old dad," and "Peter," whereas he was not a descendant of the old Hollises for nothing, and his Christian name in reality was "Adrian."

Iris had waltzed her punctilious waltz with her cousin till, before the three rounds were ended, she felt alarmingly infected by his solemnity. She was glad to exchange her partner for Sir William, who went through the quadrille to the admiration of the sceptical and the credit of his dancing-master, though not without some loss of equanimity.

"Poor man," Iris secretly compassionated him, "how pale he has grown! surely the game is not worth the candle." At the same time she darted a triumphant challenge of the eyes to Lucy. "Shall I introduce them?" Iris pondered. "Of course the Rector has called, and Sir William knows some of the family, but I think this is the first time he has happened to meet Lucy, and she has been sitting for the last dance. He would not be a bad partner if he would appear to forget what he is doing, and not leave his partner to find all the small talk. He looks as well as any man present. I am not sure that he does not look better. His figure is not at all bad, if it were not so bolt upright; then he has got quite beautiful eyes, and I like his chestnut hair. If Lucy were very captivating she might have the way for a handsome subscription to her Cottage Hospital. He could afford it, for grandmamma is always saying what a fine estate Whitehills is."

Iris's good intentions were nipped in the bud by Lady Thwaite's claiming Sir William and carrying him off in mystified reluctance to be presented to Maudie Hollis. This movement was the consequence of a short conversation which had passed between the two ladies.

"Where is Orson, Lady Thwaite?" inquired the younger. "You don't tell me that he is dancing with Iris Compton? What next? He will be found able to read and write, and then he will be like everybody else; he will not be worth his salt."

"My dear child!" exclaimed Lady Thwaite. She was a little nettled, for Sir William, though she could laugh at him when it suited her, was her late husband's heir and her *protégé*. Like many women, when she was piqued, she became specially affectionate with a sort of bitter-sweet affectionateness. Besides, she had known the Hollis girls all their lives, and felt free to take them to task. "I should not wonder, Maudie, though he were better read for a man than you are for a woman. Every class can command wonder-

ful advantages now. Sir William had a fair elementary education, and he is a reading man."

"He may easily be better read than we are," said Maudie Hollis unblushingly, "if he has gone beyond a few novels, which make me yawn all the time I am reading them, though it was rather good fun smuggling them into the house, under papa's nose, in the guise of histories and sermons. But Sir William Lumpkin is disappointing," went on Maudie with a pout. "What is the use of the fine story of the man's having been a private soldier, if he is to be just like every other partner we meet? But I mean to give him another chance. Won't you introduce him, Lady Thwaite?"

"Certainly."

Lady Thwaite brought him over, and, to her gratification, Sir William went through the introduction with a coolness which would have been miraculous, had it not admitted of an explanation. The well-filled room contained only one woman for Sir William Thwaite, and that woman was Iris Compton. To dance with her was rapture and torment, in which former scenes came flashing back to taunt, cow, and sicken him. To every other woman there he was profoundly indifferent, and indifference in certain instances lends ease, freedom, even a species of distinction to the manner. But Sir William did not immediately avail himself of the privilege of asking Maudie Hollis to dance. He stood looking, a little as if he wondered what he had been brought there to do, till she suggested that she was dying to waltz to the particular air which the orchestra was playing.

"Then hadn't we better try it?" he said, and whirled her round carefully and correctly.

"Orson's a humbug," she whispered to her sister, when the couple stood still to rest, and Nanny Hollis with her partner stopped beside them. "There is not a rise to be got out of him. I think the Field-Marshal should make an investigation what the men who take the Queen's shilling are really drilled in—the goose-step or waltzing. If he had been a Scotchman, and we had stood up in a reel, I could have understood it; I believe Scotch children are born dancing reels, and only need the sound of the bagpipes to make them skip and whoop like red Indians. But a waltz! Yet, I assure you, there is nothing at all odd in his waltzing. Why, I thought we should be the spectacle of the room, and I might be reduced to spraining

my ankle or fainting to put an end to it, and he only touches me as if I were glass, and lets me go when he has the opportunity. I wonder what Iris Compton sees in him? But you can try him, if you like. I dare say Captain Ryder will not object to change partners, and Orson may think it is the rule in our set. Then Peter will be pleased to see us both dance with Sir William, though the worthy soul has no notion of match-making."

"Of course not," answered Nanny. "Peter only thinks we are good, polite children, to dance with everybody who asks us, and not to affront a stuck recruiting sergeant."

In the meantime Iris had been allowed to follow her inclination and waltz with her fast friend, Ludovic Acton, as they had waltzed together hundreds of times before, since the juvenile days when they disputed hotly about their steps, and she asserted that he trod on her toes, while he retorted that she had nearly pulled his arms off.

Lieutenant Ludovic had developed into a big and incomprehensible fellow, comely, like his sister Lucy, but with more individuality in the comeliness, which defied and conquered a mass of material, for he was big, with sandy hair and moustache, and an inclination to chubbiness in his cheeks. At home he was the gentlest and most inoffensive of male beings, the most dutiful and affectionate of sons and brothers, whose principal weakness displayed itself in a passion for musical instruments of a languishing and die-away description. He never came home from foreign service without bringing back a new flute or mandolin. It would have been his joy to have played accompaniments to his mother's and sisters' performances on the old piano all day long. It was his sorrow that with all the will in the world to oblige the family's darling, they had so little time to avail themselves of his powers.

But no sooner had Ludovic rejoined his ship than the most extraordinary reports reached the Rectory and his neighbours regarding him. The mild strumming fellow was all but blown up by his forwardness in torpedo practice. He had leapt overboard in the happy hunting-ground of sharks, and risked his valuable life twice over to save a wretched Malay woman. He had volunteered to take the command of a boat on an exploring expedition among the ice near one of the poles. And when the crew landed on a frost-bound coast, and on false information took a journey over the snow, which was likely to be their last, he

left the exhausted, despairing men huddled together in their hut, and made an awful journey back alone. He crossed the wild white waste, with no companion save an Esquimaux dog, and no sound to break the stillness of death but the roar of a bear, the bay of a wolf, or the scream of a bald-headed eagle.

These performances were certainly removed by an immeasurable distance from any experience which his home and native place had of King Lud; and he was so hurt and indignant if anybody ventured to approach the subject, that his familiars were driven to the verge of doubting whether he could really be the hero of the exploits which were put in his name. Had they not rather been performed by some gallant young man who was unaccountably defrauded of his due, while Ludovic Acton, as his manner seemed to imply, had, by an absurd mistake, been falsely accredited with the glory? In spite of the bewilderment which attended on the young man's honours, King Lud was justly the pride of his father's and mother's hearts and the idol of his sisters. Iris Compton, too, was proud and fond of him. She had only escaped a deeper feeling because of the familiarity which paralyzes the imagination, and because one of the finest fellows in the world did not happen to entertain any deeper feeling for her.

All the difference which the advance from boy and girlhood to young man and womanhood had made in the relations between Ludovic Acton and Iris Compton was that, after frequent separations and renewals of intercourse, the couple were able, as a tribute to social forms, to address each other in public as Mr. Acton and Miss Compton, instead of King Lud and Iris.

Therefore Sir William, with his unmasked face, need not have looked every time he passed the pair as if he would enjoy swearing "like a trooper," according to Maudie Hollis's graphic description. Even if he had heard their conversation, so primitive a fellow might have felt elated rather than depressed by it.

"Don't you think Sir William Thwaite waltzes very nicely?" said Iris, looking with approving eyes on the waltzer. "Oh! I hope Lucy sees him."

Ludovic had been interrupted in an enthusiastic account he was giving of a zither. He did not dream of resenting his partner's lapse of interest in his conversation; but he looked at her a little curiously in his quiet way. "A lady is the best judge of a fellow's waltzing," he said cautiously, pulling his fawn-coloured moustache; "but if you ask me

—I should not have presumed to offer any criticism, mind, if you had not put it to me—I should say the gentleman is just a trifle laboured in his performance, and occupied with it. No doubt art will soon become second nature.”

“Now, Mr. Acton,” that is very ill-natured of you, particularly as we are speaking of dancing, not of singing, or playing on the banjo,” said Iris saucily; “and I do not know what you mean by professing not to presume to give me an opinion, till it is solicited.”

“Don’t you?” responded King Lud, dubiously; “but may I inquire what Lucy has to do with it?”

“Yes, Lucy was so conceited as to imagine Sir William could not dance at all—Sir William who is waltzing like—like Lord Palmerston when grandmamma saw him at Al-macks.”

“Sir William waltzes more like his dancing-master, whoever he may have been. The man is as solemn and earnest over his task as if he were earning his bread by it.”

“I don’t believe he ever had a dancing-master,” said Iris in her ignorance, with a gay laugh. “I think he waltzes by nature—so well that you are tempted to be jealous of him, just as he is a gentleman by nature, to a greater extent than many people suppose.”

It was just after this dance that Iris had her eyes opened and the ball utterly spoilt for her. The operation of having euphrasy squeezed on the eye-lids may be always beneficial, as truth if we can bear it is always the best. It by no means follows that the act itself is not often exquisitely painful; indeed the occasions when it is supremely pleasant are the exceptions. Iris’s enlightenment had no apparent connection with an awkward and distressing episode of the ball which had happened a little beforehand. The girl was out of the room when the unlucky blunder occurred, and she only heard a mangled version of it some time afterwards. Nevertheless the accident was partly the cause of Iris’s having her eyes opened—in this as in many instances she suffered for the sins of others.

Lord Fermor had not walked since his last attack of illness, but he liked to be wheeled from room to room, to look at the company he could no longer join, and mumble greetings to any friend he recognised. Lady Fermor had directed that he should be wheeled once round the ball-room. The progress, though it disconcerted some of the guests, was made with apparent satisfaction

to the poor old man, who glanced about with his lack-lustre eyes, and smiled a meaningless smile, till he came close to Lady Fermor where she sat at the top of the room. She was preparing to accost him with one of her customary challenges, in the overpoweringly hilarious tones which she always adopted towards him.

“How do you like it all, Fermor? The doings are a little slow, eh? The young folks have not the go they had when we were young.”

At that moment he anticipated her, a light came into his faded eyes and a tinge of life-blood into his clay-coloured cheeks. He succeeded in raising himself up, and stooped forward with an attempt at a low bow, at the same time fumbling to lay his yellow wax-like hand on his heart. He spoke in a quavering but perfectly audible voice. “Allow me to pay you my very best respects—my ardent homage. You must know it gives me the greatest pleasure in life to attend your assembly, Mrs. Bennet,” he said, using a name which had not been mentioned in her hearing since she had dragged it through the mire.

Even she grew ghastly at the unfamiliar sound, and quailed for an instant, while everybody within hearing looked at each other in dismay, and poor Mrs. Mildmay was so appalled, that her husband had to hurry her away in search of instant restoratives, lest she should groan aloud or faint on the spot.

The next moment Lady Fermor had signed to the servant who was wheeling the chair to move on, had pulled herself together, looked round defiantly, and startled her next neighbour by asking her how she liked the new fashion of puffed sleeves, like pillows with strings tied round them.

But there was a disturbing impression produced at the worst time; for there was a lull in the dancing, while the gentlemen whom Lady Thwaite, as mistress of the ceremonies for Lady Fermor, had deputed to be *aides de camp*, were assuming their stewards’ bows and ribands, and consulting together about the bringing on of the *pièce de résistance*.

Lady Thwaite wished to get rid of the sense of something wrong and to dissipate an uneasy qualm of conscience on her own account. Besides, she was a woman born to meddle, incapable of letting well alone, unless in her own private concerns, which she treated with the greatest respect and discretion. She caught Iris, as she was coming back into the ball-room, withdrew her from her partner

and took possession of her, to have a little confidential chat, in a cool corridor which was then deserted.

"What is it, Lady Thwaite?" inquired Iris without a shade of apprehension, unless for the small trouble indicated in her next words. "Oh! I hope nothing is going to put a stop to the cotillon. The bouquets and foolscaps have not gone amissing? Nobody is too bashful? Captain Hood has not begun to doubt his power to act as fogleman?"

"No, no, but I have hardly spoken to you to-night, my dear Iris, not even to congratulate you, if I may venture——"

"On my ball?" Iris finished the sentence. "Well, I do think it is going off delightfully in spite of the heat, and that everybody is happy. I am beginning to be sorry it is half over; I did not enjoy my other balls nearly so much, though you were very kind," ended Iris with a little sigh of content.

"I am so glad you find this ball especially charming; I am not surprised. But you did not quite take me up. It was not on the ball I thought of wishing you joy—may I not do it on something else?" said Lady Thwaite caressingly.

"On what else should you wish me joy?" inquired Iris wonderingly. "I dare say it is very stupid of me, but I do not in the least know what you mean. I think I am stupid to-night, for I have been two or three times puzzled by things people have said, or rather left half-said. Ludovic Acton, among the rest, professed not to presume to give his opinion on something we were talking about. I must have grown, unknown to myself, a grand, imposing person all at once."

"You are not stupid, and you have only grown grander by anticipation—you are merely modest, a rare quality, let me tell you, nowadays, and perhaps a little shy. But I must warn you, my love, shyness is not always wise where serious interests—the happiness of two people's lives—are at stake," she added with an air of matronly wisdom, and a tone of friendly caution. "Shyness may be misunderstood in certain cases and cause irreparable mischief."

"What can you mean, Lady Thwaite?" cried Iris, provoked into standing still, with her cheeks hot and scarlet, and a sparkle and ring of justifiable vexation in her eyes and voice. "You speak as if there were somebody when there is nobody—nobody in the world. Not a soul has a right to say so, or to talk to me about it; though I hope I should have the sense and good feeling to let any friend talk to me for my good, if there were

a shadow of reason for it. Mr. Acton, if you mean him," continued Iris incoherently, "though I cannot think why, unless because he is Lucy's brother, and we have always been intimate friends—they have all been kind to me since I was a baby at the Rectory—but we shall never be anything more than friends—we have never either of us had the most distant idea of—— I should be so sorry, and I am afraid grandmamma would be very angry, if anything without the smallest foundation were said."

"Don't trouble yourself, there is no fear of it," said Lady Thwaite, with the faintest sarcasm in what continued the unruffled smiling serenity of her scrutiny; "what is the proper word for what old-fashioned people used to call 'close'? Does your grandmother never say, as characters in novels were wont to do, 'My dear girl, you are very close'?"

Lady Thwaite could not in any sense be termed a bad woman. She was not cruel or treacherous or even tyrannical in her selfishness, and she had a genuine liking for Iris Compton; but she no more understood her than she could have understood the inhabitant of another world.

"I am almost a relation," went on Lady Thwaite, with her exasperatingly cheerful reproachfulness—"at least a most interested family connection."

Iris had been standing staring at the speaker, now she started with a gasp. "Lady Thwaite, you cannot mean Sir William, to whom grandmamma has been kind; and I have tried to be kind to him too, though of course I have nothing in my power. What do you take us for? He would never make such a dreadful mistake."

"Iris," said Lady Thwaite, thoroughly excited, "it is not other people who have been making mistakes; it is you who are—a perfect simpleton I had almost said, forgive me for such plain speaking, a greater child than I could have conceived possible. All the people here to-night are talking of your marriage with Sir William Thwaite almost as an accomplished fact. What is more, Lady Fermor has arranged the match. She has spoken of it to me. Sir William himself is looking for the fulfilment of the expectations which have been held out to him. It is right that you should know the truth, if you have never suspected it before."

"And was I to have no voice in my own marriage? What is there about me, what have I done, that people should see fitness in such a marriage? Would grandmamma give



Engraved by]

[J. Swain.

"Finishing touches."

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me to one of the servants, to a rude, ignorant working man?"

Lady Thwaite was touched by the misery in the girl's face, and by the self-restraint which prevented her from expressing it, save by the unconscious tightening of every muscle—so that the eyebrows grew contracted and the little mouth drawn—and by the involuntary clenching of her hand on one of the white roses of the bouquet, till the flower was crushed, and the petals fell unheeded to the ground. But Lady Thwaite was also provoked and indignant. "My dear Iris, I am very sorry. If I had dreamt that you would be so distressed, I should certainly not have spoken to-night and spoilt your pleasure, though it is high time somebody spoke to prevent a great *esclandre*. But, pardon me, you are speaking very foolishly in what you imply of Sir William. He is not to be mentioned in the same breath with an ordinary working man. No doubt, his branch of the family had been permitted to sink into obscurity, so that he was brought up very plainly; but he was still a Thwaite of Whitehills. For my part I think he showed his origin by preferring the army to any small trade, and I believe he proved himself a brave soldier. You know we have all accepted him, and given him his place among us. Every year that passes will see him in greater harmony with his position. I am convinced he is a rough diamond, with many admirable qualities, as men go. He is young, fairly good-looking—I may say rather handsome than the reverse—manly, honest. If you were as well acquainted with the world as I am, you would be aware that many, very many girls of your rank, whether they get their choice or not, have to go farther and fare worse, to put up with much heavier objections in their husbands than are involved in marrying poor Sir William."

To Lady Thwaite's surprise Iris gave a little nervous laugh as her only protest. Lady Thwaite fancied it was in scorn, and she was annoyed at this exhibition of pride in a girl whom Lady Thwaite had imagined only too good, gentle, and docile.

But the laugh was more hysterical than scornful, though Iris was too healthy in body and mind, with too much native dignity and self-respect in her simplicity, to be guilty of pronounced hysterics. Only Lady Thwaite's words had vividly recalled to her mind the half-forgotten sentence which she herself had spoken of Sir William, when she had seen him first, that he seemed "a good sort

of young man;" and Lady Fermor had protested impatiently such a report would have been very well if she had meant to hire him for a servant.

Yes, the recommendations which Lady Thwaite was citing were just the good character which one might get with a servant. The question was, whether the attributes of a good servant were quite those which a girl would look for in a husband, though it was true she might not fare the better as a wife for the lack of them.

Iris, in spite of the silence of her lips, had not been without her dream-husband, her ideal of true nobility, honour, grace, with every accomplishment for which she cared a straw. Compared to this ideal Sir William Thwaite was a clown, and something worse, if he had so grossly misinterpreted her, and presumed on her friendliness towards him.

Lady Thwaite went on in spite of the unpropitious laugh, "I think he was smitten with you at first sight. I am certain that he now worships the very ground you tread on. You could make almost anything of him. Would it not be worth your pains—a fit task for a girl so kind and unselfish as you are—to enable the poor Beast to break the spell of inadequate training and unfortunate associations, and see him rise the perfect prince of the fairy tale? I remember, Iris, finding you, when you were a little girl, reading 'Beauty and the Beast,' and crying your eyes out for the poor, self-denying, forsaken Beast."

"That was long ago," said Iris, shaking her head. "I know now that Beauty had her rights, no less than the Beast—in fact, that there are no such Beauties and Beasts."

"Who would have expected cynicism from you? Was there not some old queen and saint who asserted her queenliness and saintship by christianising and civilising a barbarian of a husband, to whom my Sir William is a Paladin?"

"I am neither a queen nor a saint," answered Iris briefly; but she recollected instantly the whole story of St. Margaret, which Lady Thwaite had never read, and that Margaret's royalty and saintliness did not save her from dying of the stab of exquisite anguish, dealt by the bitter tidings that her old rustic wooer Malcolm, and their first-born son, had fallen together in the Northumbrian siege.

"I have only one word more to say," said Lady Thwaite, beginning to wonder at the zeal of her own pleading, when she was carried away by the spirit of the moment.

"Lady Fermor is a very old woman ; it is simply natural and right that she should be concerned for your future. I don't wish to sadden you, love, but you will be a very lonely girl when she dies, and it is possible that she and Lord Fermor have not been able to make such an ample provision for you, as the world supposes. There may be other reasons, which you are too young, and do not know enough of the world, to comprehend, why it would be specially desirable for you to marry early and well, as society judges marriages. Is it at all surprising that your grandmother should wish to seize the opportunity of seeing you established at Whitehills? Though it is not above eight months since I lost poor Sir John, I think you must have forgotten what Whitehills is like," remonstrated Lady Thwaite between warmth and plaintiveness. "It is as well, perhaps, that you are to see it again to-morrow. I am not ashamed to confess that I was a proud woman when I came there first as its mistress. Whitehills, with a man who adores you—not at all a bad fellow, not vicious, or even superannuated, quite capable of becoming a respectable and respected county gentleman! Iris, think twice what you are about."

"Thinking a hundred times would not make any difference," retorted Iris, stung into passion, and proceeding, in her pain, to deal certain home-thrusts—of which she would have been incapable at a calmer moment—of whose point, in truth, she had little idea. "I may be left a poor solitary girl—far poorer and more solitary than girls who have been brought up to earn their bread. I may have to bear reproach ; I have not been so happy as to fail entirely in the knowledge of evil, which will cling to me. And Whitehills may be a very grand place, with its mistress a most enviable woman. I dare say Sir William will not beat her, or prevent her from being a fine lady, though he is not a gentleman, and her friends will not forsake her. But for all that, I see no cause why I or any other girl should sell herself. That would be the lowest poverty, the most utter desolation of all, because it would be degradation and a lie."

"Then I imagine you must be suffered to go your own way," said Lady Thwaite a little loftily and angrily, "since your notions are so impracticable. I hope you will never regret your resolution. You will allow me to say so," she continued, recovering her temper. For it returned to her again with greater force—why should she so press Sir William's

suit? It would be nicer for her if he were longer in marrying—nay, if he never married at all—though what, in that case, would become of dear old Whitehills? To think that it should go a-begging! But now she would have the clearest conscience with regard to having done her best, in seconding Sir William in the wish of his heart, though it went a little against her convenience rather than her interest.

Even Bill Rogers might have owned that the dowager had done something to earn her pension. Under the renewed sense of what was best for herself—doubtless for her "cousin" and Iris also—and under the full sunshine of an approving conscience, good-natured Lady Thwaite's touch of indignation at Iris's very tall notions and absurd unconventionality vanished speedily. "Iris"—Lady Thwaite addressed her companion soothingly—"don't mind it too much ; it cannot be helped. It is vexing ; but most girls have troubles of the kind to encounter, sooner or later, and though they are trying they can be got over. Indeed, I am not sure whether any girl would like to be entirely without them—we are such contradictory mortals ; we women especially. This is a free country, though there may be some difficulty with your grandmother, who cannot be expected to see with your eyes, and generally objects to being thwarted. However, I make no question that Sir William will take his *congé* like a man. But if I were you, my dear, I should put him out of pain as quickly and humanely as possible. I am afraid he has deceived himself, and been deceived, without any fault of yours, while he may not stand being undeceived quite calmly just at first. Only don't frighten yourself. I dare say he will not go straightway to destruction, or even forget himself so far as to swear at you."

Lady Thwaite was laughing now ; but though Iris felt hurt by this rapid transition to a light mood, as by everything else in the discussion, her wounded pride did not prevent her from more nearly breaking down than she had yet done. She could have implored Lady Thwaite to stay the *dénouement*, to save everybody from an explanation which could only be painful. If Lady Thwaite were right, which Iris to this moment doubted, with the doggedness of affront and mortification, and the utmost recoil from the next stage of the farce—surely it was a farce—not a tragedy—would not Lady Thwaite tell Sir William it could not be? She, Iris, was very sorry ; but the suggestion was monstrous. Well, if that

would be too strong an epithet, the thing was not to be thought of for a moment. Sir William would take Lady Thwaite's word for his dismissal, and there would be an end of it. Lady Fermor could not say anything if he withdrew of his own accord.

Iris was saved from an entreaty which must have been refused, by the arrival of a servant, with an urgent request that Lady Thwaite and Miss Compton would return to the ball-room immediately. The second part of the programme, the cotillon, which was to give speciality to the ball, was about to begin, but it could not be started in the absence of the two ladies.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE COTILLON.

LADY THWAITE was more sorry than ever for having interfered at so inopportune a time, though she had the consolation, which was great to a woman of her character, of knowing now exactly how matters stood.

"Are you quite able for it, Iris?" she inquired kindly. "Would you like to wait here a little longer, or to go to your own room for a few minutes? Shall I send to say the cotillon must be put off for another half-hour? It will not matter much, though the supper hour is coming on."

But whatever kind of home Lambford had proved to Iris, it had not been a nursery of self-indulgence. The place had not been without its bracing elements. She pulled herself together, slight young girl that she was, as a strong man might have done, and after putting her hand to her head for a moment, she answered, "No, thank you; where would be the good? I must not keep everybody waiting and disappoint people," and then she held up her drooping head and walked like a young queen back to the ball-room.

Lady Thwaite had never admired her so much. "She is too good for him and such a fate," she said to herself, for her abiding conviction was that the marriage was merely a thing of time. Lady Fermor would prevail eventually, for when had she not prevailed? Otherwise what would become of Iris, poor girl, in spite of her beauty and spirit, and what fortune she might inherit? It was a pity that she could not yield without a struggle. Sir William was a bit of a Turk, although all Lady Thwaite had said of him was true. It was to be hoped that he would not develop into a Bluebeard. If Iris could have seen it to be her wisest course, it might have saved useless contention and suffering; but Lady Thwaite had done her best, her ladyship wound up with a shrug of her shoulders.

So courageously did Iris carry herself to hide her wound and hinder herself from becoming a drag on the satisfaction of her neighbours, that only one person remarked the girl who had left the ball-room the happiest creature there, and who returned to it dizzy from a blow, with her maidenly pride up in arms and humiliated, and her heart fluttering with nameless shame, pain, and terror. It was not her old friend, Lucy, who saw the change. It was the awkwardly stiff young man, clumsily encumbered with his lessons in polite accomplishments, wretchedly self-conscious, out of his element, and so racked with anxiety and shaken with alternate ague fits of heat and cold, hope and fear, that he could not offer the slightest response to the many overtures—some of them not ungenerous or self-seeking—made to him as he hung about the doors and corners of the room. The consequence was that he was pronounced the merest stick, the most unsocial fellow in the world. It was he who was quick to observe the subtle alteration in Iris's Compton's look, though her gait was as elastic, and the rosy flush on her delicately-rounded cheek a more perfect carmine than ever.

"They have allowed her to do herself up," he complained to himself angrily. "She is as sick as I am of all this fallalling rigmarole."

There was a little agreeable murmur rather than hush of expectation. Ladies sat and fanned themselves and complained of the July heat, but could not make up their minds to go out on the terrace—not just at this moment. They hoped there would be no thunder-storm before to-morrow, both for Sir William's hay and their presence at the haymaking. It was so seldom that there was any summer gaiety in Eastham, except tennis parties, of which everybody was sick, or harvest festivals and thanksgiving services, which might be pretty and improving but were not very entertaining. Gentlemen formed a succession of little circles, copying the circle of officers who wore the badge of the stewards of the concluding ceremonies.

A flutter among those who were not acquainted with the cotillon heralded the entrance of servants with a great basket full of bouquets composed of distinctive individual flowers—of white stephanotis, roses of every hue, striped carnations, purple petunias, blue or scarlet salvias, yellow and brown calceolarias, each tied with its appropriate white, red, or blue riband. These bouquets were handed to all the young people, ladies and gentlemen

alike. Then the masters of the ceremonies announced to the novices, who were fingering the flowers and gazing doubtfully at the ribands—not knowing what to make of the posies and their streamers, since the most of the recipients were already provided with bouquets—that these cotillon bouquets matched each other two and two, and were to serve as indexes in the choice of partners, besides being worn without fail by their owners in the waltz which was to follow.

Then commenced a grand hunt for corresponding nosegays with plenty of jesting and laughter. Short-sighted men peered about for special roses with their special ribands. Colour and form-blind men obstinately persisted that oleander blossom was the flower of a balsam, or that the large clustered head of the plumbago, with its grey blue, was one and the same with the little sky-blue tufts of lobelia.

Nanny Hollis tied her nosegay of marigolds under one ear in a trice. She was a tall girl, but she stood up in order that yellow and brown might the more easily detect her. Maudie swung her Tom Thumb geraniums from her girdle like a *châtelaine*, and advised her partner to tie his flowers at his knee as a new Order of the Garter.

But Iris Compton kept her *stephanotis* and its bridal white riband hidden out of sight, while she glanced round in fright. Some witch at Sir William Thwaite's elbow—it might have been Lady Thwaite in spite of everything—had guided his selection, for he was dangling a handful of *stephanotis* and looking about with eager trepidation.

Iris leant back and stooped down to one of Lady Thwaite's young cousins. She was a little girl of fifteen, full of the enthusiastic admiration which some girls lavish on other girls older than themselves. Iris Compton was at present the object of Janie Fuller's devotion.

"Do you like the scent of *stephanotis*, Janie?" inquired Iris faintly; "I don't; it makes me sick." And she had grown as pale as a lily within the last few minutes.

"Oh, then don't keep it near you, dear Miss Compton," pleaded Janie, intent on serving the heroine she was worshipping. "Give it to me, I am very fond of the scent, and though I were not, it would not matter. Change with me; my flower is only heather, with a tartan riband; that won't hurt you. But will it spoil the dance if we change the flowers? Will auntie or Lady Fernor be displeased? Oh, please tell me, Miss Compton," besought Janie in an agony of divided

feelings. There was her delight in doing something for her goddess. There was her dread of not behaving properly and so annoying her aunt, who had procured for her, Janie, one of the greatest treats of her young life. Above all there was the terror of drawing down upon herself the wrath of that awful old Lady Fernor.

"No, no, there will still be partners for everybody, and I will take the responsibility. You know it is my ball, Janie," said Iris, hurriedly asserting her privilege with a poor attempt at a smile. At the same time she was ostentatiously shaking out her borrowed heather and tartan. They were successful in bringing to her side a stripling brother of Janie's, who would certainly have been a fitter partner for his sister than for the young mistress and beauty of the ball.

As for this very young gentleman who led Iris forth to the waltz, he was at the *nil admirari* stage of his existence. He would not have given a cricket match for all the balls in the world. He had already enraged Janie by declaring that he could not see what she made such a row about in Miss Compton, a maypole of a girl with a little round turnip of a head, pink painted cheeks, and the recollection of carrots in her hair. He would have preferred pulling about and teasing his sister, by a long chalk, to being compelled to stick that beastly rubbish of heather in the pocket of his jacket, and "to tread a measure," like any other theatrical ape, with the young lady of the house. The gentleman was not even propitiated by the circumstance that Iris, in her excitement and in the reaction produced by her small achievement, chatted to him as if she had been a very chatterbox.

Sir William fell to the share of the quaking Janie. He was hugely disappointed, and showed it transparently; but he had escaped seeing the manœuvre which gave him his partner, and fancied it was only a stroke of his bad luck, though he was considered, by the assembly generally, the luckiest fellow going.

If any other person received a surprise, at the result of the pairing of flowers and couples, in one case, he or she was fain to conclude that a servant had blundered or had been unable to carry out private instructions.

The cotillon lottery had been quite fair, several people remarked with approbation, when they saw Miss Compton dancing with a school-boy, and Sir William Thwaite, in his absence of mind, lifting Janie clean off her feet.

When the waltz was over there was another distribution of indexes and adornments. At the first glimpse, the young people were inclined to cry that the substitutes for the flowers were too childish and absurd. Then the company found that to every paper helmet or ass's head which was extracted from one of the crackers—that are generally reserved for the amusement of very juvenile parties on Christmas-eve and Twelfth Night—Lady Fermor had been so liberal as to add, by way of bribe, a pretty, more or less valuable trinket or fantastic charm, which could be worn either at a lady's or a gentleman's watch chain.

A hum of gratification on the discovery testified that a large proportion of the bigger boys and girls there, were willing to make fools of themselves for a small reward.

If her fate and her human foes were alike minded to betray Iris on this occasion, she must submit so far to destiny. She must dance her round with Sir William, as the old desperate villain danced his round beneath the gallows tree, though every eye in the room should be upon her and her partner, and every soul present mistake the couple's relations and injure and insult Iris by the mistake. Iris could not affect to be overcome by a paper crown, mitre, apron or tippet; and she could not openly insult Sir William in her grandmother's house, by a marked rejection of his claim, and breach of the laws of the dance. She was too gentle, too courteous, her good breeding went too far beyond skin depth, to permit her thus to release herself, at the expense of Sir William and the company. The favour or treachery, call it which you will, appeared again in the distribution of the crackers, else Sir William was indeed the luckiest of men in externals and empty conquests. Fortune, half unbandaged, had awarded him a green paper sash with an emerald buckle to fasten it, and a fac-simile of the same sash and buckle lay in Iris's lap. His keen eyes detected the coincidence immediately. He came up and looked at her appealingly, with the blue eyes which she had said melted like a woman's sometimes.

"I suppose we must seem as great babies as the others," she said, with a rush of colour to the cheeks which had been pale just before. She spoke in a formal, constrained way—the first time she had shown such a manner to him. He started, and looked at her with a more desperate appeal than ever.

"Green is sorrow unseen," I should warn you," she said, lingering, as if she hoped to

find him superstitious, and to play on his superstition.

"I don't mind," he answered in a voice half-choked with the tumult of his feelings. "I don't mind anything."

She rose and stopped him from saying more. She ought to have fastened his scarf on his shoulder, but she left that duty to a servant while she clasped her paper rag beneath one arm.

The scene had changed to a harlequinade, in which Iris's one ray of comfort was that the two must pass comparatively unnoticed among much more ridiculous figures causing merriment verging on boisterousness. For had not tall Nanny Hollis fluttering wings pinned to her shoulders, and was she not dancing with the smallest mite of a man in the room, having companion wings tacked to his little shoulders, which, as they waved in time to the music, gave him the air of making a perpetual vain effort to fly up to a level with his partner? Was not Ludovic Acton waltzing and pointing the beak of a vulture over the shoulder of a "vulture maiden" from no greater distance than Knotley?

No wonder Mrs. Mildmay took to reproaching her husband as if this were more than she had bargained for, more than any exemplary matron could come through and live or else be for ever compromised.

"Is it a masquerade ball, Tom? Oh, I thought masquerade balls were confined to the opera houses and only attended by actors and actresses."

"My dear Amelia, you ought to go more into society, indeed you ought," protested the aggrieved husband. "This is only one of the figures of the cotillon. You will take fright at calico balls next: you will say calico balls are only got up for music-halls and casinos."

Iris would have hoped that she and her partner passed unobserved among the greater notorieties, if Sir William had not waltzed a little wildly, as if he had lost his head, so that he did not stop with the others, or hear her telling him she would not have another turn. And when he paused at last, it was before Lady Fermor who—Herculean old woman as she had shown herself—was just withdrawing to rest for half an hour before supper.

Iris tried to meet her grandmother's gaze without betraying consciousness or tremor, but the girl's modest hazel eyes fell abashed before the bold, half-taunting challenge which met hers. "What characters are you two young people representing?" cried the old lady in great good-humour. "A pair of Tyrolean

beggars on the tramp with an organ-grinder? A couple of Foresters from the worshipful company that hold their annual festival at the Crystal Palace, only the wives and sweet-hearts do not go in character? They are supposed to be too retiring for fancy dresses. Well, I am pleased to see that you are enjoying yourselves, and I'm ready to say 'God bless you, my children,' whenever you like."

Iris drew her arm from Sir William's, and moved hastily away. He might take the words as a matter of course. He might not understand them in their stagey slang. This was a forlorn hope. But if he were sharper, what a cruelly mortifying ordeal for her to be thus thrown at any man's head! At the head of this man, who could hardly be expected to see that she had no share in the unwomanly transaction! It was not to be thought that he would disclaim it for her, or even feel for her in this humiliating position. She had never refused to admit that there were nature's noblemen, but these she understood to be martyrs, heroes, geniuses at the very least, not mere stiff, shy, young squires and baronets. She had been surprised to find that Sir William could conduct himself passably; but he had been led into an intolerable blunder, which a better-bred man might have avoided. He had been betrayed by the coarseness of perception and vain credulity, which had made him become an easy prey to her grandmother's scheme. At this very moment Sir William might be exulting in what his lands and title could do. He might be making up his mind to get rid of all the matters on which the couple differed—of what would appear to him her squeamishness and fads, from the time that he consented to take a willing bride.

Iris was mistress of the situation in the two concluding acts of the cotillon. These were the prettiest, most dramatic, and most foreign of the whole.

A chair was placed in the middle of the room, and Iris was the first called to fill it. A hand-mirror was given to her, a march was played by the band, all the young men in the room passed in single file at the back of her chair, each pausing an instant that his image might be reflected in the glass she held. If she accepted the first man for her partner, she must let his image remain, till he, recognising the sign, came round to the front of the chair, from which she had risen, led her out of the circle, when the two ought to waltz a single round of the room. Then another girl seated herself in the chair, and the same performance was repeated. If Cassiopea rejected the first

man, she passed her handkerchief across the mirror, as if she were brushing away the offending image; and she might go on effacing quenched partners, one after another, to the last man, and, blotting him out also, decline to dance at all.

It was a tableau rather than a dance, a capital tableau for a born actress or a finished coquette, who could improve upon the original idea by fine touches of coyness, disdain, hesitation, surrender, to the delight of the audience.

Iris was no coquette, and she had only one thought in her mind, that of publicly refusing to have anything more to do with Sir William Thwaite, by theoretically wiping out his image. Her nimble mind had quickly laid hold of one important deduction. If she accepted the first, second, or third man for her partner—of course taking it for granted that none of the gentlemen was Sir William—her decision would be to a great extent without point. It might look the simple effect of girlish shyness and unwillingness to offend. It would be treating the unpalatable suitor thrust upon her, exactly as she treated a large proportion of the other young men. She must behave as if she were deliberately waiting till the partner of her choice presented himself; she must sit till the reflection of Sir William was in the mirror, and she had the chance of seeming to wipe it out. Oh, surely then he would take the hint! and it would dawn upon him, that she had never looked upon him in any other light than that of an acquaintance and neighbour, who might be the better for a kind word or look. He would comprehend that she had pitied, even liked him, but never cared for him as her grandmother had arranged that they should care for each other.

Iris sat the picture of youthful loveliness, with an erect, undaunted carriage which she had shown before on special occasions, but only then. The company, thinking of her youth, and having some idea of her relations with her grandmother, marvelled that she acted her part so well. "She will make a dignified mistress of Whitehills. What a boon to that cub Sir William! The man may creep altogether into his shell, and remain there for the rest of his days, with so efficient a partner. She will not let herself be put upon. She will know what to do for both—a child like that! How cool and composed. She is no school-girl blushing and giggling, and looking fatuously round for guidance and support. She might have been a trained actress, or the heiress to a great estate. It is wonderful!"

The gallants of Eastham behaved with the gentlemanlike *gaucherie*, the paralysis of intelligence, and morbid *mauvaise honte*, which is apt to attack the young gentlemen of England when they are unexpectedly called upon for an exhibition of histrionic talent. They tumbled and stumbled, sidled and boggled past Iris, who sat so still and so steadily, with her heart throbbing as if it would burst her bosom, or make its beating heard above the rhythm of the march, as with a movement that grew measured and mechanical, she passed her handkerchief lightly across the glass, and hid the reflection of one smiling, reddening face after another.

Still he did not come. What if in his laggardness, or in his conceit and vulgar desire to flaunt his triumph, he stayed to the last? Then Iris's fastidiousness and determination, in place of giving a conspicuous denial to his claims, would lend a glaring confirmation to the report and to his hopes; because, as the daughter of the house and leader of this figure of the cotillon, she could not well avail herself of the welcome privilege of not dancing at all. She began to get dizzy with apprehension, to be conscious of a panic laying hold of her. She would wait no longer. She would leave the next reflection unbroken in the mirror. But happily agitation did not dim her eyes, for what she saw was the representation of the upright figure and soldierly step tramping past—contrasting not unfavourably with the irregular, shuffling paces that had gone before—the head slightly bent, the flushed face glooming with a very passion of suspense. It was the image she had been looking for and dreading to see.

Iris's arm was not unnerved by the apparition. With a rapid gesture she swept her handkerchief, as if in the impatience of high disdain, right across the glass.

Iris was conscious of a little stir of surprise in those around, and then she felt she could go no farther with the play. Instead of looking at Sir William's successor in the nearly completed file of rejected candidates, she shut her eyes for a second and let her arm drop, so that her handkerchief fell to the ground. The next moment she beheld Major Pollock leering and sneering and bowing before her. She had done well; she had given point to her suggestion with a vengeance. She had as much as said that a broken-down reprobate, the person she detested most among her acquaintances, was preferable in her eyes to the squire of Whitehills.

The consideration was a small consolation

to Iris, when she was whirled away by the *ci-devant* man about town, with his step made up, like everything else about him—to suit his gout in this instance—his hateful, out-of-date swaggering cockscornery. "Pon my word, I don't know what to say, Miss Compton, for this mark of your favour. I'm a modest man, so that I'm at a loss to know what I've done to deserve it, unless you and I are going to be better friends in future. You may depend upon it I'm eternally obliged to you."

Swearing friendship with Major Pollock—was that what Iris had come to? It was a greater consolation that she was soon done with him. So much time was spent in each girl's making her choice of a partner, that the chosen man had to be content with the honour of his election, and eschew the profit of more than one round of the room.

Iris did not venture to seek out Sir William with her eyes, and learn, by the evidence of her senses, whether he was rampaging in a rude fury, or merely moderately morose. She was fain to trust that he had got enough of the cotillon, and would keep himself out of the last figure, which was only another version of what had gone before. The reversal of that rule of society by which a gentleman is supposed either to select or to be given to his partner, in all the various forms in which people dispose of themselves or disport themselves in the upper circles, must have fascinated the imagination of that master of the ceremonies—or more probably that queen of fashion—to whom the cotillon is due. The last figure was a repetition, with a slight variation, of the magnanimous permission for a fanciful girl rather than strong-minded woman to select her champion, while it also betokened that the invention of the author was beginning to fail.

All the girls in the ball-room stood together in the centre of the room, making a stationary blooming ring, with their faces turned to an outer ring of young men that moved round the inner ring. As inclination prompted her, a girl bowed and made a step forward to a privileged man of her acquaintance, who took her hand and led her to his side. If Iris had been stern in stamping out a false impression—a base insinuation—that she had stooped and sold herself to the master of Whitehills, Sir William Thwaite proved stubborn in insisting on a public demonstration which should dispel the dream of his life, and scatter his hopes to the winds. He was in the revolving ring of men, but Iris did not wait for him to approach her. She

eagerly nodded and advanced to Ludovic Acton, when he drew near, and went aside with him. She did not want to hurt Sir William more than she could help. She was utterly incapable of wanton cruelty. The blow she had dealt had rebounded on her own head, the sword thrust was quivering in her own heart. She was very glad when Lucy Acton graced Sir William with her hand before the whole of the young people were whirling round in a final waltz.

Supper followed immediately afterwards. Iris might have saved herself from a last spasm of fright, for Lady Fermor, who had returned to the ball-room, took Sir William's arm as the crowning mark of what she had intended to have been the significant distinction conferred on him throughout the evening, and Iris fell thankfully to her last partner. But King Lud did not monopolise the attention of his companion. She could not keep it from straying to Lady Fermor and Sir William; she could not shake off the suspicion that they were speaking of her, plotting against her, if it ought to be called a plot, when he might merely be complaining of her avoidance of him, and Lady Fermor smoothing him down and reassuring him. His face—primitively transparent in spite of its fair share of sense and intelligence—certainly looked so black that she feared other people must remark it, while Lady Fermor had her rallying, snap-your-fingers, authoritative expression in full force.

Iris's guess was not wide of the mark. Sir William had said, in his gruff, hurt undertones, "I tell you it is of no earthly use. I had better let it alone before worse comes of it. I have your good-will, I know, but that ain't everything."

"Now, Thwaite, what in creation are you down in the mouth about? You were all right when I left the room. Do you expect a girl like her to jump down your throat? Did you ever hear of such a quality as coyness? Are you not aware it is the most favourable, flattering symptom women betray at an early stage of a certain malady? Were you never told that when a woman is willing, a man can but look like a fool? Do you want to look like a fool? Would you deprive us of our single, short season of power? Don't we pay dearly for it to the best of you men in the long run? See what your *fête champêtre* to-morrow will do. Take my word for it that it will turn the scales, if there is any turning needed. She is just the style of girl, at the age to be idiotic about green fields, and rubbish of weeds, beetles, and snails,

and all the rest of it. You can show her your house, too; and though it is not like Lambford, to be plain with you—you observe I don't butter you up—it is a fine place of its kind. You have my consent to press your suit. I will see that you are not worsted in the end, but you cannot expect that you are to walk over the field and conquer, without a siege or a battle, or the shabbiest skirmish. The prize would not be worth the winning if you got it at so easy a rate."

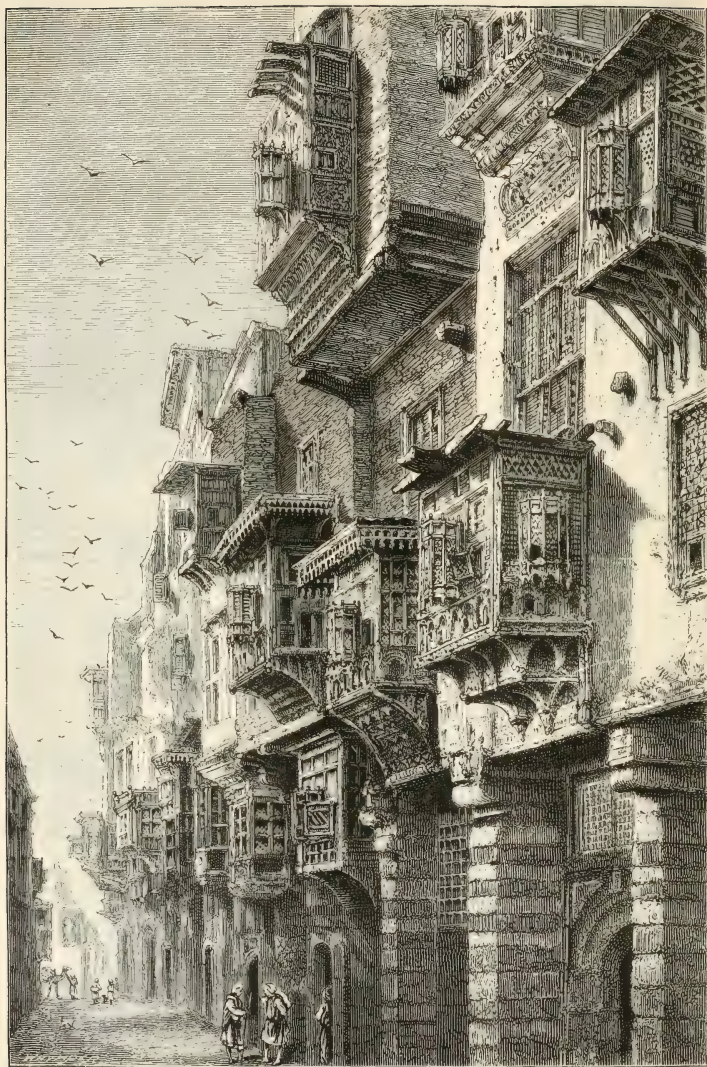
Lucy followed Iris to her room that night. "Oh dear, it has been such a charming ball—everybody says so," exclaimed Lucy, in a glow. "I never enjoyed anything half so much in my life. I feel perfectly demoralised; and, do you know, that dear fellow, Sir William, has promised such a handsome subscription for the harvest feast! He hardly waited for me to speak of it. Of course I should not have thought of asking him to put down his name the first time I had spoken to him. But when he saw I was pleased with his volunteering a subscription, in the handsomest, most modest manner, I assure you, darling, he wished to double it. I had actually to forbid it. There is a man with his heart in the right place. That is of twice as much consequence as his having stamped and dug his fists into his eyes, after the fashion of Gerald and Charlie over their Latin Grammar, or pulled an oar or ridden a hurdle race at Oxford or Cambridge. I was quite struck with his appearance to-night. He is a fine, soldierly-looking man when one comes to study him closely. I don't in the least wonder that you, who value all that is honest and kind, like him so much, though you tease him a little."

It became clear enough to Iris, in her heart-sickness, that Lucy's ears had been open, and had picked up a good deal more than Sir William's subscription.

"I am glad you have been happy, Lucy," she said, wearily.

"Oh, happy! I am only afraid it is wrong to be so happy in a scene of mere worldly gaiety—though the Church does not condemn innocent gaiety, does it, dear? Then there is to-morrow to look forward to. I shall so enjoy seeing Whitehills again in a new light. But I shall leave you now, Iris, for you do look tired, and no wonder; but you must be at your brightest to-morrow."

Iris was at last at liberty to pace up and down her room, toss on her sleepless pillow, and cry, "Oh! I am glad it was not my real birthday," with the restless, tumultuous, half-fanciful trouble of youth.



IN A CAIRO STREET.

BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA.

By M. LINSKILL, AUTHOR OF "HAGAR," "ROBERT HOLT'S ILLUSION," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.—"I WOULD I HAD SOME FLOWERS O' THE SPRING!"

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face."

WORDSWORTH.

TO have lived but for one spring in the very heart of spring is to have had a joy that might be desired by the angels.

No poem, no picture could give for an instant the sense of universal benediction that comes down with the full sudden bursting of springtide over the land. There is always a suddenness, always one morning when the tidings are flashed in glad thrilling notes from bough to bough; when the sunshine is sweeter and milder—the air fuller of quiet promise of blessing. There is always one day when the valleys laugh and sing more gloriously, and when the hills are more joyful together before the Lord.

To every "flower o' the spring" there is a season, from the first snowdrop that peeps from under the dry, dead leaves at the bottom of the wood, to the last hawthorn bud that bursts on the top of the late white hedgerow.

And yet there is always as it were a meeting of seasons—a time when the flowers come up that they may be together for a while, that together they may try in their beautiful way to make more glad the heart of man—more glad and more good.

"One moment now may give us more
Than fifty years of reason:
Our minds shall drink at every pore
The spirit of the season.

"Some silent laws our hearts may make,
Which they shall long obey;
We for the year to come may take
Our temper from to-day."

Ah! for many years, if that "inward eye which is the bliss of solitude" be but keen enough of vision.

Yet better even than the after-vision of poets and seers is one free, fresh hour when your footstep falls upon the daisies, having nowhere else to fall for the crowding of them; when you feel upon your cheek and forehead the cool dainty airs that come up from the blue sea, and reach you through the boughs of tufted larches and tasselled willows; and when your ear listens entranced—always newly entranced—to the voice of the cuckoo that comes to you from the whinbrake on the hill.

There were places in the neighbourhood of Murk-Marishes where Genevieve Bartholomew stood alone and stirless while hours passed by unnoted; dim hollows in the fir copses ankle-deep with wild hyacinth; woodland paths blue with forget-me-not; moist beck-sides glossy with unfolding fronds of fern. The sloping sides of the Gill were overgrown with a rich luxuriance of large pale primroses; with fragile, trembling, pink-tipped anemones; and dark scented violets were there, with timid white woodruff. The purple orchis stood up strong and firm in the green pasture-lands; the glowing yellow Mary-buds filled the marshes; the daffodils

"That come before the swallow dares,
And take the winds of March with beauty"

these danced only in favoured spots; in one spot most favoured being the orchard at the back of the cottage at Netherbank.

Genevieve had hardly known what to make of the thick clusters of crisp green lanceolate leaves that had thrust themselves through the grass and the dead undergrowth in such fine profusion. Her father kept an amused and deliberate silence, even though he was called out from the studio daily to witness some amazing change, or growth, or new development. It was so with every leaf and bud that was responding to the spring sunshine in the little front garden. Everything gave a quite distinct delight, because it was so good as to come up *there*, and be watched by one who had never before watched a flower growing, and unfolding, and coming to its tints, its curves, and full perfections. The daffodils were somewhat slow of development, as became their stately ways; the slender green buds came very gradually to their fuller form and finer tint. Then all at once a dozen or so among them began to bow their heads—to be ready for the great crisis of their lives, the crisis proving to the world that their long promise had not been given out of a vain self-estimate. They stood there at last, the shell of silver-brown tissue thrown back, the great wide-open, amber-tinted cup quivering proudly on the strong stem, the paler petals standing round like rays round a pictured saint. Yes, they stood there; and they danced to the music of the Æolian harp that was in the apple-boughs; and the birds sang to the same; and altogether you knew that it was good to be at Murk-Marishes in the spring o' the year.

"I wonder if the delight of it could be of too rare a nature to one not used to it?" Noel Bartholomew said one day. He was sitting on the edge of the old draw-well. Genevieve was feeding the pigeons that had come wheeling down at her call. It was just the kind of day on which to be idle—to feel that idleness meant growth and refreshing, and deliverance from spiritual stagnation. But Noel Bartholomew had enjoyed several such days now, and he was beginning to feel that they might have their dangers.

Genevieve, throwing down her last handful of corn, came and sat beside him, and heard all that he had to say of the soft dreamful mood that had come over him.

"I cannot will my will nor work my work,"

he said, "and yet I feel well and happy, or rather happier. It is strange, but I cannot help feeling that this calm is like the calm that comes before a storm."

"A hail-storm, perhaps, hailing new ideas down upon you."

"No; I am not waiting for ideas. The 'Ænone' is all but done. Then I shall finish the 'Sir Galahad,' and after that I have it in my mind that I should like to paint a landscape—a great wide sweep of Langbarugh Moor, with a dark grey sky torn and flying before the wind."

"Good, my father! That must be done. . . . But if I were a painter, now here is my subject coming towards me as shyly as you please. Three little maidens with three little smiles, bearing three little bunches of flowers of the field. And there! three little curtsies dropped like one, to show how manners linger in likely places."

"Do you know that Keturah has decided that not another of your flower-maidens is to be admitted into the kitchen this year?" said Mr. Bartholomew when the children had turned to go, having offered their flowers and received the usual reward of thanks and smiles. "She declared to me this morning that there were seventeen of them between school hours and sunset last evening."

"Little dears!"

"I believe you bribe them?"

"That is precisely what Mrs. Caton said the other day, when I went in laden with the flowers that the children had brought to me as I passed through the village."

"What else did Mrs. Caton say?"

"She said many things. Would they interest you?"

"Some of them might. Mrs. Caton often says interesting things."

"So she does; especially when they are a little spiteful."

"That is spiteful of you, my dear."

"It is; and I recall it."

"What made you say it? It was not like you. Was your visit an unpleasant one?"

"It was not particularly pleasant. Why should Mrs. Caton have asked me about—about Mr. Kirkoswald? She wanted to know if I could tell her why he had stayed three months at Usselby after writing to tell old Charlock that he was coming for three nights? . . . How do people get to know of such things? And why should they care?"

"Was that the worst you had to endure?"

"There was more of the same kind. I was asked what Mr. Kirkoswald was doing in London now," replied Genevieve, her colour deepening to a lovelier tint, even under her father's gaze. "Mrs. Caton had heard that he had gone up to buy furniture. I could only tell her that I did not know; and that Mr. Kirkoswald had told you that he was going up on business. I had also to confess that I did not know when he was coming back; that I did not know how long he meant to stay at Usselby when he did come; and that I did not know whether he was ever going to live on the Continent again or not. And all the while I had the satisfaction of feeling that neither Mrs. Caton nor her friends quite believed in my ignorance."

"Well, that was rather trying for you. . . . It is, as you say, wonderful how people get to know of things in small towns; more wonderful still that they should take so inexplicable an interest in what does not concern them."

"Oh, it is not what they know that makes the strangeness of it; it is what they conjecture! If they would only cease from conjecture!"

They were hardly likely to cease with such attractive ground to go upon; the delicate nature of it, the uncertainty of its present passages, the important possibilities it held for the future—all these things, that should have inspired a kind silence, were as so many incentives to gossip, to flippant suggestion, to uncharitable conclusion.

And yet it is easily conceivable that there was not in that Thurkeld Abbas coterie a single individual who would have failed in one single particular to take the part of the Good Samaritan, had Genevieve Bartholomew been found wounded in any of the dark waysides of life, or in any way needing compassion of theirs. It is strange how a human being will stab another to the heart with an

unkind word, who could never bear to see that other with an aching finger without trying to relieve the pain. Why should we blunder so? Why but because we have facetiously fallen into an ill groove, and made no effort to get out therefrom.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—A BEGINNING OF GRIEFS.

"To this the courteous prince
Accorded with his wonted courtesy,
Courtesy with a touch of traitor in it."
Idyls of the King.

OBDIENT to one of the sudden impulses by which his life was mainly ordered, Noel Bartholomew set out alone one morning for a day's sketching. He was not fond of going alone; but not knowing whither his mood and the aspect of the scenery might lead him, he declined the offer of his daughter's company.

"You will be glad of a day for letter-writing," he said. "Letters from London have been few and far between of late."

"People are sure to forget us if we forget them," said Genevieve, feeling some pangs of conscience at the remembrance of a pile of letters docketed "unanswered" on her writing-table.

"Anyhow, they will forget us!" replied her father as he turned away.

He was not in a very equable frame of mind. Out-of-doors the spring sunshine intoxicated him, so to speak. He could say things, and think them, and dream them, that were quite impossible to him in the less stimulating atmosphere of his own studio or the cottage fireside. But there was always reaction; always after each hour of expansion, of spontaneity, of vivid, passionate insight, there came a dozen hours of doubt, of vague, nameless pain, of chill sitting by the ashes of the dead fire.

It was not new to him, this alternation, this change from swift flight over the sunlit regions of possible achievement to chains and darkness on the barren ground. It is new to no man over whose soul the thing called genius tyrannises. But Bartholomew was becoming aware of changes in the manner of the tyranny; aware, too, that his seasons of desolation were more prolonged, more frequent; worse than all, they were in a manner unaccountable.

That long dead time of gloom which had followed upon his bereavement had not been in itself a matter for wonder, for perplexity. It had been understood of all men, up to their measure, and most men had sympathized—that up to their measure also.

It was different now. There had been no

new bereavement, no new shock, and the paralysis of his creative powers was in itself of a different nature. It was creeping upon him by slow and irregular degrees.

This was his own idea. He did not share it. No one divined it.

Genevieve only saw that since that autumn day when he had set his palette in the new studio at Netherbank, he had worked more or less steadily, and with more or less of success. She had anticipated a period of comparative inactivity; she had almost hoped for it of late, that her father might have rest. A long, peaceful, unvexed rest that was not the rest of incapacity would give him back the power to place himself where he had stood when he was most conspicuous in the sight of men, or higher still, it might be. He had not touched the limit yet; of this she was certain.

So it was that this depression of mood did not move her to any new or lively fear. "Anyhow, they will forget us!" he said as he went out; and Genevieve smiled, watching him as he crossed the field where the young green barley was springing. "He will have a vision of another and more glorious Ænone before he reaches Birkirigg Gill," the girl said to herself, knowing that the Ænone he had already created was approaching a finer perfection than anything he had given to the world yet.

Her prophecy was fulfilled, not only in the spirit, but also to the letter. As Noel Bartholomew went on through the low-lying pasture lands that were all golden with the great marsh-marigolds, dappled with daisies, musical with the songs of the thrush and the lark, he thought no more of the neglect of men; and the sense of the lifelong under-appreciation that he could not but be aware of ceased to be a pain to him. It would be with him as it had been with Millet—he would sleep, sleep soundly, and men would awake to the knowledge of him and his work when he knew it not. But Genevieve would know; she would come and whisper it to him where he lay, and he would entreat of her before that time came to take care that he should lie where king-cups and daisies would grow. It was very possible on such a morning to feel as Keats had felt, that the daisies were growing over him already, and there was no shadow of grief in the feeling; rather was there a new longing for this perfectness of rest, of which the daisies were whispering, in the lonely marsh lands.

Neither was this mood a permanent one. The next was fuller of hope for the life that

now is. The world had not seen his last and best work. A few weeks more and it should be seen. And then and there, thinking of his picture's reception, there sprang another vision-picture to his brain—a fair young Nausicaa, surprised by the wandering Ulysses as she stood among the sedges by the side of the rippling river. He saw her standing as plainly as if she had stood there among the reeds of Murk-Marishes, so plainly that he could wonder at the roundness of her strong white arm, at the grace of her Greek dress, at the surprise that was on her parted lips, and in her lovely eyes—eyes blue as the forget-me-nots that were round him everywhere in Birkrigg Gill. His way was no more lonely, nor long. Before he awoke from his vision he was out on the hill-top that was almost opposite to Yarrell Croft, and a picture, lovelier than the loveliest dream his brain had ever wrought, lay stretched out before him—a picture that would have tempted him to despair, if nature might so tempt a man.

It was a scene for Turner, and for none other since. The mystery of soft, sunny, pale gold vapour that was upon the distant dales, veiling everything, and with so transparent a veil that nothing was hid, was hardly a thing to be attempted without forethought. Noel Bartholomew sat a long time thinking before he began. When he did begin he worked with a will, and the result was not wholly distasteful to him. Yet he was not satisfied. No artist, no poet, no sculptor is acquainted with satisfaction.

He was standing back from his easel, wondering if he had made the cloud-shadow that was upon the trees that divided one dale from another dark enough. He was afraid of disturbing the sense of mystery that he had achieved. It was the one thing that he had desired to achieve.

Quite suddenly, as he stood there, he became aware of footsteps close to him. A figure was coming striding up the hill-side pathway that was all grown over with meeting briars and wild raspberry-canes. "Oh, it is Mr. Richmond!" he said, holding out his hand. "I did not know that you were at home; we had heard that you were in London."

"No such luck! My sister is there; she's been there this three weeks," said the young man with a touch of something that might be displeasure, or might be disconsolateness. "But don't let me interrupt you," he added courteously. "I saw you were here; I could see you from the billiard-room window, and

I thought I would just come over and watch you a bit, if you don't mind. . . . It's awfully slow being by one's self."

"That seems to be the general finding of poor humanity," replied the artist. "And so far from objecting to your coming, I am obliged by it. . . . What do you think of the sketch?"

"Ah, that's capital! Now I should call that first-class, if it were a little bit clearer. Why, you've even got Craig's old house and the stunted oak by the mere. It's water-colour, isn't it? What a splendid picture it would make in oil, wouldn't it?—especially if you could put a little more colour into it. You've got that distance to perfection. Still, I always like oil-painting best. Shall you do that over again in oil?"

"Yes, probably."

"And I suppose you intend it for London, for some of the exhibitions?"

"That is not certain. . . . I very seldom send my works to the exhibitions."

"Don't you? Well, I thought I hadn't seen your things about much. They're awfully good."

"They please you?"

"Yes, they do; and, do you know, I've been thinking a good bit that I should like to have something of yours—something really first-class, you know. I thought once I'd ask you to paint me. And then I thought I would wait a year or two before I was painted."

"You are quite right in waiting. Character can only come with years. Holbein used to say that fifty years was the right age for a woman to have her portrait painted."

"Fifty! Oh, come, he might as well have said a hundred at once. I shan't wait till I'm fifty. And I don't see why I need wait any longer to have some sort of a picture of yours; that is, if you will paint me one. I should like to have one specially done for myself."

Was the master of Yarrell Croft feeling for once that he actually was the master, now that its mistress was away? He was quite aware of a sudden desire to make an experiment as to the extent of his authority. There might be danger; but the danger was not without its attractions.

"I have no objection at all to paint a picture for you," said Bartholomew, saying it as much out of his natural good-will and tendency toward concession, as out of any other consideration. "But I should wish you to have a clear idea in your own mind as to the kind of picture you would like."

"Oh, I know quite well what I like, and an idea has just come into my head that I think would do capitally. Why shouldn't you turn a little just where you are now, and paint that hill-side and Yarrell Croft into the picture you are doing? It would be all right, you know. If you come a bit farther back you can see the house, and all that distance that you have painted at the same time."

"So I can," said Bartholomew, feeling that that square block of stone would destroy every particle of sentiment that the picture could ever have. Still, it was very natural that the youth should wish, beyond all other things, to have a picture of his own home, the house where he had been born, and where he had lived his untroubled life. Bartholomew made no objection; he would paint Yarrell Croft, since its owner wished to have it painted.

He sat a little longer, working at the distance. He would have to come again, and yet again, perhaps many times, if he did this thing that Cecil Richmond wished to have done. He felt instinctively that nothing in the way of generalisation would be appreciated. Every window and door, every tree and shrub, every gate and every hedge-row would have to stand in its place. He seemed to see his sketchy, vaporous picture growing into a coloured photograph before his eyes.

Cecil Richmond had seated himself among the moss and the thick primrose-leaves that covered the bank-side; and he sat there with his head thrown back, his arms folded, a cigar between his lips—the very personification of youth satisfied with itself, with its antecedents, with its present prosperity, with its future prospects. Bartholomew could not help looking at him from time to time, wondering at him, not envying him.

Almost he liked him. If he were uncultivated he was ingenuous, or seemed so. If he were not without ostentation, neither was he without the small courtesies and deferences that lie on the surface of social life, and are so pleasant and useful.

"You will come over and have some luncheon?" he said as Bartholomew began to pack up his brushes; and it may be that the artist would have been glad to accept the invitation had nothing prevented him. But he was prevented. The knowledge that he would not have gone to the house for luncheon had Diana Richmond been there, was sufficient to keep him from it when she was not there.

The invitation was pressed, and again

declined; but Bartholomew went homeward by the same way that young Richmond went.

"If you are going back by the moor," said Cecil, "come through the gardens; it will save you half a mile at least. . . . Have you ever been over the place? It was a priory once, you know—Yarrell Priory. That old archway—you can see it from here—was an arched gateway in the walls of the priory gardens; so they say. That, and the bits of masonry about it, are all that is left of the old establishment. My great-grandfather built this house, and an old Puritan he must have been. He wouldn't have the name kept up, but must needs call the house after the field he had built it in. It was not built on the site of the old priory; that was too low, too far down in the wood. But that needn't have mattered. We could have kept the name."

"You might resume it, if you chose," suggested Bartholomew.

"So we might; I've said so to Di scores of times; but she's as stiff in her own way as a woman can be, and that's saying a lot. . . . But there, that's the archway; it's Gothic, you know. Shouldn't you say it was Gothic?"

"Yes, certainly I should," said Bartholomew; "and I should say it is eleventh-century work, if I may judge."

It was a great round-headed arch, with plain round mouldings of solid design. The piers and the capitals were completely covered with the strong green ivy that had flourished there for centuries. The walls on either hand had been covered with rude trellis-work, and the clematis that crept in and out was just bursting into leaf. The young sprays were waving in the breeze. Through the archway you could see an old fountain among the greenery of the inner garden. A pair of tortoise-shell butterflies were quivering against the blue sky. The pale bright green of hollyhock-leaves brightened part of the ground-space; lilies and irises were coming up nearer to the gate. The boughs of climbing rose-trees fluttered everywhere, making a frame to a scene that could not fail to be suggestive to the eye of an artist of any insight.

"Why shouldn't you have this painted instead of the house?" asked Bartholomew, with the sense of snatching at means of escape.

"You think this would make a good picture?"

"Certainly I do. When the summer and autumn flowers are out it must be almost

perfect. And garden-scenes are less common than they might be. To say the truth, I have often longed to paint one, and years ago I made some studies of flowers for the purpose; but I have never seen anything like this to inspire me."

"Oh, very well; then you shall paint both," said the young man, speaking rather as Disraeli's Young Duke might have spoken to Sir Carte Blanche. "How soon can you get them done?"

Bartholomew smiled. "It will take some time to paint two such pictures as you seem to desire," he said; "that is, unless I do them on a very small scale."

"Oh, but I don't want them on a small scale," said Cecil. "I like a picture that you can see across the room as you sit by the fireside."

"There I agree with you," said the painter.

A silence followed. Bartholomew was in a momentary perplexity. Should he ask this new and imperious patron of the fine arts to consider so unimportant a thing as price, or should he not? It evidently was unimportant to him. It was a matter on which Noel Bartholomew had always been stupidly sensitive, and it was quite within the range of things that Cecil Richmond should take offence, and imagine that Bartholomew was sceptical as to his power to pay for the commissions he had given.

So it was that silence came about. The two men parted at the gate that opened into the field pathways above the house, and Bartholomew went on his way alone. "I can make it all right," he said to himself as he went on. "I need not ask the price I should get in the market."

CHAPTER XXIX. — LETHE'S GLOOM, BUT NOT ITS QUIET.

"But trust me, gentlemen, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange."
SHAKESPEARE.

WERE the wheels of life beginning to drag a little heavily in the thatched cottage in the barley-field as the spring days went on?

If it were so, it could only be a very little, there was so much to be done, so much to be cared for. New interests went on increasing, as they always do when people are capable of being interested; and the old interests went on deepening and growing into the life of things to an extent that could only have been found if some stern fate had ordered that they should be suddenly torn up by the roots.

Sometimes, remembering that the home at Netherbank was, after all, only a temporary arrangement, Genevieve would feel as if

her pulse stopped for the moment. Day by day the little spot of earth was growing dearer; day by day the fact was becoming more plainly written that for good or for ill her life was one with another life, and it seemed to the girl, in her intense love for the place, as if the affinity that existed between that other soul and her own could hardly be quite the same affinity if it had to exist apart from the moor and the sea, from the birds and the flowers, from the sun on the hills, and the breezes on the cliff-top, from all that made glad some the days that came and went in the neighbourhood of Murk-Marishes.

They were gladsome still for Genevieve, especially when she was out among the gladness, though no letter came, nor any tidings. It was very foolish, she knew, this half-expectancy, this childish disappointment. How could he write with no pretext for writing? Still, vague wonders came and went, and innocent recallings of the experience of her girlish friends. Sometimes darker visions came. What if Mr. Kirkoswald had yielded to one of his old impulses, and had gone again to the Continent to remain for years? What if it were so? What then? Well, nothing even then but trust and faith, perfect faith in the friendship of George Kirkoswald.

It seemed to her that she had so much ground for her faith; though it was not a matter of proportion.

Going up to the Hags one day, and entering by the stackyard, she had overheard Dorothy Craven crooning a little song, an ancient love ditty, that ran thus:—

"Nowe rise up wightlye, man, for shame,
Never lye so cowardlee,
For it is told in my father's halle
You dye for love of me."

"I did not know that you could sing, Miss Craven," said Genevieve gaily, going round between the stacks to where Dorothy was spreading her laces and linens carefully on the hedge. Dorothy blushed like a school-girl, but she smiled too. She was not annoyed; neither was she so sorrowful as she had been. It was easy to see that in some way or other life was going more easily for her.

It was not much that she had to tell, but she told it as if knowing that Genevieve might have more than one reason for being glad to hear it told.

"I can only guess who's behind it all," she said, "but let him be who he will, I hope he'll have his reward. I was about at t' far end wi' one thing an' another, an' Mr. Damer threatening to sell us up for t' rent if 'twasn't paid afore May-day. There's some influence somewhere, or he'd never ha' written the

letter he has written to me, tellin' me 'at if a little more time 'ud be a convenience I can take it, without feelin' anyways anxious. Think o' that! an' as polite a letter as if it had been written to a duchess."

"Then you can see your way now?" Genevieve asked.

There was a little darkening of Dorothy's face; poor face, it had grown so used to darkening!

"It'll all depend upon the harvest," she said. "One good old-fashioned harvest would set me on my feet again nicely. It all depends o' that."

Genevieve could not help wondering, as she went away again, what effect this little improvement in Miss Craven's prospects would have upon the hopes of Ishmael Crudas. Still it was not to be expected that Mr. Kirkoswald—for his was the influence that had wrought upon Mr. Damer—this she knew, and Dorothy knew it too—it was not to be expected of him that he should refrain from helping Miss Craven to stand firm over a crisis, because there was a chance that if she should fail to stand she might be driven to a marriage to which she would not consent willingly. He might be sorry for Ishmael Crudas, but he was too chivalrous not to be more sorry still for a woman who was fighting the battle of life bravely, though the odds were so desperately against her. It was only a little thing that he had done, but Genevieve was glad that he had done it, glad and proud too, though she could take no credit to herself. George Kirkoswald had made a careless-seeming promise to her, and he had kept it carefully, but he would have done the same had the promise been made to any human being that breathed.

And then in the fulness of her heart, and in the lightness of spirit that comes when your foot is on the turf, she spoke aloud.

"He could never, never fail from his word!" she said.

And though she spoke softly and sweetly, something caught up the sound and gave it back again, as if with a touch of mockery—

"He could never, never fail from his word!"

She remembered it afterwards, the repetition where no echo was, the curious touch of contradiction that seemed to be in the repeating voice, even though that voice was still her own.

She was going homewards now, down through the bramble brakes that were green with the young crisp leaves, through the lanes all golden and blue. At the stile by the

barley-field she stopped a moment, listening as if suddenly compelled to listen; and again the spoken word came back to her from the upland, spoken as she had meant it this time, as she had intended it out of her full and fervent faith—

"He could never, never fail from his word!"

She was still standing there with her hand on the stile when she saw a small, darkly-clad figure stirring inside the hedge. It was Davy Drewe, touching his yellow curls, and coming forward with a blush.

"Were you waiting for me, Davy?" she said, speaking in the half-tender way that had attracted the little fellow so much. "Come with me into the house and have some tea."

"I mustn't; I mustn't stay no longer," the boy said. "I've stayed a long time, an' it's my last night at home. Mother said I might come an' say 'good-bye' as I was goin' oot foreign."

"You are going on a foreign voyage? Poor child! and poor mother! Why, how long will it be before you are back again, Davy?"

The boy turned pale, very pale, and he lifted his eloquent blue eyes to Genevieve's face; but no words would come, or, at any rate, not the words he would have said.

He could only say that he did not know when he would be back again. The ship was going from port to port, and from land to land, the owners themselves hardly knowing whither. Davy did not seem to care whither, so that he was out on the wild waters again.

"Are you so fond of the sea?" Genevieve asked wonderingly.

"No, miss, I'm no way fond on it," the child said, speaking as if perplexed by his own feeling. "But Ah don't never rest when Ah'm ashore."

"You do not? . . . Ah, that does seem strange! . . . But you will not forget me, Davy? And you shall have this," Genevieve said, drawing a tiny book from her pocket, a much-worn copy of "The Imitation." "You shall have this to make you think of me, and to remind you of that day when you were so nearly drowned. I have my little 'Viking' to remind me of you. And I shall pray for you, and sometimes I shall sing a hymn that is a prayer for all that are in peril on the sea. . . . But I will not keep you any longer now. Your mother will want to have you all to herself to-night. Good-bye, Davy. You will come and see me when you come back again."

There was no answer, but the wistful light

blue eyes filled with sudden tears as the little lad turned away, and Genevieve, standing by the stile watching him, felt a tear or two steal down her own face for very sympathy. She felt certain that the child had left something unsaid that he had wanted to say. Poor little fellow! The memory of him would always be interwoven with the other memories of that fateful day in Soulsgrif Bight. It was his mother's distress for him that had drawn Genevieve thither, and if she had never gone down to the Bight how different life might have been, how colourless, how cold, how empty, how inconceivably unblest!

She still stood there, lost in a kind of reverie that often came over her now. The sun was turning the young leaves of a sycamore in the hedgerow to morsels of glowing transparent amber, a man was ploughing in a brown field beyond, the sea-gulls and crows were boldly following him. A plover was crying across the upland, some lambs were bleating in a meadow across the lane. They were bleating rather piteously, Genevieve thought, but she did not understand the appeal. Presently she saw that one of the mother-ewes had got out through the hedge, and was running down the lane, crying as she went, then standing still, and looking back, crying again, and finally hurrying to the hollow in the hedge silently. Over and over the anxious mother repeated all this, and then Genevieve, going out from the barley-field, saw that a tiny white lamb had been caught among the dense, prickly undergrowth of the hedge. Again the mother stood bleating to it, then she ran on, looking back enticingly, eagerly, saying plainly, "Follow me, try to follow me!"

What could be done in such a strait? Genevieve wondered, endeavouring in vain to extricate the small creature herself. She would ask her father to come—but no, here was help nearer. Some one was coming down from the moor, some one on horseback, and seeing a daintily-clad figure in the lane, he came more quickly.

"Oh, you have come back! you have come back again!" Genevieve exclaimed, hardly knowing the words she used, in her sudden surprise and gladness. There was a glad, living light in her eyes, a glow of glad colour on her face. She stood there, watching George Kirkoswald, who had dismounted, and was taking the lamb in his arms tenderly, carefully, lest he should tear the wool. Then he put it back into the field again with its mother, using such gentleness as strong men do use, having pity for all weak things.

"You were sure to come," said Genevieve, who was waiting for him in the lane, standing there tall, and straight, and happy, and beautiful—beautiful with a quite new beauty; or so George thought as he took her two hands in his silently. "You were sure to come," said the girl, "since I was needing help."

"Then you have never needed me till to-day?"

"I did not say that."

"No; you left me to infer it."

"I am not answerable for your inferences," she said, speaking the ungentle words quite gently. . . . "What else do you infer?"

"I infer that you have been very happy these five weeks."

"That is correct; I have been happy."

"During my absence?"

"During your absence."

They still stood there in the shadow of the crisp green hedgerow, through which the yellow sun was struggling. Genevieve had disengaged one hand, and was patting the red-roan flank of Bevis. The first corn-crake of the year was uttering its rhythmical "crek-crek" in the meadows beyond.

"Haven't you any more questions to ask?" said Genevieve, breaking the silence that George did not seem disposed to break. Was that the form his great gladness was taking? Hers was taking the form of an unusual gaiety.

"I have many questions to ask," he said, "some of them important ones; but I shall not ask them now, since they need important answers, which I see I should not get in your present mood."

"Then ask unimportant ones."

Mr. Kirkoswald paused a moment.

"I cannot think of any unimportant thing that concerns you."

"That is flattery."

"Which you do not like; that I am aware of. Then let me see! What have you been doing while I have been away?"

"I have been doing many things. Amongst others I have practised the songs you asked me to practise."

"Thank you. I have brought you some more, which I will bring down to-morrow, if I may."

"We shall be glad to see you."

"As glad as you were to-day?" asked George, in a tone of tenderer and deeper meaning; then, seeing Genevieve's quick, hot blush, he hastened to add, "That is unfair. But you would not mind my seeing that you were pleased if you knew all that it is to me."



"When he did begin he worked with a will."

Think for a moment, there is no other person in the world to be glad—I mean not *very* glad, as a sister might be. My comings and goings have been of no account to any one for so many years, I have had so little hope that any one would ever take count of them, that it is more to me than I can tell you to find that my coming is really a little pleasure to you."

"It was not a little pleasure, it was a great

deal," said the girl, speaking out of her simplicity, out of her strong pity for his lonely life. "And after all, I was not so happy while you were away; not so very happy as you think."

"Then thank you, a thousand times thank you, for saying it! Every day has been as ten to me, and I travelled all night last night not to lose another day."

They stood a little longer in the fading

sunlight, and a few more words were said, unconsidered as words may be when faith is strong and understanding perfect. The difficult word was "good-bye," but it was spoken at last, and George Kirkoswald went homeward over Langbarugh Moor. Genevieve sauntered slowly along the path through the field that was all one mist of green with the springing corn; she was saying to herself softly, yet tremulously :—

"Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke : but farewell compliment !"

CHAPTER XXX.—AT THE RECTORY.

"The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that He heard it once : we shall hear it by-and-by."
Abt Vogler ; BROWNING.

THE Rectory at Thurkeld Abbas was an old red-brick house, standing in a high-walled garden. Trees drooped over the wall. There were great dark doors at the bottom of the avenue. Inside the doors you came upon a square damp lawn, at the top of which the house stood, tall and narrow, and sombre-looking. The windows were narrow too, and the shabby dark-red curtains gave no brightness to them. It was just the house where you would expect to find an austere and elderly housekeeper.

The austere housekeeper had in the beginning objected to the residence of Mr. Severne at the Rectory, but Canon Gabriel had set her objections aside with as much firmness as quietness. The coming of the young curate had been the great event of his later life.

Almost at once the young man had stepped into the place of the dead son for whom the Canon had gone softly all the days of so many years. There was a spiritual likeness, none other, but it was strong enough to make the new affection as beautiful as it had been quick of growth.

There had been no upsetting of the old man's way of life. He sat alone during the morning in his own study as he had always done. Mr. Severne's study was in a distant part of the house. In the afternoon, the two went out into the scattered parish, each going his own way. When the day's work was done, they sat together by the fire in the dining-room, a low, dark, unbeautiful room, that had neither ornament nor picture. The walls were painted stone grey, the curtains were of the same shabby dark red as those in front of the house. There was no other colour that could be called by name.

They sat there as usual one evening—it was

the evening of the day on which Mr. Kirkoswald had returned. The curtains had been drawn, two dim candles lighted, a cheerful fire burned in the grate, for it was yet chilly in the evenings, and the Canon bore ill the cold of the northern shire, to which he had never become acclimatised. He had always been a frail man, always sensitive to every physical, mental, and spiritual influence with which he had come into contact.

They had been silent awhile, rather a long while for the curate, the Canon thought, with a touch of amusement. Mr. Severne was not given to silences, rather did he prefer a gentle continuous stream of speech, breaking on this side into light-hearted boyish pleasantries, on that side into grave, earnest, and instant recognition of the purer and holier and more spiritual side of things. He could pass from one to the other so that seeing the mere look on his face, and in his eyes, you lost all sense of incongruity.

The Canon broke in upon his present thought, whatever it was, with an unwelcome question :—

"Have you read that article in the *Quixotic Review*, Severne? the one entitled, 'To Everything a Season.'"

"No," said Mr. Severne, lifting his big blue-grey eyes deprecatingly, and blushing deeply ; "No,—I—I haven't seen it."

"What have you seen lately in the way of literature?"

The blush deepened, the confusion mounted and mounted till it reached its height ; then it toppled over into a laugh of the keenest amusement.

"I don't think I've seen anything for a long time," he said ; "I—I know I'm too bad ; but one has such a lot of things to do, and—"

"And as a matter of fact you don't care for reading?"

Another laugh, with less amusement in it, another blush with more of regret and self-reproach. The Canon had given gentle hints before, and the curate had made good resolutions ; but, alas ! the instinct, the craving was not there, and until reading became a matter of conscience, there would be no real change. This the Canon had perceived, without being able to understand it. He had been a devourer of books from boyhood himself ; they had been as the very life of his intellectual life, and he valued them accordingly.

"I suppose it has always been so with you, Ernest?" he asked after a time, using, as he often did, the young man's Christian name.

"I'm afraid it has. I used to get into trouble about it. At home I get chaffed awfully. My sister Violet tells everybody that I have never read but three books, *Pearson on the Creed*, *The Life of St. Francis de Sales*, and *The Hoosier Schoolmaster*."

This was told with such innocent gravity that it became the Canon's turn to laugh. The old man had laughed more during the past few months than he had done from his Oxford days till now. Presently he sent Mr. Severne to his study for the last number of the *Quixotic Review*.

"I shall begin a course of training, Severne," he said, when the young man returned. "You shall read to me in the evenings, and I will choose your books, taking care to choose such as must interest you, and then we will talk them over together. The appetite will come so if you will only persevere. . . . Come, now, try to look a little less resigned."

The article in the *Quixotic* that had attracted the Canon's attention had every appearance of having been written to crystallize its author's own opinions. The matter of it was a plea that some thought might be given to the amusements of the people, more especially in remote districts, a subject on which Canon Gabriel had pondered long and often. More than once he had talked it over with Mr. Severne, mentioning, more especially, his desire to do something down in Soulsgrif Bight. But they had sadly concluded that it would be almost impossible to do anything there, since there was not even a barn that could be turned to use. If only a room could be built, a good schoolroom that could be used for other purposes, then something might be possible. This new paper in the *Quixotic* had given new impetus to the Canon's wish.

"Listen to this, Severne," said the Canon, while the curate hastened to put the candles so that the old man could see better. "It is a passage out of the middle of the paper; the beginning is simply a prose poem."

The Canon began, reading in a pure cultivated tone that would have made almost any article seem of value:—

"Here, for instance, is Gurth—I know him quite well; he lives in the village below—Gurth, the born thrall, dumb, defaced, joyless, but pitifully patient, even in these hard times, when neither the day's work nor the day's wage is always to be had. His gait is heavy, but I fancy his heart is heavier still. 'Merrie England!' I doubt whether he ever so much as heard the phrase. Will

his children hear it? How speaks Sir Henry Taylor?—

"'Ob, England! 'Merry England,' styled of yore!
Where is thy mirth? Thy jocund laughter where?
The sweat of labour on the brow of care
Makes a mute answer—driven from every door!'

"The people actually seem to have forgotten how to amuse themselves," says a recent writer, and, with Gurth visibly before us, we acknowledge it sadly; but sadder still we acknowledge that Gurth's master has in no wise forgotten how to amuse himself. What does he ever do, but amuse himself in the most expensive and ornamental manner possible? Is he not acquainted with the Turf, and with Hurlingham? Has he not his opera-box, his yacht, his grouse moor, with perhaps other amusements less defensible than these? At the present moment there are two newspapers of recent date lying before me, and from one I learn that the rented grouse-shootings of Scotland, with the fishings, realise the enormous sum of £300,000 per annum. My other newspaper says, 'It is a fact not undeserving of serious attention, that in the past year the deaths of seventy-seven persons in the Metropolitan district were either due to starvation and exposure, or were at any rate accelerated by privation.'

"I leave these two extracts side by side for the consideration of all whom they may concern. The social ill that weighs upon my mind at present, being not so much the inability of the working man to keep life in himself, as his inability to make the best of his life when he has it. Is not that Scripture true for him also? 'To everything there is a season; and a time to every purpose under the heaven. . . . A time to plant; a time to build. . . . A time to laugh; a time to dance!' Will it always mean that the time to plant and to build is Gurth's; and the time to laugh and to dance his master's? I would that his master would think of it.

"There is a good deal of thinking to be done on this head,—hard, earnest, human thinking; and if any man can bring but the germ of an idea, let him bring it in God's name. The problems connected with rational recreation for those who most need it are beneath no man's consideration. Enough has been said in contemptuous description of the pleasures of certain classes. 'Arry, as he displays himself on Bank holidays, presents a sufficiently striking theme for a telling newspaper or magazine article. His yellow shoddy ulster, his magenta neck-tie, his shiny boots are 'points' that can hardly escape the meanest observation. We believe in his devotion to the big earthen bottle; we

acquiesce in the opinion that denies him appreciation of any art, science, or literature whatever; but we are bound in the name of humanity to maintain that 'Arry is not the utterly hopeless being that some hold him to be.

"Take what view we will of the classes typified by Gurth and 'Arry, we cannot deny that their mental, moral, and æsthetic condition is at least as much a consequence as a cause—a consequence of bad government, of ignorance in high places, of selfishness, of thoughtlessness, of Cain-like mind among the followers of Christ. 'Am I my brother's keeper?' The question goes up daily and hourly. There are men and women whose whole life of ease and luxury, from the cradle to the grave, is one ceaseless preference of the query. And all the while the brother's blood is crying from the ground in tones and voices that we only acknowledge as sounds that jar upon our exceeding great refinement."

Canon Gabriel stopped here and looked toward his listener, half-expecting to see a confused endeavour to recall a wandering eye; but instead, he saw a serious face fixed earnestly on his.

"That does make one want to do something," said the young curate thoughtfully. "But I wish the writer had told one more exactly what was to be done!"

"If you had read the article through, you would have found that the author does become more practical, much more. I have heard it said that every social reformer should have one leading idea. This man's idea is music; consequently it agrees with mine. I am certain we can do something—here at Thurkeld Abbas, if not down in the Bight. There is Mrs. Caton, and the two Miss Dammers, and I think Genevieve—Miss Bartholomew—would come and help us."

"I'm sure she would," said Mr. Severne, brightening instantly, and blushing more instantly still. "She would do anything to help anybody. Shall we go over to-morrow, and ask her?"

The Canon looked at him gravely, and rather sorrowfully. Should he utter any word of warning? Was it too soon? Was it too late? The old man had had hope in the beginning; but he had seen enough to turn his hope to fear—fear lest this son of his old age should be called upon to suffer more than he could well bear to see him suffering.

No word of warning was uttered; and next day being temptingly blue and beautiful, the Canon had no special objection to urge when

Mr. Severne repeated his proposal that they should go over to Netherbank.

It was almost as much a pleasure to the Canon as it was to the younger man to drive through, between the primrose-banks, to the studio in the orchard, where the trees stood bossed all over with the small round crimson buds; to find when he got there a human being or two unaffectedly glad to see him, grateful to him for going; to know that he might talk, or be silent, or listen, or do aught he chose to do, and yet be sure of coming away refreshed and rested.

The tones of a piano, of Genevieve's voice, arrested them at the cottage door. Mr. Kirkoswald was there in the little room; he had brought down the songs he had promised to bring. Genevieve was trying them over.

"I trust I come as opportunely for you as for myself," said Canon Gabriel, speaking with his beautiful old-fashioned courtesy of manner. Mr. Severne was blushing his greetings. He had been glad to come, and he could not indulge any doubts about the opportuneness of his coming. He would have been glad if Mr. Kirkoswald had not been there, simply because Miss Bartholomew might have gone on singing for him. She had often sung for him, song after song at his desire, moving him to a kind of intoxication by her singing, though it was not specially good singing, if you came to criticize it scientifically. Mr. Severne did not criticize it at all: it seemed perfect to him in its sweet expressiveness.

The Canon had brought his Review with him. He was an old man; sometimes death came near to him, nearer than anybody knew; and if there was anything to be done, he was always eager that it should be done with as little delay as might be. He drew George Kirkoswald aside, and went right to the heart of the matter that was interesting him so much.

"Meeting you here is better fortune than I had hoped for," Canon Gabriel said. "I wanted to see you, to try to enlist your sympathies. Knowing that you go down to Soulsgrif Bight so often, knowing other things too, I was sure that you would help if you only saw the matter as I see it, as the writer of this article sees it. It will not be easy to find sympathy for anything that seems so indirectly philanthropic. People will give money for coals and blankets, as indeed it is right they should, but I doubt if they will look favourably upon a scheme that professes to provide amusement only—amusement for those who have no hereditary right to it."

"It will be a question of time," said Kirkoswald, "time and patient, persevering effort. The people who blame the labouring man for spending his money at the village alehouse, must certainly admit that at present it is too often the sole spot where he has any chance of forgetting his labour, his many cares. If people will only look they will see that his life is one long dull round of unrelieved drudgery, and I think they will hardly refuse to relieve it by so much as you will ask of them."

"You are hopeful?" the Canon said. "I am glad of that. You make me feel more hopeful than I was. . . . I think you said that you had seen this paper in the *Quixotic Review*?"

"Yes," said George Kirkoswald, "I have read it." He could not help glancing at Genevieve as he made the admission. She had the Review in her hand. From the moment that her eye had fallen upon the open page she had found that every turn of every phrase was for her an expected turn. She gave back a smile for his glance.

"I was wondering how you would answer," she said.

"You mean to betray me?"

"Assuredly I mean to betray you. Canon Gabriel, this article was written by Mr. Kirkoswald himself. His brain is full of schemes for demoralising the united parish of Thurkeld Abbas with Soulsgrif Bight."

The Canon was silent: Mr. Severne spoke quickly.

"Did you write this? Did you really? Oh, I say! It *is* clever—it's awfully clever!" he went on, looking at Mr. Kirkoswald with more and more of astonishment in his round blue eyes. "Don't you think it's clever, Miss Bartholomew?"

George Kirkoswald glanced with a little inevitable amusement at Genevieve; but there was no amusement in the glance that met his. The girl was always loyal to her friends—most loyal when they most needed loyalty.

"There is little left to be said by me," began Canon Gabriel: "instead of having to plead with you for others, Mr. Kirkoswald, I must plead for myself, that you will give me encouragement in this matter and enlightenment. You can do so much, since you have the experience that Severne has not, and apparently the enterprise that I never had."

"Thank you. It is easy to be enterprising on paper," replied Kirkoswald. "But I need hardly say that I am anxious to do what I can. We will at present leave the question

of a suitable room at Soulsgrif. I know a person who has grateful associations with Soulsgrif Bight; and who as a mere expression of his gratitude will see to the room,—with your permission, of course. Our question is what to do with it when we have got it?"

"There could hardly be any limit to the uses of such a room," replied the Canon. "The main plea in this paper is for music, and I am quite in accord with what you say. One thing struck me much—you give it as a quotation—it is the assertion that 'not one person in each million of visitors to the Crystal Palace is charged with drunken and disorderly conduct!' Think of that, not one in a million! Until I read this article I did not dream of counting the Crystal Palace among the great influences that are working on national manners and character. Perhaps if one's eyes were opened, as they will one day be, one would have a reverence for that modern palace of glass and iron, well-nigh equal to the reverence one feels for the ancient stones of Westminster Abbey."

Mr. Bartholomew had come into the room during this speech, but so gently as not to draw attention from it. He was looking grey and absent and weary. He had been at work; and he had begged his daughter not to interrupt him if visitors came.

"I did not know you were holding a levée, my dear!" he said, turning to Genevieve with a smile in his eyes.

"It is a Chapter," said Mr. Severne. "We are arranging parish-work."

"Yes? . . . You were speaking of music. Are you musical, Sir Galahad?"

"N—no; that is, I'm awfully fond of music, but I don't play—not much. I mean to buy a piano, though, and then I shall learn. I—I think one could soon learn; don't you, Miss Bartholomew?"

"You would soon sing nicely," said Genevieve. "In fact you sing nicely now. You will be an acquisition to our *impresario*."

"I meant to suggest that Mr. Severne should be conductor," said George Kirkoswald, "if he will be so kind. The probability is that he will be required to be several things."

"And your dream of giving concerts is actually threatening fulfilment?" said Mr. Bartholomew. "Well, success to it! But I confess myself unable to see in what exactly the success is to consist."

"Success for me," said Kirkoswald, "would consist in knowing that I had turned aside for one hour the current of thought

that was driving to distraction one weary brain. The man might have to go back to his care, to his trouble, but he would not go back the same man. The break in his ideas would certainly have wrought change, if not strength, if not some help diviner still."

"For me," said Genevieve, "success would consist in feeling that by means of music I had spoken of things beyond the power of words to reach or touch, but not beyond the power of the most ignorant *to feel*. It is in that that I think the distinction of music lies, as compared with the other arts. It passes beyond them, so to speak, into regions where they seldom attempt to follow, the regions of unexpressed and inexpressible emotion, of spiritual aspiration. And it is distinct, too, in that it acts so easily and readily upon the uneducated and untrained intellect. A man who cannot read, who cannot even see what your picture is intended to represent, can yet be moved, softened, stirred to a mood not his own by—

'Music that gentlier on the spirit lies
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes.'

"And you, Sir Galahad?" asked Bartholomew.

"I? Oh, well, I think my idea of success would require some of Miss Bartholomew's music to express it."

"It is beyond the reach of words?"

"No; but the words are beyond *my* reach."

"Are you answered, Bartholomew?" asked Canon Gabriel.

"Not till you have spoken, Canon," was the reply.

"If I speak I must speak plainly," said the old man, a little change coming over his face as he began. "I must say that I believe that the chief success of the attempt must arise out of the opportunity afforded for the acquirement of personal influence over those whom you seek to help and benefit. Organization will be needed; but organization will not do everything. I am suspicious of all this modern mechanism. Men are putting their faith in machinery—some of the best of them are doing it quite unconsciously, but nevertheless they are doing it; and with equal unconsciousness they are ignoring the fact that not the most perfectly organized mechanism can fulfil all the duty of the individual man.

"Some years ago a book was published which attracted marked attention. It contained much that was startling, much that was stimulating, this amongst the rest:—
'Perhaps the truth is, that there has scarcely

been a town in any Christian country since the time of Christ where a century has passed without exhibiting a character of such elevation that his mere presence has shamed the bad and made the good better, and has been felt at times like the presence of God Himself.'

"A century! Who among us is there so unfortunate in his experience as not to have stood in the presence of at least one such man, not to have yielded to the spell of his power, not to have felt our own life suddenly arrested?"

"It is to this personal elevation of character, this personal power of arresting and influencing, that we must look for the means of touching the hearts and winning the lives of the men who are supposed to be beyond the reach of any good influence whatever. We have tried other means, we shall go on trying; but at the last we shall come back to this, wondering how we could have missed our way. Do you think he has no eye to see, no ear to hear, that hard-handed daily labourer? Do you think your toil-worn artisan has so wrought the heart out of him that he is incapable of experiencing that overmastering attraction towards a good and great man, a human being, like himself at least in this, in being human? If you do not believe in his capability, then at least wait awhile before you undertake any prominent piece of social reform. Try reform not social, and find the outcome of that. It may surprise you at least as much as it will surprise any one else. I can imagine an element of surprise in the experience of St. Paul, in that of Bernard of Clairvaux, of Whitefield, and John Wesley. Depend upon it that none of these men started from the notion that the world was to be reformed by means of any purely mechanical organization whatever. I fancy that any of these eminent Christians would have agreed on one point at least with the most eminently mischievous agnostic of modern times—John Stuart Mill. I am not sure how far my memory will enable me to quote, but some of you will doubtless remember the general conclusion to which he came in his 'Political Economy,' that the most promising and beneficial schemes for human improvement have mainly failed, and are likely to fail again, from the failure of those who took part in them to attain the amount of personal virtue imperatively exacted by the very nature of the schemes. So far as these schemes have succeeded in a few solitary instances it has been among a limited number of persons, possessed of more than an

ordinary share of the spirit of self-renunciation.

"The personal virtue! There, precisely, Mr. Mill, you have named for us the great dynamic force that shall keep the wheels of social reform in most potent and perpetual motion. Provide *that* in sufficient quantity and of adequate quality and you shall do what you will with Gurth, or 'Arry, or any other hopeless individual whatever. Not only shall his time to plant and to build be devoted to the needs of you and yours, but his time to laugh and to dance—if any—shall be delivered over to the passionate ardour of your benevolent will whenever you shall choose to claim it.

... There, you have my final word as to the nature of the success I would have you aim at, but not my final prayer for its achievement."

Canon Gabriel went away soon after this, and Sir Galahad with him. They talked all the way home of the music-room that was going to be built, and of the things that might be done in it another winter.

"Have you any idea who it is that is going to build the room?" asked the curate.

"Yes," said Canon Gabriel, "I think I have an idea. I think I perceive why a thank-offering is to be put up in Soulsgrif Bight. . . . Have you forgotten the day of the storm?"

CHAPTER XXXI.—A LANDSLIP.

"Antonio
Will keep his promises. If he have once
Declared himself thy friend, he'll care for thee
When thou neglect'st thyself."

Torquato Tasso: GOETHE.

THE April showers had delayed their coming till the beginning of May, then they had come rushing down upon the thirsty leaves and flowers in a sprightly, generous way that made you feel as you watched and listened as if it were your own thirst that was being allayed. You were glad because the hills and the dales were glad.

When the rain had gone there was such a freshness, such a crisp, mossy greenness, that you almost wondered that the world should have seemed such a beautiful world before. And the sunshine was brighter and clearer; it seemed to penetrate everywhere, George Kirkoswald thought, as he walked about his shabby rooms at Usselby Hall. He was glad that Genevieve was not there to see them in this fresh, lucent sunshine. It seemed to him that there was an absolute squalor about the place, inclining him toward a new sympathy with wretchedness and misery. "If I lived here long with things in this state I

should deteriorate," he said to himself, as he stood watching the early morning sun as it crept across the walls and floor of his dingy library.

But he was not intending to live long with things in this state. Once let that word be spoken that he had to speak, once let that answer be given that he dared to hope would be given, and change should follow speedily.

He had not decided with much detail upon the kind of change, details should be left to another decision than his. He was aware that he would be on one side, the side of beauty for beauty's sake, regardless of higher or lower considerations; while Genevieve would be on the other side, the side of a wise renunciation. She would make concessions to him, as she had made concessions to her father, this he knew, but there should be no pressure. In her father's case the pressure had come from her own perception of his inability to work, to think, to live his own life, in the midst of mean and unbeautiful surroundings. When Genevieve was quite a child he had declared that it was necessary to his sense of artistic consistency that his little daughter should be dressed in a manner suited to her own rare beauty, and her dress had always been a matter of more or less interest to him. When he had been commended for his painting of draperies he had frequently asserted that he owed such skill as he had to his daughter's ability to wear her garments gracefully. All this had been before he had suffered; and suffering had wrought changes; but Genevieve was aware that his surroundings were still a matter of importance to him. Therefore it was that she had felt herself justified in doing things that were as congenial to her nature as they were doubtful to her higher judgment.

All this George Kirkoswald knew, and understood and appreciated. He knew, too, that although there had been compromise, there had been no reconciliation; only a continuous dread of reconciliation to a lower ideal.

It amused him to think that there would be this matter of difference between them. It should never be other than an amusement. He would give up every wish he had rather than cause a sense of strain.

Of course he knew well enough that no serious strain would ever be put upon him. Genevieve was not likely to insist upon ugliness, or meanness, or unseemliness of any kind. The little warfare that was to be would be all delight; and a cause of opportunities to be anticipated with eagerness.

This was the mood he was in during those bright spring days that followed upon his return from London. He had come back impatient, thirsting for settled knowledge of the future, determined to put an end to the shadow of suspense that now and then dimmed his present felicity. But, as we have seen, opportunity had not been favourable to him. The coming of Canon Gabriel and Sir Galahad to Netherbank that April afternoon had wrought a more dangerous delay than anybody who knew of it had conceived.

Trusting that fate had thwarted him sufficiently he started for Netherbank once more. It was the crispest and greenest of the days of early May. His own pine woods were blue with hyacinth, everybody's hedges were whitening with the bursting hawthorn buds, spring being at least a month in advance that year, and showering down promises everywhere for the more important autumn.

It was yet early in the afternoon when he reached the thatched cottage, the very smoke from the chimney seeming as if it curled in some special way for him. Strong as he was, and self-contained as he looked, his heart was beating, his eyes alight, his voice not steady when Keturah opened the door, and dashed down his hopes with a smile and a stare of stupid astonishment.

"They're nut in--no, they're nut in. They've gone oot," said the girl, having apparently a mischievous impulse to discover how far Mr. Kirkoswald was fitted to bear the doom of Tantalus.

"Did Mr. Bartholomew say where they were going?"

"No, he didn't say where they were goin'."

"And did Miss Bartholomew say nothing?"

"Miss Bartholomew! Yes! yes, she said something. She said mebbe they were goin' up to the moor; an' mebbe they were goin' down to the sea."

Kirkoswald reflected a moment. If they had gone upward he must have met them, or seen them in the distance. Then with an impatient good day to Keturah, who stood mischievously smiling, he dashed downward, hardly stopping even to indulge his own thought by the way until he stood by the side of Genevieve Bartholomew on the sands to the north of Soulsgrif Bight.

"Why did you not leave me a message?" he asked with a little tender reproach as they walked up and down where the wavelets were splashing faintly upon the onyx-tinted beach. The sun was sparkling in the water-pools, great dark shadows lay upon the wrack-fringed boulders under the cliffs. Bartholo-

mew was making a little sketch of a fishing-boat that was standing out to sea, a perfect study of colour, with its russet and ochre sails and its rich brown hull. There were sparkling touches of white here and there; the blue jerseys of the fishermen made effective contrast. The sketch was only the work of a few minutes, but it was a gem of freshness and clear swift handling.

"And now I must make haste," the artist said, packing up his tools. "We were going round by the Ness, Genevieve and I," he added to Kirkoswald; "and up into Birkrigg Gill. You will come with us?"

"That is kind of you," said Kirkoswald.

"Were you waiting for the invitation?"

"That is unkind; and a little hard to bear. I do assure you I keep a conscience, and it has pricked hard at times."

"May it never have less to reproach you with!" said Bartholomew heartily. More and more he was assured that his first impression of Kirkoswald had been a true one; that it had failed only on the side of inadequate appreciation. He could not but admire the strength that he had never had himself, the quick clear vitality that was the outcome of that strength, and seemed to make all life, the social life, the life of thought, the life of work, so easy, so painless, so natural. He was already beginning to feel that he might some day come to lean on this man as a father leans on the son who has gone beyond himself, and stands on a higher plane in men's estimate. The feeling had comfort in it when he thought of his future, more comfort still when he thought of the future of his daughter.

They went on, all three of them, over the enchanted sands, by the caves of the Nereids, all tinted with orange and brown, and crimson and green. The sea-weeds dropped from the roof, crystal streamlets dropped from the weeds. The sun came creeping round a little, slanting down the rugged cliffs:—

"Till now you dreamed not what could be done
With a bit of rock and a ray of sun;
But, look, how fade the lights and shades
Of keen bare edge and crevice deep!
How doubtfully it fades and fades
And glows again, yon craggy steep!"

It was Kirkoswald who was quoting. Genevieve was listening; she seemed a little silent, a little subdued, as she often was nowadays. But it was not a pale silence; her face had seldom the purely white tint, the perfect placidness of expression that it had been wont to have when life was less full of hope, less struck through and through with beauty. There was now an inner beauty that was daily adding a

new radiance, a new grace to the outer loveliness that had always been hers. This was the work of love, though no word of love had been yet spoken. They talked of everything and anything else; they kept silence; then they talked again. They had left the sea-shore now and were making their way up the noisy rippling beck to the upper part of the Gill. Mr. Bartholomew was going out on the other side to the place where he had sat on the day when Cecil Richmond had joined him. He had never liked to think of that day much. He was conscious of something that impressed him with an air as if of mystery; an undercurrent that he could neither define nor understand. He did not indulge the feeling, but it did not on that account fail to come back again and again. It had come back now; but he pressed onward to his work. He had given his word; and it would be easier to keep it than to break it, considering circumstances all round.

Genevieve and Kirkoswald sat by him for a time; and they saw that he was working slowly, dubiously.

"Don't try any longer, father; since you are not in the mood," Genevieve begged tenderly.

"I must try, dear; since Nature's mood happens to be such a very glorious one."

"It is glorious!" said Kirkoswald; "and I was just thinking that I should like to show Miss Bartholomew something more of the gloriousness of Birkrigg Gill, that is if we may leave you for a little while. There is a favourite spot of mine a little higher up the ravine, a spot where I used to come when I was a boy to get the wild cherries. . . . You are not too tired?" he asked of Genevieve as they turned to go.

It was hardly possible to be tired on such a day, in such an hour. There are moments of life when people seem lifted above the possibility of physical pain, sometimes above mental pain too if it lie quite apart from the exaltation of the moment. For that time it is another existence that one lives. The gates of another world are set open, one enters in, and the doors are shut upon the old world, the world of doubt and care, of suffering and humiliation.

Genevieve and George Kirkoswald entered in by an arching avenue of misty trees, misty with buds and plumes, with tufts and tassels; with the green leaves of the young sycamore, and the golden-brown of the bursting oak-boughs. The true glory of the Gill just then was the white and the pink-white blossoms of the wild fruit-trees for which the

place was famed. The clusters of bloom were on the wild cherry; the great crab apple-trees threw long pink-blossomed sprays up against the blue heavens, backward against the dark brown rock, forward over the flower-decked pathway. Giant primroses were nestling in corners among the deep undergrowth; fragile wood anemones were looking up with the touch of wistfulness that they always seem to have. A little reed-sparrow was twittering and singing on a spray; there was a woodlark on the top of a hawthorn-tree; a thrush was singing his bridal song; far away, up among the hills, the cuckoo was calling, calling, never weary of calling to the spring. They walked on hand-in-hand, and silently, these two; on through the Eden of white wild flowers and blossoming trees.

Why should it not be silently? The question did not form itself in the brain of either, but it was there unformed, and vaguely influencing to silence. Everything moved to that; to utter stillness, utter rest, utter peace.

In moments of supremest emotion words are always inadequate, and being inadequate they jar and detract. The highest feeling demands that we leave it unexpressed.

It was enough for Genevieve that her hand was in George Kirkoswald's, that he held it there as one who had a right to hold it for ever. There was a strength, a completeness in his grasp that was of itself a sufficient promise.

Promise! She would have scorned herself had any thought within her demanded a spoken promise of him.

And as for George Kirkoswald, he too would have known self-scorn if, with that small hand lying confidently in his, he could have had a doubt, a dread, a feeling of uncertainty.

The rocks on either hand were higher and more rugged as they went on. The hanging greenery was flung about more luxuriantly; the undergrowth was deeper and more tangled. Yet still the primroses and the wood-anemones clustered among the grass; still the cherry and the wild apple trees were there. Aloft, growing out of a great moss-grown boulder that was cleft almost in twain, was a silver birch swinging its feathery boughs in the air.

They stood awhile; wondering how the bare riven rock could nourish so graceful and grateful a thing. There was a tiny streamlet trickling down by the side of it; making the ground moist enough for the water-buttercup to grow. It was a quite silent little stream. The only sound to be heard was the twittering of the reed-sparrow;

the cuckoo far away, calling, calling, never weary of calling to the spring.

Another sound broke upon the stillness presently. It was George Kirkoswald's voice, a manly voice subdued with a woman's tenderness. "Do you know that I am all but twice your age, my child?" he asked, looking with serious look into the perfect face beside him. A pink flush answered him even as he spoke. Yet Genevieve made other answer.

"Yes, I know it," she said, lifting her dark beautiful eyes to his.

"How long have you known it?"

"Always—always since I have known you."

"And it does not—it makes no difference to you?"

"Yes; it makes a difference," the girl said. She was answering quite quietly, with a certain strength that came of natural straightforwardness, of absence of coquetry, of rare simplicity of soul. "Yes: it makes a difference. I am glad always that you are older."

"Tell me why, Genevieve?"

The girl looked up again with a quick, happy light in her eyes, and a deeper glow almost flashing into her face.

"I *have* wanted to hear you say that!" she said with childlike eagerness, childlike guilelessness.

"I *have* said it many times. It is so beautiful, so like music, I could not help saying it. . . . I may always say it now?"

"Yes; you may say it always."

Was that some heavy footstep coming crashing down among the undergrowth on the rocks above? It seemed as if the very stones and the stems of the trees were cracking and rending asunder. George Kirkoswald started, looked upward just in time, just in time to save the life of Genevieve Bartholomew once again; perhaps, indeed, his own life also.

Genevieve had not understood—there had been no time to understand. She had only heard the riving, snapping, crunching sounds; she had only felt, as it were, the shiver of the earth, then, even while a strong arm was clasping her, almost flinging her outward from the path, there came the thunderous thud of fallen rock. Where she had stood with her hand in George Kirkoswald's one moment before, the nearer half of the cleft boulder was lying, with the silver birch, right across the path.

All manner of things had fallen, dragged downward with the rock and with the tree. A great briar had caught Genevieve's hat, swept it from her head: it was lying crushed under the mass of stone. All the shower of

her yellow silken hair was about her as she lay unconsciously with her head on George Kirkoswald's shoulder, his arm supporting her, his first kiss upon her lips.

"Genevieve, Genevieve, my darling!" he said hoarsely, passionately. "My child, speak to me!" He was as pale as the girl herself. Could any piece of falling stone have touched her, that she should lie there so stirless, so lifeless, so pallid, so strange?

He stroked the long rippling silken hair; he put the small pale hand to his warm lips; he called again, and yet again, "Genevieve, Genevieve, my child, speak to me!"

There was no answer, no sound save the chirp of the little reed-sparrow, twittering in the fallen birch.

George Kirkoswald went on uttering his distress, his anguish, in broken words, in passionate cries; it seemed impossible that she should lie there with the spring sunshine turning her yellow hair to glittering gold, with birds chirping all about, with pink-white blossoms fluttering down over her dress, with the white wood-sorrel and the blue speedwell at her feet—it seemed impossible in the midst of all this life that this most living of created beings should not have life enough left to hear life's most thrilling and precious words.

"Genevieve, Genevieve, my child, speak one word; if you love me speak one word!"

Only a few minutes had passed, a very few, yet it seemed as if an hour had gone by when the first pale pink tint was discernible on the white lip and cheek. Then the wondering eyes unclosed. Fuller consciousness brought the quick deep blush of maiden shame, for which there seemed to be a thousand reasons.

"Tell me first that you are not hurt in any way?" said Kirkoswald with concern.

"I am not hurt at all," Genevieve replied; "and it was cowardly to be so much startled."

She was trying, as she stood there, still blushing deeply, to gather up and coil the rich thick shower of gold that the breeze was beginning to stir; but it was not easy. George Kirkoswald saw that her hands were tremulous, that she had to make effort.

"Let me help you," he said, taking the heavy coil from her hands and twining it with gentle care. He was looking at it, wondering at its beauty; he was not looking down the path, he was not observing a tall, stately figure coming toward them in a sweeping dress of dark red silk.

Diana Richmond was observing him. She had plenty of time to do so as she came noiselessly over the soft turf.

It was Genevieve Bartholomew who saw her first. Genevieve was turning to thank George for the small service he had done. She saw at once that the doing of it had been witnessed by Miss Richmond.

The girl turned pale, very pale, as if the thing had been a crime; and a change came over the face of George as he moved onward by her side. They must meet Miss Richmond; they must pass quite close.

She was looking at them steadily. There was no smile on her face, no change; there was nothing that could be read or comprehended; at any rate there was nothing that Genevieve could comprehend.

Miss Richmond came nearer, looking from under her half-closed eyes as she usually did look. Her mouth was lightly compressed, as it always was. She looked very beautiful, very majestic. She passed with a stately bow.

There was nothing more than that—a stately bow of recognition.

A sense of wonder was mingled with the relief that George Kirkoswald and Genevieve

felt as they went back down the Gill. They went as they had come, quite silently.

All the way back they kept silence, back through the Eden of white wild flowers and blossoming trees. There was a slight ascent just before they came to the gate that led out to the thymy bank where Noel Bartholomew sat sketching. The pathway was in the shade of some great trees whose trunks were covered with ancient ivy. George Kirkoswald stopped and took Genevieve's hand in his again. It was trembling still, and his own was less steady than usual.

"You will say one word to me, my child?" he asked in a low, pleading tone. "Just one word—say that you are mine!"

Genevieve lifted her face to his, frankly, readily, yet with a beautiful solemnness dawning there. "I am yours always," she said; "I am yours till I die."

And still the reed-sparrow went on twittering in the bough; still the cuckoo went on calling in the distance, calling, calling, never weary of calling to the spring.

WORDSWORTH AND 'NATURAL RELIGION.'

By PRINCIPAL SHAIRP, LL.D.

A BOOK was writ of late called 'Natural Religion.' It is one more of those attempts, so frequent of late, to find a common ground, on which the religious man and the scientific man may meet, and put an end to their long controversy. Whether this attempt is more successful than former ones, I do not undertake to say. One thing is clear, that, before there can be any friendly meeting on the ground here proposed, the religious man will have to drop much which Christianity, and indeed most other religions, hold to be essential, and the scientific man will have to open his eyes to views to which he has hitherto paid little heed.

This strange book, which is beautifully written, and full of beautiful and suggestive thoughts, is full too of paradoxes and self-contradictions, so much so that it is scarcely possible to make any assertion regarding it, which might not be contradicted by some of the many side-glances and casual admissions which are scattered throughout it. But it is of the main drift of it alone that I shall treat. And that drift seems to be an elaborate attempt to find in the natural and the known, without any reference to the unknown which lies beyond it, an object of worship, a religion which shall suffice for human life. It should perhaps be added,

that it seems more in the interest of others than of himself, that the author undertakes this task, for he takes no pains to conceal that the religion which he offers to others does not satisfy himself. The common ground between the men of faith and the men of positive science he finds in nature, or that whole sum of things which science observes and investigates.

He points out that nature is an object recognised in common by the religious man and the man of science. The former believes that a Being, above and independent of nature, made and sustains the whole visible universe, that nature is one revelation of that Being, and that the study of it is one branch of theology, or the study of God. And the latter finds in nature a complete theology and a peculiar Deity of his own. For, in the author's words, 'that man believes in God, who feels himself in the presence of a power which is not himself, and is immediately above himself, a power in the contemplation of which he is absorbed, in the knowledge of which he finds safety and happiness, and such now is nature to the scientific man.' It matters not that in nature, as he studies it, he sees no personal mind and will, no designing wisdom, no benevolence; he finds in it an absorbing object of thought, admiration and

delight, and this is enough to make it a God to him.

One object nature yields to science, namely, a set of ascertained laws, or a theology; and this one theology, according as it is apprehended by one or another side of human mind, awakens three different kinds of religion.

1. The first kind is that evoked by the purely intellectual contemplation of the spectacle of the universe, or nature, exclusive of man. Its immensity, its uniformity, its variety, strike him who contemplates them with awe, wonder, admiration; and these are the religion of the man of science. The order, the unity seen in and through all things is answered by admiration and delight, which are in their nature religious, and form, our author holds, an adequate religion for him who intelligently feels them. Nature 'exclusive of the whole domain of human feeling, will, and morality, may be a God to the purely scientific man.'

2. But there is another meaning of the word nature, which instead of excluding, includes man, and all that is highest in him, his moral being, and whatever that implies. Those who fix their eye chiefly on this moral side of nature, that is on man, find herein an object of admiration and worship in the moral affections and their workings, apart altogether from the supernatural source from which they have been supposed to come. They find the religion of humanity, which is simply all the moral element in Christianity, the Christian virtues without any supernatural adjuncts, supernatural hopes and sanctions. Eliminate these from Christianity, and the residuum is the religion of humanity.

3. The third form of religion is the religion of beauty. This has the same object as the scientific religion, namely physical nature, but it regards the object in another way, through another medium. While science regards phenomena through the pure intellect, and looks, through and beyond them, to find the laws which govern them, the unity which pervades them all; the poet and the artist fix their eyes on the visible face of things, dote on their appearances, are absorbed 'with the splendour in the grass, the glory in the flower,' for their own sakes, without troubling themselves about the laws that engender these. They look at the same objects as the man of science does, but through the imagination and the emotions, not through the scientific analyzing intellect. And the poet and the artist find in this beauty which overspreads the world, a religion which absorbs and satisfies them. It has much in common with

early Greek Paganism, which worshipped the tree and the fountain, but with this difference. The Greek was arrested by these objects, but he passed on from them to some semi-human being, who dwelt in them, the naiad of the spring, the oread of the mountain. But for the modern worshipper of nature, science has expelled these visionary beings, and he concentrates his gaze all the more intensely on the objects themselves, because he is undisturbed by the thought of any being behind them.

The whole aim of the author, as has been truly said, is to find in the scientific dogmas, the aesthetic aspirations, and the love of culture, which characterize the unbelief of the present day, a natural religion which shall satisfy man. His one great bugbear, the one element he strives to get rid of, is supernaturalism. And by this he means not merely belief in miracles, but belief in a ruling mind transcending physical nature and independent of it. In all his three forms of religion his one endeavour is to shut out not only providence, but a personal being revealing himself in and through phenomena, and to present us with forms of Theism having for their object a mindless universe. Not that he is a materialist; far from it. The objects he places before us are intellectual objects: the omnipresent unity of nature and its laws, beauty pervading all things, morality as it exists in man. Only these must exist and be self-sufficient in themselves, and must in no way be allowed to be channels through which a higher mind speaks to ours. Through page after page of ingenious argument and beautiful illustration, he strives to show that these *capita mortua* divorced from a personal Maker are sufficient to support and nourish the soul of man. As one follows him through his long reasonings, the one pervading feeling is, what ashes are you offering us for bread!

If anything is clear, from the experience of all ages, it is this, that the soul of man which has once caught sight of an object higher than itself, cannot return to worship one which is lower. And a universe, however vast, however awful, and various, and wonderful it may be, which does not manifest a mind and personality in it, and above it, is lower in the scale of being than man. The personal cannot permanently worship the impersonal. An iron order of things may excite fear and awe, but cannot elicit the higher and finer affections—humility, love, adoration, willing self-surrender; above all cannot engender the child-like spirit. When the author says that when we behold the starry

heavens, we enter into a sort of communion with them, the contemplation is a beatific vision, he borrows from the old personal religion language which is wholly inapplicable to his own dumb impersonalities.

'Thus saith the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.'

Can any one who has once received this wonderful conception of God into his heart, a conception which combines the immensity of time and space so wonderfully with the tenderest, lowliest moral feeling, can he ever turn back to such lifeless *idola* as this book offers us? But the truth is, the author is not himself content with this poor spiritual pabulum which he manufactures for others. He undertakes the manufacture, I well believe, with kindly intention—from 'an intense desire to gain over the humanists,' and the men of science—a longing 'hope to win back the irreligious to religion'—by making spiritual paths smooth for mundane feet. But the religious pabulum which he offers to others, and is almost angry if they refuse, does not satisfy himself. At the outset, he admits that he can 'conceive no religion as satisfactory, which falls short of Christianity.' And after contending throughout his book that Supernaturalism is not only unnecessary, but an encumbrance to religion, he at the close admits that Supernaturalism in some sort, the belief in a world beyond our present knowledge, is natural to man, and that this belief may and does influence us in thought, feeling, and action. Though we have not science of it, yet it may reach us through presentiments, probabilities, and other indications, and powerfully affect us. And if, he adds, the news thus brought to us is good news, who will not say that a supernatural religion, thus supplementing a natural one, may be precious, nay, perhaps indispensable. Does not this look like a practical abandonment of his whole argument?

But I have lingered too long over the main drift of the book. The point which it concerns me to note is the interpretation the author gives of Wordsworth's attitude towards religion. What Goethe was abroad, that Wordsworth, he says, was at home, the High-priest of Nature, the Worshipper of Natural Beauty. 'Keenly alive to beauty, and deeply reverencing' it, he certainly was; but as Dean Church has well said, 'he puts purity and the severity of truth above beauty.' On this sub-

ject I am well aware mankind are deeply divided. There are those who know and love Wordsworth's poetry, and there are those who not only do not know it but do not care to know it, are not only indifferent to it but genuinely dislike it—and these are not stupid persons either.

To the former class I almost feel that an apology is due for what I have to say here; so very a truism to them will seem the assertion that Wordsworth's was an eminently religious and devout mind, in the ordinary sense of these words, and not merely in Professor Seeley's sense.

It is for those who do not know Wordsworth, and who may be misled by Professor Seeley's interpretation of him, that I now write. No doubt, he says many true and fine things of Wordsworth's character and his poetry, but there is nothing in either which makes for the main argument of the book—nothing to show that Wordsworth was satisfied with beauty for its own sake, that he prized it otherwise than as one expression of the Infinite mind revealing itself through beauty. A mindless universe so far from satisfying him—the very idea of it he abhorred.

The author refers to Wordsworth's own words, in which he says that his soul was wedded to the goodly universe in love and holy passion, and tries to show that he found in it 'all the satisfaction, the lasting inward peace, the occasional rapture,' which the best religion can give. But then it was not a dead universe that gave him this, not merely the vastness, the power, and the unity of the forces of nature—it was the universe as the organ through which a mind divine, yet akin to his own mind, spoke to him.

The 'Prelude' is the poem in which Wordsworth speaks most fully—many think most extravagantly—of the all-sufficiency of nature to him. It gives utterance to his experiences in the first flush of early manhood. Yet even in the 'Prelude,' this is the way he regards the visible world. He says that in those early days, his mind looked—

'Upon the speaking face of earth and heaven
As her prime teacher, intercourse with man
Established by the sovereign intellect,
Who through the bodily image hath diffused,
As might appear to the eye of fleeting time,
A deathless spirit.'

The 'Prelude' and many of Wordsworth's poems of his first epoch, which closed about 1805, contain much about nature, which to most men sounds like rhapsody. Few men—few poets even, can enter into this language—it seems to them so greatly exaggerated they could almost fancy it insincere. But on

Wordsworth's lips it was not exaggerated, but the simple truth of his experience at the time he wrote it. He was born to do a peculiar work—a work much needed at that time. The intellectual life of England, though beginning to awake, was still sadly hampered and confined by a mechanical sense-philosophy, which had dominated the world since the time of Locke. Natural Theology was cast wholly in the mould which Paley had framed for it. The watch and the watch-maker—this was the view men then took of the relation of the universe to the maker of it—a hard, mechanical, depressing view, which, though it might suit the purpose of the logician, was wholly repugnant to the spiritual imagination—to the man of deeper insight. Wordsworth did not deny the argument from design, but it was not as a piece of mechanism that he could think of nature, nor of its Upholder as a mechanist. He seems to have been born into the world to change and transfigure the old Paleyan theology. His broad, sensitive, receptive spirit was fitted, as few spirits ever have been, to take into himself all the influences that streamed in upon him from what he calls 'the overflowing soul of nature.' But amid all his lonely raptures, in his highest ecstasies, he never lost himself, never dreamed that nature was self-subsistent. When he was most highly rapt in the contemplation of nature, he then felt most intensely that it was so elevating, because it brought him into contact with a higher spirit than his own.

One might quote many passages of the 'Prelude' in proof of this. One must suffice. For instance, he says that in the lonely places which he haunted, he

'Felt
Incumbencies more awful, visitings
Of the upholder of the tranquil soul,
That tolerates the indignities of time,
And from the centre of eternity,
All finite notions overruling, lives
In glory immutable.'

It has become a commonplace with many to call Wordsworth in those early days, the days of his most fervid inspiration, a Pantheist. In support of this they quote the well-known lines from his poem on Tintern Abbey, written as early as the year 1798.

'And I have felt
A Presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man :
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.'

If this passage stood alone in Wordsworth's works, there might be some excuse for mis-

understanding it. But taken with all his other poems of the same or of later date, it is seen to express very powerfully quite another thought, the sense he had that the Omnipresent Presence which was in his own being and upheld it, was present not less in all the forms of nature, and spoke through them to his spirit, a silent but sympathetic language.

What then has been called Wordsworth's Pantheism is his protest against a lifeless mechanical way of regarding the outward world, his strong assertion that there is more in nature than mere common sense, or the dominant philosophies discover. This might be easily shown from his works at large. But there is one passage in the 'Prelude,' so apposite here, combining in one mental sweep what has been called his pantheistic feeling with the highest rapture of devout Theism, that I cannot pass it by. He says that even in boyhood and youth—

'From nature and her overflowing soul,
I had received so much that all my thoughts
Were steeped in feeling ; I was only then
Contented, when with bliss ineffable
I felt the sentiment of Being spread
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still ;
O'er all that, lost beyond the reach of thought
And human knowledge, to the human eye
Invisible, yet liveth to the heart ;
O'er all that leaps and runs, and shouts and sings,
Or beats the gladsome air ; o'er all that glides
Beneath the wave, yea, in the wave itself,
And mighty depth of waters.'

These lines attribute to all nature such a life, such an all-pervading spirit, that they might, equally with those from 'Tintern Abbey,' be mistaken for Pantheism. But listen to the conclusion of the passage :—

'Wonder not
If high the transport, great the joy I felt,
Communing in this sort through earth and heaven
With every form of creature, as it looked
Towards the Uncreated with a countenance
Of adoration, with an eye of love.'

The Pantheism which can pass upward in such a strain as that is no Pantheism at all, but a quick and vivid sense of the life of things, which would that it were vouchsafed in larger measure to our torpid spirits !

In the 'Prelude' and others of the earlier poems Wordsworth makes much of the all-sufficiency of nature, its adequacy to suggest and sustain faith in all the highest moral truths. He even in some passages goes so far as to say that he learnt directly from nature all that revelation teaches. So that the author of 'Natural Religion' could cite passages from that poem which seem to justify him in asserting that to Wordsworth revealed religion does not supply a defect in natural religion, but only tells over again, and to Wordsworth's mind tells less impressively, what has been already told by nature.

But if we look at Wordsworth's works as a

whole, we shall see that it does not express his permanent conviction. It is but a one-sided utterance. On this language two remarks may be made.

1. Though Wordsworth's religious faith was not consciously derived from direct Church teaching, was in some sort outside of ecclesiastical tradition, yet he had been reared in a Christian atmosphere, and had drunk in many of its truths, and much of its sentiment, unawares. It was with a mind filled with these that he went forth to look on nature.

How different a book would nature have presented had he been 'a Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,' and read that book with eyes unilluminated by Christianity!

2. From the first, his aliveness to nature's influences was combined with earnest and deep, if not very pliant or expansive, moral sympathies. The natural and the moral in him acted and reacted on each other. In 'Tintern Abbey,' he says that he found—

'In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of his purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of his heart, and soul
Of all his moral being.'

In his transports amid the mountains he had never for a moment, as Goethe and many artistic persons had done, turned his back on human sufferings and the moral side of things. For a season, no doubt, interest in man was in the background, nature was paramount with him. But as time went on, this order reversed itself; man, his sufferings, his hopes, and destiny, became more to him than nature was. 'This change first comes on about the time when the 'Prelude' was completed, in the year 1805. In that year he met with his first great sorrow, in the loss by shipwreck of his favourite brother, a gentle and meditative spirit like himself. The depth of this sorrow has left its impression on the Elegiac Stanzas suggested by a picture of Peele Castle. There he says that,

'A power is gone which nothing can restore,
A deep distress has humanised my soul.'

And in a letter written about the same time to Sir George Beaumont this striking reflection occurs:

'Why have we a choice and a will and a notion of justice and injustice, enabling us to be moral agents? Why have we sympathies that make the best of us so afraid of inflicting pain and sorrow, which yet we see dealt about us so lavishly by the supreme governor? Why should our notions of right towards each other and to all sentient beings (within our influence) differ so widely from what appears to be His notion and rule, if everything were to end here? Would it not be blasphemy to say that (upon the supposition of the thinking principle being destroyed by death), however inferior we may be to the great cause and ruler of things, we have more of love in our nature than He has? The thought is monstrous; yet how to

get rid of it except upon the supposition of another and better world, I do not see.'

Other troubles soon followed, the loss of his two young children, who rest in Grasmere churchyard, with a beautiful epitaph by the father over one of them. How far these outward events caused the change I cannot say. Anyhow, they are coincident with a gradual but perceptible change of sentiment, in which nature fell into the background, and man became the more prominent object of his regard. Henceforth nature became secondary, 'important to him chiefly as the stage of man's action, and as allied to his ideas, his passions and affections.'

People talk of Wordsworth as a mere dreamer in a Northern Arcadia, and Mr. Ruskin, who knows better, countenances this, when he speaks of him, as 'fond of primroses, kind to the parish children, and reverent of Wilkinson's spade.' When they so speak they forget altogether the large part of his poetry which deals directly with man—they forget, for instance, the 'Sonnets to Liberty,' some seventy in number, which breathe a deeper sympathy with the great men who were struggling and dying for European freedom, than any poetry of the time breathed. How could it be, that he whose heart had been so stirred by the events of the French Revolution, and the great ideas and problems then awakened, should relapse into entire forgetfulness of them? As Dean Church says, 'He had changed his views of many things, his application of principles, his judgments of men, parties, and institutions which embodied these principles, but his fundamental principles were unchanged.'

The 'Excursion,' which was published in 1814, when Wordsworth was forty-four, contains his mature thoughts about man's nature and destiny. The teaching is full of Theism, but a wider, more expansive, more spiritual Theism than was common in that day, or perhaps than is possible to ordinary minds in any day.

In fact it may be said emphatically of the 'Excursion,' what is true more or less of all Wordsworth's poetry, that it is

'Haunted for ever by the Eternal Mind.'

Yet it must be allowed that the 'Excursion' is Theistic, rather than specially Christian. Christianity is everywhere recognised, in passing as it were, but the teaching, devout though it is, is not distinctively Christian teaching. Most religious persons in reading through the poem, even cursorily, must have felt a want—a disappointment, while those who have read it carefully, felt something like a

shock when they came to the crowning passage, the cope-stone of the book. It is where the Solitary, after much discussion, asks imploringly what can he do to get rid of his misery?

'Shall the groaning spirit cast its load
At the Redeemer's feet?'

From this crucial, this point-blank question, Wordsworth goes off at a tangent.

'Manifold and various are the ways
Of restoration.'

he tells the Solitary, all leading to

'Peace in ourselves and union with our God.'

For him (the Solitary) access to truth, a return to faith is preserved, if he will open ear and soul to the finer intimations of nature, and unlock his heart in friendly intercourse with his fellow-men. It is here that the grand passage about the Child and the Shell occurs. This crucial passage, even if there were none other, certainly gives ground for the charge which Mr. Ruskin prefers against Wordsworth, that he is 'incurious to see in the Hands the print of the nails.'

That Wordsworth himself felt either that there was this defect in his teaching, or that it had been misunderstood, is clear from the alteration he subsequently made in another passage of the 'Excursion.' It occurs in the pathetic story of Margaret, in the First Book. After hearing it, Wordsworth is silent with sorrow, till the Wanderer thus addresses him:

'My friend! enough to sorrow you have given,
The purposes of wisdom ask no more,
Be wise or cheerful, and no longer read
The forms of things with an unworthy eye.'

In a later edition he altered the passage and added several lines, thus:

The purposes of wisdom ask no more,
Nor more would she have craved as due to one
Who in her worst distress had oftentimes felt
The unbought might of prayer, and dreamed with soul
Fixed on the Cross that consolation brings
From sources deeper far than deepest pain
To the meek sufferer. Why then should we read
The forms of things with an unworthy eye?

Changes such as these in a passage here and there, cannot alter the main drift of the 'Excursion,' which while recognising Christian revelation by the way, throws the chief stress on that religion which is gathered by the heart from brooding over the solemn facts of human life. But they do tend to show that as the pressure of life grew heavier, and his days were closing in, the need of definite Christian truths came more home to him.

But the fullest expression he has given to his Christian faith, is in the concluding stanzas of 'The Primrose of the Rock.' One of his latest poems, written in 1831, the style of the verse, so solemn and laboured, is very

different from that of his earlier lyrics, but it is not the less significant for that.

'Mightier far
Than tremblings that reprove,
Our vernal tendencies to hope,
Is God's redeeming love.

'That love which changed—for wan disease,
For sorrow that has bent
O'er hopeless dust, for withered age
Their moral element,
And turned the thistles of a curse
To types beneficent.

'Self-blighted though we are, we too,
The reasoning sons of men,
From one oblivious winter called,
Shall rise and breathe again;
And in eternal summer lose
Our three-score years and ten.

'To humbleness of heart descends
This prescience from on high,
The faith that elevates the just,
Before and when they die;
And makes each soul a separate heaven,
A court for Deity.'

Now let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. It is this. Wordsworth of a nature meditative and devout, not by reasoning, but by intuition, was from the first far beyond most men conscious of the presence of the Eternal Mind. In his earlier days it came to him mainly through the forms of nature, which he felt to be filled and upheld by the same mind which filled and upheld his own. Afterwards it spoke to him more through man, his moral life, his struggles and even his defeats; later on still, the Christian truths, he had long silently recognised, came more consciously home to him. In the sight of all that he and others had to bear, bereavement, decay, and death, he felt the need of a more definite and sure support, and he found that support in the consciously-held faith of the Christian Redemption.

But it is not by the number or the quality of the definite truths which he has inculcated that Wordsworth has made the world his debtor. Not for these do we most reverence him, but for that freshness of eye which enabled him for himself in youth to rediscover the beauty of the outward world, and to awaken the perception of it in others, giving them new eyes to see it, new hearts to delight in it—for that freshness and depth of soul, which enabled him ever more keenly as he grew older, to see beneath the dust of commonplace, the worth and the capacity for good that lies hidden in the souls and affections of ordinary men, and to esteem these with a reverence, which the steady sight of all their miseries and degradations could not dull—for the steadfastness with which, while bereavement and decay pressed closer, he still maintained his serious faith and inward peace unclouded, and looking with eye fixed on the life beyond, was able to speak reassuring

words, such as we listen for in vain in the poetry of to-day.

'Still glides the stream, and shall not cease to glide;
The form remains, the function never dies;
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,
We men, who in our morn of youth defied
The elements, must vanish;—be it so!
Enough, if something from our hands have power
To live, and act, and serve the future hour;
And if, as tow'rd the silent tomb we go,
Through love, through hope, through faith's transcendent
dower,
We feel that we are greater than we know.'

This is the voice he spoke to our youth,

and still speaks to our age. And as the days are visibly closing in, we feel more thankful to him who could speak such high words to hearten and cheer us. And for those who are still young, one could wish no better thing, than that while youth is still theirs, they might learn to know and love Wordsworth's poetry. For they may be well assured that, just in proportion as they can do so, they will grow in purity, in happiness, and in all goodness.

EGYPT AFTER THE WAR.

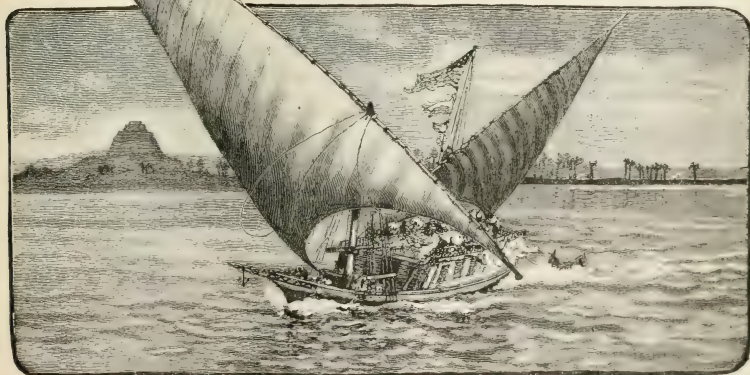
BY LADY BRASSEY, AUTHOR OF "A VOYAGE IN THE 'SUNBEAM,' " ETC.

PART III.

SATURDAY, February 10th.—I have interviewed Mr. Cook's agent, and have arranged to start on Monday, and to go by train as far as Assioot, where we shall find a dahab that somebody has got and has left up there, that is at pre-

sent engaged in towing corn-barges. The agent promises that we shall go up to Luxor and back in ten days. I fear we shall not have time to get as far as the First Cataract; for, being a large party, it is uncertain when we can get comfortable berths in one of the homeward-bound steamers from Alexandria to Marseilles, which, just at

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tired of
and a tug



A dahabeeh.

this time of the year, are beginning to get crowded.

Nubar Pacha had been good enough to arrange with Brugsch Bey to show us the royal mummies and other interesting things that have been lately discovered, and are now at the Boulak Museum. We went there early this morning, with Lord Dormer and Captain Fitzroy, and heard an interesting lecture, delivered in the most pleasing manner, by a man who, from his knowledge and research, is thoroughly capable of discours-

ing on the subject. Recent discoveries have thrown great light on Egyptian history, and will doubtless prove of the utmost value in future researches. The royal mummies were found by some peasants, almost accidentally, lying together in a common tomb, whither they had doubtless been removed for safety, hundreds, or perhaps thousands, of years ago, from the magnificent tombs of the kings, which had proved on exploration to be empty. The history of Egypt is truly wonderful, and the more one tries to understand it the more

marvellous it seems. The special isolation of the country, while preventing the spread of its culture and learning to other nations, tended to preserve its monuments from too frequent spoliation; and, aided by the dryness of the climate, to keep them intact.

The custom of burying the dead secretly, and of building up the doors of the tombs, has saved the latter through long ages from desecration and injury. In many cases the inscriptions in the interior of these tombs, and the colour of the paintings, are now found to be as clear and as bright as they must have been originally. Some of the commoner objects that have been thus preserved strike one, I think, as even more interesting than those which are rarer and more precious, and of which more care is naturally now taken. To see, for instance, as we did to-day, a somewhat worn, straw-bottomed chair, and to be told that it was in use six thousand years ago, is startling and almost incredible: and yet its age is a well-authenticated fact. Enclosed in the same case with the chair are earthenware pots, containing corn, dates, and figs, mummified ducks, legs of mutton, and various other edibles, intended as offerings to the gods; together with network, string, and baskets, exactly resembling those in use at the present time, and so fresh-looking that, except by actually touching them, it is impossible to distinguish any difference between them and the modern articles of a similar kind placed by their side. Many treasures doubtless still lie hidden; by the discovery of which much light would be thrown on the history of the world, especially on the terrible gap that exists in ancient Egyptian history with regard to some of the most important dynasties. Mr. Stuart Poole, in his enthusiasm, says that "the cost of a pack of hounds for one year would discover all the lost cities of Egypt, and would fill up all the gaps in her history." Such a statement is perhaps slightly exaggerated; but no doubt a few thousands of pounds would go a long way towards attaining that result.

In the afternoon we went to see the Egyptian athletic sports, held at the Palace of Gezir, where some of the native troops are quartered. On our arrival we found a large assemblage, including Sir Evelyn and Lady Wood and Colonel Duncan (who is to command the new Egyptian artillery), most of the Europeans in Cairo, and a good many of the principal natives. The Khedive would not come, notwithstanding Sir Evelyn Wood's efforts to persuade him to do so; his reason being

that he was afraid his soldiers would not acquit themselves so well as the English soldiers did last Monday at Abbassir, and that people would laugh at them; which he would not like to see. As a sort of compromise he sent his two small sons, with a tutor; and there they sat, poor boys, on two gilt chairs, in the centre of the diplomatic circle, not speaking to any one, and looking very much bored. All the ladies of the harem, in their carriages, were present, and the Ministers had broken up their council, which generally lasts from two to six o'clock, on purpose to attend. I was quite as much interested in the people as in the sports, if not more so, though the latter were so well carried out that there was not the slightest ground for the Khedive's misgivings. The excitement about the "tug of war," in particular, was tremendous, the men cheering and throwing their fezes into the air just like Englishmen. It was quite pleasing to see the usually melancholy-looking Egyptian soldiers so bright and animated.

I was sorry when the failing sun warned me that it was time to depart; but we could not stay later, as Sir Edward Malet had invited the children and me to dine with him and go afterwards to the opera. *La Mascotte* was performed; and much the little ones enjoyed the entertainment. The Khedive has one large stage-box, and the Vice-reine another opposite; one side of the ground tier being entirely reserved for the ladies of the harem, and divided into boxes, closed in with figured wire-gauze, which looked like lace-work. The occupants could see all that was going on perfectly well, but were themselves invisible, with the exception of an occasional gleam of light from their jewels. The *mise en scène* was good, and everything would have been charming, but for the fact that between each act the audience indulged freely in smoking, which made the atmosphere thick and suffocating.

Sunday, February 11th.—In the afternoon we went with the Duke of Sutherland, Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, and several others, under the guidance of Rogers Bey, to see an old mosque, in which are now preserved all the oldest and most curious things that have been found in other mosques in different parts of the city, including wood carving, inlaid work, tiles, and many other curiosities of an interesting and unique character. Specially beautiful are the iridescent glass jars, used for the *cercueils* of lamps in the old mosques, of which there is really a splendid collection. There is also the trunk of an old tree, which, having

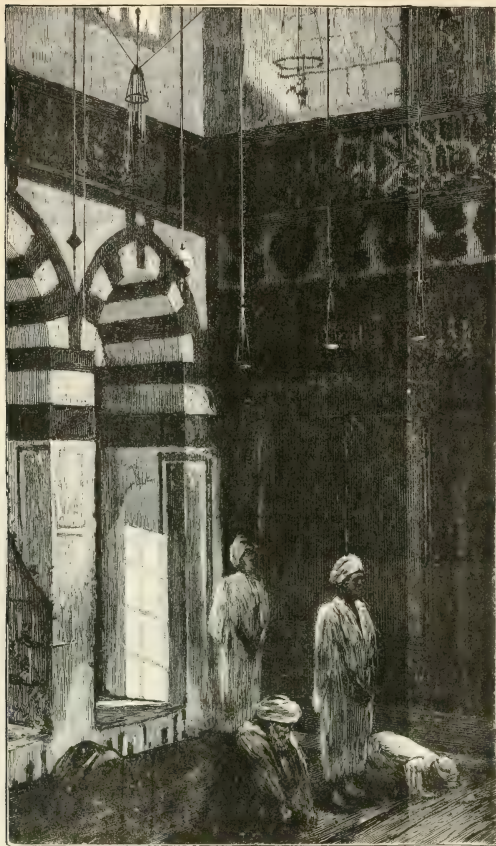
originally grown near the tomb of some sheikh or holy man, is so completely studded with nails, on which hang bits of human hair, that it is impossible to see the tree itself. To stick a nail in and attach a piece of hair to it was supposed to be an infallible cure for headache and for many other ills to which flesh is heir. On our way back, passing through the most Moorish part of the Arab bazaar, we came across a Gothic arch, which originally formed part of a Christian church, and which had been brought from St. Jean d'Acre by one of the kings, and erected here in a place where it looks singularly inappropriate and out of its element.

Later in the day I went with Lady Dufferin to have tea with the Princess Mansour, sister of the Khedive. We were received at the inner door of the palace by



In a Market near Cairo.

seven or eight white female slaves, all richly dressed in rather dull brown striped silk dresses, with a good deal of white lace about them, and made in semi-European fashion. I don't think the costume suits them nearly as well as the more gorgeous Eastern garments they used to wear a few years ago. Slaves and French fashions do not harmonize at all. At the top of the stairs we were met by more slaves, and, a few rooms farther on, by the Princess's companion, who conducted us into the presence of the Princess herself. Our hostess's



In a Cairo Mosque.

costume consisted of a black satin dress with a long train; and close by her was an enormous boarhound. Two full-sized greyhounds played about the room, and in their gambols with their huge companion threatened destruction to the ornaments and numerous small tables, of which there were many in the apartment. I was surprised to see dogs in such a place; but the Princess Mansour does not allow herself to be bound by the ordinary rules of a harem. The companion told us that the dogs caused great alarm to the Egyptian visitors, and were always kept out of the way when any were expected. After tea, at which all sorts of sweetmeats and cakes, and

the thickest of buffalo cream, were produced, the Princess showed us over her house, which is not only richly, but tastefully and originally furnished, in a mixture of Egyptian and French styles, and is adorned with more nick-nacks and little ornaments than I had ever before seen in an Oriental residence. Yesterday, when I went to Parvis's, the furniture-shop of Cairo, where is made the most beautiful modern furniture and woodwork, in old Cairene style, everything I saw that was prettiest and handsomest seemed to have been bought by the Princess Mansour. Many of the articles were made from her own designs.

Monday, February 12th.
—We started by the eight-o'clock train for Assiout. It was, as it always appears to be here, a cloudless day, with a cool north wind. At the station, which seemed to be badly managed, and where there was a great deal of confusion, we found Mr. Cook's agent, waiting to see us off, together with a dragoman who was to take care of us, and a comfortable saloon carriage to travel in. The carriage, by the way, had a history; for Arabi slept in it with some of his friends the night before Tel-el-Kebir, and escaped in it to Cairo after the battle. I

don't exactly know why it should be so, but for a defeated enemy to retreat by railway seems contrary to one's established ideas on the subject. Railways, no doubt, afford invaluable means of transport in warlike operations; but, somehow or other, the idea of a train and of a battle do not quite harmonize.

As the sun got higher in the heavens the heat increased, and the dust became so intolerable that we were obliged to close every window and ventilator, till we were nearly suffocated. Still, the dust found its way in, covered us from head to foot, filled our eyes and mouths, and made the carriage and everything in it of one uniform brown hue.

Fortunately, we stopped long enough at most of the stations to enable us to descend for a little fresh air; on which occasions Ferak, the dragoman, and the attentive car-boy, turned everything out, beat the cushions, and dusted the carriage generally; but it was all of no use, for long before we got to the next station we were in just the same state again. It was a miserable journey, and one I should endeavour to dissuade any one from undertaking, notwithstanding the time that is thereby gained in making an expedition up the Nile. The railway runs through a strip of fertile country, generally almost alongside the river, and passes several important towns, including Benisooéf and Minieh. At Bedreshayn, fifteen miles from Cairo, we had a fine view of the Pyramids of Sakkárah. It is from there that the excursion to the Pyramids is generally made on donkeys. At Wasta there is a branch line to El Fayoom, that oasis in the desert, watered by a canal cut from the Nile, which is said to have been at one time not only the most fertile but the most populous district of Egypt. Although only twenty-three miles in length, from north to south, and twenty-eight in breadth, it is reputed to have contained 366 towns and villages. At the present time the population is about 150,000. The banks of the railway are the favourite road; and as they are composed of loose sand, the traffic increases the amount of dust, though, on the other hand, it makes the journey by train much more interesting and amusing. The traveller can get nothing to eat on the way; but we had brought a well-filled basket with us, and breakfast and lunch served to pass away a portion of the time.

Soon after eight o'clock in the evening we reached Assioot, to our great relief; and were met by Tadros, the dragoman who is to take us up the Nile, carrying a lantern with *two* candles in it—a special mark of distinction, as I was afterwards informed—and by a perfect army of men bearing lanterns and leading donkeys. After the usual amount of shouting and squabbling, without which it appears to be impossible to do anything in this country, and the administration of a few sound blows all round by the dragoman, we started off—quite a long procession—across the line, close in front of the still



An Arab Village.

puffing and steaming engine, which alarmed my donkey considerably. It was a deliciously warm night; but the comparatively cool air was refreshing after our hot, dusty journey. A short quarter-of-an-hour's ride brought us to the river's bank, where, with the aid of a plank, we stepped on board the dahabeeah *Gazelle*, which is to be our home for a week or two. The cabin smiled a bright welcome, with all the preparations for dinner, on a snowy cloth, decorated with flowers. The berths, though small, looked comfortable, the beds white and clean. The saloon, about half as big again as that of our little forty-ton yacht, the *Norman*, had three large windows on each side, and contained two sofas, two easy-chairs, one round table, at which eight people might dine comfortably, a looking-glass, and some shelves. With a few rugs, framed photographs, and specialties of our own, I think we shall make it very cosy and homelike, if not quite so bright and pretty as the dearly-beloved *Sunbeam*.

Tuesday, February 13th.—About five o'clock I was awakened by the preparations for our departure; and shortly before six, just as the day was dawning, I looked out of my large window and saw the palm-groves that surround Assiout fading away in the distance, and found we were really under way and gliding along with an almost imperceptible motion. It was delightful to lie still and watch the ever-changing panorama, as it swiftly unrolled itself. Sometimes the banks were low and sandy, and perfectly covered with innumerable wild-fowl; then perhaps muddy, with luxuriant crops of grain of all kinds growing down to the water's edge. I never saw vegetation of more vivid and exquisite green, varying from the truest emerald to every shade of that colour, and producing an effect most pleasant to the eye. We frequently passed Arab villages; some mere collections of mud-hovels, with a few palm-trees among them, others more worthy of the name of village or town, with domes and minarets, the castellated style of the houses making them from a distance look almost like fortresses. I could not understand this appearance at first; but the explanation is simple. It seems that the whole valley of the Nile abounds in the mud of which the porous earthenware jars, in use not only in Egypt but throughout the East, are made. Many of the boats we met were laden with them, and at almost every village there were thousands waiting to be shipped. Numbers, of course, get cracked or broken in

transit, the fragments being built up in the walls of the houses, while the less injured jars are somewhat artistically arranged round the roofs, thus forming a sort of battlement. Special pains appear to be taken with the numerous square pigeon-towers that are to be seen in every village. They are often higher than the surrounding houses; and, with long poles built into and projecting at right-angles from the mud walls, they afford a resting-place for the thousands of pigeons that are to be seen flying along the banks and over the fields in flocks. Sometimes they make the river-side quite blue when a cloud of them settle on the bank. They are kept for the sake of the manure they afford, though I should have thought the damage they must do to the crops would far exceed the value of their assistance in producing them.

The wind began to freshen about eight o'clock, making the river, which is tolerably broad, so rough that our flat-bottomed boat moved about a good deal, and caused us to feel ignominiously sea-sick! After breakfast, though the wind, which was from the north, and therefore fair, continued fresh and cold, the water was smooth, and we were able thoroughly to inspect our floating home, and to enjoy sitting on deck and watching the shifting scenery. Once or twice in the course of the day I thought we must have had an accident; for we rocked about occasionally, frequently oversailed the tug, and narrowly escaped collision with her. At last I persuaded the captain to take in the large sail (a curious operation, by-the-by, one of the crew having to swarm out to the extreme end of the long narrow yard) and to substitute a smaller one, which is generally used only for the return voyage, with stream, down the Nile. The doctor, who has had considerable experience in the management of sailing boats, told me that he had never before felt so glad to see a sail taken in.

Wednesday, February 14th.—We were off again at 6.30 A.M., and after passing Sohag, a large town, and Ekhmeem, a still more important place, inhabited chiefly by Christians, and containing a Franciscan convent-school and two Coptic churches, we reached Girgeh—described, I believe with truth, as "the dirtiest town in Egypt,"—at half-past one.

Being towed up the river is a delightful mode of progression. The banks are almost everywhere low, and from the top of the deck-house a large extent of country, sometimes beautiful, and always varying, is visible. As we got farther south the produce of the soil became more tropical in character, to-

bacco, sugar-cane, cotton, and indigo being largely cultivated, besides every variety of grain, and vast quantities of lentils—the small bean which forms the staple food of the Egyptian peasant.

We have been unpleasantly reminded by occasional shocks that the waters of the Nile, though swift, are not deep, and have spent several hours, both to-day and yesterday, waiting for the little steamer that tows us to be hauled off sand-banks, on which she has got firmly stuck. Whenever this occurs there is always a good deal of noise, and a certain amount of praying—or cursing (I am not sure which)—in Arabic; but, beyond the delay, no harm is done. Sometimes the tow-rope is loosed, and then we go drifting away down stream till we stick in the bank at the side; whereupon the steamer, having got free herself, has to come to our rescue.

Thursday, February 15th.—We started at four o'clock this morning, in order to try and make up some of the time we have lost, and to reach Luxor to-morrow as agreed; but the pilot shortly afterwards announced that it was too dark to proceed, and we therefore anchored again till half-past six. The banks were low and sandy, and not so highly cultivated as those we have hitherto passed; but I was surprised to see how imposing the mountains behind Denderah, and away in the distance towards Abydos, looked. I had not imagined there were such high mountains in the desert.

Soon after one o'clock we met the *Mars*, one of Cook's large excursion steamers, and stopped her in order to put some letters on board. We also passed another of Cook's steamers, full of soldiers—invalids who had been sent up the Nile for the benefit of their health. I believe the last trip was a great success in every respect, and that much good was derived from it.

In the course of the afternoon we had our first view of an Egyptian temple, that of Denderah, with which, as seen from a distance, I must confess that I was disappointed. Though I have been reading many books on Egypt and its antiquities lately, I had not fully realised how completely the ancient Egyptians were in the habit of protecting their buildings from the spoiler and robber by means of high stone walls; so that what is in many cases a most magnificent temple inside looks like a huge stone barn from without and from afar.

The air is simply perfect; bracing, and yet not cold, except in the early morning. It is a delightful experience altogether, and we all

enjoy it thoroughly. I think I like the early mornings best: for I generally wake about half-past four, and, just drawing back the curtains of my window, enjoy the gorgeous vision of an Eastern night, quite different from anything we ever see in our cold, northern clime. Great as is the contrast between an English and an Egyptian winter, in the heat of the sun, and the cloudlessness of the sky during the day, I think the nights are even more remarkable. The atmosphere is so clear that each star of any magnitude seems almost like a moon, and casts its independent track upon the water; while, as to the moon herself, how can one describe the beauty of that pale golden sphere, that hangs suspended like a huge globe from the deep azure vault of heaven, shedding so strong a light that it is easy to read by it! Towards six the stars begin to pale, and even the moon to lose some of her effulgence, before the bright light of the coming dawn, which, in its turn, has to give way to the rising sun, the earliest rays of which gild the mountain tops, and throw a roseate tint over the desert wastes of sand stretching into the far distance, and over the fields of dazzling green nearer at hand. Soon the whole landscape is flooded with life and light; and another bright, cloudless Egyptian day has begun. But if the sunrises are beautiful, what shall I say of the sunsets? About the one there is almost an air of chilliness—a hope and promise of what is to come, mingled with a feeling of responsibility and a sort of half dread of what the day may possibly bring forth. About the other there is a sense of fulfilment and repose, before night comes and throws her mantle over the world.

Friday, February 16th.—We were all somewhat excited at the prospect of so soon seeing Luxor, Karnak, and Thebes, the aim and object of our voyage. About mid-day we got the first glimpse of some of the grand ruins in the distance, and stared and peered at them through our glasses. On reaching Luxor, at two o'clock, the first object that met our eyes was a long, low, white building, the Karnak Hotel, with a terrace overhanging the Nile. Then, just showing its front over the mud houses, appeared one of the famous obelisks of Luxor; passing which, some grand columns and gateways, half hidden by wretched little hovels built against them, or by still more hideous staring white houses of greater pretensions, became visible. Some of the latter were the residences of the various European consuls; and from each of these, as the dahabeeah passed, a gun was

fired by way of salute. Almost in the centre of the town, but happily with a sort of open square in front of it, facing the river, is the splendid porch of the great temple; then come more ugly white and dirty mud houses, and then an open space and a pretty garden, surrounded by a wall, with a gateway, over which is written in large letters, "Cook's Luxor Hotel." Passing a little creek, full of boats, we were soon moored against the mud bank of the quiet little island above, close to a small farmyard, in which were a pretty white camel and a good many animals of various

kinds, including some apparently very fierce dogs.

Having arrived at Luxor, you may be sure it was not very long before we landed; for, although disappointed in our first view of the place, we were naturally anxious to see more of it. First we went to the hotel, which appears to be a comfortable building, with a civil

and attentive manager. It is situated in the midst of a lovely garden, surrounded on all sides by water, and full of exquisite and fragrant flowers, of which I was only too glad to get a handful. We next called on the British Consul, Mustapha Agha, a fine old man, black as a coal, with a long grey beard. He resides, or at all events has his office, in the porch of the Great Temple of Luxor, where he entertained us with the eternal coffee, pipes, and sherbet, apologising at the same time for the absence of his son, Achmet Effendi, who is suffering terribly, from ophthalmia, and on whom the doctor has kindly promised to try his skill.



An Armenian.



comparative want of interest with which one sees, for the first time, its former companion, now standing in the Place de la Concorde, at Paris. The latter looks so utterly out of harmony with all its surroundings; like Cleopatra's needle on the banks of the muddy Thames, half-covered with blackened snow or dripping with ink-like rain, after having for centuries pointed its golden apex to the clear blue sun-lit sky by day and the starry heavens by night. The existing obelisk at Luxor, still occupying its own appointed place near one entrance to the Great Temple, now more or less in ruins and covered with mud huts, is a very different thing, believe me, to any obelisk seen elsewhere, under other circumstances.

The principal hall of the Great Temple is large, and full of interesting hieroglyphics, some of them unlike those found in any other temple. Close to—in fact forming part of—Mustapha Agha's house, is what was once Lady Duff Gordon's residence, from the balcony of which she used to gaze on those splendid Nile sunsets, so wonderfully described in her books.

In the evening an American lady very kindly invited us to go with her and her husband to the United States Consulate, where a grand fantasia had been organized for the benefit of the tourists



A Nubian Boy.

staying at the hotel. We accordingly mounted our donkeys; and a short ride through deep sand in the bright moonlight, piloted by the one-eyed very black American Consul's son, brought us to the house, where, as usual, we were hospitably received and entertained, coffee and pipes, cigarettes and sherbet, being provided for such as chose to indulge in them. The room was crowded, and the performers were celebrated dancing-girls from Kenah, richly dressed and covered with gold and jewels. Some of the dances were slow and monotonous, some energetic

and lively, and some altogether extraordinary. One in particular, in which each of the girls carried a bottle full of water on her head, was most wonderful. The music was deafening, the smoke overpowering, and the atmosphere stifling. We were therefore glad to make our escape before the entertainment was over, much to the distress of our hospitable black host.

The ride home by moonlight and the row off to the dahabeeah were, to my mind, the most pleasant part of the evening; though I am afraid perhaps it sounds ungrateful to say so.

IN MEMORIAM.

MARCH 28TH, 1884.

L O! in the flush of youth, when hope was high,
And her sweet light like sunshine touch'd the years,
Death comes, when not a cloud was in the sky,
And smites a royal household into tears.

And all the people standing from afar
Can only watch, with pity-breathing breath,
A queenly mother that has seen his star
Shoot down into the night of early death.

O mateless one! In this dark hour of hope,
A nation sorrows for thy child and thee,
The widow of him who had for horoscope
Our second Albert—that was not to be.

Prince of the people, at one with all their aims,
Who saw the life around them with their eyes;
A royal lowly heart to all their claims,
And quick to catch the wisdom of the wise.

Our hopes were high; the seeming gracious years
Bent towards him and flower'd upon his way—
One touch shook all their blossoms and, in tears,
His England mourns beside his grave to-day.

No more "the untravelled traveller"—he stands
In that high realm where souls to souls outflow;
And shapes to perfect orb, with holier hands,
The incompleted life he left below.

Hereafter, there shall be on England's page
This picture for our children as they read,
A young Prince full of courtesy, and sage,
Loved by the people and a Prince indeed.

And in their eyes, as in our own to-day,
There shall be tears for her who, late a bride,
A wife and mother, now walks her widow'd way,
A nation's love and sorrow at her side.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE CORSET.

By E. M. BEAL.

THE fact that so many people are content with the order of things which civilisation has decided for them before they were born, may account for their objection to accepting any decided change in matters which concern their own individuality.

"To do as others do"—others being equivalent to the majority of people—is instinctive with nearly all of us. Fashion and Mother Grundy have been left to decide our manners, our clothes, the size of our establishments, and the number of our servants. And, as a whole, there is not much to grumble at. Only now that dress reformers and some of the extreme sanitarians are telling us that women's dress is unhealthy, that there is no rhyme or reason why they should wear stays or skirts, and that both are injurious, we naturally begin to wonder why Mother Grundy ever allowed them to be treated as necessities, and why she is now so much opposed to their abolition. The truth is, Mother Grundy must go with the times; she is as much led as leading. Mother Grundy, when she lived in Athens, induced the Greek girls to emulate the Venus of Milo because this was the fashionable figure, and now, through long centuries, she has prescribed an artificial type of figure. It is not our present object to say whether her teaching is good or bad, injurious or beneficial; we will only show how, through centuries past, her dictates have been observed, and how the corset of to-day has been evolved.

As long ago as the days of the Greeks and Romans, a slight, *élancée* figure was admired, and stoutness looked upon as a deformity. Martial ridiculed fat women, and Ovid puts large waists in the first rank of his remedies against love. Several means were tried then as now, not only to restrain an expanding figure, but to enhance the beauties of a very slight one. But they were of a different kind from those with which we are familiar. Bandages were worn with the generic name of *fasciæ mamillares*. These consisted of the *strophium*, the cloth worn round the bosom; the *tenia*, a simple band below; and the *zona*, or waist-belt. When bandages failed, those who valued the beauty of their figures had recourse to a remedy prescribed by Serenus Sammonicus. They enveloped their busts with garlands of ivy, which were thrown on the fire as soon as withdrawn, and afterwards rubbed all the upper part

of their figures either with goose fat mixed with warm milk, or with the egg of a partridge.

Men were as vain as the women, if we are to believe Aristophanes and other writers. The great comic dramatist mocked his contemporary Cinesias for wearing busks of linden-wood; and Capitolinus, in his biography of the Emperor Antony, mentions that he also had recourse to them to compress his swelling figure. Testimony is conflicting, however. Some contend that the ancients wore veritable corsets, arguing that when Homer, in describing Juno's toilette when she wishes to captivate Jupiter, speaks of the two girdles worn around her waist—the one bordered with gold fringe, the other borrowed from Venus—he was really describing a Greek corset; and that the egide or cuirass of Minerva which Virgil describes, is to be interpreted in the same manner. But this view is surely mistaken, for no monument of antiquity, no artistic work, no evidence gleaned from other sources, points to the use of stiff, unyielding, whale-boned corsets.

Bandages were worn under the empire, such as are shown in the Musée des Antiques, but when barbarism succeeded the luxurious habits of later Rome, even the bandages were discarded. The period of transition which then began with the abandoning of all bandages, ended some centuries later in the commencement of the real corset. At first it was a simple under-bodice, which fitted the body exactly without compressing it. Then, as Europe gradually emerged from barbarism, and the women became coquettish, tighter fitting bodices were worn, the waist was compressed, and the upper part of the figure, if we are to accept as correct the portraits of Charles VI.'s Queen, Isabeau de Bavière, very much *décolletée*. Priests and abbots thundered their threats against the practice, but in vain. The fashion spread rapidly, and at the time of the Renaissance both sexes vied with one another in compressing their figures by the aid of a crude representative of the modern instrument, which was called the *corsetus*, *cursetus*, or *corsatus*. That which the men wore was a kind of close-fitting coat, while the women carried a very tight bodice of linen next the skin. Neither whalebone, wood, nor steel was, however, employed at that time.

With the advent of Catherine de Medici a new era dawned. She introduced the real whaleboned bodice with a strong busk in front, and her example was soon imitated by all Europe. Waist compression increased in spite of the protests of kings and emperors and the chief ministers and nobles of the land. This fashion is familiar to us in England through the portraits of "good Queen Bess." Never since armour had been invented had any stiffer framework for the human body been devised. The deep pointed bodice was as stiff and hard as combined wire, whalebone, and steel could make it; and to add to the discomforts which fashion dictated, the neck was likewise supported by a ruff not only formed upon an elaborate background of metal and thick wires, but stiffened by the newly discovered "devil's liquor," starch. Men were as vain as women; both squeezed in their waists and both swelled their garments out below. Thus a machine which had begun innocently enough as a tight-fitting linen bodice, was gradually developed by the addition of busks of wood, of ivory, and of whalebone, and of sheets and strips of steel, until a veritable armour-like encasing resulted.

These stiff whaleboned corsets lasted throughout all changes of outward attire; they were prominent features of the Restoration fashions and of the Watteau period; but the Revolution at the end of the eighteenth century, which shook not only France but all Europe, had an equally subversive effect upon corsets. Paniers, corsets, and, in fact, all additions to necessary clothing which were considered as the insignia of coquetry and riches, were banished. They disappeared completely, and the *corsetus* as Catherine de Medici introduced it has never re-appeared.

With the establishment of the Empire in France, a new fashion appeared which soon became popular all over Europe. This was the short bodice, arm-pit-waist fashion, which necessitated no more than supporting bandages similar to those of the old Romans. But it did not last long. Towards the end of the reign of the first Napoleon, several of the leaders of Parisian fashion tried to revive the Medici corsets, but they never succeeded in conquering the strong opposition of Madame de Longueville and the Empress, whose aversion to the change may probably be accounted for by the fact that she had a very short thick waist and prominent bust. Women, however, began

to wear stiff bodices again, and just as the waist was gradually regaining its natural position, compression once more became the order of the day, and the corset with which we are now familiar was invented. Whalebone and steel were again used in its manufacture, and side lacings, elastic fastenings, straps and broad busks were called into requisition to restrain and remodel the figure.

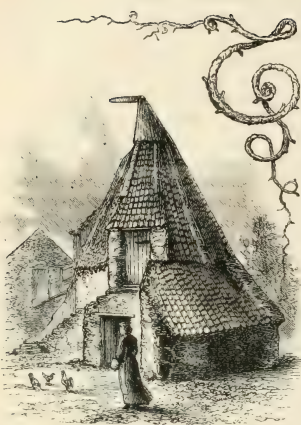
From long usage we have all come to look upon the corset as a necessity for women; we have been reared amongst its wearers and innured to its discomforts. But it is quite a question whether with all our boasted civilisation we have hit upon the right material and kind of machine for the object in view, and whether sanitarians anxious for the welfare of future generations advise wisely when they recommend all women to abjure stays. The bayadères of India, who possess the most perfect figures of any women on earth, have a much more healthful and charming device than any Europeans. Their corsets are formed out of the bark of a Madagascar tree, on a principle which permits them every freedom of movement in breathing and in any form of exercise. These are wonderful productions of ingenuity. The colour resembles the skin to a remarkable degree, and the material is so fine that the most delicate touch will hardly distinguish it from human flesh. Once made, these corsets are seldom removed, the bayadères even sleeping in them. They thus preserve astonishingly beautiful figures to an advanced age, without pain or discomfort to themselves, whilst we, who boast ourselves intellectual and civilised, torture without beautifying ourselves.

The pedigree of our corset, like many another modern absurdity which we are too familiar with to wonder at, stretches far back into antiquity, and may be briefly summarised. We recognise its fundamental features: 1st, in the antique *fascia* of the Greeks and Romans; 2nd, we lose sight of bandages throughout a large portion of the Middle Ages, and then discover the existence of an embryonic corset; 3rd, the end of the Middle Ages and the commencement of the Renaissance are marked by the general adoption of tight-fitting laced bodices; and 4th, from the middle of the sixteenth till the end of the eighteenth century the stiffest of whaleboned bodices were worn, disappearing under the Revolution, but only to be transformed later on into the modern corset.

CROWS AND SCARECROWS.

By JAMES PURVES.

SECOND PAPER.



HE scarecrow or crowherd has hitherto escaped notice of our pastoral writers from Theocritus downwards, though Mr. Hardy, in "Far from the Madding Crowd,"

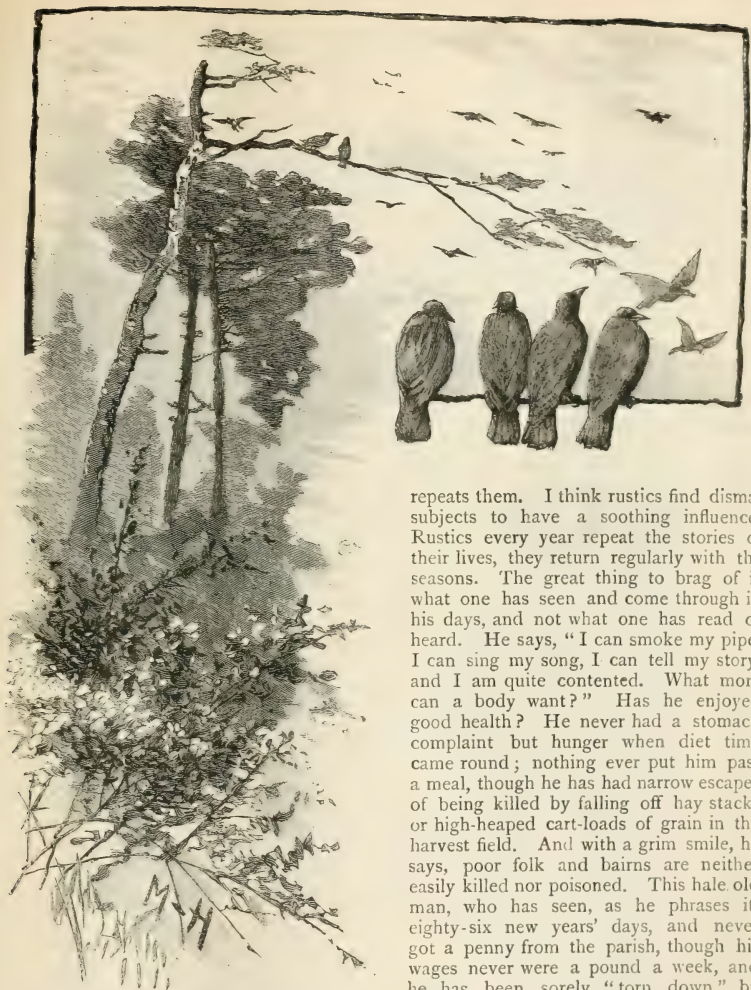
introduces one in Joseph Poorgrass, a moral character, partly real, partly idyllic. Mrs. Carlyle, in a vivacious letter from a rectory, talks of being wakened at early morning by the "prodigious accompaniment of rooks cawing, ever and anon enlivened by the booing and squeaking of a child, which my remembrance of East Lothian instructed me was some vermin of a creature paid to keep the crows off the grain." "Vermin of a creature" is a strong figure of speech, but some allowance must be made for one's sleep being disturbed, and one's temper being ruffled, especially a woman's, in early morning. Yet than this "vermin of a creature" there is in rural England hardly a more familiar figure. He is as prominent as other "vermin of creatures" in our landscapes, such as the shepherd on the hills, the cowherd on the roadsides, or the gooseherd on the village commons. He is not to be despised because by his labouring voice he disturbs a delicate lady's sleep; and his figure, well worn and bent, at its lonely task by the hedgerows in spring, in the cornfields in summer, or beneath the shelter of the plantation strips in autumn, appeals to a deep chord of our feelings and touches our sympathy for those who labour on the fields.

He is generally a young lad with lustrous eyes, or an old man with stiff dragging legs,

and a rusty fowling-piece or ancient rifle, which, when it does go off, threatens to do as much damage to him as to the crows it frightens. Each time he fires he shuts his eyes and draws his head aside as if afraid to look at the frightened crows. Or you will hear a clattering noise from a heavy wooden rattle, and then a voice booing and hullo-ing, which you and the crows understand is the call for them to move on, for they with protesting croaks take to their wings. To frighten crows from the grain is, no doubt, child's play or work for old dotted men; it is the beginning and ending of a farm labourer's life. A cynic may say that their old clothes—if the phrase may be used for such man's dress, as they seldom wear in week days anything else but old clothes—can be hung up in mid-field after their deaths and will frighten the crows by their "bogle" and quaint-like apparitions, as well as they themselves, when wearing such clothes, have done in their lives. It is simple work: one has to cry "shew-hoo" and let the crows land on a neighbouring farmer's field, remembering the maxim so necessary in crow herding, "It's not lost what a friend gets."

You may have noticed that potato bogles or scarecrows which make the crows to swerve from the fields for fear, vary in size, design, and dress, in nearly every parish or every five miles. They certainly vary as much as the caps of the local old wives, and the dialect of the roadside old men one meets in any day's walk.

My crowherd, old Eben Amos, is a rustic with as much realism as picturesqueness in his dress, and more homely directness than prettiness in his speech. Realism in rustics is everything; and to prettify is to falsify them. It is the rustic realism of this "vermin of a creature" that charms me. He is truly a man of the fields, and his life and thoughts seem to be toned by the lives and the habits of the birds he scares. His voice croaks and crows in one's ears in a dull monotone like the crow, and on walking his stiff legs are drawn behind him, and his body sways from side to side like the crow. He looks at one suspiciously with head aside, and answers questions after a cogitative pause and a croaking clearing of the throat; and with a snifter of the nostrils he emits a dry, respiratory



sound like a young crow at its food. The villagers call him the crow man.

His talk is all about dismal subjects, about which he croaks rather than talks. His speech bulks largely of shipwrecks, accidents, death, and disease of man and beast, famines and epidemics. There's nothing trivial in his subjects, yet I find such lugubrious subjects very lively when he speaks. They bulk so largely in his thoughts that he continually

repeats them. I think rustics find dismal subjects to have a soothing influence. Rustics every year repeat the stories of their lives, they return regularly with the seasons. The great thing to brag of is what one has seen and come through in his days, and not what one has read or heard. He says, "I can smoke my pipe, I can sing my song, I can tell my story, and I am quite contented. What more can a body want?" Has he enjoyed good health? He never had a stomach complaint but hunger when diet time came round; nothing ever put him past a meal, though he has had narrow escapes of being killed by falling off hay stacks or high-heaped cart-loads of grain in the harvest field. And with a grim smile, he says, poor folk and bairns are neither easily killed nor poisoned. This hale old man, who has seen, as he phrases it, eighty-six new years' days, and never got a penny from the parish, though his wages never were a pound a week, and he has been sorely "torn down" by numerous children and children's children; and who has, he says with proud exactness, wrought all' his days on farms, which he styles his servitudes, in four counties and twelve parishes; and who possesses, as the neighbouring rustics phrase it—but whether in admiration or in fear I have never been able to find out—a terrible memory; this hale old crowherd, this "vermin of a creature," moralises that "country life is best; aye, far best. You ha'e the caller air,

the caller earth, an' they're aye healthy; an' then you need never be troubled wi' a sore throat, or a sore breast. A body never tires, never loses fancy o' the country; in summer or winter its aye bonnie, real bonnie. Gie me the country to live in, an' you may make kirks or mills o' the towns for a' I care. Every bairn s'ould be born an' brought up in the country."

His humour is quick, he is on the alert for a joke, and is not easily caught napping. He has the heart of a romancer, and throws wayward fancies and strange words into his speech. He keeps one in surprise, and is quick in getting out of a difficulty. I asked him, as loud as I could talk, "How many crows had he killed;" but his deafness was of service, and he looked calmly at me as if I had made an ordinary remark about the weather; and he mumbled, as he bended slowly down, and adjusted himself on the chair, "A fellow's glad o' a rest after herding they auld vermin a' day long. Eh, but it's been a bonnie day!" Then I tried him in another tack, and made sure he would hear my next question, "Who scares the crows when you go away to your dinner?" The ancient looked up in a half-dazed state, then his blue eyes played with rustic merriment, and he emitted a croaking sound as if chuckling at his forthcoming remark, when he said, "Oh! of course the crows gaun home to their dinner too!" He chuckled at his humour, and spread his horny dust-stained hand in front of his face, and said apologetically, "A fellow mun whiles say something for nonsense. Man, twirling one's fingers a' day long soon gets terrible tiresome."

His dress sets at defiance the ideas of happy rural life, and he represents patient striving with hard conditions. His dress, from his boots to his hat, betokens daily contact with out-of-doors work. His hat, discoloured by the wind, and the sun, and the rain, is the colour of a blue-bottle fly; and his strong boots are exactly the colour of the soil; they are never blackened, and every Sunday night he greases and oils them for the following week. Over the left shoulder of his coat you observe a bit of leather coarsely sewed on to prevent the gun, which he usually carries across his left shoulder, muzzle foremost, from wearing away the cloth. The buttons have long since disappeared from his coat, and their place is taken by rude pieces of twine; a black and red checked cravat covers his neck; and below the lappet of his waistcoat peep a needle and thread, which he has never been without for forty

years. Sometimes in odd moments at the fields he does all his tailoring. His shirt is made of the strong old-fashioned coarse linen called "straiken." His corduroy trousers, which, in their shortness and their home-made patches, bear signs of having been frequently washed and bleached, lead one's eyes to what appear rather like a pair of clogs than boots.

II.

But let us follow him to his fireside. Hazlitt complained of Crabbe's poetry that he described the interior of a farm-labourer's cottage like an officer sent to distract for rent. That is the prose of rustic life to which no unprejudiced observer can shut his eyes. The cottager is a realist, and only possesses what is useful. As seen from the roadway his cottage is highly picturesque, with the thick ivy, red tiles peeping out below, the solitary window washed with pale-yellow ochre, a big round stone at the doorstep, which is never idle in summer, and the narrow strip of village green in front. A pot-flower stuck in the window completes, you think, the rustic picture. A young lady who dabbles in water-colours would stand still, clasp her hands, and round her lips with pretty words of admiration; but let us enter. We pass the worm-eaten door, walk along a narrow passage, and rub shoulders against a movable ladder leading to the "loft," and through the broken tiles we get glimpses of daylight. The loft was his children's nursery. Immediately below the loft is a dark pantry with green-coloured panes of glass looking into the back-garden. The pantry and loft are crammed with logs of wood, old metal, and accumulation of rubbish which a man finds and carries home from the roads and fields during fifty years' work. At the end of the passage is the cottager's kitchen, bedroom, and sitting-room all in one, for himself, wife, and family. At the door stands a brown earthenware can with water from the draw-well; above it hangs a tin tankard on a nail. Two wooden beds, expressively known as "box-beds," form the only division to the cottage; remove them and there are four bare walls. The floor is of earth, and the only flagstone in the house is at the fireplace, where lies a wooden circular fender. A wooden plate-rack with blue plates and platters rests against the wall. What other nation displays its plates with the same pride and effect as we Scotch do? It is the same pride of descent, of being somebody, that makes housewives range their grand-

mothers' plates in the highest row, as things to be looked up to. Alongside stands a set of strong wooden drawers bearing signs of being often scoured with soap and sand. In the corner stands the cottager's cupboard,

of triangular shape, with old-fashioned glass doors, old-fashioned cups of the handleless kind, and saucers, old heirlooms, quaintly set on the top of each other. A collection of sixpenny photographs taken on glass



The Crowherd's Cottage—Outside.

hang near the fireplace, the driest spot in the cottage, and one group, consisting of a soldier, a sailor, and a policeman standing at "Attention" as stiff as pokers, soon catch and rivet one's attention for their genuinely

awkward positions. On the rafters overhead hang a row of dust-covered hats and a lantern for winter nights. Between the white-washed rafters you observe the ivy shooting into the cottage, and the rafters and side

walls are streaked with the damp. Once a year the old man has to cut the ivy from the inside to keep it from growing into his cottage, as the Earl will not allow it to be cut from the outside, for that would spoil the cottage's picturesque appearance. The earthen floor is worn into holes and hollows with the damp, and slips of wood are put under the table legs to keep them steady.

Probably it is the involuntary thought on entering a labourer's cottage to estimate the value of the furniture. It is almost irresistible, and you blush to find yourself making a mental inventory and valuation. A five-pound note would, you think, easily furnish the place, and you now understand where second-hand furniture goes to, and where old china is hoarded. The interior strongly appeals to one's artistic taste, its poverty is undisguised, there is no concealment, no pretence about it. It is what it is, a poor hind's cottage, with the earthen passage worn hollow with hobnailed boots, costing the landowner not a penny for repairs the last twenty years; a place the Earl would not allow his cob or a pointer to remain a night in, and yet bearing such homely marks of horny hands in its air of rude, though homely simplicity and comfort of its kind, like one of Josef Israel's interiors that lets one see how little of furniture man stands in need of. A hind like old Eben, who can read and write well, use the needle, and make down his own bed, which he does regularly, has reached an advanced stage of sturdy independence. A cynic compared the interior to a byre; but to my mind it is often in such poor places that the fresh flavour, the smack and taste in the mouth of sweet kind homeliness, is felt to be as nourishing as the breath of a cow. In such poor places we feel the warm touch of simple domesticity about a country fireside and hearth, and plate-racks and box-beds, and corner-cupboards and clothes-chests, that stamps peasant's cottages all the world over as being the homes of broad-chested mothers with great wealth of faith and love in their hearts. And mothers they are, who having in their younger days wrought in the fields, give to their bairns intuitively the inestimable love for the fields and forests and corn-growing earth which the mothers tasted themselves when their hearts were young. No other class on earth have so great affection for their native places as peasants. Very often they help themselves to potatoes and salt on the plateless system; a squeeze of the forefinger and thumb skins the plant of its

thin coat, and a dip or two of pepper and salt on the table is the foundation of their dinners. A tablecloth is only used on great occasions, a carpet is unknown; the hardness and simplicity is completed with the want of any soft seat. This life may possibly be rude, but it is certainly not vulgar, nor mean, nor sour.

Nightfall to me anywhere is impressive, but nowhere so much as in a village. There the old wives in their caps and shawls, and the old men in their sleeved waistcoats, are chatting and smoking about the gable-ends, or the back-gardens, or at the pig-styes. Once a week old Eben was generally to be seen at his cottage-door, with a jug of water at his feet and a bit of rag or two in his hand, cleaning out his musket with panting jerks. One night he said, "Come away in," and I followed him. He rested one leg on the table, and with his hand directed to the one half of the house embracing his wife and silly daughter, he broke the silence, the silence one felt to be of poverty and pride: "This is our squad; a sma' one fra what it was. Aye, a sma' pot serves for oor denner noo. Aye, aye." The old woman, whom Eben humorously called "Old Thunder," with bare brown arms, dressed in a frock of liver-coloured hue, and bent nearly double, and the silly, fresh-faced daughter attired in common print, sit on a chest in front of the nearest bed, a chest which the old man got made by a village carpenter years ago to contain his all on setting first out in the world from his father's fireside. "I've passed my best; my best days are ower. Man, I'm failing fast, an' gaun quick down the hill; still, I'm able to pap about an' do a hand's turn." I notice how hale his voice is, and how strong is his spirit.

The silly daughter sat measuring her apron and folding it over and over mechanically into squares, and turning up the whites of her eyes and working with her lips. It was a sad sight, and his eyes following my attention to her, he said, "We hae a disabled house. It's no the troubles o' one body that bothers me; she's a puir helpless creature. Man, does the trouble come from the head or the heart, think you?" The old man sat with his weary legs wide apart, and his small body bent low, blinking his blue eyes, and raising the skin of his forehead as he lifted his eyebrows. "Ah, but man, I'm gaun down the hill fast. Circe me! how the years roll on an' on! aye, aye, as regular as horse an' harrows. Eh! but nicht falls soon now! Mony men when they reach my time o' life

take to their beds, or they're kept by the parish, or walk wi' sticks in their hands. But I'm yet to the fore. It canna be lang noo till I hae to pop away home for good."

Poverty is no doubt the teacher of labour and the arts, the life-giver of the rustic and the prolonger of one's days in the land of the living. This old man has had small



The Crowherd's Cottage—Inside.

wages all his life, but his spirit is young; his excellent contentedness, his power of making the best of everything, and looking at the bright side of nature, makes him an authority

in the village, and respected by his employer, the farmer whom he has served for thirty years, and the Earl.

The childlike talk, the simple, expressive

words, the picturesque life, the rude simplicity and reality of the peasant's life give him, in my opinion, a Biblical air, a bigness of life that is an education in itself. It is the interior of a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, as the logs and draw-well show. And about the fireside in the winter evenings, the flickering light of the wood fire throwing deep shadows on the damp walls and into the deep box beds, and across the wooden stools, where neighbours' ruddy children sit and play and sleep, make their homely cottages full of the never-ending mystery and romance which lingers at nightfall about our villages and villagers. I can hardly trust myself to say how much I admire and respect these sturdy independent toilers of the soil. They touch my feelings as few other things in the world can out of one's Bible and Shakespeare. I believe more in their divinity, I confess, than I do in the divinity of kings. They tell us again and again, if we have the eyes to see and the ears to hear, of that contentment which is great gain, and that honest labour that gives peace of mind. They inspire one with a respect for patient labour; and yet labour as they may all their lives they can never possess a bit of land to call their own, far less the damp hovel of a cottage they live in.

It is as good as a holiday to have a chat with such old men. Their lives and thoughts are entirely new to us, and we travel with

them in all their wandering, rambling, delightful talk. It is only country folk now that do talk; we dwellers in cities make gossip and scandal serve for all our conversation. But old Eben's reading is in keeping with his occupation; it is of the solemnities of life. He reckons the newspaper accounts of shipwrecks, accidents, and murders diverting reading, and he complains of his eyesight being "awfu' abused this while back in reading." For shipwrecks I think he has a fondness, because they remind him of his young days, about eighty years ago, when shipwrecks were greatly prized by rural housewives, who got plenty of doors for pantries and for closets, and by the hinds, who got fine ropes for their carts, and at times two or three kegs of the "hard stuff," which were burrowed in the sandhills until the wreck officials went out of sight. Like the crows, he has an affinity with the dulness of life and its realities, and he rejoices in accidents so long as the wind blows something his way. I fancied I heard the hoarse croaking of a crow when old Eben lifted up his eyes, his voice, and his hands simultaneously, and said, "Faith, I wonder how ony mortal man can be bothered ay reading a' that yattering an' yammering clash o' words in Parliament! It beats a'! How they keep argue bargying! Dang me if I can make out what they mean to be at! Go! they're like the crows at nights, they fairly deeve a body!"

'TWIXT MAY AND JUNE.

HERE let us rest and sing,
While the warm breezes blow
Oe'r sunlit pastures gay with all the flowers of spring,
Where dappled herds all day a-grazing go,
Or lie in shadow where the boughs hang low.

The year is in its prime,
No charm is overblown.
Ah, prithee stay thy sands, thy golden sands, old Time!
Pass on to other lands, till our young birds are flown,
Leave us and joy a little while alone!

What does thy haste avail,
When all for once goes well?
Old traitor, thou canst creep as slow as any snail
If a poor heart doth weep, or passing bell
Ring, for some vanished hope, the funeral knell.

Grant us a brief delay,
Now, when our souls are fain
With longing as we drink the summer hours away,
And, dreaming on the brink of heart-sweet pain,
Ponder the cuckoo's liquid low refrain.

It may not be, alas !
 Faster than blossoms fall,
 The honey-laden hour will vanish, fade, and pass—
 Fly sweet ! come sour ! The bitterest pang of all
 Is spared us—*when the perfect joy doth pall.*

C. B.



A NIGHT AMONG LONDON THIEVES.

BY E. H. BRAMLEY.

IF we put one leg of an imaginary pair of compasses on the south bank of the Thames, near the foot of London Bridge, and with the other leg form an arc southward with a radius of five hundred yards, we shall have made a semicircle on which can be crowded more history than any patch of equal area in the whole of the Metropolis—except the City proper. Indeed, Southwark was for centuries another London, and the only suburb of the City of great consequence. It was a home of the Romans, as the various resurrections of tessellated pavement show ; it formed the strong bulwarks of the City, as its name implies—Southwark (South Works), and was the primary battle-ground when invading armies from the south marched through Kent to make war on the citizens across the Thames. There, in the very road which now stretches from London Bridge to the Elephant and Castle district, stood many renowned inns and taverns—the Tabard, where slept Chaucer and his band of pilgrims, before they wended their way to Canterbury, just five hundred years ago ; the White Hart, the head-quarters of Jack Cade and his rebel rout in 1450 ; the White Lion, which was once a huge prison and tavern at one and the same time ; and many others. There, too, were palaces—one of Charles

Brandon, the Duke of Suffolk ; one founded by Bishop Walter Giffard, about 1107, with court, offices, and water-stairs leading to the Thames, besides gardens, statues, fountains, and a spacious park, giving name to the present Park Street ; also Rochester House, the residence of the Bishop of Rochester—Rochester Street took its name therefrom. Within this area, too, on the Banks of the Thames, were two “Beare-gardens, places wherein were kept beares, bulls, and other beasts, to be bayted ; as also mastives, in several kenles (kennels), nourished to bayt them.”—(*Stow.*) Here, also, were Shakespeare’s theatres ; besides licensed houses of infamous resort (termed “stew-houses”), from the twelfth to the sixteenth century, when they were suppressed by law, and at the sound of trumpets.

There were, also, two mints for coinage in this district ; and even now there is a dirty, miserable, rabbit-warren sort of neighbourhood, just opposite St. George’s Church, patronised as a dwelling-place by tramps, beggars, and even worse characters, and known as “The Mint.” Almost immediately facing “The Mint,” and in rear of the church already referred to, stands Kent Street, described by John Timbs as “a wretched and profligate part of St. George’s parish.” It

was formerly the entrance avenue to London. "What long lines of conquest and devotion, of turmoil and rebellion, of victory, gorgeous pageantry, and grim death, have poured through this narrow inlet! The Roman invader came along the rich marshy ground now supporting Kent Street; thousands of pious and weary pilgrims have passed along this causeway to St. Thomas's of Canterbury; here the Black Prince rode with his royal captive from Poitiers, and the victor of Agincourt was carried in kingly state to his last earthly bourne. By this route Cade advanced with his twenty thousand insurgents from Blackheath to Southwark; and the ill-fated Wyatt marched to discomfiture and death." And Smollett, in his "Travels" (1766), says, "The avenue to London by the way of Kent Street is a most disgraceful entrance to such an opulent city. A foreigner, in passing through this beggarly and ruinous suburb, conceives such an idea of misery and meanness, as all the wealth and magnificence of London and Westminster are afterwards unable to destroy."

It was in this particular street that I sought the opportunity of mingling with professional thieves, joining in their amusements, "bursting all chains of habit, flinging habit's self aside." A friend promised to join me, and, as he expressively said, "stand by me through thick and thin." We proceeded on our mission, without even changing our apparel, or leaving watches, guards, or jewellery behind. It was a bold stroke; I have often thought since that it was even a mad venture. We chose the fag end of the week (Saturday night) when money was supposed to be more plentiful, and indulgence more excessive. Among all the dens of wretchedness which I have visited in the modern Babel, none have impressed me more painfully than Kent Street, Borough. The trade carried on in the thoroughfare is of the kind common to that of Shoreditch and the New Cut. Poverty and vice, filth and drunkenness, foul stench and vermin have their home here. Along the street may be seen dismal alleys and slums, and mysterious dark avenues, admirably adapted for the commission of outrage and robbery; and all prudent pedestrians will prefer the middle of the street if compelled to pass along the thoroughfare at night.

We had scarcely perambulated fifty yards down the busy thoroughfare, when we were subjected to an experiment which exercised the manœuvring talent of a youth, whose mission was that of playing upon the assumed

inexperience of strange visitors. His *modus operandi* was that of stooping down immediately in front of us, picking up (or pretending to pick up) an article, and then inquiring in a seemingly innocent manner whether we had lost anything. When pressed to exhibit the treasure trove, he gave a mysterious glance as though bidding for a reward, and wished us to assume that he might have found something that had fallen from our persons. The prize turned out to be a small scarf-pin, with a glass centre cut in angles to represent a diamond, which, doubtless, he carried with him as part of his stock in trade for the purpose of duping greenhorns. We did not aspire to own the "diamond," but recommended him to exercise his genius on less stubborn material. We passed through and along the colony of dirt, with its miserably-clad men and women, and youths—some feasting on a mess of peas-pudding, picking it with their fingers from a piece of newspaper used as an improvised plate; some singing the praises of the wares they offered for sale, cats'-meat, tripe, fried fish, coster-goods, groundsel for singing-birds, matches, and the thousand-and-one necessities of their life. Turning from these multifarious phases of outdoor life, we sought the principal "Free-and-Easy," where students of the art of acquiring other people's possessions—without consent of the owner—seek revelry in the temple dedicated to Apollo and Bacchus jointly. The business of the week was over, the natives had thrown aside dull care, and were on pleasure bent. On the ground floor, we found ourselves in the dirty bar of a beer-shop, its walls being decorated with cases of stuffed "dawgs" and about forty cages of singing birds—which, we learned, were occasionally let on hire to men for the purpose of decoying field warblers into traps, the said captive warblers being exhibited for sale at the bird fair in Shoreditch, on Sunday mornings. We ascended a narrow, rickety staircase, to the door of the singing-room, and were admitted by a coarse-framed sentinel, who first opened a small sliding trap in the centre panel of the door and satisfied his inquiring mind that all was "square." Here we had a precious glimpse of modern Faginism, and the rosy side of life, among people who, either by hereditary tendency or by choice, suffer the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune and pit their wits against those of the stern myrmidons whom they slangily term "bobbies and beaks." Our entrance was the signal for no small amount of curiosity; the presence of two "swells"

with silk hats was an unusual event ; still the cautious habits in which these people were trained served them sufficiently to avoid manifesting their surprise openly. We took our seats on a long form, at the front of which was a narrow plank-like table or bench, with the same amount of *sang froid* as if we occupied a stall in a theatre. We were convinced intuitively that even these practised readers of physiognomy were not a little puzzled as to the object of our visit, although their secretive natures prompted a seeming obliviousness of our presence. The ceiling of the room was wretchedly low, which assisted to raise the temperature of the atmosphere sufficiently high for the growth of tropical plants. The floor was carpeted with sawdust, not unmixed with walnut shells—which the habitués, who indulged in the luxury of walnuts, threw about as fancy suggested. There was a well-worn and dilapidated bagatelle board in one corner. The benches and forms were ranged longitudinally, except at one end, where there was one placed crosswise. At the other end of the *salon* there was a low dais constructed of deal planks; this did duty for a platform ; and on this low elevation stood a patriarchal-looking instrument that might, fifty years ago, have earned the name of a piano. There was unobtrusive plainness everywhere ; the only pictures that adorned the walls were finger-daubs of dirt and patchy embellishments on a line with the heads of the company. About thirty men and half as many women displayed as much dirt and grease as could be conveniently ditched into as many dresses. The material of the apparel worn by most of the male portion was not visible through the grease, but it shone as though it had been polished with black-lead. The suits were, doubtless, purchased second-hand (unless obtained in a more skilful way) and worn till they fell off the carcasses of the last owners. We could not clearly discern whether the manly bosoms which throbbed under dirty billycock hats were graced with linen of any kind or quality or condition, the only visible ornament, serving the double purpose of shirt and collar, being an architectural bunch of worsted scarf carefully fixed up to about the size of a two-pound loaf. There were two tradesmen settled in the room for the night, probably hawkers at other times, who found sufficient *clientèle* here, without spending their time in wandering from tavern to tavern. One of these men had a large basket, like a clothes-basket, stocked with nuts and shrimps ; he stood in

the middle of the room, and, from the constant care with which he kept a weather eye on his stock-in-trade, he was a profound and earnest sceptic, a confirmed unbeliever in the traditional axiom about "honour among thieves." The other man of mercenary occupation plied a vigorous trade in 'taters and trotters.

While making a show of fair expenditure, we were careful not to swallow any of the potions for which we paid. There were plenty of men there who understood the geography of a quart pot ; we furnished the material, by orders on the waiter, and invited those near (if not dear) to us to "fraternise"—we *pretended* to drink. There was no shyness on the part of our invited guests, they expressed their pleasure at having the privilege of drinking with "real gen'lemen," and proved their genuineness on "the free and gushing river" principle. We were, however, at a loss to understand why one worthy should lustily call for "a pot of the *best* four-penny ale," as though there might be, in the one house, various qualities at the same price. However, that is a matter of detail to be classed with the "foreign Havanna cigars" at a penny each. The amusement consisted chiefly of singing and reciting. The songs were not by any means devoid of good sentiment, showing that there is "a great deal of human nature," even among the debased orders. Love songs, ditties about adventure, especially of the sea-faring type, patriotic snatches, extravagances about a steam leg, descriptions of the tricks of low life, old-fashioned songs such as "The old grey mare and I," and "When this old hat was new," were among the musical selections. But the dancing of a jig, a breakdown, a hornpipe, the performance of an accompaniment by snapping finger and thumb to imitate the bones in a nigger performance, and the making of a hollow flapping sound by tapping the knuckles of both fists on the chin and cheekbones fairly roused the uproarious enthusiasm of all present. And, greatest of all, was a burlesque by one fairly clever fellow, who stuck his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, beating a rataplan with his fingers on his breast, and giving vent to hoarse bursts of indignation in imitation of some offended magistrate. One noticeable feature was that of each vocalist appearing *incog*. Like honourable members of the House of Commons, they were not *named* ; probably that was due to the presence of strangers about whose aim and object they were not certain. A child, about two years of age,

was set on the dais to provoke by its antics a burst of laughter, as it attempted to strut across the platform; and it was gazed upon with no small degree of pride by its father, a man whose trousers appeared to be suspended by a piece of string in lieu of a pair of braces. The mother, a young woman about eighteen years of age, with hair parted on one side, and wearing neither bonnet nor jacket, sang "Good Old Jeff," which secured a generous and general assistance in the melodious chorus. And the funniest part of the proceedings was the event of her breaking down in the middle of one of her verses, when her memory was refreshed from a quart pot which one member of the company handed to her. Short clay pipes abounded; only the more opulent of the men present indulged in the aristocratic practice of smoking penny cigars. Tolerably good order reigned during a greater portion of the night: the chief disturbance during the early hours consisted of squalling on the part of the child previously alluded to, which was quelled by the administration of a dose of aniseed from a half-pint bottle, the fumes leaving no question as to the nature of the cordial.

At about half-past eleven, a turn of the tide was made. The entertainment, as well as the trade in trotters, 'taters, nuts and shrimps, was interrupted. An altercation arose between the judicious Janus who guarded the door, and a visitor of the female sex—I beg her pardon, a lady visitor—who was refused admission, as soon as the door-keeper descried her through the aperture made by drawing away the aforesaid slide. On what plea the refusal was made, we did not discover; her language would have done credit to a champion prize-fighter; and the gentle insinuations of the male disputant that she would be thrown neck-and-crop downstairs found an approving echo among several persons inside the room. But the applicant treated the company with an amount of disturbance that nullified all attempts at singing, and the door was at last unlocked suddenly, when her burly form rolled forward to the middle of the room. A riotous scrimmage ensued; the lungs of that Spartan lady belched forth hoarse epithets of abuse that I had never heard from the lowest specimens of the male sex; in less than two minutes the place was converted into a new Bedlam, and every man and woman was crowding round the new-comer. We divined that our evil star was in the ascendant; there was mischief brewing for us; we felt that the opportunity would be seized to make capital. It was but

the work of a moment for us to dart out while the door was open; we were on to the rickety staircase in a few seconds, and felt a grand relief, as we sped through the bar-room below and emerged into the street with a rapidity akin to that of a professor of legerdmain, glad to escape the unfragrant air of that abominable den. There we were safe enough, for not thirty yards away we were joined by a trusted member of the police force, to whom we had confided our intentions, and who took care, as far as his duties permitted, to be within hailing distance. And it was well for us that we had thus cautiously provided, and that the services of our friend had not temporarily been required at any great distance from the house, for it was soon discovered that we were tracked by a couple of roughs who had left the room earlier in the evening, and who made use of oratory more forcible than refined as they saw us approach the police officer. We were dubbed as spies and christened with a few names not to be found in English dictionaries. Under the protection of this officer in uniform, we paraded various off-streets till the small hours of Sunday morning, and surveyed a number of dismal courts and alleys where (we were informed) desperate characters often found a hiding-place after having cap-sized some wayfarer and snatched his watch, guard, and cash. The method of stooping down in front of a pedestrian, as though in the act of tying a bootlace, and then butting him with the head into the arms of a confederate in the rear, then snatching the valuables belonging to the victim, and hiding away in a neighbouring court, is one of the forms of robbery which has been known here. One cannot help feeling that even the art of stealing has degenerated, and that, though vile in any form, it is shorn of that air of romance that characterized the old stand-and-deliver style of plunder. The crafty, cowardly, un-Hounslow Heath method of stealing, does not commend itself by comparison with the Dick Turpin form of daring and its frequent associations with Tyburn Tree, from which many a bold adventurer had to take a bird's-eye view. The old highwaymen did give an armed man a moderate chance; modern scamps seem to have added meanness to their other bad qualities.

There is a sneaking form of dishonesty practised by one class of thieves, which is occasionally accompanied with brutality. The houses occupied by some of these well-known trade-conjurors were pointed out by our police guide. A light cart laden with humanity

in the shape of a woman and three flashy-looking men and a dog rattled past us. These people, we were told, had doubtless been "out on business," not pocket-picking nor guard-snatching, nor even stealing in the ordinary sense, but in the more mystic process of "smashing." The class of operators represented by this quartette will select some distant district, say at the West-end, where their identity is not so easily recognised by the police as would be the case nearer home. The woman is usually sent out on the mission of passing counterfeit money by tendering it in shops, but is never allowed to possess more than one coin at a time. This is to meet the technical plea often put forth in police courts that the possession of a number of bad coins implies connection with the moulder, whereas any honest person might accidentally have an odd piece of counterfeit money; should the woman be arrested on suspicion, she may be treated with the bene-

fit of a doubt. One of the men waits at a place agreed upon, with a plentiful stock of spurious metal from which to supply the female whenever she has been successful. At a short distance the vehicle is ready to assist the escape of the fugitive, if necessary, and a bull-dog can be immediately let slip in the face of the pursuer.

But Kent Street, like most other condemned places in the great metropolis, is being rapidly improved by increased police vigilance, the labours of local missionaries and temperance advocates; and, let us hope, through advances in civilisation. Drunken brawls, pugilistic encounters, and the use of coarse and vile language, by male and female alike, were among the amusements of the earlier portion of the Sabbath, on the occasion of my visit; but these are minor matters among people whose profound and unwavering article of faith is—that the police are little better than nuisances to Society.

PICTURES OF NORWAY.

By WALTER SCOTT DALGLEISH, M.A.

NO. II.

BERGEN.

BERGEN is a busy and picturesque seaport on a beautiful bay on the west coast. The harbour, which is generally crowded with ships and steamers, has a striking appearance, from the rows of wharfs and warehouses projecting on it, with their ends towards the sea. The houses rise, tier upon tier, from the bay toward the surrounding mountains. The town has several wide squares; the streets are broad, and gay with well-furnished shops, and one cannot be long in the town without observing the curious and picturesque head-dresses of the country-women who come to market there.

The most common head-dress of the Norwegian women consists of a simple kerchief of cotton, sometimes of silk, embroidered at the corners. It is doubled, folded over the head, and tied under the chin. In sunny weather it is allowed to project over the forehead, so as to shield the face from the sun. The corner, which hangs down behind, shows the embroidered pattern, and protects the neck and the back of the head. In the neighbourhood of Bergen, however, more elaborate head-dresses are seen. The patterns are various, but they are all more or

less picturesque. In most cases they consist of a crown of white dimity held out by a light but stiff board. Both the kerchief and the red tapes by which it is tied hang down the back almost to the waist. In keeping with this is the blue bodice, worn over a white blouse, and held in its place by red and yellow shoulder-straps.

Still more characteristic and imposing are the bridal crowns worn in some parts of the country, particularly in the Bergen province, and in Thelemarken, where the primitive customs of the country are still preserved, though in other parts they are rapidly disappearing before the inevitable advance of civilisation. These crowns are very elaborate and, on the whole, uncomfortable-looking erections. They are profusely decorated with inexpensive gems; but, tawdry as they often are, they are sacredly preserved as heir-looms, and are proudly shown by their possessors to their children and grand-children as titles to honour, if not to nobility.

A wedding in Norway has the same effect as weddings elsewhere. It moves the whole country-side. I overtook a wedding party in Valdres. The procession comprised carioles and carts of every sort and size. The bride,



Norwegian Head-dresses—Bergen.

who wore a wreath of myrtle over her head-dress, led the way in what appeared a very rickety cariole. In front of her sat a little girl, probably the bride's-maid. On the spar behind sat the bridegroom, who drove. Then followed a motley assembly of men and women and children, some in carioles, some in stolkjaerr (spring-carts), some in long, narrow farm carts, without either springs or seats. A wedding is considered grand in proportion to the number of vehicles that turn out in the procession; hence everything and anything on wheels is pressed into the service. Every one was in his or her best attire, and all were in exuberant spirits, spirits not the less lively, in as far as the young men were concerned, by calls at the beer-houses on the way to church. These visits the women regarded as matters of course. If the wedding had taken place in England or in Scotland it could hardly have been more hilariously celebrated.

To return to Bergen: one of the great sights of the town is the fish-market, which adjoins the harbour. The fish, however, are not laid out on stalls or tables; they are piled up in the bottoms of small boats moored to the quay. The sellers stand in the boats and the buyers on shore. There is much wrangling, as the latter invariably try to beat down the prices of the former. In the harbour, beyond the line of small boats, are the larger fishing-smacks, also laden with fish. Very interesting is it on a bright morning to see the fleet of fishing-boats hastening to the harbour with their precious freight. Another characteristic sight of the waters around Bergen is that of broad flat-bottomed boats laden with dried fish, piled in huge stacks around the masts, and leaving scant room for the crew to move about. Some,

times the stacks of fish are covered with canvas, but more commonly they are simply bound with ropes. If the sea were not made unusually calm and secure by the natural breakwater of islands, it would be impossible for ships so heavily laden above the water line to live on such a coast; but experience gives confidence to the Norse fishermen, and they move about as freely as if they were navigating an inland canal.

Bergen boasts many churches and a famous museum; and it owes its importance not only to its being a thriving seaport, but also to the fact that it is the most convenient starting-point for visiting the Hardanger Fjord, the Sogne Fjord, and the whole of the finest scenery of the west coast of Norway.

THE HARDANGER FJORD.

The Hardanger Fjord is one of the most easily accessible, and therefore one of the most frequented, of all the fjords of Norway. It is also one of the most interesting, for it contains every variety of scenery, from the softest lowlands to the wildest and most rugged highlands; from fir-clad islands and grassy knolls to magnificent mountain peaks and upland valleys, that form the beds of vast glaciers.

The softer and more beautiful scenery is in the lower part of the fjord. One is again and again reminded of the Firth of Lorne and the Sound of Mull, and other seas on the west coast of Scotland. For there are bold features mingled with the milder beauty of the fertile shores. Near the mouth of the fjord we pass through a maze of lovely and well-wooded islands. The banks are covered with farm-houses and fishing cottages. There is abundant evidence of a large and active population. The villages at which the steam-

boat stops have a neat and thriving appearance. The wooden houses are brightly painted; every window has its inevitable white curtains and its row of flower-pots, and the gardens are trimly kept. One of the prettiest of these stations is Rosendal, which is pleasingly situated on a fertile plain lying at the foot of bold cliffs. Here, and at several other stations, shipbuilding is carried on very actively, though on a very small scale.

Between Rosendal and Bakke, a large island, Varalds Oe, reduces the fjord to two narrow straits. Above the island the fjord opens out into a wide sea, the His Fjord, surrounded by bold mountains, some of them speckled with patches of snow. In crossing this fjord we get our first view of the magnificent Folgefonden glacier, the closer acquaintance of which we shall make later in

the day. We now look up to its western side. In the evening we shall view it on the east, for we must go fifty miles north-east and then fifty miles south before the day's journey is over. The day, however, is one on which we may thoroughly enjoy Norwegian scenery. The sun is bright, the sea is tolerably calm, ruffled only slightly and occasionally by a pleasantly fresh breeze. The scenery is charming, and the small company of travellers is in good spirits and appreciative mood.

Partly by islands and partly by promontories locked together, the Hardanger Fjord is divided into a number of sections, which have the appearance of inland lakes. The Outer Samlen is one of these. The Inner Samlen is another. Besides these main sections of the fjord, there are smaller sounds running far inland in all directions. Cross



Norwegian Bridal Crowns.

your hands at the wrists, with the fingers well outspread, and call every finger a sound or arm of the sea, and then you may have some faint idea of the appearance of one of the larger fjords of Norway, seen at a bird's-eye view.

As we advance through the Inner Samlen, we encounter higher mountains and wilder scenery. Facing us, there is a magnificent pile cleft by a deep corrie, in the heart of which is a bed of snow. The hills are prettily streaked with waterfalls. The glacier is seen to advantage at various points. The panorama of hills is complete. As the engine whistle sounds on approaching a station, its scream is echoed and re-echoed from cliff to cliff with weird effect. After leaving Utne we enter the Sor Fjord. Here the Hardanger is at its very finest. The passage becomes narrower, the hills higher, grander, and more abrupt. At Naa we see the glacier protruding through

a gap right above the station. The thickness of the ice is upwards of one hundred feet, and the lower strata are of a deeper blue than those above them, probably indicating greater age. Many crevasses are visible around the neck of the gap. In the neighbourhood, we see many cottages far up the cliffs, in what appear to be precarious positions.

Still farther up, as we near Odde, the fjord becomes very narrow. Steep mountains rise on both sides to the height of 2,000 feet. Transverse valleys bring into view splendid walls of rock, and give room for rushing torrents and waterfalls. Here are all the elements of grand scenery, wood, water, bare rock, precipices and towers, wooded bluffs, and snow-clad peaks; under all, the tranquil sea, and here and there picturesque cottages and patches of scanty vegetation. The line of mountainous cliffs is continued on both

sides, inland, far beyond the head of the fjord, showing in the distance, on the right, a really fine waterfall, the Kellerafos. Between the cliffs the valley is filled up with a moraine, on which the village and church of Odde have found for themselves a pleasant resting-place in the wilderness.

THE BUARBRAE.

The Buarbrae is an outlet of the Folgefonden glacier—*brae* being the Norsk for *mer de glace*. That great glacier, which, however, is much inferior to the Jostedalsbrae, between the Sogne Fjord and the Nord Fjord, is thirty or forty miles in length, by fourteen in greatest breadth. It occupies the whole summit of a huge peninsula, from 3,000 to 5,000 feet high, lying between two main arms of the Hardanger Fjord. It has several outlets for its confined moisture; but of these the Buarbrae is by far the finest.

Our visit to the glacier derived special interest from its being made at midnight. A drive of a mile brought us to the Sandvenvand, a grand little lake held in by the moraine already referred to, through which it empties itself into the fjord by a short but furious torrent. In rowing across this lake to the mouth of the Jordal River we have a splendid view of the valley and of the glacier. It would be difficult to conceive a more perfect scene. At the mouth of the gorge there are two huge mountain masses, consisting of steeply sloping rocks about 2,000 feet high, with trees and shrubs in the clefts, and with bold round heads, placed one on either side, and almost exactly alike in form, size, and character. They seem to stand like giant griffins guarding the entrance to the pass. A lofty range of cliffs, crested with snow, recedes from each of these heads to the very top of the gorge. Between them we see a fertile valley, with woody and rocky mountain sides, and above all the stupendous glacier, frowning and terrible.

Arrived at the foot of the valley, we begin the ascent, which occupies one hour and a half. The road is very rugged, being covered with masses of stone, shingle, and boulders. The river, tearing and foaming wildly down the gorge, was in itself a sight worth going a much greater distance to see. It consists of four or five miles of continuous cataract, unrelieved by a single pool or quiet reach of water. Near the head of the gorge, where the ascent is very steep, the force of the torrent is terrific.

On both sides tower frowning precipices 1,800 feet high, and rendered more impressive by the fading light—it could not be

called the darkness—of the night. The bed of the valley and the mountain sides to a considerable height are covered with small trees—hazel, birch, and elm. Far up the cliffs there are little plateaus, which are reached by the daring peasantry for the sake of the grass and wood to be got there. This meagre produce of the heights is sent down to the bottom of the valley by means of ropes or wires (hoy telegraphs), having the one end fixed some hundreds of feet up the cliffs, and the other made fast to a post at the bottom of the valley. As we neared the top of the gorge a single star came into view right over the glacier, as if pointing to our destination.

At length we reach the Buarbrae, and we are well rewarded for our pains. If a glacier be a river of ice, the Buarbrae may be fitly described as a frozen cascade. It is as if the glacier, in descending the valley, had come to a rock, and had thrown itself over it headlong. At this point the valley is narrow, but the glacier fills it up from side to side, and presents a huge wall of ice 400 or 500 feet high, and with a very irregular surface. At the foot of the glacier there is a series of wide grottoes, out of one of which the river flows with tremendous force and speed. Into another of these grottoes it was possible to penetrate for fifteen or twenty feet. Within, the cold was very great, and water was dropping copiously from the roof; but the ice was hard as flint, and only with difficulty could small pieces be broken off. The grottoes are the measure of the natural waste of the glacier. On their floor, and piled up in front, are the rocks and boulders carried down in the bed of the glacier in successive years.

The whole scene was inexpressibly grand. Here we were face to face with the natural force which has done more than any other to transform the face of the earth, and in particular to make Norway what it is. To pass from the fjords to the Buarbrae is to pass from Nature's work to Nature's workshop. Glaciers generally recede every year by natural waste as much as they advance by the pressure of their mass. But this glacier is said to be steadily advancing down the Jordal gorge. It is, therefore, showing us how, in a bygone age, the dales and fjords of Norway were gouged or ground out of the solid mountains. The scene was made all the more striking by the presence of abundant vegetation in the neighbourhood of all this snow and ice. Nor far off a field of potatoes was growing luxuriantly; wild flowers were

in bloom, and birch-trees and alders were in full foliage.

It was midnight when we left the glacier ; but the light was sufficient to enable us to see the landscape and to consult our watches. The walk down the valley in the weird half-light of the midnight sun, only partially concealed, was very impressive. The majestic griffins, now darker and more terrible-looking, were reflected grandly in the placid lake as we crossed it. The single star still shone above the Buarbrae. The Kellerafos still threw itself wildly into the air. The mountains at the head of the lake were shrouded in their mighty mantle of mist. The fjord stretched away northward between its beetling walls, and nature wore the calm aspect befitting the hours of rest and sleep.

THE STALHEIMSKLEV.

The distance which has to be traversed in Norway in search of picturesque scenery is very great, and the interest is not always equally well sustained. The traveller often encounters the striking feature of his day's journey at the beginning, and has to content himself with monotonous, and even dreary, scenes for the remainder. On the other hand, he must be prepared sometimes to travel great distances through commonplace regions before reaching the centre of interest.

An experience of the latter kind is encountered in driving from Vossevangen, midway between the Hardanger and the Sogne Fjord, to Gudvangen at the head of the Naerofjord. The scenery is tame enough at the beginning, but it becomes grander and grander as we advance, until it culminates near the end in the marvellous Stalheimsklev, at the head of the Naerödal. The view of this gorge comes upon you as a complete surprise. There has been nothing to lead up to it, although the cataracts of the Strande River have relieved the monotony of the previous route. You come suddenly to the head of the pass, and you look down on one of the grandest scenes which even Norway can present. The gorge is flanked by stupendous rocky buttresses, and in the middle of it there rises the splendid dome-shaped mass of the Jordalsnut, or Thimble Mountain. Like the neighbouring cliffs, this mountain is of light-grey rock, almost entirely bare on the sides, and quite bare on its rounded summit.

As seen from the top of the pass, this mountain is perfectly symmetrical. Its sides form with the base angles of 60 to 65 degrees. From its self-contained completeness, and from the mountain masses which surround it, it is difficult to realise the fact that it rises to the

height of 3,600 feet. Its broad, bald top seems to defy the heavens, as it has certainly defied all the efforts of man to scale it. A legend says that within a cave, marked by a dark hole on its western side, there is an iron door, and that in the unfathomable chamber within there are many lumps of gold. It is said that one man ventured within the cave and never came out again ; and there is certainly as much chance of a man's coming back alive as there is of his ever reaching the cliff.

Coming to the top of the steep rocky mass, which closes in the gorge, we see the Naerödal 1,000 feet below us. We have to descend to the valley by a road constructed in the face of a mountain, which is almost precipitous. It is truly a marvellous piece of engineering. The Norwegian engineers are generally as daring as they are ingenious, but they have never conceived or achieved anything more marvellous than this. The road makes fifteen different turns between the top and the bottom of the cliff, and has the appearance of an immense staircase. It is rather fearful to look down the incline, or series of inclines, which you have to descend. Few travellers have the hardihood to keep their seats in going down it, and still fewer have the heartlessness to do so in making the ascent. On either side of it there is a lofty waterfall, the Stalheimsfos on the right hand, and the Sevfefos on the left. The road at one of its turning points passes so near the latter that it comes within reach of its spray. The view of the Stalheimsklev from the valley is quite as striking as from the summit. One wonders how it ever entered the mind of man to make such a road in such a place.

From the foot of the cliff there is an almost level run to Gudvangen. The flanking cliffs of the Thimble Mountain look even grander from the valley than they did from the top of the pass. The road follows the brawling river in its tortuous course between cliffs 4,000 feet high. That there is much limestone in these rocks is evidenced by the masses of white débris at the foot of them. There are some tremendous isolated rocks in the valley, the result of landslips and fractures during winter. About fifteen years ago a great mass of rock, loosened by the ice, fell from a height of 3,000 feet into the valley below. Huge rocks leaped from one side of the valley to the other. One of these settled in the middle of the road, and could be removed only by blasting. The whole valley became dark as night, and the natives thought that the day of judgment had come. Near Gudvangen we see on the right a waterfall of which note must be taken. It is not very

big, but it descends gracefully from the top of a cliff 2,000 feet high by three leaps, the highest of which measures 800 feet. Taking the three leaps together, this is the highest waterfall in Norway.

The sail from Gudvangen through the Naerofjord is remarkably fine. This fjord, which corresponds well with its name, is so confined that there are parts of it which it is said the sun never reaches from one year's end to the other. It is in this respect a typical fjord. On both sides of its steep cliffs rise perpendicularly from the water's edge, while

the fjord wends in and out, carrying you from one land-locked basin to another. Here and there at the foot of the cliffs there are patches of bright-green grass, on which goats and sheep are feeding, while at the top of them snow is lying to the depth of many feet.

An amusing object in the landscape is the Baekkafjelt, or Pitch Mountain, so called from the black streaks in the light-coloured limestone rocks. A local legend, however, ascribes both the black streaks and the name of the mountain to an encounter between the devil and a valourous shoemaker, who, stand-



From Gudvangen

The Stathoumskley and the Naerofjord.

On the right

ing on the top of the opposite height, threw his pitch pot at his Satanic majesty, and blackened the side of the mountain for ever.

THE GALDER'S PASS.

Though the west coast scenery is undoubtedly the finest in Norway—in fact, in Norway, in as far as the tourist is concerned—no one can be said to know Norway thoroughly who has not made a journey across the country by one or other of the great routes—by Gudebrandsdal, by Valdres, by Hallingdal, or by the Thelemarken. The overland route is not only delightful for what it reveals,

it is also a new experience. You detach yourself completely from anything like a base of operations. Your communications backward are hopelessly cut off, and all that you can do is to push forward with what speed you may; for the step you have taken further implies that you have committed yourself to an unknown future. Provisions may fail—at least, you must be prepared to put up with what you can get, and be thankful, unless you have been foreseeing and farseeing enough to provide yourself with sufficient material sustenance for the whole journey.

On the more frequented routes, however, the question of provender now gives little trouble. On the Valdres route, for example, the station-houses are rapidly assuming the dimensions and the character of hotels, and one of them, at least, has grown into a fully-equipped sanatorium or hydropathic establishment. The other difficulties that have to be faced are those of procuring relays of horses at the roadside stations, and of finding sleeping accommodation at the stations at which it is customary to spend the night.

On the Valdres route, between Laerdal-søren and Odnæs, the accommodation, as regards both man and beast, is good and ample; but it is not so ample that you can afford to dispense with the precaution of sending on a *forebud* (or order for horses in advance) or of engaging beds, especially when the party numbers more than two or three. It is not quite pleasant to arrive at a station at eleven o'clock at night and to find it filled to overflowing, so that you are compelled to drive to the next station, ten or twelve miles farther on, with the risk of being "crowded out" there also, and with the certainty of having to accept inferior quarters.

The Valdres route is in some respects the most interesting, as it is now also the most frequented, of the cross-country roads. It carries you across the bleak Fillefjeld, by a steep and rough road, which reaches at its highest point to an elevation of 3,100 feet above the sea-level. The journey from Laerdal to Christiania can be accomplished comfortably in four days, and each day's travelling has a character of its own.

The great feature of the first day's journey is the wild and rocky Galder Pass, where the Laerdal River rushes and writhes through a narrow gorge, between lofty overhanging cliffs, boiling and surging in tremendous natural caldrons, worn out by the stream. From the road, which follows the winding course of the river, fearful glimpses are obtained of the surging torrent, one hundred feet below. High up the cliffs, on the northern bank, we see several farm-houses in most perilous situations.

Above the Galder Pass, the valley opens out. The mountains rise in terraces on either side, tier upon tier being covered with pine forests. Above the line of vegetation, bare cliffs shoot up to the region of snow. The river flows rapidly onward, now in dark-blue pools, now lashed into foam by the intersecting rocks. You cannot see the mountains for the rocks, nor the river for the cataracts. We cross at one place a remarkable bridge,

consisting of a single arch built of huge blocks of granite, held together by their own weight and without an ounce of mortar.

BORGUND KIRKE.

Soon after crossing this dry-stone bridge, a turn of the road brings us to the famous old church of Borgund, a picturesque wooden structure, which dates from the middle of the twelfth century. It is built entirely of wood, even to the tiles. Its remarkable preservation testifies to the lasting properties of the Norwegian pine. Its quaint porch and fantastic roof, with its curious dragon heads, have been made familiar by photographs and drawings all over the world.

Norway is famous for its old churches. The Trondhjem cathedral, which dates from the twelfth century, is the most beautiful and the most interesting church in the three Scandinavian kingdoms. There the kings of Norway have been crowned for seven centuries, and there the kings of Sweden and Norway are still crowned. The fine old cathedral is at present undergoing a process of restoration on an elaborate scale, which throws similar efforts elsewhere completely into the shade. The work has now been going on for twelve years, but so thoroughly and so conscientiously is it being done, that other fifty years at least must elapse before it is completed. It is very creditable to so poor a country as Norway that it should have undertaken such a work as this, and it is not the less creditable, that it is being carried out in a style which recalls the enthusiasm and the self-sacrifice of the monkish architects of the Middle Ages. The octagonal apse, now completely restored, is simply magnificent as an example of architectural devotion; and when the whole church has been renovated in the same style, it will be, without question, the finest ecclesiastical edifice in the north of Europe.

I would fain linger over these scenes, and recall others hardly less interesting and delightful, which will be to me, as to others who have witnessed them, never-dying memories. It will be pleasant, too, in after years, to recall the valued friendships which are associated with these experiences of travel. The boundless kindness and hospitality of the Norwegians met with in Christiania, in Trondhjem, in Bergen, and in many more outlandish places, can never be forgotten. Grateful acknowledgment must also be made of pleasant intercourse with fellow-travellers—with Swedes and Danes and Russians, with Germans and Frenchmen and Dutchmen, with Englishmen and Scotsmen, and last, though

not least, with Americans, in whose company the acquaintance of the fjords and the fjelds was happily made. These friendships—casual they may be called—will be not the

less precious or enduring because they are cemented by the bond of a common sympathy with nature in her grandest as well as in her tenderest moods.

SUNDAY READINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

MAY 4TH.

Read Psalm xxii. Matthew xxvii. 35—50.

THE fourth word from the cross, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken Me?" marks the crisis of our Lord's sufferings and the climax of His spiritual agony. It was uttered a few seconds before He died, and when it was uttered the cloud of woe seems to have passed away for ever.

They are perhaps the dreariest words ever uttered on earth. To die under the sense of utter forsakenness—by man and by God—would be a desolate close to any life, but as coming from the lips of Christ, this cry is full of mystery and woe.

Dare we seek to learn the meaning of these words? As they were spoken loudly and in the ears of men, we may believe that they were uttered for man, and that they were intended to teach him somewhat regarding the experiences of Christ in that hour so full of significance for us all. But if they are thus given for our instruction, they must surely be also intended for our most reverent inquiry, and for our best and holiest moments. Let us then approach them with humility and Godly fear.

It is probable that the first three Words from the Cross were spoken during the first hour—or nearly so—of His passion; that is, between nine and ten in the morning. But after His merciful saying to the penitent thief, the lips of Christ became sealed. For about five hours this silence was unbroken. At mid-day, a strange change began to take place in the aspect of nature. A weird gloom deepened over the sky, and grew more and more portentous. We may also believe that under this ominous shrouding of the earth, there must have fallen such an awe upon the crowd as to have stilled their mockery. If the centurion acknowledged the impression he had experienced at the spectacle of the Cross, and if the people returned to Jerusalem after Christ died, smiting on their breasts, we may well suppose that, long ere the end came, a fearful quiet had settled on the crowd. At least, so I imagine the scene—the three pale figures on the Cross against the black sky, and a stillness only broken by the painful sighs of

the dying. During that long silence of five hours, Jesus was drinking drop by drop that cup of inward suffering of which He once had spoken. The silence concealed and yet measured the infinite descent of His spirit into the abyss of His consciousness of human sin; and its tremendous import is revealed, when, like the sharp lightning which cuts the midnight with a stream of fire, there suddenly bursts through the hushed air the piercing cry, "Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani?" "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

I have said that these words mark the climax of the passion. No one who has weighed the evidence can have any reasonable doubt that the physical cause of our Lord's death was not crucifixion, but rupture of the heart. His heart literally gave way under the intense strain of acute mental anguish. If so, then notice the position of this cry. Immediately after its utterance there comes the consciousness of physical want—"I thirst"—and the other voices, "It is finished," "Father, into thy hands I commend my Spirit," betoken calm, if not victory, before "He bowed the head and gave up the ghost." The cry of desertion shows us, therefore, that the lowest depth had been touched, and that this was the rebound of His being back to God. Let us consider it more closely.

(1) It expresses the confidence of faith. We will not understand the agony if we fail to give due weight to this. The heavy burden lies on faith—lies on it as if it would break its strong bands; but that cleaving cry to God shows that nothing could separate Him from the Father. Faith, though burdened, breaks not.

(2) With all reverence I must express my belief that these words do not teach us that Christ was really forsaken—as it is sometimes said—because judicially suffering for us the direct anger of God. The lost in hell might be spoken of as being in that sense forsaken of God; but surely He who once said, "Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life for the sheep," was never more truly "the beloved Son in whom the Father was well pleased," than in that hour when there went up the cry of Sonship obedient unto death! The twenty-

second Psalm, from which the words used by Christ are taken, teaches this very clearly. If it begins with the voice of agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!" it is equally full of unbroken confidence; nay, it expressly says that God "hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted—*neither hath He hid His face from them*; but when he cried unto Him He heard."

(3) Nevertheless the cry is unspeakably painful. Every syllable is fraught with sorrow. We know not indeed which word should be selected for emphasis, for each one suggests some new grief. "Why hast Thou forsaken me?" It is a terrible experience for any one when in his agony he puts such a questioning, "Why?" to God, and in hours of bitter woe asks, "Oh, my God, why this?" But what anguish must it have been when from the lips of Jesus there was wrung even a momentary questioning of the Father. "Why hast *Thou* forsaken me?" "I am rejected of men and deserted by my disciples, but Thou, oh my God, why hast *Thou* forsaken me?" Lastly, what a word is that "*forsaken*." Remember what the Father had ever been to Jesus, and then imagine, if you can, the abyss of woe which is indicated when He suffered even for a moment the sense of forsakenness, and when the blackness of such a possible experience swept even for an instant through His consciousness, and He tasted the sense of utter desertion—forsaken of all, of man, of God himself! The cry is indeed anguish itself.

MAY 11TH.

Read Psalm lxxxviii. and Hebrews from ix. 23 to x. 10.

It would be wrong to dogmatise regarding the awful words in which the cry of anguish was uttered on the cross. We can only express the meaning which they bear to ourselves.

Now when we ask, "What was it which gave to our Lord this terrible sense of separation from the Father?" there are two answers which suggest themselves as expressing what we may believe constituted at least some of the elements in His cup of suffering. These are (1) The agony of His soul as in contact with sin, and (2) The agony of His soul as in contact with death.

(1) "Surely," said Isaiah, "He hath borne our sins and carried our sorrows. . . . The Lord hath made to meet upon Him the iniquity of us all." We must take these words as simply telling us that our sins—not the punishment of them, as it is often said—fell upon Jesus as His own burden. Remember that He was not a mere

individual among individual and separate men, but that He was the second Adam, the representative head of our humanity; and that He was this not in an artificial or fictitious sense, but as one who was born our brother, and united to us by ties closer than bind father to child. What the root is to the tree, or what the head is to the body, Christ was to our humanity; so that He was affected by what we are as by a sensitive nerve of life. He stood before God identified with our humanity and clothed in it. Remember, also, that this identity with man was combined with identity with God. He had perfect sympathy with the mind of the Father. And now conceive, however faintly, what it was when He became at the Crucifixion, not in a "legal" or fictitious sense, but in the most real manner, the object against which, and the instrument by which, the hatred of the world to God became expressed. For never was the real nature of that sin so expressed as when men rose in one storm of enmity against Christ, who had been ever revealing the divine Will, and said, "Away with Him; give us Barabbas rather than He." And this rejection, with its mockery and scorn, were but as waves on the surface of a deep sea. On that cross He fathomed not the sin of the Jews only who crucified Him, but the sin of man in his alienation from God. In proportion to His own perfect holiness and sympathy with God, so must He have shuddered from the foul tide that was rising on every side. As during these hours of silence, His spirit, burdened with the sense of human sin, sank lower and lower, apprehending its loathsomeness, His consciousness of its horror increasing upon Him till it seemed as if it would absorb Him, can we not feel the force of that cry, and how, when the blackest depths had been reached, and when the waves seemed about to close over Him, between Him and His God, His whole being, as if in one agonized effort, should have then bounded upward, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" There never was suffering like this, not merely in degree, but in kind. "See if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow!" There never was suffering which from its nature could have been so pleasing to God, for it confessed what the sin of the world really is. It was a cry from humanity full of woe, but woe that was in absolute response to the holy and perfect will of God. It was the kind of suffering which only a holy Being could endure. It was right suffering, for it

was such as the holy and loving One ought to have endured when in contact with evil in those He loved.

(2) But not only was there the consciousness of evil, but we can trace another element of suffering in the consciousness of approaching death. I do not now speak of the natural horror with which death affects us all, but which the brave man meets, and which the holy martyrs have met, with calm and sometimes with triumph. Death had for Jesus a significance it could have for no one else. From the beginning of the world it had been recognised as the witness to man's alienation from God. It had been identified with sin in the whole sacrificial system of the Law. Death may seem a light thing to a soldier who throws himself against the hedge of steel. It is little more than a horrible necessity, "a debt that must be paid to nature," for the hardened and unbelieving. It is no more death, but a falling asleep in Jesus, for the Christian who rests in Him who hath robbed death of its sting. But for Jesus death was the very seal of His identification with sinful humanity. When He accepted it, it was the voluntary acceptance by Him of the responsibilities which fell on the humanity into which He had entered. He alone was able to recognise what death is in full consciousness. He alone really "tasted death." "He poured out," as if by an act of will, "his soul unto death." Can we not then understand with a new force the cry uttered a few moments before He died? Is it too much to suppose that in those moments His human body, which suffered hunger and thirst, and heat and cold, was then affecting Him with the sense of coming dissolution, and that the consciousness of the swooning away of the natural powers and of the deepening shadows were for Him as for us all? And when He, whose life had ever been in the bosom of the Father, felt, in that hour, death—the very seal of man's alienation—asserting its loathsome power upon Himself—as it dimmed consciousness and closed God out from His apprehension—as this brand of evil was pressing in and in upon the sources of His life, can we not understand how, ere all gave way, He should have cried in agony, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" and by that very cry reached back again to the Father who was ever near Him?

MAY 18TH.

Read Psalm xxxi. and Hebrews from iv. 14 to v. 10.

One of the Evangelists tells us that some of the people who heard the cry, "Eli, Eli, lama

sabachthani," imagined that our Lord was calling for Elias. If it should seem strange to us that there could have been any who so misunderstood His words, we must recollect that there were there many foreign Jews whose language was not the common dialect of Palestine, but Greek, and to whom the name of Elijah as it appears in the Septuagint, Eliou, was familiar. It is, therefore, not unlikely that, under the awing impression of the darkness and thrilled by that piercing cry from the mysterious sufferer, a superstitious fear seized them lest Elias, of whom it had been said that he would appear "before the great and terrible day of the Lord," might literally come in response to what sounded like a prayer for his assistance.

The fifth word from the cross, "I thirst," which followed immediately after, throws much light on the character of our Lord's sufferings.

(1) It shows that the pressure of the mental agony had passed away with the cry, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me." It is a well-known law that when the mind is intensely occupied it becomes unconscious of bodily sensations. In the hurry of the charge and amid the thunder of the guns, the soldier scarcely feels the biting sword-cut; swept along in the storm of battle, he is too much absorbed to be conscious of bodily pain. Now on the same principle the confession of thirst coming after the bitter cry, reveals the recovered consciousness of bodily sensations, and the consequent departure of the spiritual trial which had been absorbing Him. That clearer interval which is indicated in the twenty-second Psalm and in the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah as closing the passion of the Messiah, seems here to have been reached. "Seeing of the travail of His soul, He is satisfied."

(2) This confession of physical pain teaches the reality of all His other sufferings. Some persons imagine that because Jesus was divine, He could not have really endured, as we have to endure, trial and agony. But no antecedent reasoning can give us light on the conditions of the Incarnation. We know, however, that whatever these were they did not prevent the agony of Gethsemane from being real agony, or the terrible woe of the Cross from being so deep that for hours all bodily sensation was forgotten. The soft word, "I thirst," coming as it did when that strain was over, shows that the weight of trial had been falling utterly unchecked by ought except the faith in which the Divine Son, crucified in weakness, was cleaving to God.

(3) But that this confession of thirst was the only instance of any complaint of bodily suffering having ever escaped His lips, not merely at the crucifixion, but during His whole life, teaches us not only the greatness of the thirst He endured, but also the small part which physical pain had to do with the passion of Christ. This fact ought to rebuke all coarse descriptions of the pain of the crucifixion, and those in which the value of the atonement seems to be measured by the amount of bodily agony inflicted on the Sufferer. Those terrible delineations set forth in the pictures used at "the Stations" in Roman Catholic churches, and the no less shocking pictures given from the pulpit by Protestant preachers, seem equally condemned. The true sphere of our Lord's trial was spiritual, not physical.

(4) We are also taught a helpful lesson as to the endurance of pain—that awful fact in the experience of many a child of God. There are two ways in which it may be borne bravely. It may be borne with Stoicism or with Christian patience; and there is a wide difference between the two. Stoicism shuts the eye to the presence of pain, and clenches the teeth against its power. But patience seeks to recognise the meaning of the suffering, and to bear it according to the will of God.

Stoicism is not a part of Christian morals. It is the virtue of the savage or of the athlete; but intelligent patience which confesses suffering and bears it in meekness, is the glory of the Christian soldier. Stoicism seeks to despise pain; patience endeavours to bear it in a right spirit. There was no Stoicism in Christ, but there was patience—even the patience of Him who, "though He were a Son, yet learned obedience by the things which He suffered." Such calm fortitude is as high above Stoicism as Stoicism excels cowardice.

MAY 25TH.

Read Psalm cii. and Hebrews x. 11-25.

Some of us, perhaps, may remember terrible moments in life when we were thankful that the sufferings of those we loved were past, although it was death which ended them. That is a sad sense of relief when, albeit our hearts are breaking, we say, "Thank God! it is all over," as the tossings of pain cease for ever. It is with a similar consciousness that we listen to the "It is finished," from the Cross. For it was something more dreadful than bodily trial, which has been witnessed there. Putting it even on the lowest

ground, it was the agony of the Divinest Being the world has ever seen which we have contemplated. We see Him there face to face with thoughts and with objects whose effects are visibly appalling. And that He should be in poignant anguish, and that His lips should utter a wail of desolation, arrests us far more than can any spectacle of physical torture. It is, therefore, with a profound sense of relief we catch the words, "It is finished!" which proclaim the end of the Redeemer's sufferings.

These words also tell us that the one sinless and perfected life the world has seen is not only terminated, but that it has been perfected. The completeness as well as the conclusion of the life are thereby expressed. There are certain qualities which only trial can bring forth. And the Cross stands related to Christ's life on earth as being the trial and thereby the perfecting of the life of Sonship towards God, and of divine brotherhood towards man. And so it is written that "though He were a son yet He learned obedience by the things He suffered," and that "the Captain of our salvation was made perfect by suffering." The passion of the Cross may therefore be regarded as revealing the greatness of His obedience, the strength of His faith and the power of His love—and when He said, "It is finished," He but repeated in another and higher form the calm and triumphant confession, "I have glorified Thee on the earth, I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do." And what work can be compared to this perfect and completed life—the embodiment of an ideal goodness, that shall remain for ever the unique heritage of our humanity?

And this perfecting of Christ as our Redeemer through suffering is of the very essence of the Atonement, in whatever sense we understand it. It was the one complete, satisfying response offered to God in our humanity and must therefore stand alone—"one offering whereby He perfects for ever those that are sanctified." Undoubtedly the sacrifice of Christ must in another sense lead to sacrifice. It was not intended to supersede the necessity for similar self-surrender on our part. For as being spiritual, it becomes a quickening power, recreating its own image in all who receive Him. It is therefore in this aspect of the truth not solitary. But as being alone, complete and perfect, it is solitary. It is on the ground of His having thus rendered in our humanity what we from our sinfulness never can render, even a perfect response to the righteous will of

God, that we can look up to our Father through Christ, in the freedom of children, and rejoice in His finished work. We cannot see sin as we ought; but He, our Head, has confessed it. We cannot respond as we would to the all-holy will of the Father; but He has responded. And in Him we stand, and through Him we find perfect access to God. The farther we advance spiritually, and the more we, ourselves, seek to yield the answer of Sonship to the will of God, the more will we be taught, in the light of Christ's finished work, our own shortcomings; and the more will we be brought back to Him—who for our humanity, rendered the one perfect offering of Himself unto God. The "finished" and complete character of His work must, therefore, remain for ever the one foundation of our confidence.

Lastly, this word, "It is finished," may be regarded as the solemn closing of a long past. From Adam downwards, the one chief thought had been set forth of redemption through the suffering Messiah. It had been shadowed forth in promises, outlined in types and ordinances, embodied in the life of a nation, in their laws, their kings,

their priesthood, their ecclesiastical arrangements. Like some theme in music which is expressed through vast variety of tone and harmony, so through a wondrously linked succession of individual and national experiences, through institutions and the inspired words of prophets, was it set forth how "the Christ must needs suffer and enter into His rest." And with the word, "It is finished," He calmly pronounces the close of that long past. But like every other end it marked also a beginning. Two eras met there, and we may believe that if there was a sublime sense of satisfaction in the perfect completion of the work to which all the past had led up, there was also an intense joy in seeing the great future which was to be the priceless fruit of His sufferings and death. If it was "for the joy that was set before Him" that "He endured the cross, and despised the shame," may we not believe that the utterance of the "It is finished" had in it also a foretaste of the coming triumph. "Seeing of the travail of His soul, He was satisfied." And so the word of perfect completion led to the last sweet word of perfect rest, "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit."

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A Modern Romance.

By SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAP. XVII.—HAY-MAKING AT WHITEHILLS.

IRIS awoke next morning from an unsatisfying sleep, in which she was haunted by a vague sense of something wrong, some impending family strife and convulsion. She did not feel the slightest necessity for being gradually lowered into a wholesomely sober and tranquil mood. She was as low as she could be without the tranquillity, amidst the sense of vanity of vanities, among the stale and flat relics which are apt to belong to the ball of last night, though at twenty-one the languor of fatigue is not added to the debt which has to be paid.

There was no use thinking of not going to Whitehills, however awkward and terrible the hay-making might present itself to her in anticipation. She could not feign bodily illness which she did not feel, and though she had felt it, she had a vivid perception that Lady Fermor, who was out of humour already, would have scouted any ailment short of the disfiguring eruption of small-pox or the dangerous revelations of delirious fever. She would have dragged Iris in her train to Whitehills a

half-dead offering to its master, should he condescend to accept it.

Iris could not beg off from the expedition like the Mildmays—Mrs. Mildmay on the score of a severe headache, and Mr. Mildmay because he had business letters to answer, and some other things to attend to, before he left with his wife next day.

"More prying to do," Lady Fermor commented behind his back. "Well, they are no loss, a couple of kill-joys, he with his stupid pomposity, and she with her die-away airs."

Tom Mildmay's excuse to himself was: "That match is not made up yet, from what I saw last night, and surely I am not called upon to put myself out of my way to push the girl's interests or hatch the old woman's chickens."

There was only one small comfort of which Iris could avail herself. She arrived at a clear understanding with Lucy Acton, as she had come to an explanation with Lady Thwaite.

"There is not one word of truth in the story that I am to marry Sir William Thwaite," she impressed on Lucy with solemn earnestness; "only I fear grandmamma wishes it,"

she added with a fall in her voice and an involuntary tight interlacing of her fingers. "But I could not do it even for grand-mamma; my duty to her and to poor grand-papa does not absolve me from my duty to myself, to Sir William, and to God, Lucy. He ordained marriage as the nearest, most sacred tie, a relationship we might not enter into lightly, with divided minds. Think how unlike Sir William and I are, with not a taste, very likely not an opinion or principle in common."

Lucy listened startled, while Iris continued to speak in the same unnaturally grave, almost portentous, tones.

"I don't mean that he is a bad man; very likely he is far better than I am, since he has stood so great a change in his fortunes, without breaking out into any extravagant or outrageous conduct. But have you forgotten how we used to talk of him, and laugh and wonder whether he would put his hat under his chair, and what he would do with his gloves and handkerchief?" asked Iris, with a reproachful, wavering smile. "A worse than half-educated, under-bred man, a man rustic and dull as one might fairly expect, and very possibly arrogant and vulgar-minded, though he has had no great opportunity of showing it, and I never suspected it till last night," said Iris in her truthfulness. "Oh! Lucy, how could I marry such a man? How could you ever think it?"

"I beg your pardon, dear, if I have hurt you," Lucy apologized in a convicted voice. She was sorry not only because she had brought herself the length of making up her mind to the match—hardly for the sake of her subscription lists, since, to do her justice, Lucy was a good deal more of a woman than a secretary—but because she happened to be a practical, sensible girl, largely trusted by her elders. Young though she was, she knew something of the sad reasons, with which Iris was very partially acquainted, why it would be by far the happiest prospect for Lucy's friend if she could find herself early and safely settled in life. Supposing Iris could have brought herself to entertain a suitable regard for Sir William, and he were the worthy, plain fellow that Lucy had been persuading herself for the last twelve hours he undoubtedly was, here would have been a grave difficulty joyfully solved at once.

But, of course, it was for Iris to judge, and if she could not of her free will look on Sir William in the light of her future husband—which was not surprising, after all, poor

child!—it would never be her friend Lucy who would use pressure on Iris's inclinations. Lucy would leave that to Lady Fermor. Lucy would even aid and abet Iris against her formidable grandmother, so far as the welfare of the Rector and the parish would let so good a churchwoman endanger it for any private and mundane matter. However, the affair was unfortunate altogether, and Lucy feared with some reason there were hard times in store for Iris.

As for Iris she was still capable of thankfulness for small mercies. It was a relief to think Lucy would not come to her again and speak of Sir William with the forced, sanguine praise, adopted last night. Iris had a sense of support in the conviction that Lucy would help her when she could, in keeping out of his reach at the hay-making—were it but to atone for the pain which her friend's credulity had given Iris. Such an atonement would be a hundred times better than any amount of apologies.

The girls had fixed to wear nearly similar gowns—white, with blue ribands for Iris, and pink for Lucy. But when Iris appeared before her grandmother she was summarily dismissed to change her dress.

"You look too washed out this morning for that childish white frock, girl. What a wretched constitution you must have to be tired out by one ball! Put on anything rather than that white rag to make an exhibition of your sickness; which is only a bad trick, after all, for you can walk to Knotley or Mistle Down and back again, and feel no worse of it, when you choose."

Though Iris was prepared to be miserable, though she despaired of pleasing her grandmother this morning, she had not attained the age when vexation and worry merge into personal hopelessness, and there is a certain listless, half-bitter satisfaction in being utterly indifferent to externals. Iris had still the feelings of her kind, in seeking, however unhappy she might be, to comply with her obligation to the world in making the most of her personal advantages, and looking her best under difficulties—whether in public or in private. It seems perverse of Iris, for, apart from her grandmother's wishes, it ought to have served the girl better to wear sack-cloth and ashes, and look in harmony with her attire. Instead she put on a garment of mixed dark and light blue, which set off her fair complexion, even in its dimness and waxenness, this morning. She tried on a straw hat with maize ribands, which warmed

her present lack of colour, and removed from the pale pink in her cheeks the slightest strain of sallowness. If she were no longer like the red, red rose, she was like the maiden's blush, whose very faintness of tint is exquisite, and competes successfully with the hue, "angry and bright," of its brilliant sister.

Lady Fermor made no comment on the change, though she spoke a few words apart to Iris. "You will mind what you are about, Iris. There is neither to be mock-modesty nor barefaced flirtation. I think either of them in shockingly bad taste. I was sorry to receive a hint that you had been guilty of the one or the other last night. What! you do not understand me, Miss Compton? I give you credit for more brains. What do you call mock-modesty but an assumption of ignorance of a gentleman's intentions, which have been patent to any one who chose to use his or her eyes for the last three months? If the ignorance had been real it must have been idiotic. And what is your idea of a hoydenish flirtation but to turn your shoulder and run away from a man who has my leave to pursue you, and will stop you before many days are done? I could give you a good shaking for your pains."

"Grandmamma, will you let me speak to you?" begged Iris, shaking already in every limb before the crisis, but nerving herself, like a brave-hearted girl with a clear conscience, for the encounter.

"No, I will not," answered Lady Fermor with hardly restrained violence of absolute denial, so that the sound reached Lucy in the other window. "I have no time to listen to your flighty maundering nonsense; besides, there is nothing further to be said. I have already told you that you are not everybody's bargain—that I am doing my best for you, while you are behaving like an ungrateful baby. Come, Miss Acton, I hear the carriage drawing up."

Such was the seasoning which Iris had beforehand to the various courses of a Dresden fête.

Lady Fermor's party and Lady Thwaite's party constituted the principal people at Sir William's hay-making. The Hollises had been otherwise engaged, and the contribution from the Rectory, from Knotley, even from Birkett barracks was of inferior importance. If Lady Fermor's ball had become Miss Compton's, Sir William Thwaite's hay-making was more than half Lady Fermor's. Though Lady Thwaite had engaged to give the guests

tea in her old drawing-room, the mistress of Lambford put in her oar again and unceremoniously robbed the former mistress of Whitehills of all save her bare perquisites, while Lady Thwaite was too much of a woman of the world to do more than shrug her shoulders imperceptibly and smile, and gracefully waive her superior claims.

Lady Fermor took the initiative. She knew, or held that she knew, exactly what to do. She had the programme cut and dry. She drove straight to the hay-field, where Sir William was restlessly awaiting his guests, while his reception of them there could be made a more informal and easy matter than could have been managed in the house. The old lady at once occupied the arm-chair which she had directed to be brought out for her, and asked for a glass of wine to drink the hay-makers' healths and prosperity to the crop and its master, which she did in a spirited little speech composed for the occasion. Then she ordered all the select company to find rakes and toss the grass with the best, while she sat and presided over the work and boasted of the hay-making machine which had superseded hay-makers at Lambford. Thus the hay-field was as it were declared open to the better classes, and the fête set a-going sheerly by the energy of Lady Fermor.

The scene was pleasant to see. The great hay-field consisted of acre upon acre of billowy meadow land just adjoining the park of Whitehills. The field commanded clumps of fine old trees and vistas of green. At the end of one vista stood the long, low, white manor-house, which had survived the vicissitudes of centuries, of kings, and of people, and had still been handed down from Thwaite to Thwaite, till it fell into the hands of a sergeant in a marching regiment.

Not infrequently the moist climate of Eastwich had a mist—silver or golden, or dank-white—like a shroud, to hang its light, loose, wavy veil, or to wind its hazy, tight, straight folds about the landscape. To-day, after long dry, warm weather, there was no more of this mist than the softest amber haze of heat, which tempered the droughty blue of the sky even more than one or two fleecy white clouds, flecking the expanse and making chequers of shade, afforded a sense of refreshment. The weather-wise pointed to these clouds, and coupling with them the well-known sign of the low darts here and there of the maize, said Sir William was drying his hay in time, for the fine weather would not last much longer.

The swathes of grass passing from green to russet filled the air with dusty sweetness, as they were whirled and swirled about, not with the precision and monotony of the hay-making machine, but with the more picturesque irregularity of human arms and human wills. Here and there a precocious cluster of hay-cocks showed where the early sun had shone most strongly and the early workers toiled most diligently.

The true workers, tanned and freckled, with an ancient green stained smock-frock or two lingering in the ranks of jackets, and a snow-white, deep pink, or fresh lilac sun-bonnet asserting itself at different points among the brown straw hats, were in keeping with the occupation. It was pursued with a sort of dogged industry and slow humorous pretence of the primitive hay-makers at not so much as seeing their esoteric fiftful assistants.

Lady Fermor, in her chair, with her nodding plumes, and her stiff fingers covered with rings, looked the mediæval châtelaine to perfection. The artificial workers lent greater animation and gaiety to the heavier, more sombre groups among which they mingled for a few hours. The ladies and gentlemen brought delicate play and airy flutter, like the accompaniment of fairy music to the deeper tones of the human choir. There were the lighter swish of soft dresses, and the daintier effect of wonderful shades of colour in primrose and daffodil, peacock blue, cardinal red, and sea coral. There were graceful gambols with badly poised new rakes and pitchforks, freedom to rest every other moment, the continual refrain of merry jesting and laughter, accompanying a labour of love and fancy, and not of strict necessity, and work-a-day use and wont.

Doubtless there were some gloomy and saturnine souls that resisted the intrusion of fairies among the battered warriors and amazons, the beaten victims of the sweat of the brow and the bondage to poverty and toil. Sir William himself was not without a tendency to look, from time to time, in this light at the party he had permitted if not originated. But the apathetic, much enduring Eastwick labouring men and women for the most part treated the liberty taken with their class in a more genial and wholesome, if more superficial spirit. The appearance of the gentlefolks in the field formed a fine sight, their antics proved a famous diversion to their humbler neighbours. And for that matter the grandes had their troubles as well as their gay doings, and were

but dust like the rest of the world, which was a comforting reflection.

There was the squire, looking none so hearty and heedless that anybody need eat out his heart with envying him. Mayhap he wished himself back among his early friends, doing a day's work, trudging on the march, talking and smoking their clay pipes over their mugs of beer, when the sun went down. Mayhap working at being a gentleman, to which he had not been bred, turned out the hardest work of all. The women among the real hay-makers thought surely they would have a taste of cowslip wine—still extant in Eastwick—or elderberry wine and diet cake to sweeten their mouths after the usual field fare, when the gentle folks were holding their feast.

In the mean time Sir William, though he wore an expression of inflexible gravity as one on the eve of a grand epoch in his life, was not a blot on his company. He showed best in his morning dress, in which he was most at home—any rusticity or obliviousness of what another squire would have done, without a thought, did not come into prominence, or merely peeped out with a species of propriety in the relaxation of the hay-making. The sort of fettered air which haunted him at other times, with a depressing effect, had largely disappeared on this occasion. In his tweed suit and straw hat he looked the comely, stalwart young fellow he was; he moved about almost freely, almost lightly.

Iris's vexation and nervous oppression—when they were not at once confirmed by Sir William's conduct, did not remain proof against the fresh open air attractiveness of the scene, with its touches of sentiment and fantasticalness. She had visions of Madame de Sévigné at Les Rochers; and Madam Delany at some of the innumerable country houses of her innumerable friends, from the "dear Duchess" downwards; of Lady Sarah Lennox on the lawn before Holland House, when Kensington was a village and a king rode by; of a picture which hung up yonder in the drawing-room at Whitehills. It represented a Lady Thwaite whom Sir Joshua had painted as a shepherdess, and neither her husband nor anybody else had resented the masquerade, though the very next generation had punished, with life-long expulsion from the family, a son of the house who took a gamekeeper's daughter for his bride.

The light returned to Iris's eyes and the colour to her cheek. Sir William had not so much as spoken to her, except in a general welcome to Lady Fermor's party. He did not come near her. Was a great deliverance

granted to her? Had he got his lesson so that he would not affront her again by confounding common charity with full sympathy and warm regard. In that case her grandmother could do nothing and he would soon forget his balked expectations. She, Iris, did not think she could ever again slumber in such sweet security and lightness of heart, as she had allowed herself to feel, but at least she might be happy to-day in the sunshine, in the meadow, among friendly young people, her contemporaries.

Iris and Lucy and Ludovic Acton, with Lady Thwaite's niece Janie, flung about the future hay for a quarter of an hour, in an orderly professional manner. Then Lucy, backed with half-shy glee by Janie, turned upon the naval lieutenant. They showered the contents of their rakes upon him till he was stuck all over, from the crown of his hat to the soles of his boots, with seeded grass. Iris looked on and laughed with maidenly coyness. Five or six years ago she would have been forward in the game, for which she still felt a secret inclination, but she was too grown up and decorous to engage in sisterly or schoolgirl romping. He did not mind it, though there were stray specimens of the seeds in his sandy beard and moustache for the next hour. His sister was constantly imploring him, in vain, to let her pick them out. He said they did not bother him and would not at all interfere with his flute playing. He had brought his second best flute in his pocket, as he felt certain Lady Thwaite and Sir William must have made some provision for drawing-room music. For anything farther the seeds ought to stay where they were, as a punishment to Lucy for her unsisterly behaviour. He did not mean any reflection on Miss Janie, who could do as she pleased, and was not to be considered accountable for his acquiring the look of having slept last night in a hayfield, like any tramp or vagabond. It was a member of his own family, his sister Lucy, the prop of the Sunday-school, who had set herself to draw down on him the slanderous inference. It was too dreadful, almost more than could be borne with manly fortitude.

The wit was of the mildest description, but the girls laughed at it as if it had been Attic salt. They laughed too when Ludovic was the first to complain of an ache in his strong back, and to propose a saunter round the meadows, where the saunterers gathered all that was left of the queen of the meadow and ragged robin.

Iris suggested that they should sit down when Mr. Acton might convert himself into a Corydon or an Orpheus, on the spot, by piping to them on his reed—toot-tooting on his flute she meant, if he had not broken it, when he had disobeyed Lucy and everybody else, and got his boots in a mess of clay, in spite of the dry weather, by burrowing in the side of the ditch after a harmless hedgehog. But Lucy forbade him, insisting that the hay-makers would consider the piping an invitation to leave off working and take to dancing—not such dances as came naturally to Arcadian shepherds and shepherdesses.

Among the bona-fide workers was a woman who raked and spread the grass slightly apart from her neighbours. She had come on Sir William's express invitation, but she was not well received by the other field-workers. They had little to say against her. It was nothing to them that old Abe Smith had a doubtful reputation as an under-keeper; and only retained his post till he should cross the seas to his son, by a cross whim of old Sir John's which he seemed to have left as a legacy to the present baronet. It was even little to the lasses and wives and mothers that Honor was not like other young women. She was masculine and wild in her ways. Instead of staying in the cottage at Hawley Scrub, and attending to her housewifery, as they stayed at home and scoured and washed and plied their needles when they were not at field-work, she lived in the woods, summer and winter, like her father. She was said to aid and abet him in his nefarious doings, if so be he had nefarious doings. She was not a relation of the common country people's, old Abe being come of a nearly extinct race of settlers, while Honor's mother had belonged to the Quarry-folk who dwelt hard upon Mistley Downs and were, next to the ancient squatters, the most unsettled and unruly natives of the district. But the great offence was that Honor was not and never had been a field-worker, and the ordinary Eastwich field-worker looked as dubiously and disapprovingly on an interloper, as any exclusive set, high or low, objects to an intruder into their charmed circle. The squire might bring as many ladies and gentlemen into the field as he liked, but a strange field-worker was another matter. That was not to be thought of. That was not Eastwich manners.

The solitary figure was conspicuous in the black gown, with the red handkerchief not worn round her throat, but drawn over her abundant brown hair and knotted under her chin, as her sole protection against the beat-

ing down rays of the afternoon sun. The head-gear lent an outlandish, half-gipsy air to Honor, to which she did not object. It certainly suited with her being held at arm's length by her fellow workers, nor did she appear to mind the ostracism. Perhaps she took it as a compliment, for hers was an odd character, with its own peculiar pride, as well as its dash of cynicism. She might put down the distance at which she was kept to the fact, that, as a keeper's daughter, if he had been a flourishing keeper of unblemished fame, she would have moved in a grade of life considerably higher than that of the day-labourers, her present companions. This reflection doubtless helped her philosophy, for she looked contented enough whenever she paused to contemplate the amount and the thoroughness of the work to which she was unused.

Sir William did not fail Honor Smith. Like Lady Fermor, he did not lose sight of a friend. He came down to her corner of the field several times, and spoke with her, asking how her father was, when he proposed to take out their berths in the Liverpool ship; how she was getting on with her work, and how long she thought it would take for the grass to dry. But Sir William spoke also, though with greater effort, to other men and women in his pay, with whom he had struck up an acquaintance. There was nothing at all striking in his notice of Honor Smith till Major Pollock strolled towards her, and began to talk to her in a way that interfered with her work, and annoyed her, to judge by the manner in which she rested on her rake, and flung back her head.

It was then Sir William crossed the field swiftly to Honor Smith's aid. "You know, Honor, I am looking for half the field being in haycock to night." He addressed her as if she were his friend as well as his servant, while he ignored the unwelcome, compulsory guest brought upon him by Lady Fermor. "I count upon you doing your best. Look here, you must not permit any interference with your work."

"All right, Sir William," she said, very much as a free-spoken man would have answered him, while her white teeth flashed out in a broad smile, against the warm brown of her cheeks and the red of her handkerchief; "will you be so good as to repeat your orders to this here gentleman?"

In spite of her smile and her masculine tone, there was very much of the woman in the mingled impatience, anger, and disgust of the last sentence.

"Oh! I'm off. Excuse me. I had no idea I was guilty of an intrusion," the Major mumbled superciliously and impertinently, as he lounged away, giving more freedom to the expression of his thoughts the farther he got out of Sir William's hearing. "So my gentleman has two strings to his bow, low hypocrite and temperance dog that he is! It would not be a bad idea to give the old beldame a hint."

But Major Pollock did not feel equal to fulfilling his intention, though a fine opening presented itself to him the very next moment. Lady Fermor, who had been fully alive to the little episode, made an imperious signal for him to come to her side, and told him roundly, "Pollock, if you cannot behave yourself at this time of the day, you shan't enter decent society under my auspices again."

"What does she mean by decent society?" muttered her follower, as disloyal as he was abject. "Her own, or that of the stuck up swashbuckler whom she means to call her grandson, or the red-capped woman who is Miss Compton's rival? A fine collection!"

But though Major Pollock refrained from using his foul tongue when he was called to account, and was cowed by Lady Fermor's rough reprimands, he registered both the offence to his pride, and the choice communication he desired to convey, for a future occasion.

Lady Fermor's seat was not far from a gate into the park where a side path led to the house. Sir William had done his best to make everything easy for his patroness. He gave her his arm and conducted her carefully to the gate, a movement which was a sign for the company to follow their leaders. Within the gate a sedan-chair which had been used by the late Sir John was drawn up. Sir William placed the old lady in it. Then he took his stand by the open gate and in a dumb show, which was not without its clumsy grace of honest hospitality, did not so much receive as show in his company. He was making himself their servant according to his sense of a host's part. As Iris Compton came up he found voice to address her. "I hope you are enjoying yourself, Miss Compton."

She had no choice except to answer, "Thanks, I am enjoying myself very much, Sir William." She felt aggrieved as well as troubled, by the hot flush of pleasure, the momentary broad smile which her matter-of-course words brought into his face, and by the emphatic nod of acquiescence and approval volunteered by her grandmother.

Sir William would suffer no one but himself to wheel the chair along the by-path which turned into the main sweep and terminated at the entrance to the house.

The rest of the party, preceding the two, entered the fine hall which had failed to impress its owner on the March day when Mr. Miles brought the heir home, and passing the library went into Lady Thwaite's old drawing-room.

The former Lady of Whitehills was in her element as she again presided in the well-known domain, welcoming everybody, entertaining everybody, seeing that Mrs. Cray and Cumberbatch supplied the company with tea, or wine, or ices as they preferred. Mrs. Cray did not relish the deputy mistress. The housekeeper might stomach an "own lady," if Sir William chose to bring her on the scene, but not the late madam who came to remark on changes, and call for this or that to which she had been accustomed, but which was not cleaned and put out for the occasion. But as for Cumberbatch he was as much in his element as Lady Thwaite was in hers. He considered this was something like a return, on a small scale, to the dignified hospitality of the Dean.

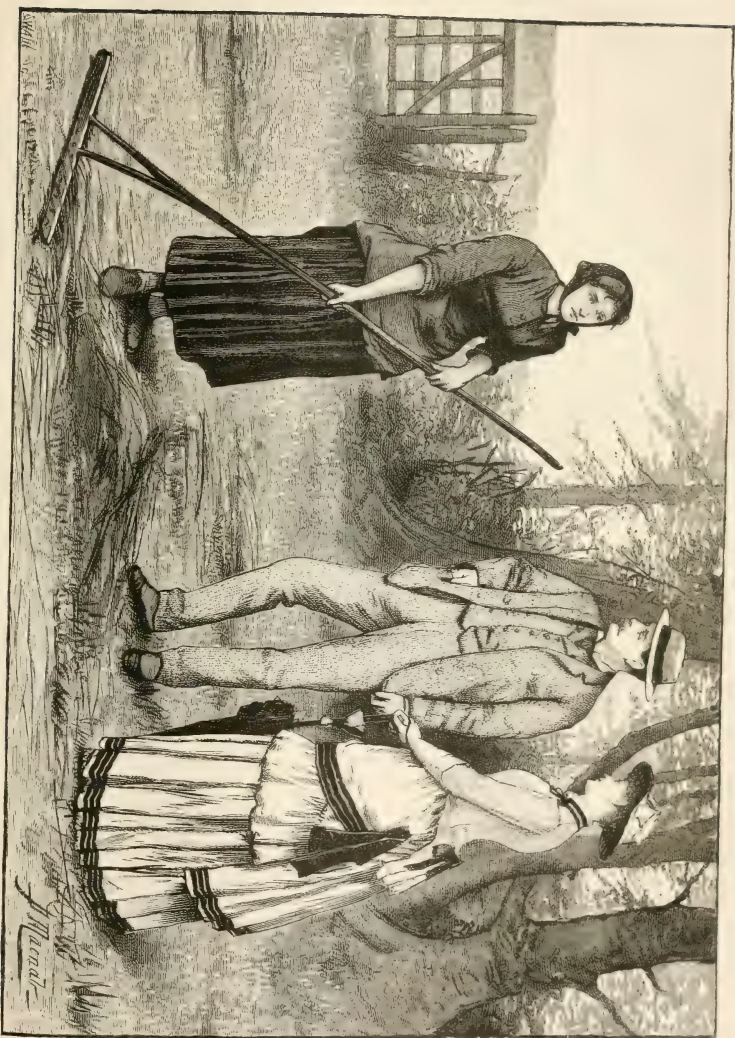
Lady Thwaite was supported by the Rector in a flush of benignity, divided between the advisability of lending his countenance to a lady who was in the position of hostess—a trying position under the circumstances, or of hurrying off to relieve Sir William of the charge of Mr. Acton's old prodigal, the most unmistakable and unmitigated prodigal in his flock.

Lady Thwaite had an elevating sense of magnanimity in doing her duty, under such altered conditions, in the Whitehills drawing-room; she had also a considerable feeling of enjoyment in displaying the magnanimity, knowing that almost everybody to whom she sent a cup of tea and a shaving of bread and butter, or a pile of grapes, or a peach in lieu of the strawberries which had not waited for 'he second hay-cutting, was remembering to say, "Poor dear Lady Thwaite! how unselfish and amiable she is, and how much Sir William and the rest of us are obliged to her, for she must feel all this dreadfully. She must be overpowered by a throng of old associations."

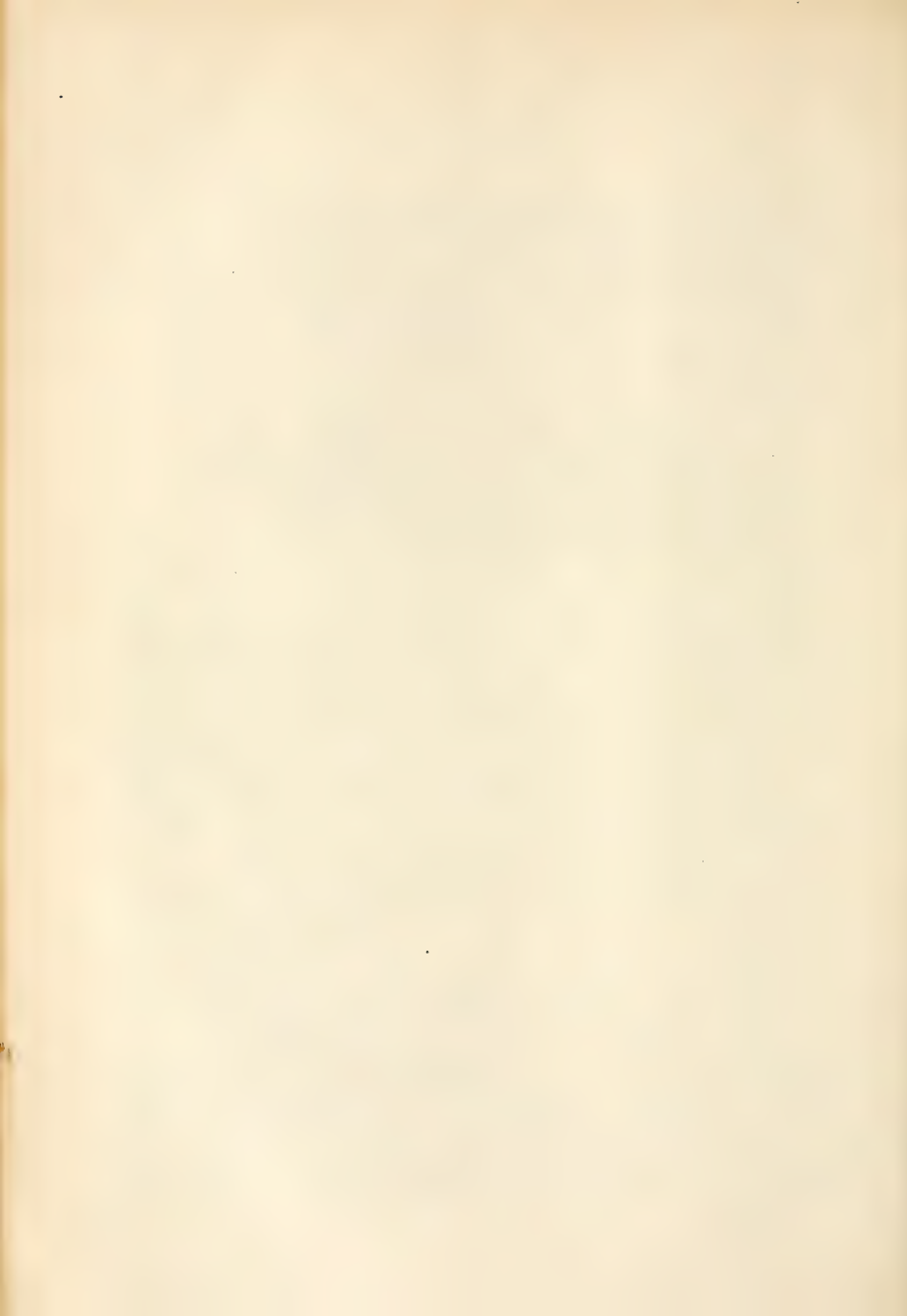
Lady Thwaite was not overpowered in the line sketched out for her; but she had some pensive perceptions which gave her the agreeable conviction that there was no sham in her magnanimity. How well her old drawing-room looked, bare as it was! what a

poor little place her drawing-room at Nether-ton would always be in comparison! Of course she could not carry off the carved cornice, the caryatides of the chimney-piece, the space, those odd available nooks with their charming air of retreat, and delightful lights and shades. That relic of the musicians' gallery, the only one left in the county—she used to be so proud of it and show it off to all strangers. In like manner she had exhibited the two Sir Joshuas. They were heir-looms, but she might have asked for the fragment of old tapestry hanging over the railing of the gallery. She had been too modest, particularly as Sir William doubtless imagined it a bit of old carpet, and wondered what it was doing there.

Iris could not escape from certain new sensations when she entered Whitehills again. She had the taste to value it, and she could not avoid reminding herself that if Lady Fermor and Lady Thwaite were right, as her awakened instincts told her they were, all might be hers. This might become her stately, beautiful home—her home, with a man on whom its mellowed dignity, refinement, and comfort would be thrown away, who might like to pull down the old pile and replace it by a hideous staring modern mansion, which had not borrowed one idea from Ruskin or Morris, Kensington or Turnham Green. If Sir William did not meditate such wholesale desecration, he was probably only waiting for his marriage to re-furnish Whitehills "right off," like a new pin, as she had once heard him express himself, with waggon loads of gorgeous chairs and couches, and curtains brought down from some advertising warehouse, and only the modern antiques rejected along with the veritable antiques. Certainly taste was not everything, was not very much in a man's moral and spiritual composition, still it stood for a good deal in the girl's mind—for that culture which, however laughed at in its extravagance, still marks the difference between knowledge and ignorance, polish and roughness, and represents to a gentlewoman easy sympathy, natural companionship, familiar interests, and almost involuntary respect and regard. She was right in what she had said last night. Whitehills, even though it had been Warwick Castle or Windsor, was not worth a girl's selling herself that she might be its temporary owner and dwell there in loveless state and bounty, in heavy dullness and loneliness, in constant petty affront and perturbation, for what its untutored, sometimes uncouth, master might or might not say



"I have brought a young lady to see you, Honor."



and do. Iris felt calm again. She could go and look at the Sir Joshuas with Lucy, and speculate whether the Lady Thwaite of a hundred years ago had ever tried making hay, or had been at the pains to look at the process, save in some French print of "*un amusement pastoral*," though she had been an Eastwich bride and had dwelt at Whitehills for the most of her life. If it had been otherwise, could she have dressed herself in what looked like a pink gauze sacque, and worn a mob-cap with a hat suspended by the ribbons half-way down her shoulders, and employed such a toy rake as would not have gathered more than half-a-dozen blades of grass at a time.

King Lud had his will. There was a little music extracted with difficulty from the old piano, for Lady Thwaite had carried away her Broadwood, and this was an instrument "as old as the hills," the most musical man present felt bound to protest with a groan, an out-of-tune thing, without the additional octaves, which had been used by Sir John's last unmarried sister. Lady Thwaite played first, but Iris, though she played among the other girls, declined to follow immediately after her hostess.

CHAPTER XVIII.—THE BEAST THROWS HIMSELF AT BEAUTY'S FEET.

IRIS was getting too bold, far too bold; she took herself to task disconsolately soon afterwards, when all her nerves were jarred, and her heart sent again fluttering in her throat. There had been some talk of the garden, and Lady Thwaite had asked Sir William about the lilies which ought to be in blossom on the pond, and about the Japanese lilies which she had introduced with success into the tank at the end of the largest green-house. There was a little stir indicative of an adjournment to the gardens, but Iris felt quite safe in joining in the movement. It would only be the young people who would go out again before returning home to dinner, and mentally she classed Sir William, in spite of his last night's waltzing, with the elderly folks, and seated him in her imagination beside Lady Fernor, to whom he seemed bent on doing the honours of his house. Iris was ready to acknowledge, even in her present prejudiced state of mind, that the homage did not come ill from the prime of manhood to tottering, though untamed and undaunted, old age. Instead, her dream of security was rudely broken by her seeing Sir William standing in front of her, and hearing him say, "Miss Compton, would you mind going to see the lilies?"

She did mind, but she could not say so. She had an instantaneous comprehension that the hour and the man had come, and she must meet them with the courage which other girls summoned up for similar trials. She took his arm and walked out, with the knowledge that all the eyes in the room were fixed on the couple, as they had been last night. She dared not let herself think that Lucy must be pitying her, lest the sense of her friend's compassion should shake her firmness.

Slight and matter-of-course as the advance might appear, it was really the most direct, unmistakable approach he had made to her that day. She would never have looked upon it as anything save a host's politeness and Sir William's growing *savoir faire*, if it had not been for what she had been told last night, which had robbed her of her ease and peace of mind, till she could not put an indifferent interpretation on a simple action.

Iris could not tell whether Sir William had been spurred on by her grandmother to take the leap which lay before him, or whether it was the spontaneous impulse of a man with regard to whom she had not doubted that he was a brave man. He might never have read poetry (if she had known it, he had taken to reading it lately, and had gone through dozens of love poems on her account), still he might by instinct have arrived at an entire agreement with the gallant Montrose:—

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That does not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all."

Yet she felt the arm on which her fingers were resting trembling as she walked along the corridor, and she feared she would need to have coolness for both. She had read that in certain circumstances, under the influence of passion, strong men are sometimes weaker than fragile women. But whatever other girls had done she ought to be able to do, and surely he would take his rejection like a man. She knew he could not conceal his feelings, and she did not expect him to be forbearing and generous, especially after what her grandmother had done. He might be rude and angry, but his anger was not what she feared.

Withal, modest as Iris was, she never doubted the sincerity of Sir William's sentiments, she never fancied that he could be influenced by any other motive than unfortunate misplaced attachment to herself. There was little distrust, and almost no suspicion, in Iris Compton's nature, neither was

there the least tendency to double-dealing or trifling. There was not the making of a coquette in her. Now that the moment, from which she had turned away with the greatest repugnance, was at hand, she would rather face it and have it over, because it would be better for both of them. Then she would reckon with her grandmother; at least the gentle, inexperienced, ill-armed girl would match herself with the woman who had eaten of the fruits of the tree of the knowledge of evil to the last bitter-sweet morsel, who could be as furious as she was unscrupulous.

Iris only made a single attempt to direct the course of events a little in her favour, and in his favour also. Everybody seemed bound for the gardens; had she and he not better have it out where there were fewer spectators? at least spectators less interested in watching the couple from a distance, and greedily scanning each sign of the result of the interview. If the poor man were in danger of making a spectacle of himself, ought she not to screen him as far as she could from exposure?

"If it is all the same to you, Sir William," said Iris, with an involuntary tremor in her voice, "I should prefer to go down to the hay-field again. I should like to speak to an old acquaintance there."

"Whatever you please," he told her hurriedly. "We may come back by the lilies. They are like—they make me think of you—I mean of how you looked last night."

She had nothing to answer. She was afraid he might go on to reproach her with slighting him at her ball. Yet how could he have felt the slight if he cared to remember her looks last night? She was afraid everything remained to be told. She began to talk fast on another subject in order to excuse herself for neglecting the lilies. She was nerving herself to give him a hearing and an answer once for all. But she did not see that she need keep silent, and bring on a premature declaration—that she might not rather stave it off as long as possible. It was inconsistent, but it was the struggle between her girlish courage and girlish cowardice.

"I wish to go down and see Honor Smith," she said, in what sounded to him as the most extraordinary coincidence. "I used to know her long ago."

She succeeded in arresting for a moment the words which were trembling on his lips, and arousing his curiosity instead.

"Do you know Honor Smith?" he inquired in surprise. "She did me a bit of a

service not long since; that is how I came to know her. How did it come about that you and she were acquainted?"

"Simply enough. I was living alone with my governess at Lambford. Grandmamma and grandpapa used to go a good deal about in those days, and I was always left at home with Miss Burrage. She was a good, kind woman, who tried to make me care for others, and she began with little girls like myself. The Rector told us of a child, a few years older than I was, who had fallen down a bank and broken her arm. She had no mother or female relative; she was lying alone, only taken care of by her father and brother, when they were at home, over at the cottage at Hawley Scrub. Miss Burrage took me there several times, and we did what we could for poor Honor. When she was well again she used to bring me presents of wild flowers, blackberries, and nuts and birds' eggs for years afterwards, till grandmamma put a stop to it. She says people did not run in and out of cottages and have such acquaintances when she was young. I am afraid she had heard something to the disadvantage of Honor and her family."

"Just so," said Sir William with his impenetrable manner. "But you have no horror of poor common people and their ways?"

"Horror!" exclaimed Iris, a little taken aback, "I should hope not. Neither is grandmamma horrified, but she thinks the social lines between the classes should be strictly drawn. They were so, long ago," she ended a little nervously, with a consideration for his origin.

"Then why did she open her doors to me?" he startled her by asking a little sarcastically. "I beg your pardon," he added immediately with a softened manner. "What although it was because I had come into my own, and was master of Whitehills here, since I do not believe you would have made the same distinction—I do not mean that I do not know what was fitting for the likes of you—but at least you could keep company with Honor Smith and not forget what was due either to her or to yourself. You two were friends. It is what I should have expected from you."

She was saved from the necessity of saying anything further. The two had been walking fast, and Honor had made such progress with her work that she was turning over and spreading the swathes of grass close to the park wall, while the rest of the hay-makers were several paces behind.

"I have brought a young lady to see you,

Honor," he said, with an eager pride which hurt Iris. "She says that she does not want an introduction, for you and she were thick together when you were children."

"Miss Compton is very kind," said Honor with some pleasure in her face and voice. At the same time she looked sharply at the two, and she stepped back, idly moving the hay with her foot, instead of drawing nearer. "It is a power of years since we were acquainted," she added with growing reserve, "and I have not had any other friend of the kind, so that we have fallen out of knowledge like, and it don't seem worth while to rake up the past and begin to build upon it."

"Nonsense!" said Sir William bluntly.

"I am not surprised that you should think so, Honor," said Iris, a little pained nevertheless, "but I could not help our old friendship being stopped; it was always pleasant to me. After Miss Burrage left—you remember Miss Burrage, and how she could put your bandages right, and knew exactly what you would like to eat and drink?—I was as lonely a girl as you were, perhaps lonelier, for I had neither father nor brother. You may see and believe I have not forgotten you."

"Oh, don't go for to heed what I say, miss!" burst out Honor with shame and contrition. "I have run clean wild, as the other women among the workers will tell you. I am as bad as the women who 'list in disguise, or get into the Queen's ships in Jack Tar's clothes, and are only found out when they are dead or dying. It would be a jolly lark, and I think I could die game. But I am speaking to a delicate young lady as was good to me when I were sick and little, and I might speak what would suit her ears better. I am glad to have seen and spoken with you again, Miss Compton; and I wish you all the happiness you deserve," she said a little formally, and glanced doubtfully at Sir William.

"Faith, you're in a queer humour, Honor," said Sir William discontentedly. "I never heard that you set up for a rowdy or a gipsy."

"You don't know me yet, Sir William," answered Honor curtly.

"Is it true, Honor, that you and your father are going to cross the sea?" inquired Iris. "If so, will you let me wish you all the freedom you like, and all the prosperity you can meet with out there? Some day we may hear of you as successful settlers who have not feared privations, and who have held the last of the Red Indians at bay."

Honor looked up with a brighter face. "Yes, you may. That's a good wish; them are kind words." Then a shade of sullenness fell again

across her face, and she bent her head over her work and began anew to exert her entire energies in drawing together and shaking out the hay, as if she would put an end to the conversation. "It is the best that can happen to me, since I've missed what the likes of you might have made of me," she said again with bitterness.

Iris attempted no rejoinder, no fresh reminder that she had been without power to act otherwise than she had done. She stood silent for a moment, at last she turned back with Sir William strolling by her side. "I never thought Honor Smith would grow into a woman like this," Iris said regretfully. "She was such a bright, warm-hearted girl."

"You see," he said awkwardly in his agitation, "she missed her great good, and how am I ever to ask it for myself—that you will take me and make me something better than I am, better than anything I have ever thought of?"

"Don't speak so, Sir William," she begged him low, but with the utmost earnestness of entreaty. "Indeed, I wish you and every human being well, but you are asking what I cannot give. No human being is able to aid another in the way you seem to think. You can be a good man—the best of men if you will, with God helping you. You do not need to ask a girl like me, or the mightiest power on earth, to help you."

"But you may do what you can to help me," he urged. "You may make me a happy or miserable man, Miss Compton. Do you know the difference between the two? You may make this place a blessing or a curse to me, and perhaps to more than me. I know, none better, how terribly far I am from you—what a tremendous favour I am asking; but if you could bring yourself to grant it, there is nothing I can imagine that I would not do to pleasure you—to make you as happy as a queen. My sister—I had a sister once who did not think so badly of me—said she believed I could make any woman happy if I tried. That was rank folly, and because she was rare fond of me, for I was her lad, whom she had mothered for many a year. But, Miss Compton, there's nothing I would not try."

"Oh, don't say that again!" besought Iris in her pain. "I believe you, but I never thought it had gone so far as this. If I had only known—if I could have done anything to prevent it!"

"Did you not know? Could you not guess?" he asked wistfully, with a little resentment stealing into his tones. "I dare say I could not put it to you—could not

make you understand as a man like yourself could have done ; and I was a coward when I feared to scare or offend you. Your grandmother knew almost from the first. She gave me encouragement ; she said plainly I had her consent, or I might not have presumed."

"Don't talk of presumption," she protested. "Only think how you are wasting your regard ! Call up your pride, and don't waste your—your liking for me any longer. You have a right—every man has a right to ask a return for what he gives, or to take it back without letting it lie unacknowledged and unaccepted—I don't say spurned—no girl with a heart in her breast would spurn such an offering, unless it were forced upon her."

"In time she might stoop and pick it up," he said quickly.

"Oh, no, not if there were such unlikeness and such unsuitability as exist here. She would be very sorry that such an idea had ever entered into a man's head, but she must be firm when truth and happiness were at stake."

"Truth !" he repeated passionately. "I love you true as the heaven above us. Happiness ! I should be the happiest man the world ever saw if you but said, 'Will Thwaite, next year, or five or ten years hence, I will give a thought to what you said after the Whitehills' hay-making—if you go on improving yourself nearer to a gentleman, you shall have your reward before you leave this world.'"

"But that is not the truth ; and the happiness you imagine would be a short-lived delusion." She persisted in words that she knew must cut deep, but so the operator has to use the knife if he will save the victim ; and she was doing what she had to do with keen suffering to herself. "It is not only that we have been brought up quite differently, with other customs and standards, but that we have so little in common, which makes your notion that we could become close companions and fast friends, and be so happy together, incredible in its absurdity. Forgive me for saying so, but you will soon see it yourself ; you will be conscious before long that you have only been carried away by a passing fancy for the first girl you saw after you came to Whitehills, who spoke as she felt, out of simple good-will. You will thank me ; yes, I believe you will live to thank me for saving, not only myself, but you, from a great blunder and a life-long disaster."

Is there anything to equal the fearless confidence even of the wisest, most modest young girl, when she thinks the path of duty lies

plain before her, and that she has to follow it at whatever cost ? The only parallel is the innocent, uncomprehending sincerity which may crush with the weight of lead the object on which it falls.

Sir William's ruddy colour faded, and he withered under the blow inflicted by the usually kind, gentle hand ; but he had still a man's spirit left in him to resent and deny his share of her inferences. "You are wrong, Miss Compton. I mean you are altogether and hugely wrong, where I have to do with what you say. I may be—since you will have it I am—a poor lout of a fellow, but I know this, that my love for you is not a light fancy, and that I shall never thank you for parting us, if so be you do part us—never, though I were to live a hundred lives !"

She sighed an impatient sigh. He had succeeded in stirring up in her that sense of personal affront with which she had first heard of his suit. She began again to feel indignant on her own account, as well as deeply hurt for him. She spoke, as it sounded to him, more mercilessly and cruelly than before, though she judged it a just and humane cruelty.

"And I cannot, now or ever, care for you as you wish, as you are entitled to ask of any girl, if you are justified in addressing her at all, as you have addressed me. I must say," continued Iris, with a swelling heart, and her little head held higher than was its wont, "that I don't think you are justified in—making love or proposing to me by anything that I have ever said or done. You are not entitled to draw down such a trial on me, whoever may be in fault. But it has all been a wretched mistake, and it is better to forget it at once, and for ever, than to seek to apportion the share of blame to everybody concerned," she hurried on. "Sir William, you spoke of my stooping to pick up your regard—it is you who are stooping and degrading yourself, if you say another word to me on the subject, after what I have said to you—with real sorrow and shame, because I would not hurt any one if I could help it, because I believe you have been misled and have deceived yourself."

They were standing just within the gate in the path which led to the house. He turned round with face in a flame again, and hands which were clenched in desperation. He could not restrain himself, as a man differently constituted and differently trained might have done.

"Do you mean," he said slowly, "that nothing I can do will make any difference, that you will never look on me as a lover or a

husband? That not only I don't take your fancy now, but that you will let some other man take it and welcome, and hold yourself free from any wrong done to me? But that is not all: you think I have wronged you by telling you, with my lady's permission, that I love you as I love my life; that I have loved you from the first moment I ever saw you. You will hold me a mean rascal, a low dog, if I demean myself further to cringe and beseech you for what you have said I can never get."

"Yes," said Iris faintly; "that is in some sort my meaning."

"Then don't be frightened, Miss Compton. I won't demean myself—you have heard the last of the story. You have done with me, and I hope you may never repent having stripped life of all it held sweet, even to your greatest inferior, a beggar who began life in the gutter and was the blackguard of the barrack-yard. I hope you'll never be sorry—if women have any pity in their breasts—for sending him back to where he came from, with ten devils, instead of one, to bear him company."

He was breaking from her abruptly, when the most inappropriate interruption stopped him.

Refreshments had been sent out to the hay-makers—an ample and choice store of meat and drink—by the orders of a man with a full heart, who had let himself be duped into thinking that the day was to bring him blessedness, either in sure prospect or in fulfilment. The company who were about to enjoy their feast had seen the squire in the hay-field again with a young lady, and afterwards standing in conversation with her just inside the park gate. The best mannered were struck with the opportunity of thanking him, and according to immemorial precedent, drinking his health. But they were too bashful to intrude on him and his companion in a body. They deputed the oldest apple-cheeked man in the greenest stained smock-frock to cross the field with his body bent and his knotted hands clasp a mug of ale, as if it contained the *elixir vite*. He was to act as proxy for the others, and express their general gratitude and satisfaction.

"An' it please you, squire," he suddenly wheezed, turning up on the other side of the gate, and relieving the tension of his mind by leaning on it, and resting his mug on the top bar, "I have come to say that we're greatly obligated for the wittles and we're a-drinking of your very good health." He paused a minute and then gave voice to a happy original thought, which had slowly

dawned on his mind as he was crossing the field, "And we'll add the young lady's very good health, and long life and happiness to you both."

At this ill-timed union of healths, with the inference conveyed, poor Sir William's last shred of endurance and composure gave way.

"Get off with you and your tom-foolery," he cried, dealing the gate such a rough push that he sent the old deputy staggering a few paces. He still clasped the mug, though its contents had been dashed in his face and spilt all over the ground, leaving him ruefully staring, so far as his wet eye-lashes would let him, at the empty bottom of the vessel.

Iris shrunk back, shocked at the unexpectedly outbreak. The next moment she flung open the gate, went out, begged the old man's pardon, and pressed upon him her slight arm to lean upon, till he had recovered his footing. Then he pulled out his cotton handkerchief and mopped his face, and shaking his head, began, in spite of the repulse he had sustained and the disconsolateness which followed, to make rapid way on his return to his discomfited companions.

Sir William had started off in another direction. There was no more thought of showing her the lilies which she had resembled, with their white cups rocking tranquilly on their green leaves. Some of her fellow visitors were appearing at the end of the side path. Discomposed as she was, she saw that her best plan was to join them and pass in with them unperceived, if possible, to the drawing-room where Lady Fermor was waiting for her, and where Iris might say good-bye to Lady Thwaite before the party left. So many petty, yet useful obligations, belonging to a long code of social rules, held Iris bound to self-restraint and courtesy. But poor Sir William, like a half savage, did not see why, when a tempest of misery had swept over him, when what of rank and social importance he possessed had become a second time utterly embittered to him, he should grin and bear it. He was furious with the sense of being befooled. He was stung to the quick by Iris Compton's absolute, wrathful rejection of him. Why should he go back and bow before a pack of fine people who did not care a straw for Will Thwaite? They would, if they knew all, turn their straight backs upon him in righteous indignation, and shun, as they would flee the plague, the most distant association with a drunken brute who had lain under the sentence of the lash. They only noticed him and came to his house in

their ignorance, because he was the master of Whitehills, and bore the title of Sir William, and was willing to treat his betters according to their idle fancies.

Long after Iris had accomplished successfully her unnoticed return to the drawing-room, so that even Lady Fermor did not observe where her grand-daughter sat among a group near one of the doors, there was a murmur, rising as loud as politeness would permit, for Sir William. Where had he gone? Was anybody responsible for his absence? Why did he desert his post and his guests? Here was a hitch in the simple ceremonies; here was a hole in this gentleman's coat which he did not button round him so tightly, that the coarse jacket of the free-and-easy working man failed to peep through. Must the company go without taking leave of their host, without starting with his last greetings ringing in their ears?

Lady Fermor was craning her neck and defying a draught in order to look out and find what had become of Sir William and Iris. For a wonder the old lady said nothing. All at once she discovered him in the hay-field and detected Iris at the farther end of the room. Still she said nothing, but she squared the fleshless jaw of which age had revealed the massive bony outline—the most conspicuous feature except the eyes, in the face which had otherwise shrunk and withered into a mummy-like representation of its former buxom self. That squaring of the heavy jaw, with a bending of the furrowed white brows, set on Lady Fermor's face the seal, not of a frown but of a scowl, which few people cared to encounter. She continued to screw her eyes and her glass on the hay-field. The hay-makers had eaten through their meal not the less resolutely, though a little less jovially, because of the rough reception their messenger had met with. But one appetite had failed, and that belonged to Honor Smith. She played with her food and showed herself perplexed, if not put out.

At the end of the meal, the feasters began to show that it was time for them to betray a lurking, lingering resentment of the squire's behaviour. They had polished the bones of a jolly good supper, roast and boiled, whole sides of bacon, pancakes and apple dumpings, with plenty of ale to wash them down. They had nothing to complain of on that score. Everything had been as handsome as at a harvest thanksgiving, or a Christmas dinner, with no call to go to church if not inclined, or to listen to the parson preaching

at them out of his pulpit. All the same they did not like their best thanks and good healths to be trampled upon—leastways, knocked to the ground. If Martin Weeks had not been in his working clothes, his best coat and waistcoat would have been next to ruined. Ale stains were not so easily rubbed out. Some squires they knew brought to mind the old saw about beggars and porters. Tottle ways were not the ways for a squire. Sukey Vass knew a man as were a tottler and the water went to the brain and killed him, same as he had been a babby.

"You are a graceless, wooden-headed crew!" cried Honor Smith, starting to her feet and speaking loudly and shrilly, among the half-servile growling and muttering, "to eat a man's bread and wag your tongues against him with the morsel still between your teeth or half-way down your throats! Can't you tell for yourselves, summat has taken a rise out of the squire since the afternoon? He ain't hisself. Do none of you never fly into a rage, and fling about the chairs and tables, when you dunno whether your head or your heels is uppermost?"

"A man with a second crop of hay like this here, which he has gotten the whole field in cocks, and the clouds still holding up, has little call to go into a rage," pronounced a ruined farmer in a tone of oracular condemnation.

How Honor's interference might have been taken, and whether she might not have provoked disagreeable reprisals, remained unproven, for the squire himself was descried walking towards his hay-makers. He did look, in spite of his good clothes and his soldierly air, disordered and not himself, as Honor had said.

"Good night," he said to the people gruffly. "You have had a long day's work, and the hay is safe. I ought to thank you as well as pay you. Will that make amends for anything I've said or done amiss? Look here: surely you need not mind what a fellow from the ranks without manners, like yourselves, says or does against the grain. Have you grown so nice as to weigh words and looks like the high and mighty folk up yonder?" indicating the house with a jerk of his elbow.

He did not wait for an answer; he drew Honor Smith aside, and said something which caused her to stare and redden, though she was not given to blushing. His words were, "I'll bē rid of the plaguey lot presently, Honor, and, remember, I'm coming over to

you for comfort. I'm as dead beat as the hardest worker among you—as I ever was in India. Make haste home, or I'll reach Hawley Scrub before you. I've something to say to you and your father that may stop your voyage across the seas."

Lady Fermor was looking through the trees at the hay-field, at the dispersing hay-makers, and at a couple standing for a moment apart from the others. Her familiar spirit, Major Pollock, was at her elbow. He looked the incarnation of malice as he showed his teeth in a grinning snarl. Generally his mistress kept him well in hand, but he could not resist so fine a chance of retaliation: "Strapping gipsy, in black and red, eh! my lady? Curious how the most refined tastes will wander; but when it is a case of 'like draws to like,' I should say the game is up. What will you wager that the future mistress of Whitehills is not standing yonder? Exceedingly romantic, though low all round. A misfortune for the county; a shocking scandal, but not so very surprising after all, if you measure the merits and antecedents of the master of the place. Looks like it, from this abominable forsaking of his company, and flaunting the rival attraction in our very faces."

"Pollock, I should never speak to you again," the enraged old lady turned on him, "if it were not to show you what a fool you are, and what an idiotic error your slanderous tongue is leading you into. That girl pulled Sir William Thwaite out of a pond at the risk of her own life. He told me so himself. Man, are you worse than a beast, that you cannot understand common gratitude?"

"Common gratitude is sometimes an uncommonly deceitful and dangerous commodity, particularly when it leads a man and woman in different grades of life, nowadays at least, to strike up a friendship. But, of course, I stand corrected before your ladyship's superior information." Major Pollock bowed with mockery in his bow, but still with an appearance of submission.

Carriages and horses were being driven and led backwards and forwards along the sweep before Sir William came into the drawing-room again. He made no apology for his protracted absence, but said, in what sounded like a general leave-taking, "Ladies and gentlemen, I hope you have enjoyed yourselves." There was a change in his tone, which a subtle student of human nature might have detected and puzzled over. The earnest desire to play his part well, the anxiety to please in certain quarters, which

had weighed upon him, had disappeared. He moved more freely, almost with a defiant swagger, while he spoke rather in grim banter than in cheerful hope.

"Thwaite, what have you been making of yourself?" cried Lady Fermor, peevishly, as if she had a right to call him to order, and to claim a compensation.

But he did not accord to her the slight atonement he had made to his working-people. "Nothing," he answered laconically, "except that I found something to keep me outside." He took her down in silence to her carriage and put her in, allowing Ludovic Acton to hand in Iris and Lucy. "Good-bye, Lady Fermor," said the host, standing orthodoxly enough, bare-headed on the door steps, but going on to speak, with an odd emphasis, words which the occasion hardly seemed to require: "I am indebted to you for all you have done for me. Good-bye, Miss Compton." He forgot to speak to Lucy.

"Mercy on us, man! you are not taking farewell of us for ever," Lady Fermor was moved to ejaculate; "we shall see you tomorrow, if you do not walk over, in the course of the evening, to inquire whether my old bones are no worse of your hay-field and of the late hours last night."

"Excuse me, my lady—I am bespoken elsewhere," he said, but his words were drowned in the roll of the wheels.

Lady Fermor sat on the same side as Iris. "Something is up," the old woman mumbled in her grand-daughter's ear; "and I shall hear what you have to say on the subject, Miss Compton, the moment we get home."

Iris had no other thought than to tell her grandmother what had passed; severe as the ordeal was, she would go through with it. Indeed, she was not sure that it could be quite so bad as what she had undergone already that day. She had her share of the courage and steadfastness which make martyrs; but she could not speak before Lucy, though she sympathized with all her might in what she guessed of the circumstances. Lucy would even have annihilated herself, or jumped out and walked home under the last hazily hot beams which the sun, low in the sky, sent out over the pastures and ponds of Eastwich.

Iris sat and tried to be brave for what lay before her, while her mind went back with painful pertinacity, and rehearsed word for word the scene in which she had figured. How unreasonable he had been! How presumptuous! Yes, she must say it again, how violent! But there was one thing: he had

never once mentioned Whitehills as an inducement for her to change her mind. Lady Thwaite had brought his place and position prominently forward, and, no doubt, Lady Fermor would dwell upon them, but he had not done it. He had ranted egotistically about his misplaced passion, but he had not shown a trace of mercenariness; in this respect he had displayed the spirit of a gentleman.

Iris thought this with a little softening in her wholesale condemnation—even as she was making up her mind that she had seen the last of Whitehills for a long time—at least until Sir William had found another girl whom he would be more justified in addressing, who did not mind his ignorance or rusticity, or who balanced against them the fine old manor-house, the noble trees in the park there, the position in county society, with, perhaps, the additional bribe of seasons in towns, opera boxes and routs *ad infinitum*.

Iris did not wait for Lady Fermor to bid the girl follow her grandmother to her dressing-room, where Iris had gone as a little child to receive her deserts whenever she was in disgrace; her prompt anticipation of Lady Fermor's commands on this occasion had some effect in calming down her judge.

Lady Fermor threw herself into an arm-chair, untied her bonnet strings, and asked, with more self-restraint than might have been expected, "What is the meaning of all this, Iris? What have you been about?"

"Sir William Thwaite asked me to marry him, grandmamma, when we went out together, and of course I had to refuse him," said Iris with dry lips, but without hesitation, without sobbing breath or welling tears.

The information, together with the manner in which it was conveyed, struck Lady Fermor dumb; for an instant she sat glaring rather than staring at Iris, and tapping the arm of her chair. Lady Fermor could storm against weakness; she could meet violence with violence; but simple firmness which, as she knew by experience, might prove inflexibility, tried her to the utmost and well-nigh got the better of her. "Then all I have to tell you," she said at last, speaking nearly as quietly as Iris had spoken, "is that you are even sillier and more stupid and full of conceit, than girls in general. I have done the best I could, and found an excellent match for you. There is not a mother far or near that would not be pleased to establish her daughter at Whitehills, and Sir William is a good, honest young fellow, who might make any right-minded, reasonable creature happy."

"But grandmamma," interposed Iris in vain.

"Girl," the old woman put her down, "if you knew the world, you would understand what he is worth. He is fond of you, which is a deal more than you deserve, but there is no accounting for men's tastes. I have tried to do better for you than I was able to do for your mother, and you have done what you could to thwart me. Do you not believe me, that you are not every man's bargain? Few good sort of men, as you described Thwaite the first time you saw him, would care to seek you, because you are come of people who were no more safe than they were smug."

"I—I don't wish to marry," stammered Iris.

"Hold your tongue," cried Lady Fermor. "You will suffer for your folly, and you need not look to me for assistance. You are entirely dependent on me and your grandfather; your precious father managed to run through his means and did not leave you a penny. We have cared for you nearly all your life, and I must say you are rewarding us well. You have been ungrateful and disobedient, and you have disappointed me thoroughly, though I can't say I ever had much hope of you. I don't pin my faith to cant and goody-goodness which you were so quick to learn from that fanatic Burrage. But I have not done with you yet, Miss Compton, only Tom Mildmay and his wife are waiting for dinner, and I must go down and keep them in countenance. Girl, if it had only been to snap my fingers in their faces, and take my place in the county before them, you might have consented to please me and make a good fellow happy; but you don't deserve the luck you have thrown away, and he is worth a dozen of you."

Iris knew it would only increase her offence to attempt to answer Lady Fermor further. After the day's tribulations she was still fain—even without Lucy's encouraging assurances—to cling to the impression that she had got off more easily than she could have dared to look for, and that Lady Fermor would have done with her grand-daughter from that night, so far as Sir William Thwaite's egregious blunder was concerned. The girl could not guess how little her grandmother cared for one girlish refusal, or a dozen girlish refusals, if she could pat the gentleman on the back and coax him to come on again, and yet again, until, by mingled wearing insistence and harsh persecution, she might sap the foundations of conscience and inclination, and force the rebel to yield.



"She was in a quandary, as she would have said."

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A Modern Romance.

By SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—"ONE WAS FAR AWAY, AND ONE WAS NEAR."

THE sunset still made red bars above the full green of Hawley Scrub, when Sir William kept his appointment with Honor Smith.

Abe was from home, only Honor had sat up for a little time by the dilapidated and dirty lattice window. The absence of any glow from the hearth served to increase the cheerlessness of the neglected house-place. But the coo of the cushet dove came in from the scrub, and some woodruffe which Honor was drying, not without a likelihood of its being left to rot on the window-sill, filled the place with an odour that, in its sweet fragrance, has always a scent of decay. It seems to belong more to old memories, dead hopes and graves with the paths to them no longer trodden by lingering feet, than to the living fragrance of budding desires and happy expectations.

Honor was weary with a day's work, as foreign to her as if she had been a lady, though she was strong with the strength of a fine physique and an open-air life. She was a picturesque, but not a home-like figure, as she sat there in the gathering dusk with her brown fingers interlaced and her head, still covered by the red handkerchief which had shaded it from the sun, thrown back against the window frame, catching the last rays of light. She was in a quandary, as she would have said.

"Whatever does he want here?" she asked herself, bewildered; "he is not the man to come on a hang-dog errand, and I am not the woman to whom he would come in that case. Whatever else I've been, I've been true to poor Hughie. How long it seems since I seed him last, lying a-dying in quod at Birkett! I'm afraid I'm forgetting the very lines of his comely young face. But no man as knows me would liken me to a light lass, any more than he would liken the most delicate lady in the land. What is there between him and Miss Compton? What can there be save his lands and the Sir before his name? and she ain't the one to sell herself, not if I know her. If any one said I done it, I would be rare mad. Father said Squire were a kind of gentleman in his way—all the same, Sir William was reared a working man, and

it do come out in him and pulls him down to his natural level. Some rises above it, sure and certain, like Uncle Sam; but then they raise themselves by their own struggles and by slow degrees, learning as they go, and ain't tossed up as with a pitchfork and left to come to grief, like a larch-tree in a hot-house, or a living hare in a house-place, or a swallow in a cage."

Sir William walked past the window as she spoke, and entered by the open door without the ceremony of knocking. His first actions were to toss his hat on the table, and to pull off his coat and fling it over the back of a chair. His first words were—

"There, I'm rid of them, like some other fine things that were not for me, and were not all gold though they glittered."

He stretched out his arms in his shirt-sleeves, and then throwing himself down in a chair, rested them on the table before him, and leant his head upon his hands.

"Does aught ail you, Sir William?" she asked with genuine anxiety; "there is always gin or rum in the house. I know you don't taste drink as a rule, but when you are overdone and would be the better for a glass, wouldn't you have it? Just say the word."

"No," he said, looking up with a haggard face, "don't ask me. Do you know, Honor, the last little straw between me and drowning in the lowest depths of sin and misery is that I forswore drink, at the word of a dying woman. But I'm not ill or in trouble—at least, I'm going to turn over a new leaf, and be all right after to-night. I am glad your father is out."

"Why so, sir?" inquired Honor, a little coldly.

"Don't 'sir' me," he forbade her hastily.

"But how can that be, when you are Sir William, and our squire and master?" she demanded with a startled laugh.

"I ain't Sir William to you—anyhow. I don't want to be so any more, and if I continue your master, it is only on the understanding that you be my mistress. Honor, I'm glad your father is out, because I want to tell you all about myself—a poor subject," he broke off with a bitter laugh.

"If you are in a story-telling humour, I ain't the one to baulk it," said Honor, dying to hear what he had got to tell.

He started at once, as if eager to begin, describing his early days and the shifts his sister Jen had made to provide for their needs—details very patent to Honor's comprehension. He went on to his youthful outbreaks, not extenuating or omitting a single particular of his enlisting, his successful career as a soldier in India, marred by his habits of dissipation and wild recklessness, and his last outrage against military discipline till he lay in the cell awaiting the sentence of the lash.

"Oh! poor lad, poor lad! This was worse even than my Hughie's fate," cried Honor, moved to the depths of her soul by what she could so well understand. Forgetting the difference of rank she put her hand on his shoulder and began to stroke his arm.

He looked up at her, with his face wan from the strain of the last twenty-four hours, and the agony of the associations he had been recalling.

"So you pity me, Honor, after you have heard nigh-hand the worst, for my sister Jen died and then her husband hanged himself. You ain't shocked past looking on me as a fellow creature."

"Shocked! what should I be shocked at? I could cry my eyes out for you, if that would do you any good."

"I know," he said softly; "and you are the woman for me, the woman who knows all, and yet does not cast me off, and treat me as dirt beneath her feet."

"Who cast you off, Sir William?" Honor inquired point-blank, without any of the restraining delicacy that might have shut her mouth, had she been a woman of a different temper and rearing.

"Never mind," he said, flushing hotly; "and didn't I tell you not to call me Sir William any more? Say, Will Thwaite, I will marry you and help you to bear your burden. We'll go our own way and be happy in our own fashion. We'll cast care to the winds and not waste a thought on our betters, or suffer them to lay a little finger on our lot."

He spoke excitedly and a little wildly, though he had not been drinking.

She sat and stared at him, not able to believe her ears, at this instantaneous and wonderful solution of the riddle she had been trying to read.

"Are you in earnest?" she asked breathlessly.

"In earnest! What do you take me for? I have spoken my whole mind—made a clean breast of it for the first time these many months. and, by George! I feel as if I could

breathe freely and be a man again, and not a mountebank and puppet. Will you not make my freedom and happiness complete by coming to me, Honor, and letting me know I've a real friend—one that knows me—all about me, and looks over all that's sorely amiss in me, all I lack, and all I've done wrong, and cares for me in spite of all?"

He spoke with eager passion as if he had no other desire; and it was true that making a clean breast of it, as he called it, had been an immense relief to him. For he had been a man naturally open as the day, on whom the unaccustomed reticence of the last period of his life had hung with the dead weight of iron fetters. He was also a man who, as a matter of temperament, craved sympathy; to whom a woman's immeasurable tenderness had once been so familiar, that he had lived surrounded by it, without thinking of it, but, when lost, it was for ever missed.

She sat dazzled. What! could she be the mistress of Whitehills at a word? But it was not of the grand house, and servants at her call, of soft living, fine clothes, and being a titled lady, that she thought first and most. The attractions which would have been all-powerful with most poor girls did not lay hold of her to any great extent. It was to be the mistress through him who was their master—the man that thus addressed her—of the lands and the woods where she had ranged on sufferance or in secret, of the wild creatures that had been her solace and her prey; to come and go when she liked and how she liked; to defy the upper keepers and have her father do the same—these were the ideas which took possession of her.

It was on second thoughts that she considered she would be regarded with mingled consternation, admiration, and lively envy by everybody she knew—the colony at the quarries, her mother's people with whom she had kept company, and the field-workers, who had so lately held her at arms' length.

Neither was the man himself distasteful to her. She had the liking for him that many persons—women especially—entertain for those they have happened to succour.

His tale had filled her with a tumult of fellow-feeling and pity, for just so had the poor lad to whom her heart had been given in early girlhood been set upon, driven to stand at bay, and then forced to pay the penalty to the utmost tittle of the law. And while, as she had been saying to herself within the hour, Hughie Guild's lineaments were waxing dim in a memory which had long been faithful to him, the comely features

of another—the manly figure on which she set such store, the soldierly carriage (reminding her of the great man of her family, Uncle Sam), the waves of chestnut hair, the ruddy colour, the smile she could call forth, which was able to brighten indescribably what had perplexed her in the gravity, almost sombreness, of Sir William Thwaite's face—were all now taking her fancy and knocking at her heart.

Her indignant spirit, which from the date of Hughie Guild's cruel death had set womanly rules and household restraints at defiance, was in sympathy with his spirit when he threatened to turn upon the class into which he had been grafted and shake off its yoke. Her nature, run wild, was yet full of *esprit de corps* and class prejudices, which disposed her to war with the upper ranks generally, while her lawlessness also inclined her to strive with her very fellows, nay, with herself and him when the time came.

It would be the best game she had ever played, for her and "Will Thwaite" to set up Liberty Hall at Whitehills. The temptation to answer "Yes" to Sir William's question was strong, and growing stronger every instant while she hesitated. But to Honor Smith's credit she made a stand. "What about Miss Compton?" she said suspiciously, watching him closely. "This be'n't in keeping with your walking about the hayfield, your two selves, and speaking to me, like you were the friends and sweethearts as folk would have it you were. I shan't speak another word till you tell me the right-down truth about Miss Compton. Her ain't saucy, nor do she take up poor folk like playthings or babbies, to pass away the time and be taught by her wisdom, as if hard times weren't a mighty sight powerfuller teachers than fine ladies and rectors' wives and daughters. But her's real good, and were rare kind to me long ago; and though all that soon came to an end, it were none of her fault. She's a deal nearer heaven, I guess, than the likes of me, or maybe you either. Yet if you have been sweet upon her, and she have but looked on you to listen to you—though knowing summat of you both, I'm free to confess," owned Honor candidly, "I do not see as how that could be—still, if them words you have spoken ain't no more than the outcome of some quarrel between you two, I tell you, lad, I don't want to listen to a fellow mad with rage and jealousy. I shan't come between you. Go and make it up with the fine young lady, and let me be. I'll forget

your words before you're out of the door. I'm none so set on a man, or on being Lady Thwaite," she said, with a toss of her head, "that I should bear them in mind and plague you for your hasty folly."

"You're all out, Honor," he answered, with a loud laugh, "except in not being able to see how metal and clay couldn't mix together. Miss Compton would no more quarrel with me than she would quarrel with the servant at the back of her chair:" he ground his teeth as he made the illustration. "Her single word with him would be to dismiss him from her presence and forbid him ever to enter it again. So you see, though she may be good—I would be lying like a trooper if I pretended she were not good—she ain't good to me. I'll never speak to her again while we live. I tell you I have done with the whole small fry of ladies and gentlemen in which she was the single creature worth a sigh. What is the use of a man's succeeding to land and money if he cannot please himself? I have found out that at last, and if you and Abe won't have me, Honor, I don't know what is to become of me. Perhaps, as nobody wants me, I had better put a bullet through my head, and have done with it all, at once."

"Not so fast as that, Will; and who says as nobody wants you? I want you, and I'll do my best to make up to you, and be a good wife, as I would have been to poor Hughie. You have heard of Hughie Guild? I be'n't a bit ashamed of Hughie, not at this moment, when I seems to be giving up the last thought of him," she went on, with a flash of her eyes and a swell of her fine throat. "I ain't going to hide what him and me were to each other, when we walked out on the long summer nights, and met for a word in the frosty winter mornings, and my heart was tender and trusty, like his'n. Oh! I doubt I was better worth looking at and speaking to both, in them far-off days, than I am now," she exclaimed wistfully, with a glance at the black gown she still wore for Hughie, and a twitch at one of the ends of the red handkerchief. Then she struck a chord in perfect harmony with his mood, "I don't want to have secrets from you."

"You're right there," he said with emphasis. "We've done with secrets for ever, and there shan't stand one between you and me." He clasped her hands and drew her unresisting towards him. "I tell you, Honor, I thought I should have died, or burst out cursing, and shouting aloud my story, with an adder's nest of secrets in my breast sting-

ing night and day. Now it will go hard with us, my lass, if we can't be enough for ourselves and have a jolly good time while it lasts. We're young and strong and have a liking for each other. Let your Hughie sleep; he's the best off after all; I'll not rake him up, and you'll not cast Nhillpoor in my teeth, though you have heard all about it. We're quits and we're equals; only, I take it, you are made of kinder and truer stuff than I. A woman that ain't bad, or that ain't akin to the angels—when her very goodness robs her of earthly feelings—has more heart than a man for the most part. I know you've been a trifle wild on moonlight nights and misty mornings with the snares, ay, and the guns, among my birds and hares, mine—do you hear, Honor? I could have you up before the justices, before Mr. Hollis, who called himself my friend the other night. You'll have to be mortal kind and give me all my own way to keep me from taking the law on you. And what about the wild ducks that flew over from Mistly Down? Have you been seeking their eggs lately, or are the nests flown? They are all yours now, every bird and beast, bush and furrow. You and your father will have to keep my preserves, in good faith, when neither him nor you will ever need to poach on them or any other again."

"It is handsome in you to put it in that way," said Honor frankly. Then she added, after a moment's reflection, with an echo both of humour and sadness in her tone, "But I doubt half the fun will be gone."

Old Abe strayed in to be dumbfounded by the most astounding tale that ever shook the nerves of keeper or squatter. The squire, Sir William, was going to marry straight away, without either compunction, commotion, or concealment, the daughter of his servant, the least reputable of his servants, the under-keeper, suspected of being in league with the poachers—this strapping randy of a daughter, the bride elect, who was all but the widow of a young poacher that had died in gaol, and had been an active sharer in her father's misdeeds.

"It ain't to be believed," cried Abe, though the incredible tale was to the marvellous exaltation of himself and his family. "It can't be; who ever heard tell of such a marriage?"

"Why it was the very marriage made by my great-grandfather, Abe, or I should not have been here," said Sir William, laughing.

"No, no; he weren't the head of the house or like to be, only one of a litter of young puppies. And the keeper as he con-

nected hisself with," continued Abe modestly, "was the head keeper on the estate, like Waterpark, a man of substance in his line, sought after and employed by other families, even after his daughter had got him into disgrace with the Thwaites. Old people did say he had got no other daughters, and that her that would be a lady had gone to school with the bailiff's daughter, was the beauty of them parts, washed her face in butter-milk and saved her complexion like the finest lady of them all. Now my Hon is as brown as a gipsy, is no scholard, and knows more of guns and game bags, begging your honour's pardon, than of needles and pins."

"But if I prefer a brown gipsy and a brave woman that could save a man's life at a pinch—not that it was worth the perilling her own for—ain't it my own look out, old crusty-boots?" argued Sir William with a rough good-humour.

"You'll take your own way," said Abe resignedly, "but as an honest man I'm bound to say I can't see that Hon here, though she be'n't a bad daughter to me, is fit to be a grand lady. She ain't the cut of one, and ill will come of such flying in the face of Providence. It were clean different that the Squire should befriend us because her picked he out of the water—she done it and no mistake—and he were welcome to come over and have a pipe, if not a glass, and a talk any night he pleased. Nobody could say nought agin it; that were no more than nat'ral. But t'other ain't nat'ral. A most oonlikely, onshuitable marriage is summat serious, and will lead to no end of rows, and bring the whole county side down on us. I'm getting an old man—too old to have both gentle and simple down upon me, or to change my ways," sighed Abe, drawing out an old flat snuff-box, taking snuff and sneezing a further remonstrance.

"Who's asking you to change your ways? and I ain't going to be a grand lady, you stupid, grumpy old father," cried Honor, who had taken and kept the upper hand of her father ever since her two brothers left the country. "It is Will Thwaite as is going to be a common man again, and suit hisself to the rest of us. Didn't I say the very first night we set eyes on him, that it were a fine thing—all the finer that it were as new as the first paring of the moon, to have a squire as were one of ourselves?"

"But I said he weren't none of ourselves, below the skin, and were never like to be," muttered Abe.

"And, it is just because I am head of the

house, that I can do as I like, and marry whom I will—Honor if she will have me, to-morrow, or as soon as the banns can be put up. There's nought to wait for. We arn't going to have a flare up like—like some I've seen. We needn't call together a crowd of fools and flunkeys to pity and laugh at us, though we'll do the thing in open day; we ain't ashamed of ourselves neither. You don't want to wait for fine clothes, do you, Honor, when I like you best as you sit there?"

"That's a pretty compliment," pronounced Honor impartially, "but you might have spared it, or kept it for another time, Will. I don't care a straw for fine clothes. More than that, father and I ain't able to buy them. More than that again, I wouldn't take a gift of a gownd from you now, not though you went down on your bended knees, or swore never to see me more, if so be I refused your gifts. As father says, it were different when we were your servants to command, and you might spin down half-a-crown or a guinea for me, as your purse was full and your temper generous, in exchange for my washing your clothes or blacking your boots. But not a shilling of yours will I touch now—not till it is your right to give, and mine to take, Sir William Thwaite. That's settled between us; you ain't to come swaggering here and emptying your purse into my lap—not that I say you'd care to do it—mind, me and father knows you're a better gentleman than that comes to, a deal more of a gentleman than lots as have been brought up to the trade. I say, Will," Honor resumed suddenly after a moment's pause, with a doubtful, searching look in her great grey eyes, "I'm most afeared of that gentleman as is in you—wherever you got it, deep down, part of yourself, till death let it out—that it won't mate proper with the wild, rude woman, granting I've kept myself honest for Hughie's sake, that is in me. But ain't it a mercy," changing her tone with equal abruptness, to a crowd of congratulation this time, "that you have neither father nor mother nor nobody to make a stir and sunder us? You're your own master, though you are the Squire, as if you were one of our boys, Ted or young Abe, as always went in for pleasing themselves, when they were at home."

"Ay; you'll all please yourselves," said old Abe, throwing off the responsibility, as he was wont to do, and becoming naturally more and more reconciled to the honour that had come to him, in proportion as he recovered from his stunned incredulity; "you'll please

yourselves and take the consequences, which will be a mighty promotion for Honor. I make bold to hope, likewise, it will be the keeping of this here tumble-down cottage and my place, whatever stories Waterpark tells agin me, till my death, without my having to quit the old country."

"You'll get your choice, Abe," announced Sir William, with reckless prodigality; "your old quarters here or the best quarters with us at Whitehills."

"Father will stay here," said Honor decisively. "He would not ever be at home out of this hole, but I'll come and see him, and he'll come and see me, whenever we weary for each other's faces; shan't we, daddy?"

"Then, since it's all fixed, I'll go home," said Sir William, getting up and stretching himself again. "I'll be here to-morrow, of course, but to-night I'm dizzy like—dizzy with freedom from care, and content, Honor. I feel as if I had been standing on my head for half a year, but that will come right with a night's sleep: everything will come right when I'm back in the part I'm fit for, that I know how to play as well as my neighbours—nobody can cast scorn upon me then."

Honor helped him on with his coat, nay, she convoyed him half the way back to Whitehills in the summer dusk, laughing at his questioning her whether she were not tired, scouting at the idea of her not liking to be out alone in the late twilight—not offending against the *convenances*, where there were none to be set at nought.

CHAPTER XX.—AN INTERVIEW.

SIR WILLIAM had to learn that, practically alone in the world as he was, he could not be suffered to please himself without somebody's interfering to prevent his ruin.

The first sign of the interference was to be detected in Lady Thwaite's driving over to Lambford in hot haste, within three days of the Whitehills hay-making, and begging to see Lady Fermor alone before luncheon, when there was security against other visitors.

Lady Thwaite need not have said "alone" in reference to Iris, who had not been accustomed to spend her mornings with her grandmother. But the Mildmays had stayed two days longer than had been anticipated—to suit their own convenience, Lady Fermor did not hesitate to remark—and Lady Thwaite was not sure that they were gone yet, when she sent in her card, with a corner turned down and a pencilled request to see Lady Fermor in her dressing-room.

"Show her up," had been the immediate

rejoinder. "What's in the wind now?" Then she added, just out of the servant's hearing, "At least, I'll find out what has become of my sulking gentleman these last two days."

Lady Fermor's dressing-room was the cosiest room in Lambford, but it was also the dullest, with a deadly dullness to a stranger. It did not afford the slightest evidence that its mistress had a single taste or interest beyond her personal concerns and what went on in her own mind. There were no little groups of family miniatures or photographs above the chimney-piece; no washed-out, characteristic children's heads, reappearing in sketches in crayons of self-conscious boys and girls, and ending in portraits, in water colours or oils, of mature men and women. There were no books and no work. Lady Fermor read the newspapers, but nothing else, and she never worked. She sat with her shrivelled, bony hands in her lap, and went over her own thoughts, often busying herself with the scenes and people of the past. One might have thought the process in this case would hardly have been pleasant. But, pleasant or unpleasant, Lady Fermor was equal to it. She preferred her own identity to that of any other person, and reviewed the events of her earlier life without shrinking, simply because they had belonged to her life, and so had always possessed keen relish of some kind for her.

Summer and winter a brisk fire burned in Lady Fermor's dressing-room, the atmosphere of which was heavily laden with old Jockey Club scent, while there was no replenishment of oxygen from the closed windows. This little fact alone would have made a visit to its mistress in her den, on a sultry August morning, a trial to any person full of modern theories of health, and with fresh-air proclivities. But in addition Lady Fermor indulged in a habit of having every visitor she entertained shown to the warmest corner. It might have been an unconscious impulse of her old hospitality, as that was now the physical good she craved most; or it might have been a plan to shorten and prevent visits, at hours and in a region which she reserved for herself. Yet she had no occupation to be disturbed, and even no practices to be hidden, unless that she wore the worst shawls and dowdiest caps, when nobody — not even Fermor or Pollock — could see them.

"What's in the wind, Lady Thwaite?" repeated Lady Fermor, without the smallest scruple, after the two had greeted each other,

and the hostess had seen Lady Thwaite established in close proximity to the glowing embers in the grate.

Lady Thwaite did not seem to notice the fire, or the thunderstorm, which had come on at last, though it had only partially discharged its artillery, leaving the air close and oppressive. But it was no wonder that her fair complexion looked heated almost to blousiness. She was come on a trying errand. She had debated with herself, over and over again, in driving along, whether she should not throw up the self-imposed commission and turn back.

"It is all the fault of this wicked old woman and that silly child Iris. Why should I put myself about to break the miserable catastrophe to Lady Fermor? She would not let him alone; she would take him away from his natural friends and protectors. If he had been left to my guidance—but, no; honestly I do not think I could have made anything of a man who has ended like this. I wish with all my heart I had gone abroad at once, after poor Sir John died, and remained away till I had some grounds to go on, with regard to the new man."

But wishes were even more unavailing for the past than for the future. Here was Lady Thwaite, sitting all but suffocated in Lady Fermor's dressing-room. She had taken upon herself a thankless task. She was indignantly conscious of her own innocence, and yet she dreaded to tell the sinner the result of her machinations.

Lady Fermor, on the contrary, was coolly cracking her finger-joints, and asking what was in the wind. The next moment she behaved still more abominably. Having, unfortunately, established a "way" of saying with impunity what nobody else would have said, she proceeded to remark, with a most objectionably sardonic flavour in her objectionable jocularly, as if the explanation suggested were far removed from the list of possible events, "You ain't going to be married again, Lady Thwaite?"

"Good heavens, no!" cried poor Lady Thwaite, provoked out of her usual assured composure and seasoned agreeability. "Have you forgotten that Sir John is not yet a year dead? Everybody is not so——" she stopped in time.

"So fond of a second husband as I am." The terrible old woman took up the sentence without hesitation, and with a chuckle. "But you have only to try; very likely you will find, like me, that your second bargain is a great improvement on the first. If Fermor

were to slip away now, who knows but I might venture on a third? Only I am too stiff to be troubled seeking another trousseau."

To do Lady Thwaite justice she shuddered. She did not even feel inclined, though she had dared, to retort, for she was a practical woman; and revenge would not relieve the awkward position in which she found herself, with the substantial losses it involved. If anything could yet be tried—she did not believe it would be of any avail—still everything ought to be tried to arrest such a calamity. Lady Thwaite was therefore content to say quietly, "The same example would scarcely suit us all."

"But you are not altogether wrong," began the bringer of bad tidings. "It is a marriage I am come to announce, a dreadful marriage which calls for no congratulations."

Lady Fermor sat up in her chair with a little start. It might have been the tremor of age—however, her hands remained perfectly still, and she said nothing.

"Do you remember a woman in the hayfield the other day?" proceeded Lady Thwaite falteringly.

"Who was the woman?" demanded Lady Fermor, with as much sharpness as if she had been an adverse counsel cross-examining a shrinking witness.

"A woman, not like the others, rather fine-looking, in a coarse, masculine style. I think she wore a black gown and a red handkerchief shading her head."

"Yes!" snapped Lady Fermor; "go on."

"Do you remember Sir William's taking notice of her, and talking to her more than once? I think people observed it, though he did nothing very much out of the way."

"Well?"

"Their banns are given in to be published next Sunday," said Lady Thwaite, driven by her companion's manner to make haste and tell her tale in its naked simplicity.

"You are mad, Lady Thwaite, stark, staring mad!" cried Lady Fermor, rising to her feet, grasping the arms of her chair, while a thin pallid red came into her cadaverous face.

"I almost wish I were, for the moment," said Lady Thwaite, with a groan. "But it is too true, too disgracefully, ruinously true."

"And have you done nothing?" Lady Fermor broke out furiously, instinctively seeking the relief which a scapegoat affords. "Have you stood by and seen this scandal, this outrage against common sense and good feeling, and the propriety you are all so fond of talking about, take place before your very eyes?"

"What could I do?" Lady Thwaite remonstrated. "I am only the man's distant cousin by marriage. I never heard what was going to happen till, late last night; it came upon me like a thunderbolt—I had been led to expect something so very different. But I was in time to telegraph to Mr. Miles, and he was down before breakfast this morning."

"And what does Miles say?"

"Not much," said Lady Thwaite, with an expressive shrug. She was beginning to recover a portion of her equanimity so as to object to being browbeaten. She felt bound to treat the subject with more philosophic resignation than she had yet shown, nay, with a shade of the banter for which she was famous. "He owned that he was dreadfully disappointed, and that the ill-advised step would make a complete wreck of his client's fortunes. All the same, I think Mr. Miles would have liked to have sworn at me for bringing him down, when the man was of age and his own master—an ignorant, untrained fellow, who could not be expected to stand opposition, even in his own interest, or to follow rational argument, whom contradiction would only make worse. There was nothing to be done, any tyro might have seen that. After the mess was made and so far advanced, where was the use of bringing an unfortunate lawyer or anybody else down from town, to render the business more hopeless, if that were possible? Sir William had not sent for him to draw out the settlements. I never saw Mr. Miles so cross, and nearly rude, though we are too old friends to count plain-speaking rudeness. He did see Sir William, however, but as Mr. Miles left for London by the next train, without coming back to me, I conclude nothing can be done."

"You're all as mad as Sir William," cried Lady Fermor, without softening her opinion. "The fellow ought to be taken away, and the woman shut up;" speaking as if the primitive customs of centuries ago were still in full force, as if the power which old aristocrats had once wielded, unscrupulously enough on occasions, had never departed from their hands. "But I'll go to him; I'll let him hear a piece of my mind."

The resolution was what Lady Thwaite had half hoped for, as a last resource; but when it came to the point—while she entertained small expectation of the effort producing even the little delay which might yet be of the greatest moment—she had qualms at sending the aged woman, let her be ever

so much to blame, alone into the breach on this breathless summer day.

Lady Thwaite could not accompany Lady Fermor. Indeed, the younger woman would not on any account have attended the elder on the expedition. After all, Sir William Thwaite, though he was Sir John's heir, was happily no relation of hers, but a remote and disowned kinsman of her late husband. It was only an irregular skirmisher in the campaign of life, an old alien from social laws, a woman who had never cared anything for public opinion, who could go to Sir William, and either in utter disregard of or in unblushing reference to what had been said, and to what had really taken place between him and Iris Compton, seek to stop his degrading, desperate marriage.

"I am afraid it will be too much for you, Lady Fermor," Lady Thwaite managed to say, as Lady Fermor was ringing for her maid; "try and think over it. At least, let Soames go with you. I am sure you do not know what a trying day it is. We shall have another storm immediately, and you may be caught in the rain, with the damp so bad for your rheumatic gout. Sir John had to avoid it carefully, and—oh, dear! I believe you have not taken your luncheon," lamented Lady Thwaite, fanning her hot face.

"Am I to sit here and eat a chop while a poor deluded young devil—excuse me, Lady Thwaite, but you ain't averse to plain speaking—a friend of my own, is on the brink of a precipice?" Lady Fermor asked scornfully, "That is not what I call friendship, and I have had a man friend or two in my day. It seems Soames thinks she may sit and guzzle whatever is up, but I'll teach the idiot better manners than to keep me waiting," ringing the bell at her elbow violently a second time in rapid succession.

Soames answered in haste, and her mistress, with a promise to give it to her woman hot and strong in some moment of leisure, dispatched the maid to collect wraps, and to send another servant to order the carriage.

"It seems all so unreal and shocking," said Lady Thwaite, feeling helpless for once in her life. Yet she was not averse to do more talking in the presence of the fiery zeal which could still blaze up in the shrunken veins of the woman of fourscore—the woman of another, more turbulent generation. "Of course it is in his blood," repeated Lady Thwaite, not without a recollection of her objection to Iris Compton for the taint in her blood, "and I have heard that the woman pulled him out of some ditch and saved his

life. What was a great hulking fellow like him doing, dropping after the fashion of a stone into a pool of standing water, and suffering himself to be rescued by a woman—unless he did it on purpose—what was he good for if he could not take care of himself? Certainly, if he is not useful, he cannot be called ornamental. But if it had been some neat, pretty girl—dressmaker's assistant, or sewing maid, or head waitress in a restaurant, whose smartness and mock jewellery a man of low origin on the whole, and no education to speak of, might have mistaken for the real things—I could have understood it better; for such *esclandres*, however deplorable, do happen, now and then, among people one knows. But a masculine creature, such as this woman Smith—as bad, I am told, as a gipsy, who consorts with poachers, indeed, she was to have married a wretched young fellow who died in gaol—only the lowest, most depraved instincts, I am afraid, could have exposed a man to danger from such a quarter. Her father has been suspected of underhand dealings with poachers and with game-shops in Birkett and Cavesham; I know her brothers went all wrong years ago. They say she can not only fire a gun and throw a line, but swallow a glass of spirits undiluted without a cough, and swear an oath like a man. It is too horrible to think of her as Lady Thwaite," protested the prospective dowager. In fact she was so overcome between the idea and the heat of the room that she took up a bottle of the old Jockey Club scent, and began to pour it over her handkerchief, though she hated the perfume.

"You might have spared yourself the horror of thinking it all over again, and your breath the pain of telling it to me," said Lady Fermor coolly; "I know all about the woman. My unworldly saint and dutiful innocent of a granddaughter picked up an acquaintance with this Honor Smith which I forbade years ago. But I'll put you right on one point, Lady Thwaite. Men who are men, like Thwaite, ain't always caught by soft skins, dainty tongues, and a few trumpery accomplishments. They sometimes look for bone and sinew, ay, and courage and daring in the women they care for, as well as in the horses they squander their means and their lives on. What pretty nursemaid or sewing girl could have had the pluck and strength to help to drag a drowning man of Thwaite's weight out of a bottomless pit of mud like some of the ponds here? All the same he is raving mad, and will be a lost

man, if he go on to reward me and punish a doll of a young lady, as he proposes to do. Here is Soames with my shawls; I must not keep you longer, Lady Thwaite."

When Lady Thwaite was gone, Lady Fermor, as she was slowly descending the stairs to depart on her mission, encountered her granddaughter coming up. Iris had been away in other regions all the morning. She had not been aware of Lady Thwaite's visit, or heard the most distant sigh of her news, though the hall and kitchen, which had come into contact with Lady Thwaite's groom, were already ringing with the tidings. Iris had not only her hands but her arms full of ferns, which she had been gathering in the park, and was intending to use according to some incontrovertible art formula. She was singing softly to herself an old English song:—

"Be she fairer than the day,
Or the dewy meads in May;
If she be not fair to me,
What care I how fair she be?"

"Grandmamma," she exclaimed, "going out just now! Do you not wish me to accompany you? Do you know there is a storm brewing? I came in because the sky looked quite lurid."

"Get out of my way, Iris," said Lady Fermor savagely; "and if I find what I expect—a man worth a dozen of you doomed to be ruined body and soul, made dead to the world henceforth, by your virtuous, godly doing—I warn you, girl, to keep out of my sight for some time to come!"

Iris, amazed and aghast, was pushed aside by the weak arm, and stood leaning against the banisters till her grandmother had disappeared. Then the girl began to creep slowly up to her own room, hanging her head, with half of her brittle-stemmed ferns broken and crushed in her tightened grasp.

To Iris's fresh astonishment and apprehension, Soames, after she had seen Lady Fermor into the carriage, followed Iris, and sought admission to her.

Soames was not a favourite in the house. She was a hard-featured, cold-natured woman. She had never made a pet of Iris, as some of the other elder servants had comforted their consciences and hearts by doing. Soames had rather regarded the young lady as standing somehow in the maid's light.

But now she begged to speak with Iris, and there was smouldering compassion in the woman's dull eyes, and duller voice, when she said, "If I were you, Miss Compton, I would walk over to the Rectory, and stay there for a day or two, as you sometimes do. If Lady

Fermor inquires for you, I'll take it upon me to explain that you understood what she said, on the stairs, as a wish to be left to herself for a little while. My lady has her humours like most ladies of her rank and age, I suppose," said Soames, hesitating a little in the caution which was an instinct with her, "and she's in a bad one this morning; and if I were you, Miss Compton, I would not fly in the face of it, but keep out of her way, as she bade you, till the worst pass over. If you will believe me, I am speaking for your good."

"I do believe you. I am much obliged to you, Soames," said Iris humbly in her bewilderment and alarm. "But what can have happened since breakfast? What is the worst that you say will pass over?"

"It is about Sir William Thwaite's marriage, I think, miss," said Soames, perhaps not altogether reluctant, with all her lack of geniality, to retail an astounding piece of gossip to a person deeply concerned in it, and to be the first to note its effect.

"Sir William Thwaite's marriage!" echoed Iris, turning crimson and drawing back, because she was not able to conjure up in her mind any bride for Sir William, save the one who had been set apart for him, whom he had so lately and so ardently sought in vain.

"Yes, Miss Compton," said Soames stolidly, though she did not fail to perceive the reddened cheeks and the erect head. "I do not like to mention such a thing to a lady; least of all to a young lady; but you'll hear it in church on Sunday with the rest of the parish. Sir William is to marry Honor Smith, the daughter of one of his under-keepers; her that my lady stopped coming to you with berries and nuts, and such trash, when you were a young miss and she a slip of a girl."

Iris laughed. She seemed fated to show her feelings in this fashion at different crises in her history. She laughed again the same nervous, quivering laughter to which she had yielded when Lady Thwaite congratulated her on her approaching marriage with this very Sir William Thwaite.

Soames's touchy feelings were hurt. "You may not credit the story," she said gloomily, "but I am afraid it is gospel truth. My lady has driven over to Whitehills to be at the bottom of it. And, if you will take my advice, Miss Compton—excuse me for offering it twice—you will go down to the Rectory till the disturbance has blown over."

Soames retreated, feeling that she had done

her duty, and had been treated as most people who can thus justify themselves in their own eyes may expect to be served.

The perfect confidence with which Soames had spoken, together with Iris's knowledge of the maid's prudent nature, had really robbed the listener of all incredulity from the first. Her earliest sensation was one of overwhelming humiliation, not so much because of Sir William's inconstancy as because of her rival and successor in his regard. Iris Compton had been deeply mortified, in her girlish dignity and self-respect, by his having utterly mistaken her friendliness, and addressed her as no man who was not her equal, whom she had not favoured in the light of a lover, ought to have done. How was she to feel when she heard that he had instantly transferred his suit to poor Honor Smith, whom she had known as a ragged little girl, and lamented over to him—of all men—because she was different from the humblest cottager or working woman in the field, in her unwomanly, vagabond habits?

Iris thought next of the wrath of Lady Fermor, and then she asked herself if she would take Soames's advice. It went against the grain with the girl to flee from, instead of facing, the expression of the resentment she had provoked. On the other hand, she was docile to any leading offered in good faith. She did not question Soames's commiseration; perhaps, also, the maid was concerned for her old mistress. And ought Iris to risk injuring her grandmother by provoking her to further paroxysms of passion, no longer usual with her, and sorely exhausting to the frame, which had held together through all the troubles of over eighty years?

In the meantime Lady Fermor drove the short distance, panting a little from the intolerable airlessness under the low sky, seeing the cattle standing in groups under any shelter they could find, or straying home, in single file, in their distress.

The place did not look the same, though it was only three days ago that she had been presiding at a *fête champêtre* there, paving the way for Iris's becoming its mistress. The hay had all been carted off the meadow, which lay stripped and bare as in winter. The first half of the thunder-storm had committed havoc among the trees, bushes, and grass of the park, splitting up one oak, scattering leaves, beating down twigs, conveying an impression of how it must have laid low the glory of the summer garden, though the devastation there was unseen. All the merriment and gaiety, the light figures and pretty dresses were gone.

Nobody was visible. Whitehills lay as still as if it had been devastated by an earthquake, or as if a judgment were going to descend on the place.

Lady Fermor was fortunate in finding Sir William at home. He had been over at Hawley Scrub, but he had returned, and was in the library. Lady Fermor did not give him the opportunity of denying himself. She told Cumberbatch to show her up at once to his master. The butler was still in office, though he was labouring under great perturbation of mind, whether he ought not to give in his leave, like Mrs. Cray, because of the slur that had been cast on the family. But he did not contemplate a matrimonial alliance with the housekeeper, and, like men in the mass, as opposed to women in general, the gentleman was less impulsive and more practical than the lady. Knowing the terms his master had been on with Lady Fermor, and having some inkling of the old lady's temper and errand, it was a small satisfaction to Cumberbatch to obey her implicitly. "Serve him right for being such a thundering ass, with his jug of water and his book at meals—like a low-lived, radical scamp. If the haristocratic old party were to scratch his eyes out, bless you! I shouldn't mind or interfere, not if I could help it."

CHAPTER XXI.—ANOTHER INTERVIEW.

LADY FERMOR began, without the slightest preamble or circumlocution, as soon as the door was closed. "Thwaite, what is this that I hear about your cutting your own throat?"

"I don't know what you mean by my cutting my own throat," he said a little sulkily; "but will you not take a seat, Lady Fermor?"

"I would not, if my old limbs would serve me," she protested, sinking into the chair from which he had risen, and keeping him standing like a culprit before her. "You do know what I mean. It is I who want to be told what you mean by being the maddest, most misguided idiot that ever walked the earth, and by forswearing yourself into the bargain."

"Seems a man like me," he said, thrusting his hands into his pockets; "must take a good deal from a woman. If I choose to cut my throat, mayn't I do it if I like?"

"No, not if you have a friend who cares a straw for your welfare, not if there is a social policeman left."

"Ain't there worse things than having done with one's self once and for all?"

"Not that I know of, and I've lived a good many more years than you have," pro-

tested the old lady steadily. "It is like the broken neck in the old song—

*'A lover forsaken a new love may get,
But a neck that is broken can never be set.'*

Thwaite, did I not tell you to have patience, and she would come round?"

"You told me false, Lady Fermor!" he cried quickly, walking away, and turning his back upon her for a moment to hide the torture she was inflicting on him. "And I have to tell you that if you bring her name into this conversation, I'll leave the room and leave the house, and you may stop till doomsday, and go, as, indeed, you must, without your errand."

"Is this all you have to say to me?" she asked in a lower key. "Is this all the thanks I'm to get?" she urged with pain as well as pleading in her failing voice.

An appeal like this had always gone to his heart. "I know you've been good to me, Lady Fermor," he exclaimed. "I dare say you have meant kindly by me. Don't reckon me an ungrateful brute because I say it has all been a monstrous mistake. Don't force me to say you've been my worst enemy."

"You are your own worst enemy, William Thwaite, if you force me to wash my hands of you, and to have done with you from this day."

"It cannot be helped," he said desperately. "I believe it is the best thing that can happen now."

"And do you make nothing of me, sir?" she reproached him bitterly. "Do you give me up without so much as heaving a sigh? I believed I had secured a son for my old age. I meant to be like a mother to you; I swear it, Thwaite. I never thought so little of myself or so much of another, in any friendship I ever formed. I sometimes fancied I was going to die soon; it was so like feeling good, as your simpletons and knaves pretend to feel. I was a fool, and you have rewarded me finely for my folly."

"Then, maybe, as a mother forgives a son's folly, you will forgive and forget mine some day, Lady Fermor," he said shyly.

"Never!" she said with all her former rancour. "It is not as if you only hurt me cruelly; it is the disgraceful insult you put upon me, after what I have wished to do for you, as you know, and everybody knows, by destroying yourself in the way your propose to do. Look here, Thwaite, I am aware the young woman did you a service—let us say, the greatest service one human being can render another. Let us say she took your eye, too, by way of change—men's eyes will

rove out of their circle, and for old association's sake you might have a hankering after her; but she would never look for your marrying her. You might double or treble the settlement, because you have gone so far in a fit of pique and rage as to mention banns and the church, and commit yourself to the world."

"That is, my lady, if I understand you rightly," said Sir William, half-choking, his ruddy colour growing purple with fury, "you would have me pay a woman for what you call the greatest service one human being can render another, by behaving like a villain and doing her the deepest injury in my power, and then propose to heal it by money? I am not a gentleman; I do not pretend, as you call it, to have been a good man, or anything save a ne'er-do-well, drunken, degraded rascal, if you knew all; but I have not come to that yet—to what a great lady, an old woman on the brink of the grave, has brought her mouth to utter, to a low beggar like me, young enough to be her grandson."

She blenched a little before his rage. If there was anything she respected it was the whirlwind of a man's just anger. She had a perception of justice, and she sometimes accorded to the men whose manhood she could appreciate, the right to rule over themselves, over her, and over humanity at large. "I grant it is awkward," she said, "and unpleasant and improper, and if you take to high faluting you may call it all the bad names you choose. But you have got yourself into the scrape, and if you will not break off from it, without another moment's shilly-shallying—availing yourself of your horses and your yacht—if you had one—but there are always the railways and screw-steamers—it will be the worse for you. My way of backing out is at least better for you and everybody, including the woman, mind, than your putting an end to yourself by marrying a drab like that."

"By George, she's the woman I'll marry as soon as the banns are out!" he said with hard firmness. "I might take out a licence; but we ain't ashamed of what we're going to do, or driven to huddle up the doing of it, as some of you fine folk are fain to try. I needn't tell you we ain't in the fashion neither, having no turn that way. Such being the case, will you have the goodness to mind your manners, Lady Fermor, and keep from calling my future wife names to my face, which I would not suffer for a second from a man, but must stomach from a woman—lady or not—because I cannot use my fists

to her? I'll only say this, that whatever you may mean by a drab, I am free to tell you Honor Smith—my Honor now—is an honest woman, which is more than can be said of every fine lady."

She cowered as if he had dealt her a blow. "Boy," she said hoarsely, "whatever provocation I have given you, it is not you who should have used these words to me." She stumbled to her feet, and prepared to totter out of the room, while he stood, arrested in his violence, with an apology checked on his lips. He wished to give her his arm, which she had so often taken in preference to any other support; but she waived him off. He followed her to the door, and heard the first roll of the thunder and splash of the rain. "Stay till the storm is over, Lady Fermor," he besought her humbly. "Your horses may be frightened; you will catch your death of cold. If you will remain I'll send Mrs. Crav—no, she went this morning; but Cum-

berbatch will fetch one of the maids; I'll not intrude on you."

"I would not stay another minute in your house, not though all the fires of heaven were launched on the earth and the deluge had come again. Do you remember the words of the play—not that you've been much in the way of Shakespeare's plays—about not turning your worst enemy's dog out of doors in a pitiless storm? But if I had been the enemy or the dog I would have scorned the shelter of a false friend's roof, a man who could taunt and revile a woman, a grey-headed woman, old enough, as he has said himself, to be his mother's mother. You are not a gentleman—you are right there—you are not even a man, as I had stupidly thought you. Farewell to you, Sir William Thwaite; I have done with you." She went down the wet steps, rejecting all assistance, was put into her carriage by her man, and turned her back on Whitehills.

A FORTNIGHT IN HOLLAND.

By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

FIRST PAPER.

AT Roosendal, about an hour's railway journey from Antwerp, the boundary between Belgium and Holland is crossed, and a branch line diverges to Breda.

Somehow, like most travellers, we could not help expecting to see some marked change on reaching a new country, and on entering Holland we were certainly disappointed at first. Open heaths were succeeded by woods of stunted firs, and then by fields with thick hedges of beech or alder, till the towers of Breda came in sight. Here a commonplace omnibus took us to the comfortable inn of Zum Kroon, and we were shown into bedrooms reached by an open wooden staircase from the courtyard, and quickly joined the table d'hôte, at which the magnates of the town were seated with napkins well tucked up under their chins, talking, with full mouths, in Dutch, of which to our unaccustomed ears the words seemed all in one string. Most excellent was the dinner—roast meat and pears, quantities of delicious vegetables cooked in different ways, piles of ripe mulberries and cake, and across the little garden, with its statues and bright flower beds, we could see the red sails of the barges going up and down the canals.

As soon as dinner was over, we sallied

forth to see the town, which impressed us more than any Dutch city did afterwards, perhaps because it was the first we saw. The winding streets—one of them ending in a high windmill—are lined with houses wonderfully varied in outline, and of every shade of delicate colour, yellow, grey, or brown, though the windows always have white frames and bars. Peering through a low archway under one of the houses, we found ourselves, when we least expected it, in the public garden, a kind of wood where the trees have killed all the grass, surrounded by canals, beyond one of which is a great square château built by William III. of England, encircled by the Merk, and enclosing an arcaded court. There was an older château of 1350 at Breda, but we failed to find it.

In stately splendour from the old houses of the market-place rises the noble Hervormde Kerk (Protestant Church), with a lofty octagon tower, and a most characteristic bulbous Dutch spire. Here, as we wanted to see the interior, we first were puzzled by our ignorance of Dutch, finding, as everywhere in the smaller towns, that the natives knew no language but their own. But two old women in high caps and gold earrings observed our puzzlement from a window, and pointed to a

man and a key—we nodded; the man pointed to himself, a door, and a key—we nodded; and we were soon inside the building. It was our first introduction to Dutch Calvinism and iconoclasm, and piteous indeed was it to see so magnificent a church thickly covered with whitewash, and the quantity of statues which it contains of deceased Dukes and Duchesses of Nassau bereft of their legs and petticoats. Only, in a grand side chapel on the left of the choir, the noble tomb of Engelbrecht II. of Nassau, general under the Emperor Maximilian (1505), remains intact. The guide lights matches to shine through the transparent alabaster of the figures; that of the Duke represents Death, that of the Duchess Sleep, as they lie beneath a stone slab which bears the armour of Engelbrecht, and is supported by figures of Cæsar, Hannibal, Regulus and Philip of Macedon; that of Cæsar is sublime. The tomb of Sir Francis Vere in Westminster Abbey is of the same design, and is supposed to be copied from this famous monument. Outside the chapel is the tomb of Engelbrecht V. of Nassau, with all his family kneeling, in quaint head-dresses. The other sights of the church are the brass font in the Baptistery, and a noble brass in the choir of William de Gaellen, Dean of the Chapter, 1539. It will be observed that here and almost everywhere else in Holland, the names of saints which used to be attached to the churches have disappeared; the buildings are generally known as the old church, or new church, or great church.

After a delicious breakfast of coffee and thick cream, with rusks, scones, and different kinds of cheese, always an indispensable in Dutch breakfasts, we took to the railway again and crossed Zealand, which chiefly consists of four islands, Noordt Beveland, Zuid Beveland, Schouwen, and Walcheren, and is less visited by the rest of the Nether-

landers than any other part of the country. The land is all cut up into vast polders, as the huge meadows are called, which are recovered from the sea and protected by embankments. Here, if human care was withdrawn for six months, the whole country would be under the sea again. A corps of engineers called "waterstaat" are continually employed to watch the waters, and to keep in constant repair the dykes, which are formed of clay at the bottom, as that is more waterproof than anything else, and thatched with willows, which are here grown extensively for the purpose. If the sea passes a dyke, ruin is imminent, an alarm bell rings, and the whole population rush to the rescue. The moment one dyke is even menaced, the

people begin to build another inside it, and then rely upon the double defence, whilst they fortify the old one. But all their care has not preserved the islands of Zealand. Three centuries ago, Schouwen was entirely submerged, and every living creature was drowned. Soon after, Noordt Beveland was submerged, and remained for



The Market-Place at Breda.

several years entirely under water, only the points of the church spires being visible. Zuid Beveland had been submerged in the fourteenth century. Walcheren was submerged as late as 1808, and Tholen even in 1825. It has been aptly asserted that the sea to the inhabitants of Holland is what Vesuvius is to Torre del Greco. De Amicis says that the Dutch have three enemies—the sea, the lakes, and the rivers; they repel the sea, they dry the lakes, and they imprison the rivers; but with the sea it is a combat which never ceases.

The story of the famous siege of 1749 made us linger at Bergen-op-Zoom, a clean, dull little town with bright white houses surrounding an irregular market-place, and surmounted by the heavy tower of the Church of S. Gertrude. In the Stadhuis is a fine

carved stone chimney-piece, but there is little worth seeing, and we were soon speeding across the rich pastures of Zuid Beveland, and passing its capital of Goes, prettily situated amongst cherry orchards, the beautiful cruciform church with a low central spire rising above the trees on its ramparts. Every now and then the train seems scarcely out of the water, which covers a vast surface of the pink-green flats, and recalls the description in Hudibras of—

"A country that draws fifty feet of water,
In which men live as in the hold of nature,
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drown a province, does but spring a leak."

The peasant women at the stations are a perpetual amusement, for there is far more costume here than in most parts of Holland, and peculiar square handsome gold ornaments, something like closed golden books, are universally worn on each side of the face.

So, crossing a broad salt canal into the island of Walcheren, we reached Middelburg, a handsome town which was covered with water to the house tops when the island was submerged. It was the birthplace of Zach Janssen and Hans Lipperhey, the inventors of the telescope, *c.* 1610. In the market-place is a most beautiful Gothic town-hall, built by the architect Keldermans, early in the sixteenth century. We asked a well-dressed boy how we could get into it, and he, without further troubling himself, pointed the way with his finger. The building contains a quaint old hall called the *Vierschaar*, and a so-called museum, but there is little enough to see. As we came out the boy met us. "You must give me something: I pointed out the entrance of the *Stadhuis* to you." In Holland we have always found that no one, rich or poor, does a kindness or even a civility for nothing!

The crowd in the market-place was so

great that it was impossible to sketch the *Stadhuis* as we should have wished, but the people themselves were delightfully picturesque. The women entirely conceal their hair under their white caps, but have golden corkscrews sticking out on either side the face, from which the golden slabs we have observed before were pendant. The *Nieuwe Kerk* is of little interest, though it contains the tomb of William of Holland, who



Bergen-op-Zoom.

was elected Emperor of Germany in 1250, and we wandered on through the quiet streets, till a Gothic arch in an ancient wall looked tempting. Passing through it we found ourselves in the enclosure of the old abbey, shaded by a grove of trees, and surrounded by ancient buildings, part of which are appropriated as the *Hotel Abdij*, where we arrived utterly famished, and found a table d'hôte at 2.30 P.M. unspeakably reviving.

Any one who sees Holland thoroughly ought also to visit Zieriksee, the capital of the island of Schouwen, but the water locomotion thither is so difficult and tedious that we preferred keeping to the railways, which took us back in the dark over the country we had already traversed and a little more, to Dordrecht, where there is a convenient tramway to take travellers from the station into the town. Here, at the *Hotel de Fries*, we found comfortable bedrooms, with boarded floors and box-beds like those in Northumbrian cottages, and we had supper in the public-room, separated into two parts by a dais for strangers, whence we looked down into the humbler division, which recalled many homely scenes of Ostade and Teniers in its painted wooden ceiling, its bright, polished furniture, its cat and dog and quantity of birds and flowers, its groups of boors at round tables drinking out of tankards, and the landlady and her daughter in their gleaming gold ornaments, sitting knitting, with the waiter standing behind them

amusing himself by the general conversation.

Our morning at Dortrecht was very delightful, and it is a thoroughly charming place. Passing under a dark archway in a picturesque building of Charles V. opposite the hotel, we found ourselves at once on the edge of an immense expanse of shimmering river, with long rich polders beyond, between which the wide flood breaks into three different branches. Red and white sails flit down them. Here and there rise a line of pollard willows or clipped elms, and now and then a church spire. On the nearest shore an ancient windmill, coloured in delicate tints of grey and yellow, surmounts a group of white buildings. On the left is a broad esplanade of brick, lined with ancient houses, and a canal with a bridge, the long arms of which are ready to open at a touch and give a passage to the great yellow-masted barges, which are already half intercepting the bright red house-fronts ornamented with stone, which belong to some public buildings facing the end of the canal. With what a confusion of merchandise are the boats laden, and how gay is the colouring, between the old weedy posts to which they are moored!

From the busy port, where nevertheless they are dredging, we cross another bridge and find ourselves in a quietude like that of a cathedral close in England. On one side is a wide pool half covered with floating timber, and, in the other half, reflecting like a mirror the houses on the opposite shore, with their bright gardens of lilies and hollyhocks, and trees of mountain ash, which bend their masses of scarlet berries to the still water. Between the houses are glints of blue river and of inevitable windmills on the opposite shore. And all this we observe standing in the shadow of a huge church, the Groote Kerk, with a nave of the fourteenth century, and a choir of the fifteenth, and a gigantic brick tower, in which three long Gothic arches, between octagonal tourelles, enclose several tiers of windows. At the top is a great clock, and below the church a grove of elms, through which fitful sunlight falls on the grass and the dead red of the brick pavement (so grateful to feet sore with the sharp stones of other Dutch cities), where groups of fishermen are collecting in their blue shirts and white trousers.

There is little to see inside this or any other church in Holland; travellers will rather seek for the memorials, at the Kloveniers Doelen, of the famous Synod of Dort, which was held 1618—19, in the hope of effecting

a compromise between the Gomarists, or disciples of Calvin, and the Arminians who followed Zwingli, and who had recently obtained the name of Remonstrants from the "remonstrance" which they had addressed eight years before in defence of their doctrines. The Calvinists held that the greater part of mankind was excluded from grace, which the Arminians denied; but at the Synod of Dort the Calvinists proclaimed themselves as infallible as the Pope, and their resolutions became the law of the Dutch reformed Church. The Arminians were forthwith outlawed; a hundred ministers who refused to subscribe to the dictates of the Synod were banished; Hugo Grotius and Rombout Hoogerbeets were imprisoned for life at Loevestein; the body of the secretary Ledenberg, who committed suicide in prison, was hung; and Van Olden Barneveldt, the friend of William the Silent, was beheaded in his seventy-second year.

There is little in the quiet streets of Dortrecht to remind one that it was once one of the most important commercial cities of Holland, taking precedence even of Rotterdam, Delft, Leyden, and Amsterdam. It also possessed a privilege called the Staple of Dort, by which all the carriers on the Maas and Rhine were forced to unload their merchandise here, and pay all duties imposed, only using the boats or porters of the place in their work, and so bringing a great revenue to the town.

More than those in any of the other towns of Holland, do the little water streets of Dortrecht recall Venice, the houses rising abruptly from the canals; only the luminous atmosphere and the shimmering water changing colour like a chameleon, are wanting.

Through the street of wine—Wijnstraat—built over storehouses used for the staple, we go to the Museum to see the pictures. There were two schools of Dortrecht. Jacob Geritse Cuyper (1575), Albert Cuyper (1605), Ferdinand Bol (1611), Nicolas Maas (1632), and Schalken (1643) belonged to the former; Arend de Gelder, Arnold Houbraken, Dirk Stoop, and Ary Scheffer are of the latter. Sunshine and glow were the characteristics of the first school, greyiness and sobriety of the second. But there are few good pictures at Dort now, and some of the best works of Cuyper are to be found in our National Gallery, executed at his native place and portraying the great brick tower of the church in the golden haze of evening, seen across rich pastures, where the cows are lying deep in the meadow-grass. The



Groote Kerk, Dordrecht.

works of Ary Scheffer are now the most interesting pictures in the Dordrecht Gallery. Of the subject "Christus Consolator" there are two representations. In the more striking of these the pale Christ is seated amongst the sick, sorrowful, blind, maimed, and enslaved, who are all stretching out their hands to Him. Beneath is the tomb which the artist executed for his mother, Cornelia Scheffer, whose touching figure is represented lying with outstretched hands, in the utmost abandonment of repose.

An excursion should be made from Dordrecht to the castle of Loevestein on the Rhine, where Grotius, imprisoned in 1619, was concealed by his wife in the chest which brought in his books and linen. It was conveyed safely out of the castle by her courageous maid Elsje van Houwening, and was taken at first to the house of Jacob Daatselaer, a supposed friend of Grotius, who refused to render any assistance. But his wife consented to open the chest, and the philosopher, disguised as a mason, escaped to Brabant.

It is much best to visit Rotterdam as an excursion from Dordrecht. We thought it quite the most odious place we ever were in

—immense, filthy, and not very picturesque. Its handsomest feature is the vast quay called the Boompjes, on the Maas. Here and there a great windmill reminds you unmistakably of where you are, and the land streets are intersected everywhere by water streets, the carriages being constantly stopped to let ships pass through the bridges. In the Groote Markt stands a bronze statue of Desiderius Erasmus—"Vir saeculi sui primarius, et civis omnium praestantissimus," which is the work of Hendrik de Keyser (1662), and in the Wijde Kerkstraat is the house where he was born, inscribed "Haec est parva domus, magnus qui natus Erasmus, 1467," but it is now a tavern. The great church of St. Lawrence—Groote Kerk—built in 1477-87, contains the tombs of a number of Dutch admirals, and has a grand pavement of monumental slabs, but is otherwise frightful. Part of it is used as a cart-house, the largest chapel is a commodious carpenter's shop, and the aisles round the portion used for service, where

there has been an attempt at restoration in painting the roof yellow and putting up some hideous yellow seats, are a playground for the children of the town, who are freely admitted in their perambulators, though for strangers there is a separate fee for each part of the edifice they enter.

We went to see the pictures in the Museum bequeathed to the town by Jacob Otto Boyman, but did not admire them much. It takes time to accustom one's mind



Canal at Dordrecht.

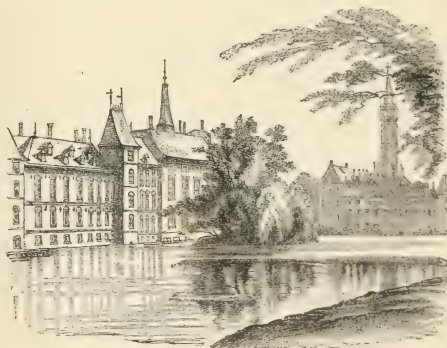
to Dutch art, and the endless representations of family life, with domestic furniture, pots and pans, &c., or of the simple local landscapes—clipped avenues, sandy roads, dykes, and cottages, or even of the cows, and pigs, and poultry, seem wonderfully executed, but where one has too much of the originals, scarcely worth the immense amount of time and labour bestowed upon them. The calm seas of Van de Welde and Vander Capelle only afford a certain amount of relief. The scenes of village life are seldom pleasing, often coarse, and never have anything elevating to offer or ennobling to recall. We thought that the real charm of the Dutch school to outsiders consists in the immense power and variety of its portraits.

Well, we hated Rotterdam, and thankfully felt ourselves speeding over the flat, rich lands to Gouda, where we found an agricultural fête going on, banners half-way down the houses, and a triumphal arch as the entrance to the square, formed of spades, rakes, and forks, with a plough at the top, and decorated with corn, potatoes, turnips, and carrots, and cornucopias pouring out flowers at the sides. In the square—a great cheese market, for the Gouda cheese is esteemed the best in Holland—is a Gothic *Stadhuys*, and, beyond it, the *Groote Kerk* of 1552, of which the bare interior is enlivened by the stained windows executed by *Wouter* and *Dirk Crabeth* in 1555-57. We were the better able to understand the design of these noble windows because the cartoon for each was spread upon the pavement in front of it; but one could not help one's attention being unpleasantly distracted by the number of men of the burgher class, smoking and with their hats on, who were allowed to use the church as a promenade. Gouda also made an unpleasant impression upon us, because, expensive as we found every hotel in Holland, we were nowhere so outrageously cheated as here.

It is a brief journey to the Hague—*La Haye*, *Gravenhage*—most delightful of little capitals, with its comfortable hotels and pleasant surroundings. The town is still so small that it seems to merit the name of "the largest village in Europe," which was given to it because the jealousy of other towns prevented its having any vote in the States General till the time of *Louis Bonaparte*, who

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gave it the privileges of a city. The Hague has none of the crowd and bustle of Amsterdam and Rotterdam, but is not dead like the smaller towns of Holland; indeed, it even seems to have a quiet gaiety, without dissipation, of its own. All around are parks and gardens, whence wide streets lead speedily through the new town of the rich bourgeoisie to the old central town of the stadholders, where a beautiful lake, the *Vijver*, or fishpond, comes as a surprise, with the eccentric old palace of the *Binnenhof* rising straight out of its waters. We had been told it was picturesque, but were prepared for nothing so charming as the variety of steep roofs and towers, the clear reflections, the tufted islet, and the beautiful colouring of the whole scene at the *Vijver*. We skirted the lake, and



The Vijver.

entered the precincts of the palace through the picturesque *Gudevangen Poort*, where *Cornelius de Witte*, Burgomaster of Dort, was imprisoned in 1672, on a false accusation of having suborned the surgeon *William Tichelaur* to murder the Prince of Orange. He was dragged out hence and torn to pieces by the people, together with his brother *Jean de Witte*, Grand Pensioner, whose house remains hard by in the *Keuterdijk*.

The court of the *Binnenhof* is exceedingly handsome, and contains the ancient Gothic Hall of the Knights, where *Johann van Olden Barneveld*, Grand Pensioner, or Prime Minister, was condemned to death "for having conspired to dismember the States of the Netherlands, and greatly troubled God's Church," and in front of which (May 24, 1619) he was beheaded.



Hall of the Knights, The Hague.

Close to the north-east gate of the Binnenhof is the handsome house called Mauritshuis, containing the inestimable Picture Gallery of the Hague, which will bear many visits. On the ground floor are chiefly portraits, amongst which a simple dignified priest by Philippe de Champaigne, with a far-away expression, will certainly arrest attention. Deeply interesting is the portrait by Ravesteyn of William the Silent, in his ruff and steel armour embossed with gold—a deeply lined face, with a slight peaked beard. His widow, Louise de Coligny, is also represented. There is a fine portrait by Schalcken of our William the Third. Noble likenesses of Sir George Sheffield and his wife Anna Wake, by Vandyke, are a pleasing contrast to the many works of Rubens.

On the first floor we must sit down before the great picture which Rembrandt painted in his twenty-sixth year (1632) of the School of Anatomy. Here the shrewd professor, Nicolaus Tulp, with a face brimming with knowledge and intelligence, is expounding the anatomy of a corpse to a number of members of the guild of surgeons, some of whom are full of eager interest and inquiry, whilst others are inattentive: the dead figure is greatly foreshortened and not repulsive. In another room, a fine work of Thomas de Keyser represents the Four Burgomasters of Amsterdam hearing of the arrival of Marie de Medicis. A beautiful work of Adrian van Ostade is full of light and character—but only represents a stolid boor drinking to the health of a fiddler, while a child plays with a dog in the background.

A group of admirers will always be found

round "the Immortal Bull" of Paul Potter, which was considered the fourth picture in importance in the Louvre, when the spoils of Europe were collected at Paris. De Amicis says, "It lives, it breathes; with his bull Paul Potter has written the true Idyl of Holland." It is, however—being really a group of cattle—not a pleasing, though a life-like picture. Much more attractive is the exquisite "Presentation" of Rembrandt (1631) in which Joseph and Mary, simple peasants, present the Holy Child to Simeon, a glorious old man in a jewelled robe, who invokes a blessing upon the infant, while other priests look on with interest. And perhaps the most beautiful work in the whole gallery is the Young Housekeeper of

Gerard Dou. A lovely young woman sits at work by an open window looking into a street. By her side is the baby asleep in its cradle, over which the maid is leaning. The light falls on the chandelier and all the household belongings of a well-to-do citizen: in all there is the same marvellous finish; it is said that the handle of the broom took three days to paint.

There is not much to discover in the streets of the Hague. In the great square called the Plein is the statue of William the Silent, with his finger raised, erected in 1848 "by the grateful people to the father of their fatherland." In the fish-market, tame storks are kept, for the same reason that bears are kept at Berne, because storks are the arms of the town. But the chief attraction of the place lies in its lovely walks amid the noble beeches and oaks of the Bosch, beyond which on the left is Huis ten Bosch, the favourite palace of Queen Sophie, who held her literary court and died there. It looks out upon flats, with dykes and a windmill. All travellers seem to visit it,—which must be a ceaseless surprise to the extortionate custode to whom they have to pay a gulden a head, and who will hurry them rapidly through some commonplace rooms in which there is nothing really worth seeing. One room is covered with paintings of the Rubens school, amid which, high in the dome, is a portrait of the Princess Amalia of Solms, who built the house in 1647.

• A tram takes people for twopence halfpenny to Scheveningen through the park, a thick wood with charming forest scenery. As the trees become more scattered, the roar

of the North Sea is heard upon the shore. Above the sands, on the dunes or sand-hills, which extend from the Helder to Dunkirk, is a broad terrace, lined on one side by a row of wooden pavilions with flags and porticoes, and below it are long lines of tents, necessary in the intense glare, while, nearer the waves, are thousands of beehive-like refuges, with a single figure seated in each. The flat monotonous shore would soon pall upon one, yet through the whole summer it is an extraordinarily lively scene. On Sunday afternoons, especially, the sands seem as crowded with human life as they are represented in the picture of Lingelbach, which we have seen in the Mauritshuis, portraying the vast multitude assembled here to witness the embarkation of Charles II. for England.

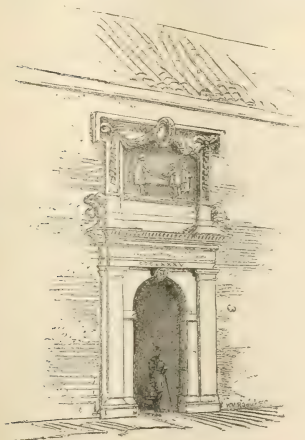
An excursion must be made to Delft, only twenty minutes distant from the Hague by rail. Pepys calls it "a most sweet town, with bridges and a river in every street," and that is a tolerably accurate description. All the trees are clipped, for in artificial Holland every work of Nature is artificialised. At certain seasons, numbers of storks may be seen upon the chimney-tops, for Delft is supposed to be the stork town *par excellence*, but we could not discover a single nest.



Scheveningen.

Near the shady canal Oude Delft is a low building, once the Convent of St. Agata, with an ornamented door surmounted by a relief, leading into a courtyard. It is a common barrack now, for Holland, which has no local histories, has no regard whatever for its historic associations or monuments. Yet this is the greatest shrine of Dutch history, for it is here that William the Silent died.

Philip II. had promised 25,000 crowns of gold to any one who would murder the Prince of Orange. An attempt had already been made, but had failed, and William refused to take any measures for self-protection, saying, "It is useless: my years are in the hands of God: if there is a wretch who has no fear of death, my life is in his hand, however I may guard it." At length, a young man of seven-and-twenty appeared at Delft, who gave himself out to be one Guyon, a Protestant, son of Pierre Guyon, executed at Besançon for having embraced Calvinism, and declared that he was exiled for his religion. Really he was Balthazar Gerard, a bigoted Catholic, but his conduct in Holland soon procured him the reputation of an evangelical saint. The Prince took him into his service and sent him to accompany a mission from the States of Holland to the Court of France, whence he returned to bring the news of the death of the Duke of Anjou to William. At that time the Prince was living with his court in the convent of St. Agata, where he received Balthazar alone in his chamber. The moment was opportune, but the would-be assassin had no arms ready. William gave him a small sum of money and bade him hold himself in readiness to be sent back to France. With the money Balthazar bought two pistols from a soldier (who after-



Entrance to St. Agata, Delft.

wards killed himself when he heard the use which was made of the purchase). On the next day, June 10th, 1584, Balthazar returned to the convent as William was descending the staircase to dinner, with his fourth wife, Louise de Coligny (daughter of the Admiral who fell in the massacre of St. Bartholomew) on his arm. He presented his passport and begged the Prince to sign it, but was told to return later. At dinner the Princess asked William who was the young man who had spoken to him, for his expression was the most terrible she had ever seen. The Prince laughed, said it was Guyon, and was as gay as usual. Dinner being over, the family party were about to remount the staircase. The assassin was waiting in a dark corner at the foot of the stairs, and as William passed, he discharged a pistol with three balls and fled. The Prince staggered, saying, "I am wounded; God have mercy upon me and my poor people." His sister Catherine van Schwartzbourg asked, "Do you trust in Jesus Christ?" He said, "Yes," with a feeble voice, sat down upon the stairs, and died.

Balthazar reached the rampart of the town in safety, hoping to swim to the other side of the moat, where a horse awaited him. But he had dropped his hat and his second pistol in his flight, and so he was traced and seized before he could leap from the wall. Amid horrible tortures, he not only confessed, but continued to triumph in his crime. His judges believed him to be possessed of the devil. The next day he was executed. His right hand was burnt off in a tube of red-hot iron; the flesh of his arms and legs was

torn off with red-hot pincers; but he never made a cry. It was not till his breast was cut open, and his heart torn out and flung in his face, that he expired. His head was then fixed on a pike, and his body, cut into four quarters, exposed on the four gates of the town.

Close to the Prinsenhof is the Oude Kerk with a leaning tower. It is arranged like a very ugly theatre inside, but contains, with other tombs of celebrities, the monument of Admiral Van Tromp, 1650—"Martinus Harberti Trompius"—whose effigy lies upon his back, with swollen feet. It was this Van Tromp who defeated the English fleet under Blake, and perished, as represented on the monument, in an engagement off Scheveningen. It was he who, after his victory over the English, caused a broom to be hoisted at his mast-head to typify that he had swept the Channel clear of his enemies.

The Nieuwe Kerk in the Groote Markt (1412-76) contains the magnificent monument of William the Silent by Hendrik de Keyser and A. Quellin (1621). Black marble columns support a white canopy over the white sleeping figure of the Prince. In the recesses are statues of Liberty, Justice, Prudence, and Religion. At the feet of William lies his favourite dog, which saved his life from midnight assassins at Malines, by awakening him. At the head of the tomb is another figure of William, of bronze, seated. In the same church is a monument to Hugo Grotius—"prodigium Europae"—the greatest lawyer of the seventeenth century, presented to Henri IV. by Barneveld as "La merveille de la Hollande."

FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.*

By R. H. HUTTON.

THIS book must read like the story of a shadow in a dream to those who think that there is no eternal world at all. Nothing illustrates better the fidelity and skill with which Colonel Maurice has pictured for us his father's life—chiefly, as he himself tells us, in his father's own words—than the force with which from beginning to end it impresses on us the conviction that here was a man living, and living eagerly, in time, for ends which mere creatures of time cannot either measure or apprehend. It is not surprising, therefore, that the life of Maurice is not what any

one would think of calling a popular book. And yet it has already awakened a kind of interest which no popular book would awaken, for it is one of the most striking testimonies to the existence of an eternal life, in Maurice's own sense of the word, that was ever yet given. Throughout these twelve hundred closely printed pages one cannot come on the trace of a day of Maurice's life that was not chiefly lived in the light of eternity. I don't, of course, mean that he lived always as he himself would have desired to live: for one of the chief notes of this remarkable book is the profound sense, not merely of humility, but of almost extravagant humilia-

* "The Life of Frederick Denison Maurice, chiefly told in his own Letters." Edited by his Son, Frederick Maurice. With Portraits. In Two Volumes. Macmillan & Co.

tion which marks it. I only mean this, that whether Maurice lived as he would have desired to live or not, every day of his life seems to have been scored and furrowed either with the passionate desire so to live, or an almost unreasonable self-reproach for not having so lived. It has been said that his life was one long pursuit of "unattainable ends" by "inappropriate means." If Maurice's ends were really unattainable it does not require much literary acuteness to perceive that any means he took to gain them must necessarily have been inappropriate, so that the epigram, like most epigrams, overreaches itself. But I think it would be much truer to say that he lived to pursue ends which he actually attained with much more marvellous success than ends of that kind are usually attained, by means which often seemed, and sometimes were, clumsy, and more or less inappropriate for the end he had in view. There was nothing of the genius of delicate adjustment about Maurice. The ends which he attained he attained often with a great waste of power, and partly, perhaps, by showing how indifferent he was to the wasting of himself upon them, if only he might somehow gain them even partially at last. What Cardinal Newman once wrote in reference to St. Gregory Nasianzen has often seemed to me curiously applicable to Maurice :—

"So works the All-wise! our services dividing
Not as we ask:
For the world's profit, by our gifts deciding
Our duty-task.
See in kings' courts loth Jeremiah plead,
And slow-tongued Moses rule by eloquence of deed.
Yes, thou bright Angel of the East didst rear
The Cross divine,
Borne high upon thy liquid accents where
Men mocked the sign;
Till that wild city heard thy battle-cry,
And hearts were stirred and deemed a Pentecost
was nigh!"

So it was that London heard Maurice's battle cry. And yet a great deal of his work was undoubtedly tentative, awkward, "inappropriate." But the persevering and redundant laboriousness with which, when needful, it was all done over again, produced an effect which could hardly have been produced by the highest genius for adapting means to ends. There was the lavishness of the eternal world in all his efforts, though there was all the humiliation of human inadequacy too. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of ourselves," might be the motto of Maurice's career, so little did he feel the brightness of success, and so much nevertheless did he really attain.

And the present Life of Maurice only

echoes, alike in its evidence of failure and in its evidence of success, the impression produced by the career of the living man. It is about thirty-five years since my most intimate friend, the late Walter Bagehot, who was then a student of Lincoln's Inn, where he was afterwards called to the Bar, took me to hear one of the afternoon sermons of the chaplain of the Inn. I remember Bagehot's telling me, with his usual caution, that he would not exactly answer for my being impressed by the sermon, but that at all events he thought I should feel that something different went on there from that which goes on in an ordinary church or chapel service; that there was a sense of "something religious"—the last phrase Maurice himself would have appreciated—in the air, which was not to be found elsewhere. I went, and it is hardly too much to say that the voice and manner of the preacher—his voice and manner in the reading-desk, at least as much as in the pulpit—have lived in my memory ever since, as no other voice and manner have ever lived in it. The half stern, half pathetic emphasis with which he gave the words of the Confession, "And there is *no* health in us," throwing the weight of the meaning on to the last word, and the rising of his voice into a higher plane of hope as he passed away from the confession of weakness to the invocation of God's help, struck the one note of his life—the passionate trust in eternal help—as it had never been struck in my hearing before, though I never again saw or heard him without again hearing it, much as I find it pervading every page of this striking book. No wonder that, in spite of the singular and voluminous monotony of the book, for every letter it contains is written in just the same key, men so eagerly read it to convince themselves that once at least in our generation a whole life has been lived, not in the effort to escape from eternal realities, but in deep dread of losing sight of them even for a moment. Maurice was a witness, if in our day we have ever had a witness, to eternal life, and to eternal life in that sense in which he had learnt to define it from St. John. "This is life eternal, to know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." His voice in prayer had that thrill in it which betrays the recognition of something deeper than human nature, and his eye the fixity of one spell-bound by a spiritual power, to its discernment of which the gazer feels himself compelled to bear witness.

Yet a simpler and homelier man there

never was in this world; indeed he was one who, though he could hardly speak without showing that his mind was occupied with invisible realities, had a quite pathetic sense of his own inadequacy to do what he desired to do, and the tenderest possible sympathy with the like incapacities of others. Indeed, his own idea of himself was curiously unlike the truth. He felt deeply his own want of sympathy with most human enjoyments, and tells Mr. Kingsley that he is a "hard Puritan, almost incapable of enjoyment; though I try," he adds, "to feel no grudge against those who have that which my conscience tells me it is not a virtue but a sin to want." Evidently the sin of which he chiefly accused himself was his joylessness, and envy of the joyousness of others; and also the tendency which the sight of evil in others had to provoke anger in himself of a kind which he could not justify, and which he told himself was Pharisaic. On one occasion, when the attacks levelled at his brother-in-law John Sterling, though then no longer living, had greatly grieved him, he writes:—"Love and truth seem to lose all connection with the name of religion, and God to be utterly forgotten by those who use His name every moment. I wish to confess the sins of the time as my own. Ah! how needful do I feel it, for the sins of others produce such sin in me, and stir up my unsanctified nature so terribly." His theory of himself obviously was that he was deficient in human feeling, but that this consciousness of deficiency in human feeling was good for him, because it enabled him to refer to the divine love alone, all the consciousness he had of being able to stir the hearts of others. In a most characteristic letter to myself which Colonel Maurice has published, he says, "The sense of our substantial union as men with Christ, and of His union with the Father, sometimes comes to me with overpowering conviction, not of delight such as a Santa Theresa or Fénelon may have felt, but of its stern, hard, scientific reality, which makes me long that I had the fervour and earnestness in making my belief known, which I admire and ought not to envy in other men. But at other times I can thank God for having granted me a cold, uncordial temperament and constitution, on purpose that I may refer all love, and all power of acting upon the reason and the conscience and the heart to Him. Some day I hope our tongues may be loosed, and that we may as earnestly speak of what we feel to be deep and universal, as we drop what we find

to be only transitory and for a few." What he chiefly found fault with in himself was his imaginary hardness, his deficiency in keen human emotions and sympathies, though this deficiency was a mere inference of his own from his want of a vivid perceptive and sensitive life, such as he saw with admiration, for instance, in his close friends Charles Kingsley and Tom Hughes. Whether he really felt, as he so often implies that he did, the temptation of the Pharisee to judge harshly the sins of others, more powerful within him than very inferior men feel it, it is of course impossible to say. But if he did, no one ever contended against that temptation more successfully, or warned the world so well of its own Pharisaic bias. But it is true, I think, that Maurice did feel so strongly upon him the spell of the eternal and invisible will, that he had some reason to dread the temptation to identify it with himself, and to speak as if that which he discerned outside him were really part of him. Certainly he did dread this temptation much more than he dreaded the ordinary weaknesses to which he was liable. He had a warm temper, and accused himself freely of having indulged it, but he never accused himself of that with half the same bitterness with which he accused himself of Pharisaically judging others. He knew the extent of the one danger, but he never seemed able to measure for himself the extent of the other. Bearing witness, as his whole nature did, to the eternal world, he was always, he thought, in danger of imagining that what he judged to be evil, God must judge to be equally evil; and consequently there was no sin on which he passed such vehement and stern sentences, for he always believed that those vehement and stern sentences were passed virtually upon himself. Colonel Maurice gives us one very curious illustration of this in the interesting chapter on the controversy with Dr. Mansel. Maurice had always accused himself of not having been tender enough with the sceptical leanings of Sterling, and of having shown dogmatic hardness in dealing with Sterling's doubts. He refers to this in his remarks on the agnostic theory of Mansel with the same poignant self-reproach that he had always felt, saying that "the remembrance of hard and proud words spoken against those who were crying out for truth will always be the bitterest" of remembrances for one who holds that the Bible testifies, from its first page to its last, that God does implant and does satisfy the yearning for truth, and does satisfy it by unveiling

Himself to all who really seek Him. Dr. Mansel, in his profound ignorance of Maurice's general drift, style, and character, was blind enough to suppose that this was a sneer directed against *him*, though the whole drift of his own book, against the teaching of which Maurice was protesting, had been to prove that God does not and cannot so unveil Himself to men as Maurice believed, but can only give us "regulative" hints, carefully-adapted rules of action—working hypotheses concerning Himself—on the assumption of which He directs us for all practical purposes to proceed. This blunder of Dr. Mansel's exactly illustrates the frequent inappropriateness of Maurice's language for the purpose of conveying his meaning, even when that meaning was nearest his own heart. In the intensity of his earnestness, he wrote on as if in soliloquy, without clearly representing to himself either the class of people or the individual person for whose immediate benefit he was writing, and expressing himself much as he would have expressed himself to the most intimate friend who perfectly understood the reserves and allusions by which he qualified almost all his teaching. The great waste of energy of which I have spoken was probably never better illustrated than in his answers to Dr. Mansel, full of noble truth and passion as they were. The Dean did not catch his drift at all, and even the theologians of the day hardly caught his drift; it was only those who had got the key to his mind from the study of many previous writings who really understood what he meant. And yet what he meant was intrinsically lucid as well as true, and was marked by large intellectual grasp. There was no economy of spiritual power possible to him.

Perhaps that is the reason why Maurice influenced those who once fell under his spell so much, for it is this wealth of energy, which is unable to economize its efforts, that does exert the greatest effect when it produces an effect at all. When he was still a young man of twenty-five, Arthur Hallam, the subject of "In Memoriam," wrote to Mr. Gladstone: "I do not myself know Maurice, but I know many whom he has moulded like a second nature, and these, too, men eminent for intellectual powers, to whom the presence of a commanding spirit would, in all other cases, be a signal rather for rivalry than reverential acknowledgment. The effect which he has produced on the minds of many at Cambridge by the single creation of that society of the Apostles (for the spirit though not the form

was created by him) is far greater than I can dare to calculate, and will be felt both directly and indirectly in the age that is upon us." Archdeacon Hare, one of the authors of the "Guesses at Truth," told Mr. Llewelyn Davies that, in his belief, "no such mind as Maurice's had been given to the world since Plato's." And though there was no trace in Maurice of that exquisite imaginative grace which makes Plato's philosophy so much more fascinating than the philosophy of every other human thinker, there is no doubt that he had more of Plato's eye for discerning the evidence of a superhuman origin of truth, and of the complete incapacity of our minds to originate the highest truths which it is given them to perceive, than any Englishman of our century, Coleridge himself—to whom he owed so much—not excepted. There has probably never been a thinker who has more perfectly realized himself, and more successfully compelled others to realize, that the truth and our knowledge of the truth are of very different orders of importance; that needful as it often is for us to know the truth, the truth itself produces its most potent effects whether we know it or not; the only consequence of our ignorance of it being, that when ignorant of it we often stumble up against it and lame ourselves, whereas if it could cease to be, we should cease to be with it. This being Maurice's profound conviction, he naturally held that Revelation—the truth concerning His own being voluntarily communicated to us by Him who is the truth—must be infinitely the most important part of all truth, though it cannot of course be separated for a moment from the truths concerning our condition which God has enforced upon us by the gradual training of our minds and bodies. This was what made Maurice a theologian. He could not read the history of the Hebrew people without feeling assured that God had trained that particular race for the express purpose of manifesting His own nature through it to men; and this he regarded as the great complement and key to the lessons which in all other races man had been taught concerning the significance of human nature, and of the otherwise inexplicable yearnings and wants by which that nature is penetrated. Miss Wedgwood, in the very striking paper on Maurice which she has contributed to the *British Quarterly Review*, has contested Maurice's reverence for facts, on the ground that there were a good many facts to which he could not even persuade himself to pay attention. She refers to the facts from

which scientific men are supposed to deduce almost all their general views of the meaning of the universe, and I have no doubt that, if challenged, she could also illustrate her meaning by the utter indifference which Maurice showed to such criticisms as those of Bishop Colenso on the historical accuracy of the Pentateuch, through his inability to conceive that the kind of inaccuracy in the Bible for which Bishop Colenso contended, had any relevancy at all to his own conviction that the Bible contains the key to human history and destiny. Yet I cannot think that Miss Wedgwood is right in regarding Maurice's indifference to these facts as significant of a want of reverence for fact in general. So far as I can judge, it never occurred to him that either physical science or historical criticism, whatever might come of either, could possibly break down either the truth or the importance of revelation. He did not meddle very much with either, because he did not think himself well fitted to do so with effect, and he had the humblest possible opinion of his own powers whenever he travelled out of the range of truths pressing closely upon his own mind. But though I have often regretted that he did not pay more attention to the methods of physical science and of historical criticism, I cannot say that I think his neglect to do so betrayed the smallest want of reverence for fact. What it did betray was a great want of reverence for theories which he regarded as unintelligible and unjustifiable generalisations from facts which he was eager to acknowledge. He had no more belief that the discovery of uniform laws of phenomena could disprove the possibility of the supernatural facts recorded in the Bible, than he had that the discovery of a mass of inaccurate figures in the Pentateuch could disprove the truth that Moses had been led by God when he guided his people through the wilderness to the borders of the promised land. Indeed he had never entered into the minds of the men who began life without any belief except in the uniformity of the outside world, or the minds of the men who supposed that the first guarantee of divine revelation must be the perfect accuracy of all the figures and minute incidents with which the memory of that revelation was mixed up. It is a pity, I think, that he did not more earnestly endeavour to master both states of mind, and to say exactly what one who had entered into those states of mind, but who held his own faith, might have said. But his neglect to do so, was, I believe, due

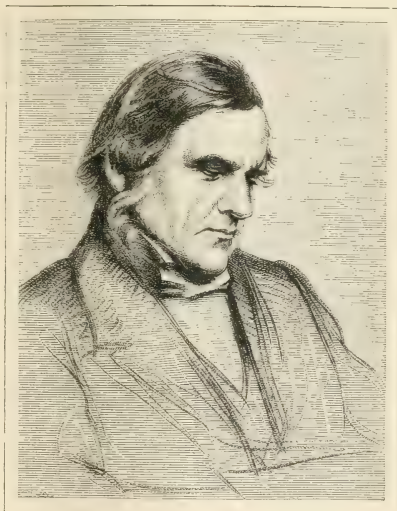
much more to an excessive indifference to theory, than to the smallest indifference to fact. I should say that whenever he thought any fact established by history, he was disposed even to overestimate its importance. Consider, for instance, his frank surrender of his own—to me unintelligible—attachment to the practice of subscription at the Universities, and to the practice of reading the Athanasian creed in churches, so soon as he saw that it was simply impossible to make men in general accept his own view of the meaning of both practices. Consider again his ardent political constitutionalism, which was wholly founded on his reverence for institutions which had proved their strength. Consider further his extreme prudence in directing the co-operative societies to which he devoted so much of his time, and the anxiety with which he strove to keep out all innovations for which the theorists or dreamers amongst his companions contended. Again, to me the charm at once of such books as "The Prophets and Kings of the Old Testament," and of such books as his "Metaphysical and Moral Philosophy," depends almost entirely on the love for fact shown in both, the naked realism with which he accepts such histories as Jehu's, and the characteristic fidelity with which he recounts the teaching of Hobbes or Spinoza, and connects it with the facts of their external lives. The admiration Maurice always felt for men who openly confessed themselves in the wrong—as Mr. Gladstone, for instance, did on the Maynooth question—was, I believe, really founded, as he himself said that it was, on his belief that facts are "angels of the Lord," against which it is useless and impious to struggle. No doubt, like most idealists, he made at times a long struggle for opinions of his own, which he had taken for something more than opinions; but I do not think he ever on any subject once realised the relevancy of a fact, without endeavouring to ascertain its full significance and bearing, with a humility all his own. "The vesture of God's own ideas must be facts," he writes to a son, who had told him how he had heard it argued that a Christian legend which appealed to the conscience, might produce the same result as a Christian fact, "If he reveals His ideas to us, the revelation must be through facts. . . I believe the modern process of idealising tends to destroy ideas and facts both, and to leave nothing but a certain deposit of both. The sensation novel is the appropriate sink or cesspool for this deposit. All historical criticism is good, it seems to

me, just so far as it tests facts, in love and reverence for facts and for what facts contain; all is bad and immoral which introduces the notion that it signifies little whether they turn out to be facts or no, or the notion that their reality as facts depends on certain accidents in the narration of them." I think Maurice's reverence for facts was profound, but that the facts which he regarded as "the vesture of God's ideas," and not the facts which he regarded as "the accidents of the narration," were those to which he accorded this reverence. And often, no doubt, he put by as an unimportant "accident in the narration," what another may have held to be of its essential character. Now of course the most sincere believer in the sacredness of facts as "angels of the Lord," must select for himself which facts are cardinal and which are not. To the man who believes that he has to *establish* the credit of the Bible, before he even thinks of guiding himself by it, the cardinal facts will be the small consistencies or the small inconsistencies of the narrative, and he will postpone all question of learning from it the mind and character of God, till he is quite sure that all the human joints and seams are in perfect order. To Maurice, who never dreamt of thinking about the Bible from this point of view, and who certainly held that the revelation it contained was proved at once by the strong light it shed on human nature, and by the fresh power which it bestowed on human nature, the stress laid on numerical blunders, on petty historical inconsistencies, and on the minutiae of the literature generally, was hardly intelligible. While Colenso thought Maurice hardly candid, Maurice

thought Colenso hardly sober and serious, and too much inclined to weigh grains of dust against the testimony of the soul. How different were their standards of fact may be gathered best, perhaps, from the letter in which Maurice declares that to him the Book of Isaiah seems lucidity itself compared with Lord Mahon's "Life of Pitt;" the difference, of course, being that in Isaiah the reference of everything to the divine standard is plain, and only the implied human events obscure, while in Lord Mahon's "Life of Pitt" the human events

are pretty clearly determined, and only the standard to which his policy was referred is wholly obscure and ambiguous. After all, were not Maurice's "facts" the more important class of facts of the two? Events, without their moral motives and their spiritual influences, are hardly facts, and are certainly unintelligible facts. The existence of moral motives and the prevalence of great spiritual influences are facts, and facts of the first order, even where the pre-

cise events which proceeded from those motives and exerted those influences are more or less ill-defined and left in shadow. In one of Sir Edward Strachey's very interesting letters he tells his correspondent that "Maurice said the other day that if we ignore facts, we change substances for suppositions; that which really does stand under an appearance, for that which we put under it by our imaginations." No more weighty or more scientific remark could be made; but, of course, the question remains as to the criterion by which we are to distinguish the trustworthiness of the appear-



FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE.

From a Drawing by S. Laurence.

ance. Colenso thought he could distinguish the untrustworthiness of a history sufficiently by bringing to light a great number of minor discrepancies in it. Maurice thought we could distinguish its trustworthiness as regarded its main features, by comparing the moral and spiritual antecedents in one page of the history with the moral and spiritual consequents in another, and showing how truly they corresponded to each other, and how full of human nature, and how fully verified by our own experience, was the connection between the different stages. For my part I believe that both are right up to a certain point, but that Maurice had got hold of immeasurably the more important criterion of the two.

Perhaps those who have written upon Maurice have not given enough prominence to the militant side of his nature. He was essentially a spiritual knight-errant, and this was the side of his nature which alone led him into extravagance. Such expressions as those which were called forth from him by a narrowly denominational meeting of "the National Society" are not unfrequent in his life, and are quite Quixotic in their vehemence. "The National Society will either become a mere dead log or it will be inspired with a false demoniacal life by a set of Church clubs, which I do believe will, ten years hence, have left the Jacobin Club, and every other, at an immeasurable distance behind them in the race of wickedness. I speak what I feel—would that I trembled ten times more than I do at my own prophecy." And again, in reference to a pamphlet of his own on the Sabbath day: "The working men, and many of my friends, will suppose that I write it to please the religious world, which I hope will hate me more and more, and which I hope to hate more and more." Such passages abound, but though they express Maurice's very serious conviction, that men often do worse things under the plea of what they call fidelity to their religious, or for that matter to their irreligious, opinions than they would ever dare to do simply on their own responsibility, yet I cannot but think that the whole of his horror of clubs, leagues, sects, denominations, irresponsible associations of every kind, is expressed much more in the spirit of a knight-errant who has had to fight against them, almost unaided, than in the spirit of sober judgment. He had learnt from the Bible to fight boldly, and the spirit of the soldier ran through his whole life. No man was a more generous enemy when he knew his antagonist. But no man was a more vehement foe when he

was charging against what he thought—often hastily—to be a spirit of evil sheltered under the vague authority of unknown and irresponsible organs. He writes to Mr. Ludlow that in his opinion the Bible is the history of God's conflict with evil, and that it assumes that evil is not to be crushed out by omnipotence, but to be vanquished in what may be called a fair fight. "The question is whether the unintelligibility of evil and the omnipotence of God is a reason for not regarding Him as carrying on a war against evil, and for not expecting that in that war evil will be vanquished. I know that there are some who think so. For God to make war instead of crushing evil, if it can be crushed at all, by a simple fiat, is for them a sinful absurdity. What I say is, that, if it be, the Bible is from beginning to end an absurdity, for it is the book of the wars of the Lord. It does not define evil, but it assumes evil; it assumes evil to be in a will; it assumes evil not to be vanquishable by an omnipotent fiat; it sets forth a process by which it has been overcome in a number of wills; it teaches us to pray, 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven,' where it is done perfectly; it says that if we pray according to God's will, He hears us, and we shall have the petition which we ask of Him." And it is as a knight-errant fighting in the wars of the Lord that Maurice must chiefly be regarded. At the same time a knight-errant is not always in a judicial frame of mind, and I cannot help thinking that when Maurice was attacking "the religious world," or "the religious press," or any other anonymous organ of "religious" notions which seemed to him profoundly irreligious, he almost forgot that these people, however they might be hoodwinked by ignoring their individual responsibility, had still the consciences and spirits of men. "I have heard," he writes in one very able letter to Sir T. Acland, "of a poor creature in St. Luke's in a lucid moment snatching a lady by the arm who was visiting the asylum, with the exclamation, 'Have you thanked God for your reason to-day?' and then relapsing into fury. Surely one of these men [political journalists] might say to either of us, 'Have you thanked God to-day for having passed through a debating society with any portion of your souls undestroyed?' and at least to one of us, 'Have you meddled with periodicals, and have you thanked God that you still think, love, go to church, and find any one to love you?'" There is all the pent-up wrath here of a man who felt how full the press of his day was of

unreal pretension and dishonest judgment, and doubtless both in that day and in this there was enough justification for wrath. But it is poured out as the soldier pours out his wrath on the foe whom he is fighting, not as the judge passes sentence on the offender whose case he has heard. And while the soldier-like element in Maurice was one of the noblest aspects of his nature, it often led him into extravagant expressions, which he would, on calmer consideration, have himself described as overstrained and perhaps uncharitable. For it is possible surely to be uncharitable to associations or sects, as well as to individuals. Indeed, he says in one letter to Archbishop Trench, that "the spirit dwells in the body, and in each of its members *as such*, and not as individuals. The spirit in an individual is a fearful contradiction." If that be so, the spirit which unites men together in any association, however temporary, is the true bond of that association, and if that be on the whole good, which no man will decide off-hand that it is not, even though it be anonymous and insufficiently weighted with responsibility, there must be uncharitableness in bitterly condemning it. Maurice, however, had seen so much of the evil spirit in religious and political coteries and sects, that he was apt to charge at them whenever he came upon them, almost as if they must be spiritual freebooters and foes of truth and peace. It is for the same reason, I think, that his many self-accusations seem to the reader extravagant. He accuses himself of being sinful in not taking a more vivid enjoyment in the works of nature and the natural life—a matter over which surely a man has about as little control as he has over the fineness or bluntness of his senses; of the "vice" of reserve; of having resisted God's goodness more than any others of his fellow-creatures; and so forth, in almost every conceivable way. He had, in fact, none of that patience and toleration for what he found deficient in himself, which Fénelon presses on us as a duty wherever it does not cover a really false self-excuse. But this again is due to the militant spirit which was so strong in Maurice. He could not have tilted so chivalrously against all the moral and spiritual tyrants of the day, if he had not tilted with still more passionate fervour against the weaknesses and sins which he discovered in his own heart. In his indignation against himself he called himself cold-blooded. In reality Maurice had the hot blood of the genuine reformer, the reformer who begins by assailing himself.

But knight-errant as he was, there was no caprice or tolerance of caprice in Maurice. His aggressiveness was the aggressiveness of spiritual chivalry against the dogmatists who in his belief had repelled men from Christ, and nothing shocked him more than the prospect of obtaining followers for himself at the cost of the Church and the Church's Master. His whole teaching was a protest against the delusion of redemption through opinion, whether right or wrong, and an assertion of redemption through the life of God incarnate in the nature of man. "The light of the sun is not in you, but out of you; and yet you can see everything by it if you will open your eyes," was the analogy by which he loved to illustrate the difference between the power of opinion and the power of that truth of which even the correctest opinion is but a faint reflection. He held this so strongly that he made light even of the duty of bringing feeling into harmony with faith. "Faith first and feeling afterwards is, I believe, the rule which we are always trying to reverse," he writes; and that is one of the keys of his teaching. "In quietness and confidence is our strength," he says again, "but not in thinking of quietness and confidence, or grieving that we have so little of either." In a word, Maurice was one of the greatest of those teachers who have impressed upon us that it is not by virtue of any conscious state of ours that we can be redeemed, but by a power which can dispense, and dispense even for an indefinite time, with our own recognition of its beneficence; just as the body is restored to health by influences of the life-giving character of which we are often quite unaware. Once, when a lady asked him his belief as to our recognition of each other hereafter, he replied that that question always made him say to himself, "Ah, how little we have recognised each other here! may not that be the first great step in recognition?" and he would have applied the same remark in an even stronger sense to our recognition of the source of truth. Our recognition of the truth may be necessary to our own happiness, but it is the heat and light which proceeds from it, not our recognition of that heat and light, which heals us. And we may surely say the same of Maurice himself. How little did we recognise him here; and how much, in spite of that want of recognition, did he effect for us! May it not be the first step in our recognition of him hereafter, that we should understand how little in reality we ever recognised him truly here?

"I MEAN TO WAIT FOR JACK."

A TESSON for TROTTERS.

BY FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A., AUTHOR OF "SONGS IN SUNSHINE."

SWEET Kate at Wyndham's Dairy, and Jack of Oldham Mill—
Oh, long they woo'd and fond they coo'd, a faithful Jack and Jill !
But times were bad for lass and lad, and sadly both confess'd
'Twas not the thing to buy the ring before they'd lined the nest.
"Courage, lad !" said Katie. "Yes, we'll have to wait ;
But though, my dear, it's twenty year, I'll take no other mate."

But England wanted Jacky, for war was in the air,
And arms more grim were press'd on him than Katie's bonny pair.
So all through Spain, in rough campaign, he chivied bold Mossoo,
And fired his gun and made him run like fun at Waterloo.

When the lads came round her, Katie bade them pack.
There's girls enow * for you to woo ; I mean to wait for Jack."

The grey in Katie's ringlets were mingling with the brown,
When, bump-a-thump, an eager stump came pegging through the town.
"It's me, you see, come back," says he, "except a leg or so ;
And safe and sound here's twenty pound ; so let the parson know."

Jingle, jangle, jingle ! set the bells a-chime,
And health and bliss to love like this that bravely bides its time.

[Musical copyright invested in Messrs. Robert Cocks & Co., New Burlington Street.]

* Pronounce *enoo*, as commonly in the Midlands.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE AMERICAN BISON.

By C. F. GORDON CUMMING.

AMONG the many sources of grievance which incite the red men of America to look with hatred and dread on the white men who have despoiled them of their birth-right, none is more valid than the cruelly wanton wholesale destruction of those vast herds of buffalo (or, more properly speaking, American bison*), which, till the Anglo-Saxon appeared on the scene, afforded a never-failing supply of food for all the Indian tribes, who deemed their wild cattle to have been specially provided for their sustenance by the Great Spirit, and who rarely slew more than were necessary to supply the tribe with needful food.

How the name of buffalo came to be applied to a creature so totally unlike the buffalo of Asia, I am at a loss to imagine ; the latter, with its slate-coloured hide, low fore-

head, and large retreating horns, being one of the most docile and humble-looking of animals, whereas the American bison, though in truth a timid and inoffensive beast, has an appearance of the utmost ferocity, derived from the huge bulk of his forequarters and head, his shaggy mane and fiery eye. He is an unwieldy creature, and will stupidly stand still, apparently never dreaming of danger, while a score of his fellows are shot down by his side. Yet at other times he will charge madly at some object—a man, or, perhaps, a railway train, rushing onward at full gallop, with a lumbering, thundering, heavy tread.

Few creatures are more singularly devoid of the instinct with which most animals are so largely endowed. Once they have decided on a line of march nothing will turn them aside. They will deliberately rush up to the hunter, or approach danger in almost any

* *Bos Americanus*.

form that may present itself. In the same way, should they have occasion to cross a stream, they plunge in recklessly, and as likely as not select the very spot where a dangerous quicksand has formed.

A notable instance of this occurred in 1867, when a herd of about four thousand bison endeavoured to cross the South Platte River. The waters were barely two feet in depth, but quicksands had formed in the channel, and the foremost ranks of bison stuck fast and commenced to sink. Those immediately in the rear, goaded on by the horns and pressure of those farther back, pushed onward, trampling over their unlucky leaders, but only to share their fate, being immediately drawn into the quicksands beyond. This terrible struggle continued till the whole bed of the river, half a mile in width, was literally covered with dead or dying bison, and it was estimated fully two thousand must have perished in the attempt to cross the stream.

At the time when the tide of white men began to pour westward, the bison ranged in countless myriads over the vast plains which lie between the Rocky Mountains and the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. At different seasons they migrated from one district to another, sometimes in separate herds, at other times so many herds joined company that they formed one vast army, covering many miles of country. Thus Mr. Blackmore has told us* how, in the autumn of 1868, while he was crossing the plains on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, for a distance of upwards of a hundred and twenty miles, between Elbsworth and Sheridan, the train passed through an almost unbroken herd of bison. The plains were blackened with them, and the train had to stop to allow unusually large herds to pass. A few years later, when travelling over the same line of railroad, it was a rare sight to see a few herds of from ten to twenty bison.

Very similar was his experience in the southern district between the Arkansas and Cimarron Rivers. He tells us that in 1872 he travelled over a tract of a hundred miles south of Fort Dodge, and was never out of sight of bison, but in the following autumn, on travelling over the same district, he found the whole country whitened with bleached and bleaching bones, and did not see bison buffalo, he calls them, according to American custom) till he was well within the Indians' reserved territory, and then only in scanty

bands. For the remorseless hide-hunters had ravaged the country, slaughtering wholesale, old and young, in season and out of season. For forty miles along the north bank of the Arkansas River there was a continuous line of putrescent carcasses, rendering the air pestilential and offensive to a degree. They lay so thickly strewn that, in one spot of four acres, Mr. Blackmore counted sixty-seven carcasses. The hunters had formed a line of camps along the banks of the river and had shot down the thirsty creatures when, night and morning, they came to the river to drink.

In like manner Colonel Dodge relates how, in May, 1871, he drove along the course of the Arkansas River, and for a distance of twenty-five miles his route lay along a broad valley which was literally alive with countless small herds of from fifty to two hundred bison, forming in fact one immense herd. The whole country appeared one moving mass of these shaggy black creatures, travelling slowly to the northward.

On catching sight of so unusual an object as a horseman, many herds in succession stampeded and started at full speed directly towards him, pouring down from the hills, no longer in separate herds, but in one immense compact mass of plunging animals, mad with fright, and irresistible as an avalanche. It was an awful moment, but the wary hunter waited till the advancing column was within fifty yards of him when he fired, and the startled herd divided and poured onward in two streams, to right and left of him. This occurred again and again in the course of that morning's drive, and though he only fired in self-defence, not being in want of meat, he nevertheless had twenty-six buffalo tongues in his waggon ere he reached his destination. Had he been inclined for butchery, there was literally no limit to the numbers he might have slain.

In each of the many minor herds, the cows and calves are always placed in the centre, and the bulls form a protecting ring all round them. When two herds meet and merge the same arrangement is observed, the bulls of both parties simply extending themselves in a larger circle, so as to form a strong wall of protection. Strange to say, in the hour of danger, the cow-mother unhesitatingly abandons her calf, and leaves it entirely in charge of the bulls, who fulfil their duty as most devoted guardians.

Colonel Dodge relates an instance of this, which was told to him by an eye-witness, whose attention was attracted by seeing a

* "Hunting Grounds of the Great West." Col. Dodge and W. Blackmore.

little knot of six or eight bull-bison standing in a close circle with their heads outwards, while in a concentric circle, at some fifteen paces distance, sat at least a dozen large grey wolves. After a few moments the bulls, still keeping in a compact mass, started on a trot to join the main herd, distant about half a mile. Then it was seen that these faithful fathers were guarding a poor little new-born calf, who was scarcely able to walk. After going about a hundred paces it lay down, and the bulls formed a circle as before; the wolves, who had trotted beside them, again sat down in an outer circle, anxiously watching their opportunity. It was too late in the evening and too far from the camp for the spectator of this strange scene to linger till the end, but he felt no doubt that the little calf had been safely conveyed to his mother.

It is lamentable to think of the rapidly approaching extermination of these valuable creatures. Although the white men have all along killed them far more recklessly than the Indians would ever have done, it is only within the last ten years that the cruel wholesale slaughter has been carried on systematically. In 1872 speculators seem for the first time to have fully realised the market value of the hides, and as birds of prey gather around the carrion, so did countless needy adventurers pour in from all quarters, all bent on the destruction of these great herds of wild cattle. From that time the luckless bison were allowed not a moment of rest or peace. Merchants at every town along the different railway lines (the Union Pacific, Kansas Pacific, and others) furnished ammunition and outfits to countless hunting butchers, and established a great trade in hides. Many of the men thus sent out were such raw hands that they wounded far more than they killed, and ruined multitudes of hides from sheer ignorance of how to preserve them. So, although hundreds of thousands of skins were sent to market, they probably did not represent one-fifth of the actual number of slaughtered beasts, all of which were slain solely for their hides, and an incalculable amount of good meat was utterly wasted.

When this had gone on for about a year, an effort was made by the merchants to organize the hunting expeditions on a still larger scale, and to take measures for the better preservation of the hides, and for smoking and curing the meat, but even after this the waste continued to be altogether appalling. The official statistics given by

Colonel Dodge present a terrible picture of ruthless, selfish destruction, of what should have been protected as State property, for the fair use of all men. In 1872, he says, there was apparently no limit to the numbers of buffalo in the Arkansas Valley, they seemed to be everywhere, in countless throngs. In the autumn of 1873 he went over the same ground. Where, in the previous year, he had seen such vast herds, there were now myriads of carcasses—the vast plain, which only a twelvemonth before teemed with animal life, was transformed to a dead, putrid desert, the air foul with sickening stench. He travelled ninety miles ere he found a herd, and even there the boundary line of the State was picketed with hunters, guarding the boundary of the Indian territory, into which they dared not venture. There seemed to be more hunters than buffalo.

All along the banks of the South Platte the enemy were encamped, knowing that in that thirsty land the herds must come to the river to drink. Every attempt to approach the water was the signal for a volley of rifle bullets, and but for the merciful protection of night the luckless bison would have had no chance at all. Even the heaven-sent darkness was of little avail, for the butchers lighted fires all along the river banks, and fired guns at intervals to drive back the herds, so that, though mad with thirst, they were sometimes kept from approaching the water for four days and nights.

Thus day and night the miserable creatures are incessantly harassed. "Every drink of water, every mouthful of grass, is at the expense of life. No sooner do they stop to feed, than the sharp crack of a rifle warns them to change position. They are driven from one water-hole to meet death at another." The shooter hides himself in some favourable spot, and fires at the nearest beast. The others, attracted by the blood, collect round their wounded comrade. Again the rifle does its work, and the poor stupid herd only crowd more wonderingly round the sufferers, staring in imbecile amazement as one after another totters and falls. The game is so near that each shot suffices for one life, and the number killed is only limited by the number of animals in the herd, or the prospect of the hunting party being able to skin them.

In the beginning of this hide trade the slaughter was so reckless that multitudes of bison were left to rot without even an attempt to skin them. Colonel Dodge states that he

has himself counted one hundred and twelve carcasses inside of a semicircle of two hundred yards radius, all of which had been killed by one man from the same spot, in less than three-quarters of an hour!

When the first haphazard slaughter was abandoned in favour of an organized system it was found expedient that each hunting party should consist of four men—one to shoot, two to skin, and a fourth to stretch the hides, take care of the camp, and cook. In districts where the game is abundant more skinners were enlisted. The outfit was as meagre as could well be conceived: a couple of blankets to each man, a common tent, a Dutch oven, a ten-gallon water-keg (very necessary to men who might have to camp far from water), a coffee-pot, frying-pan, and a tin plate and cup for each man constituted the baggage. The skinning knives did duty as table knives, and forks or spoons are superfluous. Nor were the stores supplied by the merchants luxuries. A few pounds of coffee and of sugar, a little salt, a few beans, and a sack of flour, completed the commissariat. Of course the meat supply was unlimited.

Even where preparations were made for preserving the good flesh, only the tongue and hind quarters were saved. "The loin, ribs, hump—all the best and most savoury parts of the animal—were left to rot, or were eaten by wolves. In the very large majority of cases, the whole carcass was left to rot where it fell." Is it not pitiful to hear of such wanton and wasteful slaughter and loss of good meat which, by reasonable care and judgment, might all have been utilised to feed the multitudes in other districts?

The statistics of this massacre, given by Colonel Dodge, would seem incredible, were they not so carefully compiled by one so thoroughly acquainted with his subject. He finds that in the three years, 1872-73-74, no less than three million one hundred thousand bison, at the lowest computation, must have perished at the hands of white men, to supply the quantity of hides delivered by the principal railways, while fully another million must be estimated as having been taken by the Hudson Bay Company, the hunters from Mexico, Colorado, Texas, and certain Indian tribes, or sent in the form of buffalo robes to the Western States. In the same period, various other Indian tribes (seeing their Heaven-given herds so ruthlessly destroyed) have striven at least to secure as many hides as possible for the manufacture of robes, so they are credited with the slaughter of one

million two hundred thousand. Thus a total of about *five and a half million of bison* are estimated to have perished in the short space of three years!—a number not very far short of that of all the cattle in Great Britain.

While this selfish destruction of a national food supply was going on, Congress talked a good deal of the necessity of interfering, but took no action. It was suggested that at least these wholesale robbers of public property should be heavily taxed, and that the buffalo pelts might very well be made to pay a tax of £1 on each skin, and that every pelt not having the Government duty stamp should be forfeited. Thus the buffalo hide trade would at least have become a fruitful source of revenue. The subject was, however, allowed to drop—the property of the State was all monopolised by a body of adventurers, and only the railway companies derived large profits from the freight of enormous packets of hides.

Meanwhile, "many of the wild Indians of the plains, deprived of their ordinary sustenance, driven to desperation by starvation (Government rations not being forthcoming), have taken to the war-path." Many of the tribes, hitherto friendly to white men, have joined the hostile Sioux. White men share in the general suffering. Many a hardy pioneer and settler, who hitherto has always counted on a winter store of meat, is now deprived of this natural resource, and complains bitterly, and with good cause, of the selfish greed which has destroyed the food supply of the country.

So early as 1873 this deprivation was realised, when the harvest in Kansas having been destroyed by the ravages of grasshoppers, troops were sent by Government to kill meat for the starving families of the settlers; but on reaching the hunting-grounds the soldiers found that the "buffalo-skinners" had been before them, and had scarcely left a buffalo in the district.

So the vast herds have vanished from the Great Plain—melting away like snow before the summer sun. Already the American bison is well-nigh an extinct animal. The fact that he has not yet been wholly exterminated is due only to the nature of the ground where some herds still find refuge, far from their natural haunts, and in districts well guarded by Indians. Here for a few years longer they may contrive to exist—a poor handful of refugees, which alone survive to prove to the Indians and Americans of a future generation that the tales of their ancestors were not altogether fiction.



From a Photo.]

A Summer Morning on Windermere.

[By Payne-Jennings.

A STROLL UP THE BRATHAY.

By HERBERT RIX, B.A.

"I AM half convinced," said Nathaniel Hawthorne, floating in a skiff on the calm surface of one of those broad rivers of the West, "that the reflection is indeed the reality, the real thing which Nature imperfectly images to our grosser sense. At any rate, the disembodied shadow is nearest to the soul." And the words came to my mind with new force as I paddled across the head of Windermere and paused now and then to gaze downward into the ideal beauty of that reflected world.

But if the unreal seemed to be the actual, still more did the actual seem to be unreal. Any very sudden transition produces something of this impression of unreality, and this perfect calm of unruffled lake and of mountains blue with summer haze, coming so swiftly upon the rush and delirium of London life, seemed more like a dream, or some strange adventure in the world of fancy, than that which we call "reality."

A solitary gull, white and silent, was sailing to and fro in stately curves like some brooding spirit of the air, now hovering for a moment to touch the lake with his webbed feet, now stooping his neck to snatch a drop from the surface in mid-flight, and anon floating far, far away down the glimmering stretch of waters. High overhead, too high for

any sound to reach the ear, a flock of wild-duck crossed the sky, travelling painfully in Indian file with outstretched necks and heavy plodding flight. A coo of pigeons from a neighbouring wood, a slumberous murmur of distant waters, and ever and again, a breath whispering through a bank of grassy reeds, served rather to reveal the stillness than to break it.

I turned the prow up stream where the Brathay and Rothay come rolling down together into the head of Windermere. Meadows fringed with "ragged robin" were on the right, and on the left a low bank of sedge, decked here and there with tall heads of yellow and purple iris. Kine grazing along the river margin scampered away, startled by the splash of the skulls. Swallows went skimming to and fro, and gnats played in the shadow of the trees, seeming, from their multitude and swiftness, like a mist upon the surface of the stream. Then a sharp bend to westward gave a peep of Ambleside with the old church set prettily upon the hill; another bend gave a peep of the Langdale Pikes; and finally, a long pull and a strong pull took the boat past the Croft with its fine beeches and smoothly shaven lawns, past high banks of fern and foxglove, and almost beneath the ivied arches of Brathay Bridge.

Beyond this point, the Brathay cannot be explored by water, so I left the boat at Waterhead, took the road across the Rothay, and passing through the white cottages and rose-covered porches of Clappersgate, regained the bridge, and resumed the stream at the point where I had left it.

And now, before we commence our walk up the Brathay, let us just sit for a little while upon this low wall, so prettily tufted with the pink blossoms and the red-tinted leaves of herb-robert, and let us listen to the gurgle of the beck as it hurries down among the mossy stones. Or stay! let us choose instead this rocky promontory just beyond

the entrance of Brathay Hall, where we can listen to the waters in a louder key, as the stream sweeps over this line of boulders. What a seat for a poet! The very stone on which we stand is a thing of surpassing beauty, covered as it is with wild-thyme and golden hawkweed, like stars shining from a purple sky. Look down the stream where the white front of old Brathay gleams through the scant branches of this young oak! Look up the stream where the long vista of oak, birch, larch, and willow, ends in a vision of mountain peaks capped with filmy clouds and mantled with a haze of blue! Look across the stream at the luxuriance of honeysuckle



From a Photo.]

The Langdale Pikes.

[By Firth.

and wild-rose on the further bank! What wonder that Lakeland is a land of poets! And then, when you have drunk your fill of beauty, follow the river along the Lancashire side, past Brathay church nestling among the pines on yonder rock, and along this woodland path hedged with whortleberries, and overshadowed by lofty trees, with glimpses of the brawling little Brathay all the way.

Emerging from this wood, a stiffish bit of hill brought me presently to Skelwith Fold. There are a few cottages here, and in front of one of them an old labourer was clearing the nettles and rank weeds with a reaping-hook.

"Why is this called Skelwith Fold?" I asked him.

"Oo! it's an auld ancient neame," he answered, as if that were sufficient explanation for anybody.

"Perhaps it takes its name from some sheepfold?" I suggested.

"Ay, something o' thaat."

The old man evidently thought, and perhaps rightly, that clearing nettles was more important than speculating on the origin of place-names, so I left him at his work, and picked my way through a neighbouring byre into the field beyond, where, from a big rock called "Spy Hill," there is a famous view of

the Brathay valley. The village of Skelwith Bridge nestles below, at a distance of something less than half a mile, its white-washed cottages gleaming against the dark foliage behind. Near to the village and a little way above the bridge is Skelwith Force—a rush of white foam between wooded banks. On the left is Lingmoor; on the right, the ragged end of Loughrigg; and between the two rise the Langdale Pikes, cloud-capped. I sat and watched them—those grand old Pikes!—changing their mood every moment that I looked, now angry, now smiling, now distant and sullen, and then, as the light poured from a cloud-rift seeming suddenly to come nearer and nearer till that foaming rill which courses perennially like a tear down 'one weather-beaten cheek, gleamed into distinctness, and one could trace every wrinkle in the furrowed brow. Anon the rift would close again, a grey mist would steal across the scene, and the “twin brethren” would retire in dignity, feeling, perhaps, that beneath the genial sunshine they had too lightly laid aside their grandeur. Glorious old Pikes! how human you seem to us! and what friendship the heart may come to feel for you, perceiving, as it were, beneath your time-worn faces the living Spirit of Eternal Nature!

A sharp turn to the right now brought me down a steep declivity to Skelwith Bridge, between walls thickly covered with moss, polypodies, wood sorrel, and masses of blue heart's-ease. On the way down I overtook a labourer, and as 'we walked together beneath the shelter of one umbrella (for one of those spasms of rain, so frequent here, had just burst upon us) I asked him if he could explain why people dwell in cities instead of coming to live in these beautiful places.

He was sure he hoped they would not come, he said, for things were dear enough as it was, and that would make them dearer; it was hard for labouring people to make ends meet.

“Is rent so high, then?” I inquired.

“No, sir, t'rent of cottages is terr'ble low, but victuals is high, and a cart o' coals costès you one and threepence: a shilling at the station and threepence for carting. It only costès you eightpence or ninepence in a town. The children, too, can't work now till they've served their time at t' school, unless they teakes their certificate before, and it isn't one in twenty does that—not in these parts.”

From Skelwith Bridge, caring more for beauty than brevity, I decided to take the field-path along the north of Elterwater, and then, rounding the end of that lake, to follow the course of the Little Langdale Beck to

Fell Foot. So I turned up the lane past the bobbin-mill, where piles of birch and sycamore were waiting to be turned and bored and punched into all manner of spindles, reels, pegs and other matters; paused awhile at Skelwith Force to watch the plunge of the river between those two bluffs of rock and the frantic tossing and leaping of the foam below; and then passed out into the fields of standing grass. They were gay, were those two fields, with hawkweed and marguerites, which nodded and laughed together in the breeze, while red-winged butterflies flitted in and out among the flowers, and little slim dragon-flies of the brightest blue went darting to and fro or hovering on the bending blossoms. The path led through a coppice on the margin of Elterwater, fragrant with meadow-sweet and resplendent with the large blossoms of the meadow-cranesbill, and then out into the fields again, with a wall or two to climb and the Langdale Pikes always in front, till finally it struck the road and in half a mile or so brought me to Colwith Force.

Now Colwith Force cannot be seen without a *guide*, not in the least because you really want one, for the path is perfectly plain, but because she keeps the key in her pocket. So I set myself to find this same guide, for it would not do to pass such a well-known waterfall without seeing it. She was not in her cottage, nor was she in her garden; she was not on the bridge, nor up the road, nor in the copse. Messengers of all sorts and shapes and sizes were sent in search of the guide, till, by-and-by, up she came, panting in an agony of fear lest she should lose the chance of a sixpence.

The guide safely conducted me along a straight and even path to a point where there was a comfortable seat, whereon she straightway plumped down, and left me to my own devices.

In one respect Colwith Force is somewhat disappointing. It is broken into an upper and a lower fall, and there is no accessible point from which you can get the combined effect of the two. Nevertheless, the picture looking up the stream is very fine, with Wetherlam just coming in between the banks.

I descended a slippery ladder to the rocks below, and spent some time there in viewing the lower reach, while the guide placidly waited for me above. When I rejoined her I ventured to ask whether, under her guidance, anybody had ever fallen over the precipice into that swirling pool of foam beneath, and she informed me very calmly that some body *had*. He was a gentleman, it seems

who was gathering some blackberries, over-balanced himself, and fell sheer down into the yawning chasm. A very wonderful part of the story was that he scrambled out quite unhurt, only "very pale." But the most wonderful of all was that, though two young ladies were with him, neither of them fainted! They must have been plucky ones!

The upward course of the stream takes a sharp bend to the right at this point, so I did the same, following the road up the Little Langdale towards Fell Foot. On the way I stayed for shelter and refreshment at a little road-side inn, where a number of minerals and petrifications were displayed upon the parlour table.

"What are these?" I asked, drawing the attention of my hostess to this mineralogical medley.

"They're what Professor Ruskin calls 'fawlses,' sir, or something o' that neame."

This was doubtless a slander on Professor Ruskin's orthoepy. But why "Professor Ruskin" at all? I wondered, till I learnt that the great art-critic often came to this little hostelry—brought parties of friends to see the Langdales, and called here for a cup of tea. I could not but wonder what the Professor thought of the scriptural pictures with which this apartment was adorned—"Joseph and his Brethren" in particular, who really were illustrated in the most excruciating conflicts of colour that malevolence itself could have devised.

There was a young quarryman in the kitchen—an intelligent fellow, with whom I presently fell into some talk.

Men have to serve seven years in the quarries, he said, before they get full wages. They then become "rivers" or "trimmers," or take to some other department of the work, keeping mostly to one kind, and earn their pound or two pounds a week, according as the times go. The blasting in the quarries makes very curious echoes; but, talking of echoes, the most curious are heard when the men hunt on foot along the fells with a pack of hounds; it often sounds for all the world as though there were another pack hunting on the opposite range.

The mention of this local form of sport led me to ask about "sport" of another kind—cock-fighting—was it still carried on in the Langdales? No, the quarryman replied (and the hostess confirmed the statement), there had been none for eight or ten years past. At one time, indeed, the Langdales were notorious for this cruel pastime,

and many were the devices used for eluding the vigilance of the police. For instance, the cock-fighters would start off in a cart, with the police following some distance behind, then change places with confederates round a corner, so that the police followed the wrong men. Or again, the authorities would get some inkling of a cock-fight to come off, and sure enough, on the appointed day, boys would be seen carrying canvas-bags such as cock-fighters use to convey the birds. The police, of course, would be all agog and follow the boys mile after mile over moor and fen, only to find, after all, that the bags held not cocks but kittens, the cock-fighters, bags, birds, and all, having gone, of course, in a totally different direction.

And then the landlady went on to tell how, at six o'clock one morning, a crowd of men came to her inn, their gaming-birds in the usual canvas-bags; how they ate three-quarters of a cheese and never paid for it; how, soon after the men had left, the police arrived.

"'Had any cock-fightin' here?' says they. 'Well,' says I, 'there was some men with bags; but I couldn't swear through a bag; how could I?'"

Resuming my journey, a rise in the road soon brought me within sight of Little Langdale Tarn, embosomed in an amphitheatre of mountains, with becks radiating down their sides and converging upon the little lake. And from this point a road between rough stone walls, draped thickly with parsley-fern, brought me in due time to the farmhouse at Fell Foot. Here the beck divides, the right-hand branch leading up to Blea Tarn and the left-hand to Wrynose Pass; so, as I wanted to explore Blea Tarn first, I asked a rheumatic old farmer who sat upon the "brigg" whether he thought the people of the house would take charge of my knapsack.

"Yes, yes," he answered in the broadest Lancashire; "I'll carra it till t' hoose, an' kape it gin ye coom baack."

I found, in fact, that he was himself the master of Fell Foot; so I delivered up my burden to him and started off for Blea Tarn.

Coming within sight of it, the first thing that strikes one is the disparity between the scene and the description given in the "Excursion." The valley is too shallow; it is more like a saucer than an "urn;" the "treeless nook" has some seventy or eighty trees; the "liquid pool" is as black and forbidding as a pool can be, and cannot be persuaded to "glitter" even in the brightest sunlight. It must be remembered, however,

that the wanderer and the poet did not approach the valley by this road. They are supposed, as Wordsworth himself has explained, to come over Lingmoor out of the Great Langdale, and if the tourist will take the trouble to climb to that position, he will find, as the present writer can testify, that the phrase, "deep as an urn," is perfectly accurate from that point of view. As to the other discrepancies, they are partly to be accounted for by changes due to time and partly by poetic licence; of which, by his own confession, Wordsworth has allowed himself a good deal in the "Excursion."

While I stood taking these mental notes a

coach with tourists from Ambleside drove up behind me. The tourists alighted to walk up the hill, and a gentleman of distinguished appearance addressed himself to me, and seemed anxious to enter into conversation. What did I do? Did I fish? did I paint? I explained that I merely "mooned about;" at which he seemed a little puzzled. As we passed Blea Tarn I pointed it out, since he did not seem to have noticed it.

"That is Blea Tarn, and yonder is the cottage of the Solitary. This is the scene of the 'Excursion,' you know."

"Oh, indeed! picnic from Keswick or Ulleswater, I suppose?"



From a Photo.]

Brathay Bridge.

[By Frith,

"I mean Wordsworth's 'Excursion,'" I explained.

"Oh! ah! Wordsworth," he echoed, in the tone of one who fancied that he had heard the name somewhere. But at this point of the dialogue he was called upon to remount the coach, and the tourists were soon rattling away through the valley, not one of them so much as turning his head to look at the cottage.

For my own part I could not be content without seeing something more than the outside thereof, and recalling the passage where the poet describes himself as glancing from the window of an upper room—

"On two huge peaks,
That from some other vale peered into this,"

I begged the occupant (a young married woman with two children) to let me see the room up-stairs which looked towards the Pikes. She assured me that the Pikes could not be seen from any room in the place; I persuaded her, however, to let me test the question for myself, so—

"We clomb the cottage-stairs,
And reached a small apartment dark and low."

She was quite right. The "lofty brethren" cannot be seen from any window up-stairs or down; in fact, the situation of the dwelling forbids the idea that the Langdale Pikes could ever have been seen from any part of it, for another mountain intervenes. I further satisfied myself by dint of a deal of climbing



From a Photo.]

Colwith Force.

[By Frith,

that the "stranded ship with keel upturned," and the "altar-stone" were equally fictions of the imagination, or were features borrowed from other localities; while as to the—

"Black yew-tree, whose protruded boughs
Darken the silver bosom of the crag,"

the woman at the cottage declared that there was not a yew-tree in the whole valley.

I spent some hours clambering about the fells which surround this little vale, obtaining many splendid views of the surrounding country. Of course I came in for several showers, and these with the wet moss and dripping bracken drenched me to the skin. The people at Fell Foot, however, took pity on me and kindly agreed to put me up for the night, so I dried my clothes and was soon regaling myself on native trout, ham and eggs, oatcake and rich cream in plenty;

after which I sat in the old-fashioned kitchen as the twilight stole on, and listened with a grave face while the farmer bargained with a stranger from Broughton in the broadest dialect about the sale of a white cow. They found some difficulty in coming to terms, and were forced finally to go down the road to the little inn and see if they could get any light upon the subject there. I did not await their return but found my way to my bedroom, and, lulled by the murmur of the beck, was soon fast asleep.

The next morning I was roused at five o'clock or thereabouts by the clatter of clogs over the rough slated floor of the kitchen below me. The murmur of the water and the song of birds came pleasantly through the cottage casement, and, early as it was, the sunshine was already brilliant.

After breakfast I bade my hostess good-day and took the upward path towards Wrynose. There were but a few miles of mountain walk before me, and yet as I turned my back upon the vale with its little tarn and winding rivulet, and faced the barren crags of Blake Rigg, I felt like some hermit about to renounce the world for ever and betake himself to the wilderness, so strangely does one lose the sense of proportion amid the sharp contrasts and sudden transitions of this varied district. On the left of the path runs the Brathay Beck, and tracing it upward with the eye, we see where it comes rushing, tumbling, leaping down from Wrynose Fell. Half a mile of climbing brings us to a bridge, with waterfalls above it and waterfalls below, and a waterfall beneath the very arch. And as I sat upon the bridge to take breath two rough-looking fellows came clambering down the rocks, fierce, haggard, hungry, unshaven, and dripping with wet. They had been to a haying, they said, in a neighbouring dale, had lost their way in returning, and had spent the whole night wandering upon the mountains.

They took the downward path and I the upward, and as I climbed, the silence deepened, till it was broken only by the tinkling rills falling from rock to rock and the reiterated bleating of one solitary little fell-lamb which had lost its dam. Still upward by a zigzag path, now passing behind a bold rock and now coming out again into full view of the valley-head, while more than once a sharp shower followed by a burst of sunshine seemed to set the mountain all aflame and to turn the little rills to streams of molten lava. Higher still, till a rush of cold wind told me that I was almost at the level of Wrynose Gap, then straight ahead with Black Crag upon the right and Wetside Edge upon the

left, and here at last is the "Three-Shire Stone," where Cumberland, Lancashire, and Westmoreland clasp hand in hand.

A tiny trickling thread issuing from a peat-bog is all that is now left of the Brathay; but from the same bog there issues another little rill which after a few hesitating twists and turns decides to run in the opposite direction and proves to be one of the many streamlets which go to form the far-famed Duddon.

"Thridding; with sinuous lapse the rushes, through
Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny brake"—

goes the streamlet, gathering force and volume every moment, till at length, where the path drops by a steep descent down the other side of Wrynose, the Duddon plunges down beside it, and foams from rock to rock by a series of cascades all the way to Wrynose Bottom.

Before nightfall I hope to follow that little river past Cockley Beck with its "cottage rude and grey," of which Wordsworth sang in one of the sweetest of his sonnets, past Birks Brig with its Faërie Chasm, and Seathwaite with its memories of Wonderful Walker, and Ulpha Kirk, and Broughtown Tower, and many another classic spot; but for the present I pause, and, climbing to a point of vantage, turn to look back upon the Brathay valley. There it lies—the whole valley from Langdale Tarn to Windermere—"beautiful as a wreck of Paradise"—(or why not beautiful as Paradise itself? I for one desire no fairer)—with its rich foliage glowing in the morning sun, and the little river winding adown its length, like that "river which went out of Eden to water the Garden." Looking down upon it thus, in its completeness and its beauty, the heart instinctively rises in gratitude and worship to Him who "sendeth the springs into the valleys which run among the hills."

WELL KNOWN TO THE POLICE.

A Social Study.

BY THE RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

SCATTERED about my district are a number of the "well known to the police" class. Of these it may, of course, be said with literal truthfulness, that the better they are known the less they are liked. But the feeling towards them indicated by this saying varies in degree of intensity. With the rich and refined it is strong; among the poorer and rougher grades of society it is comparatively mild—and my district is essentially a poor and rough one.

In it members of the "well known to the police," and of the "poor but honest" classes, are apt to get socially mixed; while even the more pronounced types of the former class, with whom the poor but honest people will *not* mix, are not regarded with the horror or terror they usually inspire in the minds of classes farther removed from them. Where habitual criminals are concerned distance generally lends fear rather than enchantment to the view. As a body the "habituals" are no

doubt rightly labelled dangerous; but individually they are, as a rule, contemptible beings. Scorn rather than fear is the feeling entertained towards them by those whose fate it is to have to live near them, and who, moreover, have the negative, but in this case important advantage, of having little or nothing to lose by them.

A man or woman may be well known to the police without having been "through their hands," without being actually, or, at any rate, technically, a criminal. They may be known simply as "suspects," as having no visible means of support, as being associated with thieves, or labouring under suspicion of "fencing"—that is to say, of "receiving goods, well knowing them to be stolen." Or they may have only been convicted of drunkenness, or crimes of personal violence arising out of drunkenness—offences which, unfortunately, are not held to cast any very deep stain upon the characters of those committing them. It is with such as these latter that the honest, well-disposed poor, to whom a low rent is a greater consideration than a choice of neighbours, are to be found mingling—the police, however, well knowing "which is which" of the two classes.

These relatively milder-mannered sections of the "well known to the police" class are, as we have said, scattered all over the district. But the "habituals," those who are best known to the police, and with whom the "force" have the greatest trouble, are, as a body, congregated together in one particularly warm little street. As a thieves' quarter this street is an admirable instance of natural selection. It runs "endways on" between the broad general high-street of the district and the narrower special high-street of the "low" quarter, but stands "blind" to both of them, access to it being gained by cross-cuts from an adjoining and parallel street, only a few degrees less warm than itself. The houses are let out in rooms by superior landlords, so that each tenant can profess not to know anything of the business or movements of the others. A still greater advantage—from the "habituals'" point of view—lies in the fact that a tolerably active person who knows the "runs" can, without resort to the cross-cuts—which in an emergency might be blocked—make his way into either of the high-streets, or some other of the network of back streets lying between them. Outsiders do not care to venture into this warm spot, and the dwellers in it are more than content that it should be so. That the street is particularly dirty, dilapidated, and

miserable-looking, goes without saying. Your ordinary thief, if he have a slice of luck, may "do the heavy" while the luck lasts. He may, after his own fashion, dress himself "up to the knocker," live "high" in the matter of eating and drinking, and lord it in the public-houses he "uses;" but at all times, alike when flush of money as when hard up, his home is a scene of the direst wretchedness.

The adult denizens of our particular street are, to a man and a woman, "well known to the police," and in this case the knowledge is reciprocal. The habituals are not better known to the police than the police are to them. They know every "copper"—including the plain-clothes men who come upon the beat—know them not merely by sight, but know their individual characteristics, if they have any. They could probably tell better than the authorities which of the police are the really "active and intelligent officers." Here it may, perhaps, be worth while to mention that it is a common boast among the criminal classes that even where they do not know a plain-clothes man as an old acquaintance, they can always "spot him at sight." These officers are promoted from the ranks, and, say the criminals, can never shake off the policeman manner and bearing, or the "cook's-march" tramp, which characterizes the force, not only when on but also when off duty. This fact is by many people held to place the English detective at a great disadvantage, as compared with continental detectives. If such is the case, the position has, at any rate, one counterbalancing advantage. "Rounders"—that is, informers—who would not go to a police-office and make a formal statement to be "took down," will quietly give "the tip" to a detective who they know from experience will stick to the "from information received" line, and not bring the informer "into it."

In the street of which we are here speaking the plain-clothes men of the division are frequently to be seen engaged in hunting up evidence or witnesses, or in executing search-warrants in connection with cases that are coming off at the courts. But they very seldom venture on to the ground, merely "on the prowl." Most of their work is effected through information received from "pals" or paramours of offenders, who, either from motives of revenge or as a means of playing for safety, "round" upon associates. Whatever proverb-mongers may say or think, thieves do not believe that there is honour among thieves, and their disbelief is founded

upon experience. The man who, in their profession, can work single-handed is esteemed fortunate. That to pull off a good thing, it is generally necessary there should be a number in it, is regarded as a great evil under the sun, not on account of the dividing of the spoil which it involves, but because of the danger of "rounding" that invariably lies in there being more than one "in the know."

That the police can tell some curious stories of those who are well known to them is certain, and, if the latter class is to be believed, it is no less certain that some of them could strange tales unfold about individual members of the "force." The police and other persons and things connected with the administration of justice are naturally common subjects of discourse among the criminal classes, most of whom are in a position to speak feelingly upon such topics as the idiosyncracies of magistrates, judges, juries, and the more notable barristers practising in the criminal courts. Upon the practical details of prison discipline, and the moves by which its rigours may be softened or evaded by the old birds, or those whose friends are willing and able to resort to "palm-greasing," they speak with all the authority of experts.

The "school" occupying our street are a fairly all-round set. To use a phrase current among them, they are good for anything, from robbing a church to killing a man. As a matter of fact, they have through some of their number been "in" almost every variety of crime, from petty larceny to downright murder. Even to catalogue the whole school would require more space than is here at command, but we may take a glance at a few, who are visible as we make our way through the street on business purpose bent. We can look openly and without fear. We are free of the street. It is known that we are there on business, that our business is not "thief-taking," and that we make a point of abstaining from interference in what is not our business. Among those out of doors this morning is one of the chief notables, a fallen Lucifer of the local pandemonium. A few years back he reigned supreme among his fellows. He hectored it over all and sundry in the "snug little pubs" of the neighbourhood, drinking uninvited out of other people's pewters, and none daring to say him nay. He had done twelve months for crippling for life the "chucker-out" of one of these pubs, and two years for a nearly successful attempt to "corpe" a policeman. He was "big-dog" to a disorderly house, and

when called upon in virtue of his office to turn out of the establishment those who had been robbed in it he did *not* do his spiriting gently. He figured in the police reports as the Terror of —, and a terrific personage he certainly was, and more terrific in word than even in deed. Few who knew him cared to encounter him, and when any with whom he sought a quarrel were keeping out of his way, he would go about announcing in the most horrific phraseology that he would "woller" in their blood at the earliest opportunity. Apart from his occupation of bully, his line was robbery from the person, generally accompanied with violence. When garotting became the mode with gentlemen of his stamp he adopted it, and thereby began his fall. One of his exploits in this line was brought home to him. He was sentenced to a term of penal servitude and a flogging. An account of the administration of the latter punishment appeared in the newspapers, and from this account it became known that the Terror of — had made the most abject appeals to be let off, and howled dreadfully under his castigation. From that hour his glory was departed, and in the forcibly expulsive style of the locality he was denounced as a cur for having borne himself so lubberly over his "back-scratching." In due course he was liberated upon a ticket-of-leave, and made straight for his old haunts. The woman with whom he had been living at the time of his committal, was at the date of his release co-habiting with another and younger bully. Having ascertained this, the "ticket-of-leaver" went to her lodgings, and, finding her standing in the doorway, "floored her like a shot." Hearing her screams, her young man rushed out, asking "what was up," to which the returned convict replied by recommending him to say his prayers if he knew any, as he had not five minutes to live, for he, the speaker, was going to "woller in his blood up to the elbows." The younger man, however, proved himself the better tactician. He answered not in words, but going upon the principle that the first blow is half the battle, instantly felled his man, and in the "rough-and-tumble" fight that ensued he had the best of it. As a consequence, the Terror came among his old acquaintances, not only as a chicken-hearted fellow who had given tongue under a flogging, but also as one who had been "lad-licked." Others whom he had formerly insulted or assaulted now "went for him," and whether it was that flogging and penal servitude had broken his spirit, or that he had always been a coward and was now only being found out, cer-

tain it is that he generally sustained defeat in his pugilistic encounters. From being regarded with fear he has come to be looked upon with contempt by the "sloggers" of the quarter. But that is known only in the quarter, and, though there he is without honour, he is still a success in his old occupation of bully. His ferocious appearance and language are quite sufficient to terrify any who may be lured into the den to which he is attached.

A young fellow of about two-and-twenty stands out rather conspicuously by reason of a general wholesomeness of appearance, which is in decided contrast to the sallow and sodden look of most of those around him. His look of health is attributable to the regular living of prison life. He has just come out from "doing two months hard" for fowl-stealing, which is the line of business he more particularly affects. He is accounted a first-class hand at it, but, like the fowls, he occasionally gets caught, having now had three "little lots" in the way of "doing time." Other men are lounging about who might be worth description did space permit. Here are a couple of "finger-smiths"—pickpockets—engaged in a rather warm discussion as to the best ways and means of reaching a certain suburban race meeting. A little lower down a "pewterer"—that is to say, a thief whose speciality is the purloining of publicans' and milkmen's cans—is exchanging jokes with

a wiry-looking customer, whose line is stripping empty houses, or new buildings, of their metal fittings. A number of other special artists, including a reputed burglar, are also on view. Most thieves do profess to be specialists, but as a matter of fact they are generally ready to turn their hands to anything that may crop up in a dishonest way.

Mingling with the men are some of the women inhabitants of the street. It would be hard-hearted not to believe that these poor outcasts have some redeeming traits of true womanliness in their nature, the character of their life and surroundings notwithstanding. Still it must be admitted that, speaking broadly, but little good can be said of them, therefore, perhaps, the least said the better. Poor things! where they are transgressors, most of them find that even in this life, and in a material sense, the way of transgressors is hard.

All these people are well known to the police, and in one way or another they prey upon society. They are but types of a class that is to be numbered by tens of thousands. Society has to support them. How it might best deal with them in its own interest is a problem that we must leave to others to attempt to solve. Our province for the present is to assist others by offering some description, founded upon prolonged opportunities for personal observation, of the character of the people and haunts to be dealt with.

ZEBEDEE.

I THINK the Lord would often come to see thee,

Thou generous father! grudging not thy sons
To strange new service; no call came to free *thee*

From mending nets or netting stronger ones.

Thou wouldst sit bravely, and how patiently!

And maybe, thinking of the Lord, wouldst sing
For joy, that every day thy sons would see

His face and hear His voice in journeying.

I think thou saw'st too—far in after years—

The sword that pierced thy faithful James's heart;
While o'er thy lake a vision dim appears

Of what thy favoured John saw! Ah! thou wert
What *we* may be. Or mending nets, or sailing ships—
Brave to endure—swift to obey—calls of Christ's lips!

MARION BUCHANAN.

EGYPT AFTER THE WAR.

By LADY BRASSEY, AUTHOR OF "A VOYAGE IN THE 'SUNBEAM,' " ETC.

PART IV.

SATURDAY, February 17th.—It was not a very favourable day for our expedition to Karnak. The sky was cloudy, and the horrid khamseen, or wind of the desert, was blowing so strongly that the waters of the Nile were quite rough. Though moored firmly under the shelter of a high mud-bank, we rolled and rocked about very unpleasantly, and it was almost impossible for the small boat, in which we were to cross the river, to come alongside. We therefore walked a short distance along the bank, and embarked at the little creek already referred to. The clouds of sand from the desert were terrible, rolling at intervals, like solid walls, across the Nile, and completely hiding from view all traces of Thebes, just opposite. We covered our faces with veils and handkerchiefs as best we could, and hurried our donkeys along a narrow path, through rich corn-fields, till we got to the pylon, or gateway of the first temple, where the massive walls afforded us some shelter from the hot blast. This gateway, standing up straight and square, and marked with deeply-cut hieroglyphics, is grand and imposing in appearance, and at once repaid us for all the disappointment we had felt with the ruins we had previously seen from a distance only, or with those at Luxor amid their wretched surroundings. But this was as nothing compared with the great hall of the temple itself, to which we passed through a mass of ruined columns, colossi, and obelisks, all lying on their sides, more or less broken, some being in quite small pieces. The great hall has lost its roof, but the one hundred and thirty-four columns which once supported it, together with some of the keystones, still remain. All are elaborately ornamented with deep, clearly-cut hieroglyphics, looking as if the mason's chisel had left them but yesterday. They represent the kings offering to their gods, and their battles and victories. One large column has partly fallen, and now leans sideways into the hall. The gigantic key-stone, which it still supports, looks as if it might fall on one's head at any moment, and reminds one in that respect of the key-stone in the great arch of the Temple of the Sun, at Baalbec. The Grand Temple of Karnak is said to be the finest of all the old Egyptian monuments, which I can quite believe. I had not imagined anything half so im-

posing, notwithstanding the descriptions and pictures I have read and seen. The hall is about 330 feet long by 170 feet broad; the columns 62 feet in height, not including the plinth and abacus, and 11½ feet in diameter. These dimensions bring them so close together that the effect produced is not so much that of a vast hall supported by pillars, as of a collection of avenues of columns. How grand must it all have looked when filled with the splendid processions and the pomp and pageantry of the proud priesthood of Egypt!

It was with reluctance that we left the great hall, in order to see the rest of the temple. But we were well repaid for our trouble, though the exploration was long and fatiguing. In visiting a grand ruin like this, it always seems a work of drudgery to me to study the more prosaic details, and to endeavour to trace out the faintly-distinguishable remains of what were once walls and chambers, forming part of the main building. I would so much rather sit still or wander about in the most beautiful and perfect parts, trying to fill them in my imagination with the strange scenes of the past. What tales the oldest of these columns would tell if they could only speak, and what light they would throw on the now obscure history of the successive dynasties! As it is, they do their best to offer their dumb testimony, and to awaken and encourage interest and research. First we were shown the geographical tablets, bearing the names of the countries and cities that had been conquered by one king, and an avenue of colossal statues, all broken and partially destroyed. The roof of the sanctuary, a portion of which had fallen, was of a beautiful cerulean blue, ornamented with sunk stars, that had evidently at one time been filled in with gold. They say it is quite impossible to imitate this wonderful blue now. In the court outside are two obelisks, one still upstanding, of red granite, seventy-five feet high, and one that has fallen and is broken in pieces. There is a difference of two hundred and fifty years between the dates of the hieroglyphics on either side of these columns, those on one side having been cut in the reign of Thotmes I., of the eighteenth dynasty, and those on the other belonging to the reign of Rameses II., of the nineteenth dynasty. A little farther on there

are two still larger obelisks, one erect, and again one that has fallen. The former is the largest in the world, one hundred and eight feet in height, and was erected by Hatasoo, whose name it bears, to the memory of her father, Thotmes I. How dazzlingly beautiful must their golden tips have looked against the dark blue sky in the glorious mid-daysunshine of Egypt—or perhaps still more so when illumined by the roseate hues of early dawn, or lighted up, as with flames of fire, by the last gleams of the setting sun, or glittering like silver lighthouses in the cold pale light of the moon! Beyond these obelisks was a terrible mass of ruins, amid which, though several pylons and a good many columns remain standing, the walls of the various temples can be only indistinctly traced. We went round these ruins and the walls of the outer court till we came to the largest pylon, to the top of which we clambered with some difficulty, to get a view of the avenues of sphinxes, some with a woman's head on a lion's body, holding between their fore feet a little statue of Amunoph III. (probably the maker of that particular avenue), others being ordinary sphinxes, and others again crio-sphinxes, or sphinxes with ram's heads. In some cases these avenues were more than a mile long, and were interspersed at intervals with colossal statues. One of them led right away to the great obelisks at Luxor, one to the Nile, one to the desert, and others in different directions. From the summit of the pylon, the terrible destruction that has been wrought by a variety of causes in the mighty piles beneath was plainly visible. The result of building eight feet below the level of the Nile, without making adequate foundations for such an enormous mass, has been to throw the walls and columns out of the perpendicular, and to cause the temple to sink, and its lower portion to be submerged in the nitrous waters of the river, for many weeks in each year. Most of the columns in the great hall, where not surrounded and supported by rubbish, are eaten away, at a height of from seven to eight feet from the ground, to such an extent as to make their condition appear quite dangerous. I suppose it is only a question of time, and that all must, sooner or later, fall with a mighty crash, as others have done before them. The effects of more than one earthquake, an occurrence now unknown in Egypt, are also plainly visible. Then, too, the temple has been on several occasions attacked and taken by victorious kings, who have undone much of the work of their pre-

decessors. And now still the work of destruction goes on, in an even more regular, though not quite so wholesale a manner. Tourists and donkey-boys mutilate statues and mummies, cut out the most precious of hieroglyphics (perhaps, as has happened before now, the key to a whole inscription), and light fires in tombs containing the most valuable and interesting pictures of ancient Egyptian life.

After descending from the pylon, we lunched in the great hall, and strolled about and sat in shady spots till about four o'clock, when we went to see the Temple of Rameses III., where Mr. Mispero and his people are hard at work clearing out the rubbish in front of the wall, and disclosing fresh hieroglyphics, both cut and painted. At a short distance from this spot is the Temple of Maut, where a hundred and twenty black granite statues of the lion-headed goddess Ptah were found, many of which are still lying about on the ground in a more or less broken state. Two are at this moment on the shore at Luxor, waiting to be shipped to Germany, having been excavated last week only for Prince Charles of Prussia, who was here recently. There are a great many of these black statues at Cairo and Alexandria, and the fact of their all having come from this place induced the late Mr. Mariette to undertake fresh excavations and to make further important discoveries.

Mr. Mispero paid me a visit on board the dahabeah this evening, and gave me some interesting particulars of his recent discoveries in this neighbourhood, which include a *perfect* Coptic church, of the fifth century. Last year he found, beneath a tomb, a limestone sarcophagus, on one corner of which was a Coptic inscription. Further research led to the discovery of the church itself, which was approached by a short flight of brickwork steps. The floor was covered with tiles, and the walls with bricks, on which were inscriptions. He also found a tablet, covered with wax or some hard white substance, bearing a long inscription of some three hundred lines, which is supposed to have formed part of a sermon directed against Monophysite heretics.

Sunday, February 18th.—We went to church at half-past ten at the hotel: the Bishop of Limerick reading the service, and the doctor of the hotel, Cullen by name, the lessons. Afterwards we went across the river in our small boat, accompanied by Achmet Effendi, who appears to be now quite cured by the doctor's treatment, and who

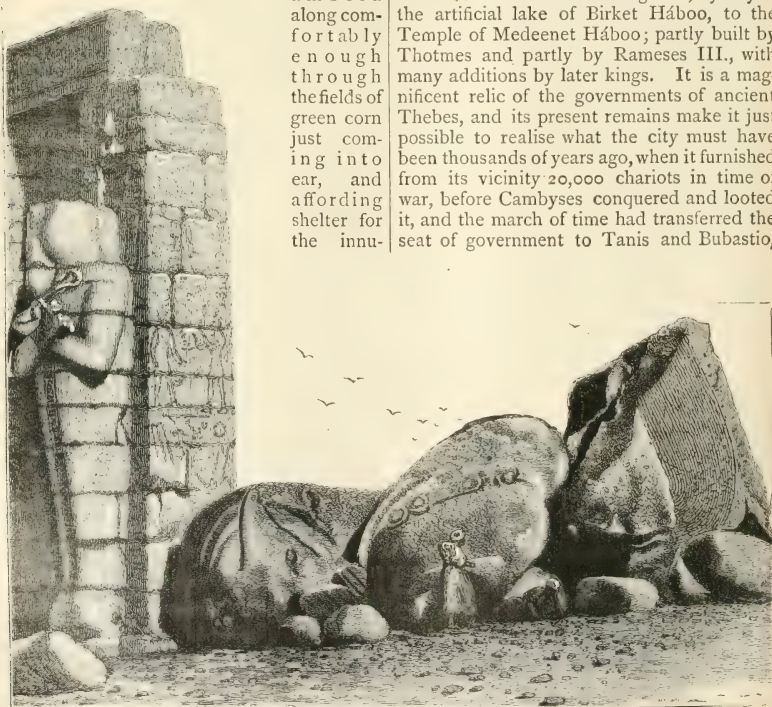
is extremely grateful for the relief afforded him. It was a deliciously hot day, and I felt *perfectly well*. No one who has not suffered from an affection of the lungs or throat can know what that expression means, or can appreciate the luxury of breathing without conscious effort, and without being painfully reminded of infirmity by each respiration. It is a long way to come to attain such bliss; but the result is worth the effort.

The birds we saw as we landed were even more numerous and beautiful than usual. There were white and black storks, grey herons, red and yellow-legged ibis, brown and white striped zigzags, pink flamingoes, many-coloured kingfishers, hoopoes, and all sorts of other birds, of the names of which I am ignorant. On landing, of course the usual scrimmage took place; but, once fairly started, we found we had very good donkeys, and ambled along comfortably enough through the fields of green corn just coming into ear, and affording shelter for the innumerable

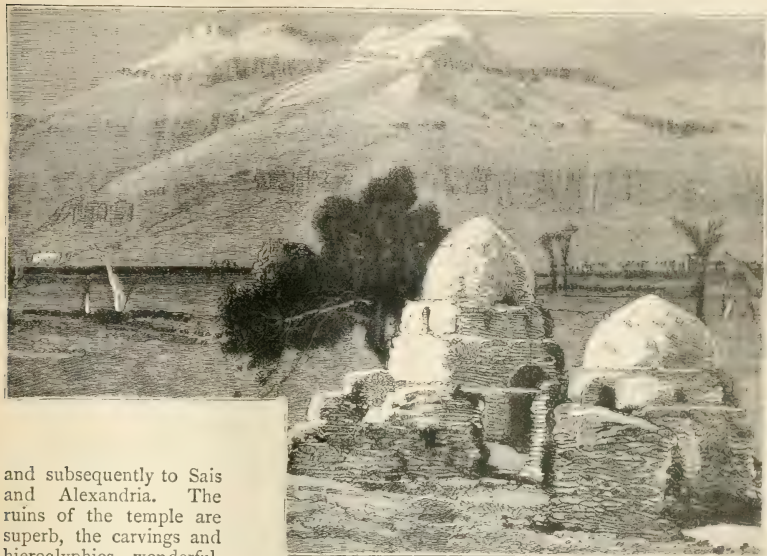
quail which are at present migrating from the upper parts of the Nile. Now they are here by hundreds; soon they will be here by thousands; and one can easily understand how, without any special miracle, the Israelites in the wilderness fed upon them, just as they fed on the produce of the manna-tree, which sends out its white gum in drops like hoar frost.

The little Arab water-carriers, who follow one on expeditions like that of to-day, bearing porous goulahs on their heads, are very taking in their ways, though somewhat persistent in their attentions. One of them, a young girl, with big black soft eyes, who kept saying, "I, Fatma; please, good lady, take poor little Fatma: no father, no mother; carry water all day long for one piece bread," was successful in her appeal to me. I must say that, having once engaged her, she stuck to me faithfully, and did her best to keep the others off.

A ride of a few miles brought us, by way of the artificial lake of Birket Háboo, to the Temple of Medeenet Háboo; partly built by Thotmes and partly by Rameses III., with many additions by later kings. It is a magnificent relic of the governments of ancient Thebes, and its present remains make it just possible to realise what the city must have been thousands of years ago, when it furnished from its vicinity 20,000 chariots in time of war, before Cambyses conquered and looted it, and the march of time had transferred the seat of government to Tanis and Bubastio,



The fallen Colossus of Rameses.



The Plain of Thebes, from Karnak.

and subsequently to Sais and Alexandria. The ruins of the temple are superb, the carvings and hieroglyphics wonderful, having been preserved by the layers of plaster and stucco with which they were covered by successive Copts and Romans. The view from the top of the walls and the pylon, to which we climbed with some difficulty, is very extensive, and well repaid us for the scramble. Thebes is so beautifully situated between the ranges of the Lybian and Arabian Mountains, and commands so fine a view of the fertile valley of the Nile, and across the river to Luxor, that Medeenet Háboo is quite different in this respect from the other temples. It is wonderful how distance lends enchantment to the view of Luxor. The mud huts seem to disappear and lose themselves as if by magic, while the grand old temple stands out in all its ancient magnificence. One's ideas become almost unconsciously revolutionised here, especially coming, as we have done, almost direct from Rome, where people learn to admire and revere all that is ancient of Roman art, ruins, and remains. Here one comes to regard the antiquities of Europe as comparatively modern and uninteresting, and, almost without knowing it, to despise them. At Thebes, more than anywhere else, I was struck with the commonplace character, so to speak, of the well-built brick walls of the

ancient Romans, alongside the grand masonry of the old Egyptians, and with the puny insignificance of the Ionic and Doric columns in the interior of the great hall, as contrasted with the stern simplicity and size of their older and larger Egyptian brethren. The contrast is more remarkable, I think, from the top of the pylon than from any other point of view; for the columns are then seen in closer juxtaposition, and can therefore be more easily compared.

From Medeenet Háboo we rode across the fertile plain to the colossal statues of Amunoph III.; one of which was known as the "Vocal Memnon," from the sound it was supposed to emit at the daily rising of the sun. Whether, after it was broken, the joints of the stones which had thus become exposed did really emit some sound, owing to the changes of temperature, and the consequent expansion and contraction of the stone, or whether the whole thing was an imposition on the part of the priests, I suppose will never be known for certain. Reluctantly I am compelled to lean rather to the latter opinion, there being still the remains of a metallic

sounding stone in the lap of the figure, and a hole just behind it quite big enough to conceal a man. Some of the party climbed up to get a closer view of this stone, but I was not sufficiently energetic to do so. It was too pleasant to sit below and enjoy the delicious air, and think how delightful it was to have at last realised one of the dreams of my childhood, and to have really gazed upon the obelisk of Luxor and the Colossus of Memnon, as I had longed to do ever since I first read about them when eight or nine years old. Now I have seen them amid their own beautiful surroundings, and know what they are like, in a way that—so stupid am I—no amount of reading would ever have enabled me to do.

From the colossi we rode to the temple of Rameses II., frequently though erroneously called the Memnonium. The first thing that strikes one is the gigantic monolithic statue of Rameses II., in black syenite, estimated to weigh over a thousand tons, or three times as much as the grand obelisk at Karnak. How was it transported to where it now stands? How was it damaged and broken so much as it is, if dynamite and gunpowder are but recent discoveries? Shall we ever learn anything on these points from hieroglyphics which have yet to be brought to light, or will it all remain secret until the end of the world? The temple itself is vast and interesting, and contains some clearly cut hieroglyphics representing the various kings in the act of making offerings to their gods. It was a great advantage that we had Achmet Effendi with us; for he was well acquainted with the subject, and explained everything most ably. Still I must confess that I rather longed for a kindred spirit to talk to about these wonders of the past; for the children are rather young to appreciate them, and they are not much in the doctor's line.

Monday, February 19th.—Mr. Mispero had specially recommended me to go and see a tomb he has only excavated within the last three or four days, and we had arranged to make an expedition for this purpose to-day. Achmet Effendi came on board at nine o'clock, soon after which we unmoored the dahabeeah and went down the river a few miles, whence we had a long hot ride on donkeys to the Tombs of the Kings. After the first mile or two over a few fields and then across a desert, our way lay up a narrow limestone valley, without bush, tree, rock, or shelter of any kind. The rays of the burning sun were reflected from the hills on either side, and the atmosphere was altogether so stifling,

that we were only too glad to arrive at Babel-Molook, and to rush into the shelter of the tomb. First we descended a long way into the earth, and then found ourselves in a series of magnificent rock-hewn chambers, profusely decorated with hieroglyphics, and with pictures painted in the brightest colours, which, I suppose, owing to the dryness of the desert air, are as fresh as if they had only been executed yesterday. I was immensely interested in following the different scenes of domestic life depicted on the walls of the various apartments, and was tempted to stay a long time underground, notwithstanding the stifling air, and the strong and very nasty smell of bats. The next tomb we saw was called the Harper's tomb, which, though not so large as the others, contained some most interesting hieroglyphics and pictures. There are hundreds, not to say thousands, of these tombs in the limestone rocks and mountains hereabouts. Many have already been discovered and opened, and have been rifled of their contents; but only a few repay the trouble of the non-antiquarian, there being a certain superficial similarity between all of them.

The ride downwards was considerably pleasanter and quicker than the ascent had been; for the donkeys cantered gaily along this burnt-up valley of desolation till we got to the desert again, where we found some camels awaiting us. The children and I each had a ride on one, and found the motion by no means so unpleasant as we had been led to expect. It was many years since I had had any experience of this mode of travelling, and I had almost forgotten what the sensation was like. We lunched in the grateful shade of the temple of Koorneh, surrounded by a group of camel-men, donkey-boys, curiosity-dealers, and water-carriers, all eager for a morsel. Such a crowd you do not often see here; and Tados was obliged to go round at intervals with a whip to try and disperse them: but it was of no use; they returned almost immediately, just like flies to a bit of sugar.

The Temple of Koorneh was built by Sethi I., in memory of his father Rameses I., and was completed by Rameses II., the Sesostris of the Greeks. It is not so large as some of the other temples. The hieroglyphics are deeply cut, but there is no colour on the walls. From Koorneh we went to Dayr-el-Medeeneh, so called from having been inhabited by the early Christians, the sculptures and painting being much blackened and spoilt by the fires they used. The hiero-

glyphics depict the ideas of the ancients as to the processes through which the human soul must pass before becoming fit to appear before Osiris, the special god and judge of the dead. Mr. Mispero met us here, and took us to see Dayr-el-bahree, or "the Northern Convent," a fine temple of marble or of limestone, white as alabaster, built on the side of the hill, approached by steps and terraces through an avenue of sphinxes and obelisks, and entered by three magnificent pylons, from which an extensive view is commanded over the once splendid courts of the temple and the valley and river of the Nile, away to the distant mountains of Arabia. It was built by Hatasoo, in memory of her father, Thotmes I. The sculptures and paintings are specially beautiful. One representing soldiers marching to or from battle, and some ships and boats sailing and being rowed on transparent water, through which fish of all kinds are seen, is perfectly wonderful. In one picture the waters represented are those of the Nile, and there are none but river fish. In another they are those of the sea, and all the fish are real sea fish.

Not far from the Temple of Dayr-el-bahree we were shown the excavation in which all the royal mummies that have recently been taken to the museum at Boulak were discovered. They had previously been removed from the grand sarcophagi in the vaults of the Tombs of the Kings, and were hidden here for safety, probably in the time of the Shepherd Kings. A steep descent and an equally abrupt ascent by a well-levelled incline, which had evidently been prepared for the passage downwards of a sarcophagus, took us into the recently discovered tomb of which Mr. Mispero had told us, and which he

had kindly given us permission to visit. It contained an enormous carved stone sarcophagus, covered with hieroglyphics, that had been with great labour drawn up from the depths of the earth, and was now waiting in the passage to be hauled out quietly, lowered down the incline, and conveyed thence to the river bank, and so by barge to Boulak. The chief interest of the discovery, however, lies, not in the sarcophagus itself, important as it is, but in the fact that the tomb had been used as a Christian church, and that it is the first perfect specimen ever discovered. It is completely plastered with stucco, minutely covered with Coptic characters, beautifully and clearly chiselled, and filled in with some red substance; so that they are now just as legible as they were when first executed. Extracts from the Bible and the tenets of the Coptic religion have already been deciphered, and the stucco-work is at this moment being carefully removed in pieces, in order to be put together again at Cairo, and translated by experts. Who knows what extraordinary histories these tablets may not reveal?

The sun was now just sinking behind the mountains, and we had a long ride before us, back to the boat, across a desert plain completely honeycombed with tombs. It would

have been dangerous riding in the dark, but the donkeys managed to pick their way very cleverly, even when going at a considerable pace. Most if not all of the tombs have been opened and rifled of their contents, while many are now occupied by Arabs, who prefer inhabiting the spacious resting-places of the dead to building fresh mud hovels for themselves, at great labour and trouble; for here there is nothing but sand, sand, sand everywhere, and everything else has to be



The Nile by Moonlight

transported from a distance. The poor creatures must have many a weary journey before even their frugal wants can be satisfied. Their living is, I should think, chiefly gained by acting as guides to visitors to the tombs, and by the collection and sale of curiosities of all sorts.

To-night it was very pleasant, sitting on the upper deck, without a shadow of fear of cold, listening to Arab love ditties and odes to the moon, as we glided slowly back to our old anchorage, or rather to a spot as near to it as we could get; for Luxor is quite gay and crowded this evening, four steamers having arrived in the course of the day. We met

the bi-weekly postal boat, and a steamer with two English officers and some Egyptian troops for the Soudan, whither the authorities seem to be sending extensive reinforcements, and where trouble is anticipated, owing to the increasing popularity and power of the Mahdi. By far the most comfortable way of going up the Nile is to hire a dahabieah, as we have done, thus securing all the comfort of a home, and avoiding most of the penalties of travel: but if you wished to save time, it would not be a bad plan to make up your own party and hire the postal boat.

I believe that a new passenger service by postal-steamers has recently been organized,

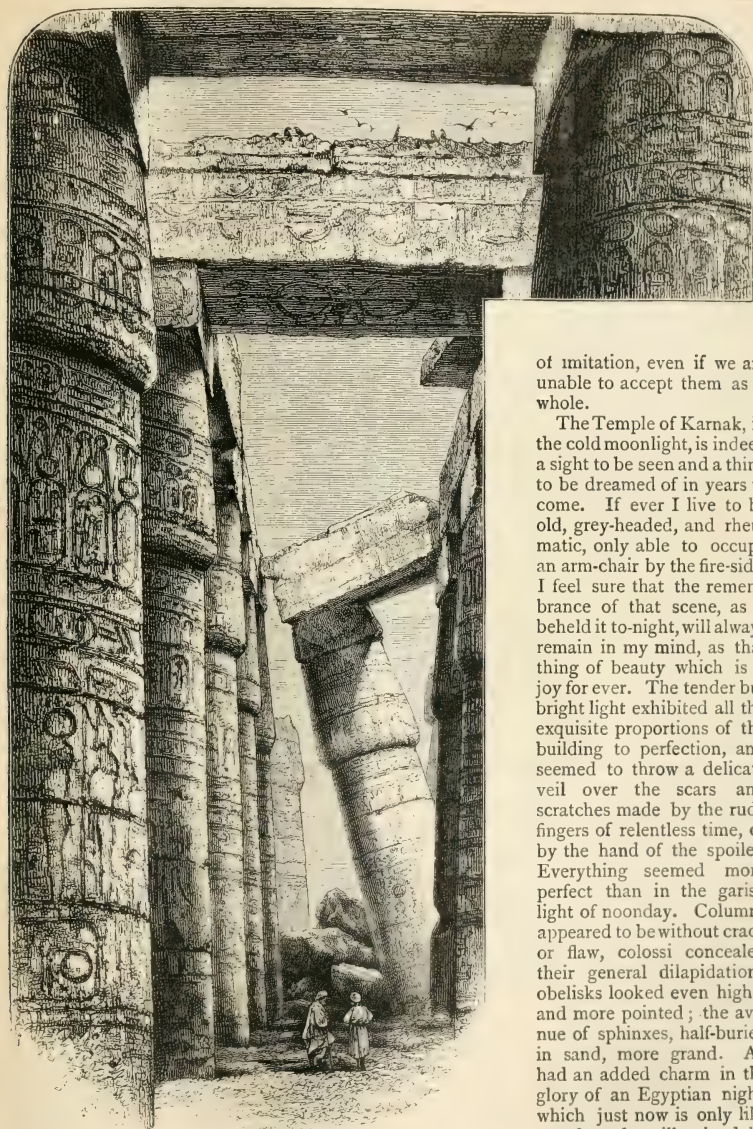


Avenue of Sphinxes.

which enables travellers to accomplish the voyage from Cairo to the First Cataract and back in exactly a fortnight, including a four days' stay at Luxor, for a little over £20, everything included. Or it is possible to go to Luxor and back in eleven days at a proportionately lower rate. The route is by rail as far as Assiout, whence the steamers start twice a week, accomplishing the voyage to Assouan in four days and a-half.

After dinner I mounted a donkey, and went to see Karnak by moonlight. It was a perfect night; and as I rode along, alone so to speak, though surrounded by Arab guards, I had plenty of time to appreciate the full beauty of the scene before me, though I think, in fact I

am sure, I should much have enjoyed the society of a sympathising companion. The little village half-way between Karnak and Luxor looked specially beautiful and Oriental, with its white houses half visible in the moonlight, half hidden by groups of date and dome palms, and by fragrant creepers. Just outside the temple, where the moonlight shone brightest, six white-robed Arabs were saying their prayers, with many prostrations and genuflections. Mahomedanism has a peculiar influence over the lower class of its votaries, far greater in some respects than that of Christianity in any of its forms. The precepts it inculcates are undeniably good and sound, and in many cases worthy



Leaning Column at Karnak.

of imitation, even if we are unable to accept them as a whole.

The Temple of Karnak, in the cold moonlight, is indeed a sight to be seen and a thing to be dreamed of in years to come. If ever I live to be old, grey-headed, and rheumatic, only able to occupy an arm-chair by the fire-side, I feel sure that the remembrance of that scene, as I beheld it to-night, will always remain in my mind, as that thing of beauty which is a joy for ever. The tender but bright light exhibited all the exquisite proportions of the building to perfection, and seemed to throw a delicate veil over the scars and scratches made by the rude fingers of relentless time, or by the hand of the spoiler. Everything seemed more perfect than in the garish light of noonday. Columns appeared to be without crack or flaw, colossi concealed their general dilapidation; obelisks looked even higher and more pointed; the avenue of sphinxes, half-buried in sand, more grand. All had an added charm in the glory of an Egyptian night, which just now is only like a softer day, illumined by myriads of stars.

(To be concluded next month.)

BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA.

By M. LINSKILL.

AUTHOR OF "CLEVEDEN," "HAGAR," "ROBERT HOLT'S ILLUSION," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.—WAITING.

"And sometimes I am hopeful as the spring,
And up my fluttering heart is borne aloft;
As high and glad as the lark at sunrise;
And then, as though the fowler's shaft had pierced it,
It comes plumb down with such a dead, dead fall!"
Philip Van Arlevalde.

WAITING, when there is no doubt, no suspense, is often a very happy attitude of mind. The mere fact that there is something worth waiting for precludes all idea of dullness, or heaviness, or emptiness of life.

Genevieve sat in the little coral-tinted room; she had arranged it all with her own hands that morning, turning her plants to the sun, and giving them water. Then she had gone out to the hedgerows down the fields, and had brought in all manner of beautiful wild things to deck the place. Long trailing sprays of greenery hung down from the brackets, and quivered in the breeze from the open windows. The canary chirped in his cage; the pigeons perched upon the window-sill, and plumed themselves in the morning sun.

All the forenoon Genevieve waited. It was Tuesday, the day after the landslip in Birkrigg Gill. George Kirkoswald was so sure to come that Genevieve never said to herself she was sure. She had only to wait a little, to wait in an untroubled rapture so keen, so unspeakable, as to lie on the very verge of pain. Perhaps it would be a little less keen, a little less tremulous after she had seen him again.

It could not be but that some sense of confusion, something that was near to shame, should mingle with her rapture. And this she bore ill, it was so new, so unprecedented in her mental life.

It was impossible as she sat there that she should not go back over the events of the day before. They had made the great grand crisis of her existence. The thing that had given life to her life could not happen twice over.

It had all happened in a moment as it were; and so strangely—so very strangely! No wonder that there should be an element of pain in the beauty and the rapture of it.

Perhaps the most beautiful moment of all had been that moment when they had stood hand in hand in that Eden of pale wild flowers and blossoming trees; and when George had spoken her name in such tender,

gentle tones. "Tell me why, Genevieve?" he had asked. Certainly that was sweeter to remember than all else beside.

She did not linger upon the sudden shock that followed, clashing upon the nerve currents of her frame with such disastrous force. It had been a very natural and not uncommon occurrence, so her father had said. The earth had been loosened by the previous rains, and it had given way all about the overhanging rock. Such things were always happening in these ravines.

The rest was not all pleasant to remember. A hot blush dyed her face each time she recollected the unexpected appearance of Diana Richmond upon the scene. What could she think, since she had known nothing of the events of the few previous moments? It would be so difficult to make explanations to Miss Richmond. "But I will explain," the girl said to herself, "I will tell her all the truth if I can when I see her again."

All that happened after was tinged with this confusion that had the effect of doubt and self-reproach. Surely that last word of hers, "I am yours always, I am yours till I die," had been spoken too soon, too readily. There had been no pleading, no effort needed to win from her a confession of love. She had yielded at once, without one moment of reservation. This was not well, it was not well. Even the child-heroine of "The Swan's Nest" had known that things should not be thus.

"The third time, I may bend '
From my pride and answer,—Pardon—
If he comes to take my love."

So the morning passed, and so the afternoon passed. When the evening came there was a little wonder, a little quietness. Noel Bartholomew had been at work in his studio all day, but it had not been a successful day; and at the last moment, in a fit of disgust, he had painted out the work of many days, knowing as he did it that he would afterward repent.

Once, only a week or so before the landslip, he had made a discovery that had caused him to sit in his studio for nearly two hours without moving.

It has already been intimated that Bartholomew was not a provident man; and the manner of his life had not been of a nature to encourage providence. Almost all

that he knew about his own affairs was that he had always had enough for his own needs and the needs of those about him.

Before leaving London, before deciding to give up his house, and sell the larger part of his household goods, he had been compelled to face the fact that his three years of inactivity had told upon his resources. All the time he had been living exactly as he had lived when his productive powers were greatest. There had been a certain slight unpleasant shock, a determination to retrench, and finally a conviction that retrenchment was not possible in the neighbourhood of Kensington. So it will be seen that he had a double motive for choosing to retire to Murk-Marishes for a time, and for endeavouring to settle down there on a system of living that should cause him as little anxiety as possible.

Of all this Genevieve had known nothing certainly; but she had guessed enough to make her mindful of the money which she had to expend herself, either on dress, or for household needs. In point of fact her dress had cost her nothing since she left London; and she intended that for some time to come her personal expenses should be a matter of extreme care. More than once she remembered little hints of foreboding that had dropped from her mother's lips.

The discovery that Bartholomew had just made would have startled his daughter more seriously than the falling of half the rocks in the neighbourhood. To put the matter briefly and plainly, he knew as he sat there brooding over the papers in his desk, and the book in his hand, that unless he made some special effort, the end of a very short time would find him penniless.

The word crossed his mind, bringing with it a sense of absurdity for the moment. The pictures that hung about his studio would, if they were finished, bring money enough for the needs of years.

They were not finished, but it seemed to him, as he sat looking at them, that nothing could be easier than to finish two of them within two months.

It seemed so easy a matter, and so plain, that he turned away with a smile; and stirring his studio fire into a blaze he sat there with his chill hands extended, thinking gratefully of the work he had done since he came to Netherbank. He had been dissatisfied with it, both with its quantity and its quality. But if it had not been done, what would have been his outlook now? He hardly cared to think of that; indeed he hardly cared to

think of the matter any more at all. Once he had decided what was to be done there was no need to harass himself uselessly.

He did not seem to harass himself. He was not conscious of brooding over his financial difficulties. But what was it that had suddenly come upon his too sensitive brain, pressing there like a band of iron, and seldom relaxing its dread pressure? It was never relaxed entirely, save when he was out under the blue heavens where the wind from the sea could breathe upon his fevered forehead.

The blow had fallen just when he was most ill-prepared to bear such a blow. For weeks before he had been flagging, needing rest; yet he had worked eagerly when the mood was upon him, using up the little nerve force he had at the moment instead of letting it accumulate awhile. He was still doing the same thing, or trying to do it, even though the new pressure on his brain made his own work seem hateful in his sight. It need hardly be said that his suffering under these circumstances was very great, yet he bore it patiently, and in strict silence.

Still it was not to be expected that he could pass through such an experience as this without arousing some suspicion in the mind of one who watched him so closely as his daughter watched him. She was conscious of some new element in his suffering; and the new element seemed more than ever patent on this bright May afternoon, when he came up from the studio to the little sitting-room where Genevieve was waiting. He had just painted out the beautiful and highly-wrought background that he had put to the Sir Galahad; and even as the brush had swept over the canvas repentance had touched him. But it was too late; the under-tints had only been half dry, and the confusion was hopeless.

In the morning Genevieve had looked forward to this one hour of the afternoon. George Kirkoswald would be there when her father came up from his work; and it would be then that George would speak, that he would say how much more had happened in Birkrigg Gill than the fall of a piece of rock. Genevieve had hesitated to speak of all that had passed herself. How could she speak of it? How should she say the words? She had thought of it, tried to think how she might bring herself to speak; but her thought had ended in passionate tears for the dead, loving mother to whom it would have been so easy to speak and so natural.

But George had not come. Some un-

expected thing had detained him doubtless; and she must go out of doors with her father now. He was restless, nervous.

"I must go down to the sea this evening, dear," he said. "Nothing will give me any strength or any calmness but the sea."

Genevieve was careful to leave a message this time, but it was left in vain.

It was quite in vain too that she watched with eager eyes the road that led down between the rocks into Soulsgrif Bight. No strong tall figure came dashing down with a tender reproach on his lips this evening.

And the next day was as that day had been, only a little quieter. "It will be my turn to utter reproaches," Genevieve said to herself as she sat down to sing over again the songs she had been asked to sing so often. One of these was *Robin Adair*, and Genevieve felt that she sang it with a better understanding than before; a finer feeling for its yearning and its pathos. She would sing it again to-morrow when George Kirkoswald came.

But the morrow came, and Genevieve did not sing *Robin Adair*. She did not open the piano at all. She wanted to listen, to listen for a footstep on the path through the springing barley.

All day she listened, hardly caring to go down to the studio lest she should miss one moment of reassurance. Then she blamed herself and went. "What was she thinking of? What was she fearing?" she asked herself in scorn. What did it matter, to-day, or to-morrow, this week or the next week? What did it matter that she should have to wait a little?

So she went on waiting, and the week went on to its close, quietly, but not painlessly. Her father's ceaseless questioning and wondering as to what could have become of Kirkoswald was enough for pain. Once he said he would go up to Usselby to make inquiries, but Genevieve dissuaded him from going to Usselby. Not for the world would she have him go there unless she knew that George was ill, and unable to come to Netherbank. Of course, she had distressed herself, thinking that he might be ill; but in that case he would have sent some note or message.

Every morning there had been new flowers in the little room; every morning new sunshine; every morning new hopes.

And every evening the sun had gone down; and every evening the flowers had drooped. Had the hopes drooped a little also?

Genevieve never admitted that they had. If her faith would not bear so slight a strain as this, then certainly some heavier strain

would be laid upon it, so that it might grow to a stronger power of endurance.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—RETROSPECT.

"But had you—oh, with the same perfect brow,
And perfect eyes, and more than perfect mouth,
And the low voice my soul hears, as a bird
The fowler's pipe, and follows to the snare—
Had you, with these the same, but brought a mind!
Some women do so."

R. BROWNING.

IT need hardly be said that for George Kirkoswald also the scene in Birkrigg Gill had repeated itself many times.

All the night that followed upon that eventful day it seemed to him that he was passing from an extreme of agony to an extreme of bliss. If he slept he held a lifeless form that kept silence, though he cried his most passionate cry. When he awoke life came back to the dead, pale lips, and they parted, saying with a sweet solemnity, "I am yours, I am yours always till I die."

He was glad when the morning came. He rose early, as he always did, and went out into the fir-copse, where the sun was slanting upward from the sea. He was glad, and the morning air was glad, and the birds that sang in the branches were glad.

This thing that was in all his thoughts had not happened as he had always meant it to happen. There had not been that unburdening of his mind that he had intended there should be. Genevieve had been too much unstrung to listen to him then, even if the presence of Miss Richmond in the Gill had not put an end to the opportunity.

He had acted on an impulse when he had asked for a word of promise in that unlikely moment; but he was glad now that he had asked, glad to the last fibre of his being. The promise had been given, and nothing could destroy the happiness that had entered into him by the gift.

The few hours that must elapse before he could present himself at Netherbank seemed like so many days. There was not that patience in his waiting that there had been in the waiting of Genevieve.

It was not that he had any dread now. The worst thing he anticipated was that he should have to consent to a long engagement. Noel Bartholomew would not be anxious to part with his daughter. It seemed like a bitter cruelty to ask him to part with her at all. But George had his own plans for mitigating the cruelty. The painter might live where he chose to live, but he should always be made to feel that his real home was under his daughter's roof. A handsome studio was part of Kirkoswald's idea for the

restoration of Usselby; and it was an intention that even Genevieve might not gainsay.

So George was thinking as he wandered back to his lonely breakfast. He had an intense dislike to lonely meals, and it had been growing upon him of late. Even the idea that they might soon be no longer lonely was not very comforting for the present hour. He was sorely needing some one to whom he might speak out of his full heart without reserve.

For one second he thought that his need was about to be met, but the next instant disclosed the fact that the man who was entering his grounds by the wicket gate on the north wore the Richmond livery. He came forward, touched his hat respectfully, delivered a note to the master of Usselby, and retired.

Perhaps it would be more correct to say a letter than a note. The envelope was large, and appeared to be well filled. The address was in Miss Richmond's clear, firm, important-looking handwriting.

George Kirkoswald went indoors at once. His breakfast was ready, it was waiting for him in his study; but he hardly saw it. He sat down on a chair near the window and placed the unopened letter on a table before him.

It would perhaps hardly be an exaggeration to say that so far as the appearance of his face was an index, ten minutes had done the work of ten years.

He sat there, looking out beyond the letter to some far-away vacancy that his narrow room could not bound. His forehead was drawn into rugged lines, his dark eyes had sunk into deeper recesses, his firm mouth was compressed with something more than firmness.

He did not think as he sat there. For as long a time as was possible to him he purposely refrained from thinking.

It never occurred to him to say to himself, "I will learn the worst at once; even the worst may not be so bad as I fear."

Nothing occurred to him that had any gleam of hope in it. When he could begin to look about for hope the worst would be over; and it had not burst upon him in all its strength yet. This he knew, but he was not trying to prepare himself.

The first sign of returning vitality was a desire to look fully into the nature of his past mistake, the one great mistake of his life.

He must face the consequence; but before he could decide how best to face it he had a

great wish to see clearly the extent of his wrong-doing.

He had seen it before, but now that he was farther away from it he thought he could see it under an altered light. Things would seem different, and differently seen they might be differently judged.

Some who had known of his mistake had made excuse for him by saying that he was little more than a boy when he made it. This was an error. Kirkoswald had been twenty-seven years of age when he had yielded to the strange, wild, intoxicating passion that Diana Richmond had inspired in him.

It had come upon him with a suddenness, an absoluteness that seemed to turn the whole current of his being aside from its true course. He had used no judgment, nor desired to use any.

He had had no acquaintance whatever with Miss Richmond in his boyish days, though they had been neighbours, so to speak, and of the same age within a year or two, Miss Richmond having the advantage. Kirkoswald had been educated mainly abroad, and even while he was at Oxford he had seldom spent his vacations at Usselby.

Soon after taking his degree he had gone abroad again, and had remained there till the summer of his twenty-seventh year. Three weeks after his return his engagement to Miss Richmond had been proclaimed with a curious haste and publicity. Half the Ridding wondered over the unlikely match.

Of course it could be understood. Miss Richmond's marvellous beauty, and her still more marvellous powers of fascination, were acknowledged everywhere. But then everywhere also was it acknowledged that Kirkoswald was a man of wide culture, of scholarly ways of thought, of a poetic appreciation of life and nature. Did he expect that Miss Richmond would be a helpmeet for him here? Was he anticipating that refined intellectual intercourse which he had declared in one of his published poems to be the only true basis for any bond of friendship or of love?

Others asked these questions before he began to ask them for himself. When they came he thrust them away; again and again he thrust them away, but again and again they claimed loudly to be heard.

He was enduring it all over again as he sat there with the unopened letter before him. The very handwriting seemed to bring back that first dawning dread, that first fear lest he should have mistaken the enthralment of his senses for the strong, fine, spirit-

tual bond that alone can bind two souls so that neither shall stumble in the dark ways of life for the need of that support that such bonds engage to give.

There had been a long period of suffering and dismay that he had not been able to understand at the time. It had succeeded, by somewhat quick gradations, to the first phase of wild and passionate admiration. Even now he barely comprehended it. Day after day for a whole year had been marked as it went past by pain, by negation, by unsatisfied yearnings. In his ignorance, in his infatuation he had imagined that it was a fuller love for which he yearned, not knowing, not perceiving that Miss Richmond's feeling for him was not love at all; not dreaming that his devotion did but satisfy her vanity, and help a little to dull her craving for excitement. She professed to return his love, but her professions failed to content him. They were hollow and they were lifeless, and there came to be a hollowness and a lifelessness about all their intercourse that half maddened him for a time.

He had, of course, desired in the beginning that their marriage should take place as soon as it conveniently could, but the sudden and serious illness of Mrs. Richmond had caused delay. This was fatal. Subsequently, in a way that was curious to look back upon, the question of marriage had been allowed to subside. It had subsided by tacit, mutual consent. That was all that could be said. The engagement remained a fact, but the question of its fulfilment was consciously held in abeyance.

When at last he ceased to demand more from Miss Richmond's affection than she had to give, he found to his bitter cost that there was little else he might demand. Large as his nature was, and wide his acquirement, he failed to interest her unless he sought to do so through her vanity. In no other way could he touch her to any quickness of response, save by compliment, and the use of varied skill in flattery. No literature, no art, no science, no philosophy, could arouse her to desire to share for an hour in the intellectual life that was to him above all other life. He strove manfully enough to turn the current of such mental power as she had, believing all the while that the power was there if it could only be awakened, arrested, fixed on any sufficient and worthy ideas. But the sole result was an ever-increasing disappointment, an ever-growing strain and tension, a never-ceasing dread of a life of jarring and fretfulness, such as could not fail to be if he

were for ever to go on desiring to live the higher life by the side of a woman whose higher nature seemed dead within her, so dead that even love had failed to evoke one sign of intellectual vitality, of spiritual susceptibility.

Strong as George Kirkoswald was, his strength did not enable him to bear this strain with impunity. His health failed, and depression came upon him. He was relieved, though ashamed of his relief to the very core of him, when a medical friend in London all but insisted that he should not spend the winter of that year in England.

He was surprised when the moment of parting came. Diana Richmond was all tenderness, and her manner full of a vague repentance and regret. He would have changed his plans, even at the last, if his word had not been given to his friend somewhat solemnly.

A still greater surprise was in store for him. He was not prepared for the long and passionately-worded letters that came to him so frequently and regularly from the Yorkshire hills. They awoke all the old passion in him. Had he been a fool? he asked himself; had he been blind? or was it simply that he had been *exigeant*, and unreasonable in his expectations?

He came back again. The old experience awaited him. There was another brief season of delirium, another chance of marriage hindered by events, another long, long period of doubt and pain, and final disillusionment.

This was the end. There had been no other end.

There had been no quarrel. Once, after a long interval of absence and silence, George Kirkoswald had written a note to Miss Richmond. He had been for some two or three months in London, and no correspondence had passed, the previous intercourse between them having been of too cold and restricted a nature to make renewed correspondence seem needful or desirable. The engagement had not yet been broken, but it had worn down, fragment by fragment, until in his eyes it no longer existed.

George Kirkoswald was about to accompany two friends of his to Rome; his stay might be protracted, and before he went he had a very natural desire to feel himself perfectly free, to know that no further allegiance was expected from him. So it was that he wrote, briefly and courteously, to Miss Richmond, asking only one thing at her hands, that she would return his letters.

But Miss Richmond did not return his

letters, nor did she make any reply to that last request.

From that day to this—an interval of some four years—nothing further had passed between Diana Richmond and Kirkoswald. It had so happened that they had not even met face to face until they had met in Birkrigg Gill, George Kirkoswald with Genevieve Bartholomew's golden hair in his hands.

Was it strange, then, that he should sit looking at this unopened letter with pain and dark dread graven on every feature of his face?

It was a noble face, even then, though there was written on it the knowledge of error and mistake, the consciousness that in that bygone day he had not been true to the higher light that was in him; how untrue he had been he only saw now that he sat there looking backward over the things that had been, with other eyes than his own, the eyes of the purer soul that was blending with his in its very highest aspirations.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—“UPON A TRANCED SUMMER NIGHT.”

“We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides,
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides;—
But tasks, in hours of insight willed,
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.”
MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Nor till the noon-day sun shone in upon his stricken face did George Kirkoswald break the seal of the letter Miss Richmond had written to him in the middle of the previous night.

It was a long letter, and he read it through to the end, his lips growing white as he read, his face turning to a more ashen grey.

There is no need that it should be given in its entirety here. Every page was characteristic of the writer, of her shallow and uncharitable judgment, of her self-centred life and aim, of the strange forcefulness of her undisciplined mind.

“You are as much my affianced husband to-day as you were on that day,” wrote Miss Richmond; “as much as you were when you were moved to write those numerous and passionate letters, entreating me to consent to a speedy marriage. Since seeing you in Birkrigg Gill to-day I have read every letter that you ever wrote to me. Have you forgotten them? If you have forgotten, I will send you copies of a few of them, a few of those you wrote when we were first engaged. Romeo himself had not used a more passionate warmth of expression, nor had he professed an intenser adoration, or sworn a more eternal

fidelity. Can it be that you have forgotten? If it should be so, be sure that you shall be reminded, be very sure that you shall not long plead forgetfulness. If you drive me to desperation, believe that I can be desperate. You will learn what a forsaken woman is capable of doing. *Some one else shall learn it also.* Will that suffice? Do I need to threaten more plainly? I write for the purpose of threatening, of threatening you with the worst, with the most public exposure of your letters and conduct that I can obtain. You know how the world will receive it, the world that believes in you so much, that has such faith in your chivalrous sense of honour. I heard a gentleman saying only the other day that if any man could be said to ‘wear the white flower of a blameless life’ that man was George Kirkoswald. To this gentleman I shall turn for the help that I shall need if you drive me to seek for redress.”

There was more than this, much more, but it was all to the same specious purpose. Reproaches, threatenings, were mingled with distorted facts, while other facts were utterly ignored.

The difficult thing was to find a motive for all this evil will, this most evident desire to work mischief and misery.

Not for one moment did George Kirkoswald deceive himself, or pain himself by fearing that any grain of unrequited love had remained in that ungenial soil to spring up and bear such bitter fruit as this.

If there was no love, then neither could there be jealousy, so he argued, forgetting that there is another jealousy—

“Dead love’s harsh heir, jealous pride;”

forgetting too that a nature like Diana Richmond’s, full of all contradictory passions and thoughts and emotions, was not a nature to be judged by any ordinary ways of judgment.

He could not find any motive that seemed to him strong enough, but he came near to finding one when he remembered the conflict that had always existed in her by reason of her unoccupied life, and the intensity of her ceaseless demand that life should not only be interesting, but that it should be dramatically interesting; and the demand included insistently that the interest should centre in herself.

Once—it was when he had first discovered for himself the existence of this conflict—he had asked her why it was that she should choose to remain always, or nearly always, on a bleak Yorkshire upland; when she might, now and then, at least, find interest

and occupation in foreign travel. Her reply had amazed him.

"I have no wish to travel," Miss Richmond had said, "I never had any wish to see any foreign country, or any foreign person. The mere idea is distasteful to me. I have no interest whatever in anything out of England. You say I can choose. I cannot. If I could I would live in London. I would never leave London except to go to some crowded watering-place for a few weeks in the summer."

He could remember distinctly how she had looked when she said that. The expression on her beautiful face had disclosed an intense longing for fuller life, human life that should act and react all about her in concentric circles that turned always upon herself. Life at Yarrell Croft must have been something like martyrdom to such a woman. No wonder that when opportunity came she should instinctively seek to make the most of it—the most, though that also meant the worst.

Opportunity had come now, a wide and vast opportunity that doubtless promised to Diana Richmond an almost endless series of reliefs from the tedious monotony of her existence at Yarrell Croft.

The first thing that she would expect would be a visit from George Kirkoswald himself—a visit that would be made to resolve itself into a passionate scene. All the old, dead, hateful passages of his existence would be torn up again, brought to a ghastly and galvanised life, divested of the glamour and the circumstance that had enabled him to live them out without detecting all their hatefulness. Diana herself would play a more picturesque part, and one more entirely suited to her nature. Doubtless even now she was rehearsing it, studying the most effective attitudes the situation would afford.

And the end—what would the end be?

Here again George Kirkoswald did not deceive himself—knowledge left him no room for self-deception.

The end would be inexorableness, ruthless impassibility, triumphant defiance.

As far as he might he would spare himself here, since self-sacrifice in this instance would be of no avail.

If by going to Yarrell Croft, if by throwing himself at the feet of Diana Richmond in a very passion of self-abnegation he could have induced her to spare, not *his* peace of mind, not *his* happiness, but the happiness of another, then the sun had not set upon his despair as it was setting.

For the time being it was despair—the kind of despair that comes so sharply upon a man who has held by a high code of honour, and finds himself enmeshed in circumstance that gives colour to accusations of dishonour.

As Diana Richmond knew only too well, the possession of a stainless name was to George Kirkoswald above all other possessions. His over-scrupulousness had served her for an amusement; his antiquated views had been burdensome when they had been comprehensible. It was this knowledge that had enabled her to strike with so sure an aim; this insight that made her feel so secure in the position she had taken.

Let him do what he would he could not act, as doubtless he would have done if that letter of hers had never been written.

It is possible that even Miss Richmond might have been satisfied if she could have sounded the full depth of the anguish she had wrought—satisfied, but not touched. No sight of another's sorrow could rouse her to sympathy with that sorrow. That he had found long ago. Anything like a persistent claim upon her sympathy seemed to harden her nature utterly against the person who preferred the claim, and as a rule the hardness resolved itself into anger and annoyance.

It was this knowledge that each had of the other that lent so keen an emphasis to that written page.

More than once during the day George Kirkoswald had risen to his feet and paced the room in a very passion of rebellion against the torture he was undergoing. No note of resignation had been struck within him yet. The first effect of the sudden and strong disappointment had been bewilderment. To this succeeded anger, resentment, a wild desire to meet defiance with defiance.

Why should he not tear that letter into a thousand shreds, go down to Netherbank on the next morning, and act and speak there as he would most certainly have acted and spoken had he not received it?

This was the one strong inclination that he had. Later there came a day when he wished with all his might that he had acted upon his inclination.

Had he known less of Diana Richmond, had he been less strongly persuaded of her infinite cruelty, he had doubtless done this thing that he desired to do. As it was he was overcome of the persuasion.

It was not that he dreaded her cruelty for himself; but he did dread to feel it falling through him upon another—another whose

face in all its pure, spiritual loveliness came before him now as the face of an accusing angel. . . . What had he done?

What had he done? And what could now be done? In his perplexity he got up and left his house hardly knowing that he left it. It was a moonless night; a dark, clear, blue night with silver stars shining in their places as if they reigned only over a world of utter calmness, utter peace. There was no sound to break the solemn stillness. The fir-trees stood still, the birds were still; the far-off sea was murmuring at the foot of the

cliffs as if it desired to subdue itself to the wide harmony of the night.

It was a long time before any sense of this harmony wrought itself a way into George Kirkoswald's soul. He walked about his ill-kept grounds and out on to the moor with the cool night air upon his forehead; but his brain throbbed on under the ceaseless questioning to which it could find no answer.

What had he done? And what might now be done? Could he do this thing that seemed as if it were the only thing left for him to do? Could he go down when the



"When the service was over the people all went down together into Soulsgrif Bight."

morning sunshine came to the peaceful little cottage in the corn-field and say—say to Genevieve Bartholomew—

"You have promised to be mine, and I desire passionately that you will keep your promise. But another woman counts me her affianced husband, and has a thousand proofs that she does not do so without due reason."

Could he add to this, that, knowing that other woman's nature, he had had inevitable doubts, inevitable fears, and that he had silenced them?

Could he also say, without a sense of

wrong-doing, that he had intended to disclose the fact of his previous engagement before entering into this newer and truer engagement, but that he had failed of his intention?

If it came to this, he would not say why he had failed, he would not say that it had been for want of a fitting opportunity, or that he had been hindered by his own great love, which had made him sensitive to the smallest risk; or that in the presence of Genevieve there had been something that had rendered the confession of a previous engagement to Diana Richmond all but impossible. He

would use none of these ways of extenuation. His tale should be told with all severity of speech as if an enemy told it.

If it were possible to him to tell it at all he could tell it best in this manner; but was it possible? Could he compel himself to go down and confess these things to Genevieve, and to her father, with the open candour that circumstance required? Would not such candour seem almost brutal in its ruthlessness?

The ruthlessness of it would lie in the fact that he could see no alleviation to the strange sorrow that he had brought upon one so entirely innocent, so guileless, so unsuspicious of evil. He might be able to bear the worst himself, but could he ask her to bear it with him?

That she would consent to brave anything, he did not doubt, supposing that she had first decided to accept the offer of a man dishonoured to all seeming by a broken promise, but he knew that her consent would be given in ignorance. How could she know what the worst might mean? How could she have prevision of the agony of slander, and shame, and humiliation, that would come into her fair beautiful life, and so mar it that it would never be the same life again? It must be his prevision that must spare her, if indeed she might be spared. It seemed to him that he had but this to consider,—how he could spare Genevieve Bartholomew's name from the breath of slander and detraction.

The future that had lain before him in the morning, as the landscape below him had lain with its green pastures and its still waters smiling in the spring sunshine, had changed even as the scene had changed. Where all had been light, and pleasantness, and songs of birds, and myriad flowers, there was darkness, and obscurity, with no visible pathway through the overshadowed land. It had been morning, now it was night, night with him, even in his very soul.

Was the starry silence entering into that inner night? He was conscious of change at last; conscious of the fact that he was bearing trouble, and bearing it not well.

There was stillness all about him, and there came a stillness upon his spirit, making it possible for him to uplift his downcast face, to stand there on the edge of the moorland with his hands clasped together, as if in strong entreaty.

So he stood a long time, not knowing that it was long, not knowing that the great dark expanse of cloud that lay athwart the eastern horizon was beginning to lift a little from the

sea. When he looked, there was a rose-red glow upon the distant waters.

It was but a faint glow, yet it flashed a light into the soul of the man who stood watching it.

"So it will be!" he said, speaking aloud in his sudden sense of relief. "So it will be! If I stand through the night, if I stand firm, and still, and silent as I have stood through this night, I shall see the morning."

CHAPTER XXXV.—AN INVITATION.

"And what then should I say?
Why, truly this: that whatso'er men's plight
There is a better and a worse way,
If their discretion be not overthrown
By force of their calamities."

Philip Van Artevelde.

THOUGH several days had come and gone in the slow torture of suspense, they had left no bitterness; there was yet a smile on the uplifted face of Genevieve Bartholomew when Kirkoswald entered the studio at Netherbank. It was an eloquent smile, and it said plainly, "Through it all I have known that you would come."

No history of these days was written in her eyes, or upon her forehead; but Genevieve, looking into George's face, saw certainly that new records were graven there. She might not comprehend what she perceived, but her heart sank swiftly, even at his greeting, comprehending with unerring sureness the touch of change.

He was not aware of the change. He did not realise to how great an extent his solitary strife had darkened his countenance and wrought its influence upon his manner.

At the first glance at the artist's face, Kirkoswald had seen for himself that Noel Bartholomew was yet unaware of the words that had been spoken in Birkrigg Gill. He hardly knew whether he were, or were not, disappointed. Had Bartholomew asked but one question, that question had elicited all that was weighing so heavily on George Kirkoswald's heart and brain. He had prepared himself to speak if this opportunity were given. If it were not given he would not force it, not at least until he could see the next step beyond.

He knew, only too sadly, that silence would inevitably lead to misconstruction, misjudgment; but till the truth could be made plain he must endure to be misjudged.

Even yet, he saw nothing definite before him. There had been no change without or within since the night when he had stood under the stars, and had waited, simply waited, till the shadows of the night had risen slowly from the horizon, leaving the rose-red glow upon the morning sea.

The influence of that hour was still upon him, subduing his impatience, controlling his too eager desires, modifying the too strong spirit of rebellion that still stirred within him at times. The feeling that his duty was to wait, his task to possess his soul in patience, was deepening to a conviction.

The one thing above all others that would tax and strain his patience was the knowledge that it could not be understood, and if it were not understood suffering would be inevitable, not for himself—he was not thinking of himself now, but of Genevieve. Any sign that the suffering had begun to fall upon her would have tasked his resolution severely, but no such sign was given for him to read. There was a little natural confusion, a change of colour, a swift flash of recollection in her glance, but nothing more than this: both father and daughter had received him with the simple courteous warmth that had marked his reception at the cottage from the beginning.

"You will be expected to give an account of yourself," said Noel Bartholomew, taking up his brushes again and turning to his easel. "I should have been prepared to hear something serious if it had not been for Genevieve. I wanted to come to look after you, but she wouldn't let me."

"Perhaps Miss Bartholomew may consider me to be sufficiently successful in looking after myself," said George, with a touch of bitterness in his tone which certainly seemed to be uncalled for, and which perhaps surprised himself as much as it surprised anybody else. He was feeling very bitter as he sat there in the straight-backed chair of antique oak, where he had placed himself away from the window, away from Genevieve, who sat in the light with her golden head bent over her needle, and her pure, sweet face bereft of all expression save one of patient wonder. He had not prepared himself for this sudden appreciation of the pain and loss that would arise out of his position. The moment was one of trial. Forgive him if he bore it ill.

Noel Bartholomew's feeling of wonder was quite equal to that of Genevieve, and his first thought was, very naturally, the thought that matters were not going so smoothly between his daughter and his friend as he had brought himself to hope they might. The same idea had occurred to him before during the past few days. It seemed to be confirmed now.

A little silence followed upon George Kirkoswald's unexpected reply; but Bartholomew soon ended it.

"I do not know how that may be," he said; "but we are both of us aware that you have proved yourself to be very successful in taking care of others. . . . But I forget, I was not to thank you."

"No; don't thank me and don't remind me."

"Very good; we do not need to remind ourselves."

Genevieve looked up from her work with a smile, as if in ratification of her father's remark. She seemed to have a word ready to use with the smile; but it remained unspoken, dying into silence, as the smile died into the look of patience that had been there before.

"You will begin to wonder why I have come now," George said at last, speaking in a tone that might almost be termed abrupt for him. "I have come with an invitation, as much from Canon Gabriel as from myself. The foundation-stone, or memorial-stone, or whatever it may be, is to be laid at Soulsgrif in a fortnight or so. The Canon will let you know the exact day."

"The foundation-stone? Do you mean for the music-room?" Genevieve exclaimed, forgetting all in unconcealed delight. "Are things so far advanced as that?"

"Light is dawning upon me," said Bartholomew. "I do not wonder that we should have seen so little of you. Who is your architect?"

"A man at York—a Mr. Bush."

"You have been there?"

"Yes, I was there three days; the last three days of the past week."

"And the ground has been bought, the builder chosen, the plans drawn and accepted, and a ceremony arranged for laying the foundation-stone? Canon Gabriel did well to compliment you on your energy."

"I am glad to have something on which to expend my energy," said Kirkoswald.

"You find yourself possessed of a superfluity?"

"It will seem like boasting if I say 'yes,' nevertheless it is the truth at present. I have heard of people who could, by means of physical exhaustion, arrive at a most desirable and blissful state of mental hebetude. It is not easy."

"You have been making the experiment?"

"I am still making it. That is one of my reasons for consenting to the Canon's plea that there should be a kind of ceremony, so that he might make a semi-public day of it. It seems that he has been wishing for such a day for a long time. He wants to see the

people of the neighbourhood about him once again; he has reasons, so he says. There is to be luncheon at the Rectory."

"And who is to lay the stone?" Genevieve asked, looking up from the piece of pale green satin that she was embroidering. The light above her seemed to throw the child-like curves of her mouth and chin into exquisite relief; and her face was full of the simple, beautiful, tender regret that was overcoming her perplexity—regret for the passing shadow that would so surely pass.

There was no sign that it was passing now on the face of George Kirkoswald. Genevieve's very natural question had developed another phase of the incomprehensible change in him and in his manner. Something that was almost a frown had suddenly darkened his forehead, and the lines about his mouth were compressed as if with bitterness. He sat silent for awhile, not knowing how to keep the silence, nor how to break it by speech that cost so much.

His lips parted presently.

"Canon Gabriel will lay the stone," he said, with most evident effort.

If he might only have explained—if he might only have told them that a month before everything had been arranged in his own mind on quite other lines—if he might have said that there had never been for him the smallest question about the laying of the stone; that he had decided that Genevieve herself should lay it, and that he had intended that her doing so should be taken for an open declaration of the engagement that existed between them—if he might have relieved himself of all this, and then have gone on to the rest, the sudden shock of pain and disappointment that had come upon him, leaving him in perplexity, in dread, in an endless seeming suspense, then it might have been that he would have had less need to crave the dull oblivion that comes of utter weariness. He might have borne the strain after that, and have borne it not so badly, having sympathy.

But it might not be, so he had decided, thinking and hoping that he did well, and at least knowing surely that he had not come to his decision through weakness or self-seeking, or dread of any pain that might come upon himself.

Presently he rose to go, but he lingered about the studio awhile, not seeing the questioning eyes that were now and then lifted to his, not wishing to see them, but knowing that they were lifted, and understanding the unspoken words only too plainly. He would

not forget. Some day he would answer them all, and in answering he would make amends for the present silence. He was not conscious that there was something in himself that was worse than any silence. Every moment he betrayed it in his manner. Now, as always, it was a courteous manner, but something was missing from it. The fine openness of its cordiality was gone; in place of it there was restraint, carefulness, and an apparently studious dread of relapsing into the old natural ways that had been so dangerously full of living charm.

Quite suddenly Kirkoswald stopped beside the easel. It was a kind of pause that the others felt, and they felt also the effort that was in his question.

"Is that Yarrell Croft that you are painting?" he asked, as if unable to believe the thing he saw.

Bartholomew smiled. "You are not complimentary to-day," he replied. "Certainly it is meant for Yarrell Croft. Shall I need to label it?"

"That will depend upon its destination, I should say. Pardon me, but what made you choose to paint such a place? Is it considered to be picturesque?"

Again the quiet smile quivered under Bartholomew's moustache. He felt a sense of success in that he had aroused his visitor's interest at last.

"Yarrell Croft is not picturesque, not at least in my estimation," he said, "and I did not choose to paint it. I was asked to do so."

"It is a commission?"

"Yes: it is a commission."

There was a certain emphasis in the deliberateness with which Kirkoswald turned from the easel and walked to the window that looked out over the Marishes. He stood there some time. Matters had been complicated before. Had he unwittingly stumbled across a new complication?

Bartholomew also had his thoughts.

"I hardly know why I need trouble myself to mention the fact," he said, as Kirkoswald came back again, "but it was not Miss Richmond who asked me to paint the picture, it was her brother. He asked me to paint two views of the place, this and a view of the old gateway in the garden."

"In obedience to the commands of his sister, doubtless?"

"I believe not: indeed I may say that I have reasons for knowing that it was not so. Miss Richmond was in London at the time; and besides, there was an unmistakable air of unpremeditatedness about the request."

"I am glad to hear it," said Kirkoswald, with as little gladness in his tone as a man might have.

More than ever Genevieve was puzzled. It was quite within the range of things that George Kirkoswald should take an interest in her father's work. He had always taken an interest in it; but it had not seemed to her that he was in the mood to-day to care whether a commission had been given by one person or another.

Some idea connected with this matter had moved him, this was evident; but it was also evident that it had not moved him to forget the strange coldness and restriction of his new attitude. It was in his manner to her father as well as in his manner to herself. This was not comforting; nor did it tend toward a better comprehension of one whose every word and thought had always seemed so nobly and simply easy of comprehension. The change had been irksome, had it been nothing worse.

"You did not give me any answer about coming down to Soulsgrif," George said after another pause, and speaking as if he did not care much to receive any answer just then. "I shall see you again, perhaps," he added. "If I do not, you will see the Canon, he will have a better acquaintance with his programme than I have. It is his affair—the whole of it—not mine."

"You do not speak as if you were anticipating a pleasant affair," said Bartholomew, with quiet surprise.

"So much the better, since I am not misleading you. But it would be a wiser way not to speak of it at all, not at present. I hardly know what I can say truthfully that I ought to say."

He was shaking hands with Genevieve as he spoke. Their eyes met for one long instant, long enough for the revelation of all that might be revealed at that moment. For the life of him George Kirkoswald could not have kept back the truth from the glance he gave, even had he wished to keep it back, which could hardly be said of him, utterly at fault with himself and the world as he was. Genevieve was half-contented when he turned away. "Whatever the change may be it is not *that* change," she said to herself with a sigh of relief that was half a sob. Then other thoughts, other emotions, came crowding quickly one after the other; but that first thought remained through them all. "It is not *that* change," she went on saying to soothe herself. "It is not that."

"He loves me still,
Let no one dream but that he loves still."

CHAPTER XXXVI.—THE BELLS RING LOUD WITH GLADSOME POWER.

"I could not choose but love her. I was born to poet uses,
To love all things set above me, all of good and all of fair,"
Lady Geraldine's Courtship.—MRS. BROWNING.

THE church at Thurkeld Abbas being dedicated to St. Peter, and St. Peter's Day being in June, it was very natural that Canon Gabriel should choose that day for the small inaugural festivities that he had desired to have; and the Canon's lightest wish was law to George Kirkoswald. There was to be a service to begin the morning with, that was why the bells were ringing so gaily up in the tower.

The little town was all alive by ten o'clock, flags were streaming across the street in the hot summer sunshine; children in gay holiday garments with faces fresh as apple-blossom were running all about the place. Carriages were coming in from the country, disappearing under the wide archway at the Richmond Arms. Some of the gigs went down to the Brown Cow. The gig-people looked quite as happy as the carriage-people; and they were much merrier, if that meant anything.

When the service was over the people all went down together into Soulsgrif Bight. It was only a short distance, it seemed too short to some who hardly knew what it was to be out of doors on the morning of such a glad, glorious day as this. All the way by the roadside the pale wild roses were clustering in the green hedgerows, the woodbine swayed with the rose-sprays against the sunny blue beyond. The tall grasses in the cliff-top meadows surged to the light breeze, the lark sung overhead, away out of sight,

"Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought

To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not."

Naturally the broad stream of people that came out from the church had separated into little groups. The Canon was passing in and out among them, dropping a gentle word here, an encouraging word there; thinking all the while that to that man, or to that little child he might speak no other word. But the thought in nowise saddened him. Nobody there seemed sad. "The weariness, the fever, and the fret" of life had been left behind for a little while.

Mr. Severne also was doing his best; he always did his best, though there were people at Thurkeld Abbas who snubbed him a little, because he held himself so cheaply at their service. He was very much at Mrs. Caton's service this morning, but Mrs. Caton was

suffering some disappointment. She did not care to put up with the Curate while the Canon had walked for at least five minutes by the side of that dear, uncertain little Mrs. Damer, who had such inconvenient attacks of plain-speaking. The Curate was made to feel the Canon's indiscretion. Miss Standen was going down with the Pencefolds, and enjoying her walk very much. A little way behind them was Mr. Ishmael Crudas, in a shining new black coat, aggressive white linen and a pair of very large black kid gloves. It may be supposed that his individuality suffered, but it did not. There was sufficient in the man to enable him to carry off more than this; and even Miss Craven was obliged to acknowledge it as he walked by her side. She was angry with him for having dared to join her on this public occasion, but all the same she had expected it; and now that he was there she was very proud of him, though not perhaps quite so proud as he was of her. And, indeed, she looked all but handsome in the black silk mantle, and pink-trimmed bonnet that were still so pretty and becoming. Since the dead weight of anxiety had been lifted a little she had recovered to a wonderful degree the freshness of her youth, and something of the temper of her youth also. It was many a long day since she had smiled so gladly and freely as she smiled when George Kirkoswald passed by, raising his hat, and wishing her a courteous "good day."

Genevieve and her father were a little in advance. A tiny girl was crossing the road, offering a posy of half-blown white wild roses mingled with scented sprays of blossoming thyme. The little ones were quick to perceive which were the flowers that pleased best. Genevieve was stopping to fasten the posy in her dainty white dress when George came up; and at the first glance she saw that though there was still a sadness in his face it was not the same sadness that had been there before. There was no bitterness in it; it could not be that bitterness, which is almost always littleness, should stay long in a nature like his. He shook hands, holding Genevieve's hand in his lingeringly; and he uttered his greeting in the warm, quiet, emphatic way that she had loved in him from the beginning—it made the mere fact of meeting him something to be remembered. The girl's heart bounded as he spoke, and fear departed swiftly. It was going to be a good day then after all! It was only now that she knew how little she had hoped.

"You will have seen Canon Gabriel,"

George was saying, speaking more especially to Mr. Bartholomew; "and I dare say you know more than I know. No? Well, I suppose there is to be a brief service of some kind down in the Bight, merely a sort of dedication of the place to good uses. Then we are to come back again and have luncheon at the Rectory. After that there is to be tea in the school-room at Thurkeld Abbas for the children and their friends. . . . I should advise you not to stay for the tea," he added in a lower tone, and turning to Genevieve. "It will make the day too long, too fatiguing for you."

Genevieve only answered by a quick change of colour, and drooping eyelids. She was not quite sure that there was not some danger of tears. It was all so unexpected, the protecting authoritative tone that was associated with the first words of his that she had ever heard, the glance that was so full of unspeakable meanings, the manner that was all deference, all tender regard for her, for her happiness, her comfort. Had she then doubted, after all? . . . No; it was not that, it was not doubt; but all the same this new certainty was sweet; and being unhopied for at that moment, it was doubly precious.

For Genevieve, as for some others, the top of Soulsgrif Bank was reached all too quickly. The people were stirring down in the Bight; and flags were flying there also—bunting is always forthcoming along the coast. Two or three fishing vessels in the bay, lying at anchor, were decorated from stem to stern. When the Canon came in sight at the top of the bank, with his surplice flying in the breezy summer sunshine, a band of music sent its patriotic strains floating up the cliff side. "That is 'Rule Britannia,'" said Canon Gabriel, who had just joined Kirkoswald and the Bartholomews. "I mention it that hereafter I may not be classed with Dean Hook, who claimed to be acquainted with two tunes, one was 'God Save the Queen,' and the other wasn't; but I believe no one ever heard him venture the name of the other."

Quite suddenly there burst upon the throng of people who were coming down the bank, a full view of the site of the new music-room, nay, much more than the site. The wall was some twelve or fourteen feet high on the seaward side. The ground had been well chosen, though it was only just out of the reach of the wild waves that dashed so often and so madly into the little Bight. It was a kind of plateau just above the houses

on the north side. The people would only have to step from their own door to the door of this new place of entertainment that was already the chief topic of conversation among the fisher-folk. They did not understand much about it yet; they were waiting, but not suspiciously, not disdainfully, as Yorkshire folk are apt to wait for the development of any new thing. Since the brave master of Usselby had to do with it, it could only be right and good.

The people were still going downward, the strains of the music still stealing upward, mingled a little with the splash of the waves, and the shouts of children at play by the water-side. Presently another sound came grinding into the harmony, the sound of carriage wheels coming downward with the crowd. Canon Gabriel turned, wondering a little that any one should willingly drive down such a road as that. He ceased all at once to wonder.

"Did you invite Miss Richmond?" he asked, turning with some surprise to George Kirkoswald.

There was a sudden silence, a sudden pain; on George's face there was a sudden and strange pallor.

"Is it Miss Richmond?" he said, speaking in a voice that seemed like a hoarse echo of his own.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—CONCERNING CHARITY.

"'Twas well we met once more; now we must part.
I think we had the chief of all love's joys
Only in knowing that we loved each other."

The Spanish Gipsy.

PERHAPS every one of that little foremost group, except Genevieve, had noticed the change on George Kirkoswald's face. Genevieve had turned aside to speak to Ailsie Drewe, who had a message to give from Davy. There was a tear on the woman's cheek. She grieved for the absence of her little lad on such a day as this.

Looking up Genevieve saw the carriage, and recognised its occupants. It had stopped in the shade of the tall cliff. Miss Richmond was leaning back, holding her parasol daintily. Cecil was looking round.

"Ought I to go and speak to Miss Richmond, father?" Genevieve asked. George had turned with the Canon and Mr. Severne to ask some question of Mr. Smartt, the builder. Bartholomew looked perplexed for a moment. "No," he said, "no, there is no necessity for that. Miss Richmond will not remain long in the carriage. You will have opportunities of speaking to her."

The people were all streaming toward the

heaps of building material that were lying about on the rocky plateau under the cliffs. Mr. Smartt was making explanations. The room was to be a long L-shaped room. The main portion was to be a music-room, that could also be used as a school-room, lecture-room, or reading-room, as occasion demanded. The transept, if it might be so termed, was to be shut off by an oak screen. And if the Archbishop permitted, it was to be used as a mission-room. The Canon had written to His Grace of York, but this matter was not yet settled. On the southern side there was to be a tiny cottage, to be occupied by someone likely to be of use in the place. This was nearly all that could be definitely pointed out to the admiring and wondering people. They were told that the stone-mullioned window to the north was to be filled with stained glass; and that the glass was to have an inscription on it, but Mr. Smartt did not know what the inscription was to be. He believed that it would pertain to some event that had happened in Mr. Kirkoswald's family. That was all that he had to tell.

The memorial-stone was to be placed over this particular seaward-looking window. It was a large round-topped tablet—

"Carved with figures strange and sweet,
All made out of the carver's brain."

It had been intended to place an inscription on the stone also, but this intention was held in abeyance. There was only the date, Mr. Kirkoswald's initials, and an awkward, empty space underneath.

A little wooden platform had been raised outside so that the Canon might stand there when the stone was lowered into its place. As soon as his surplice was seen floating above the crowd there was an instant silence everywhere, a pause before the singing of the hymn that the choir sang in simple, sweet, child-like voices.

Some prayers were read, another hymn sung; then the great carved tablet was lowered and set carefully in its place upon the mortar that the Canon had spread with a new trowel. After that the stone was declared to be duly laid; and the little service of commendation was ended.

At the end of it the Canon stepped forward again to the edge of the platform. He had a few words to say—a few words of explanation, of entreaty, of desire that the building should be a means of helping them all to fulfil the two great commandments. He dwelt most upon the second of the two—the command that there should be brotherhood among men, and all that brotherhood implies.

He was growing very earnest as he urged the simple philosophy of his religion. "Be good, be loving," he said. "There is much sorrow in life, much contradiction, but nothing can contradict the truth or the beauty that comes of simple goodness, simple lovingness. St. Paul himself knew of nothing better. He counted the great grand gift of prophecy itself less than this gift of human loving-kindness. The gift of prophecy!—think how glad—glad to the verge of awe, any one among us standing here to-day would be, if he were to find himself suddenly admitted to the goodly fellowship of the prophets, the seers; endowed with the gift of foretelling future events in the splendidly poetic language of an Isaiah—language that might rouse the world from its indolence and luxury, its worship of wealth, its forgetfulness of God. A man so dowered would hardly know how to express his gratitude. And yet St. Paul counts this power *an inferior power to the gift of loving*. He says it quite plainly. Nay, he says much more—he declares that even faith, faith strong enough to remove mountains, would count for nothing if he had not love. 'If I have not love, I am nothing.' That is his own expression."

There was a little rustling now on the edge of the crowd, and it grew louder, so the Canon waited. He could not but see the cause of it all. Kirkoswald saw it too, though he had stood with bowed head, and eyes downcast under his dark brooding forehead. It was as if he felt Miss Richmond coming sweeping towards the place where they stood; her brother by her side, her cream-coloured dress with all its fringes and ribbons of dark gold silk quivering and fluttering as she moved. She was exquisitely dressed. Her bonnet was of the same colours, ivory-white and dark shining gold. Her gloves, her parasol, her fan, had all been chosen to match. Perhaps she had never looked more beautiful, more touchingly fascinating than she did as she stood there among the fisher-folk of Soulsgrif Bight, listening with downcast eyes and serious face to the words that were falling from the lips of the fragile-looking old man who was speaking so directly from his heart.

He went on again as soon as he perceived that the people were waiting. "I have not much more to say," he began. "We were speaking of love, the love that envieth not, that vaunteth not itself, that is not puffed up, that doth not behave itself unseemly, *that seeketh not its own*. Ah, if we would think of that awhile!—the beauty of a human life that was not seeking anything for itself, that was

seeking always to add something to some other life—some peace, some happiness, some freedom from care and pain, some consolation in time of trial, some sympathy when all the outer world was dark and full of gloom. What a crown the angels would see always on the face of the man or woman who lived so! It could hardly be necessary to say that such a one would be not easily provoked, would be able to bear all things, endure all things, would believe all things, hope all things, would rejoice only in the right, the pure, the for-ever true.

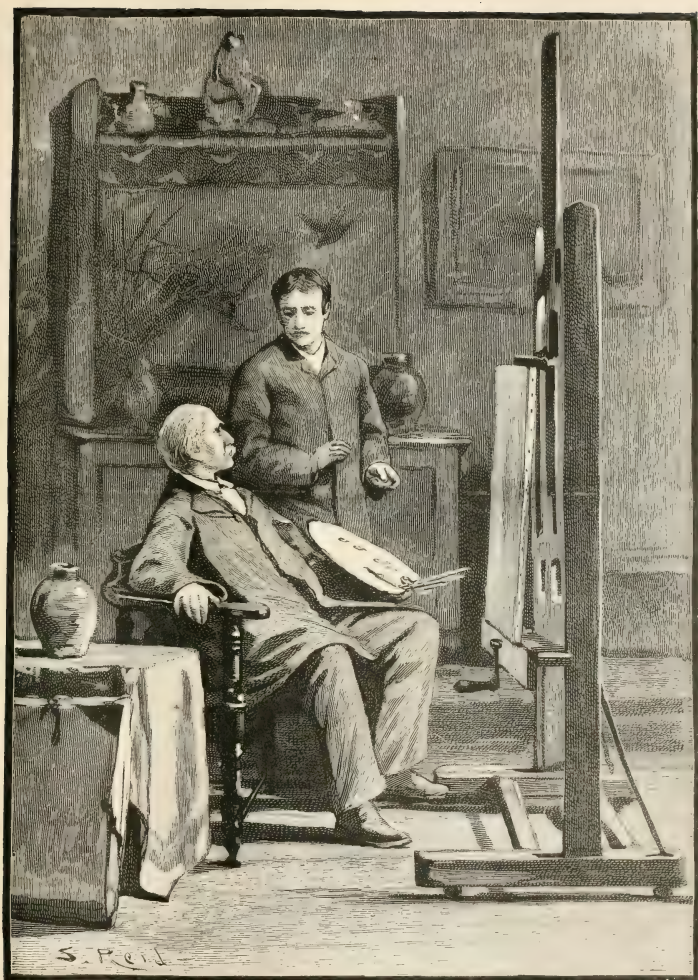
"I have purposely left to the last, one of the most magnificent clauses of St. Paul's description of charity,—he declares that it 'thinketh no evil.' I prefer the newer reading, '*taketh not account of evil*!' To what a height a man must have risen before this could be said of him—that he could not be provoked, and that he took no account of any evil! Does it seem as if such a one would be far away from us? It would not be so. He would be here among us, living your life, or living my life. There alone would be the test of his power of human lovingness—if he lived among the unloving, among those who were blind to his love, deaf to his sympathy, who were unable to understand his life, his motives, his aim; who would repay his best efforts with coldness, neglect, contumely, humiliation.

"Into the life of each one of us there comes some measure of human evil, human hardness, human cruelty. Perhaps, unhappily, some of us must go back to the endurance of such things to-day. . . Let us think of it in the hour of our need, of this fine ideal of St. Paul, the *love that taketh not account of evil*."

This was almost the last word. The little descant had only occupied a few minutes. The Canon came down from the platform, Mr. Severne carefully helping him; the band began playing the Old Hundredth, the people began to assort themselves into groups again, and Genevieve, turning, found herself face to face with Diana Richmond and her brother.

Miss Richmond put out a pretty cream-and-gold coloured hand.

"How are you to-day, Miss Bartholomew?" she asked with quiet emphasis, and looking intently into Genevieve's face as she spoke, as if watching for some sign. Genevieve was blushing, looking round with confusion. "She is looking for protection," said Miss Richmond to herself. But this was not true. The girl was only looking about to see if by any chance this might be a fitting opportunity for



"It is a commission?"

that explanation that she still longed to make. But the Canon was coming toward them, with Mr. Severne; and Miss Richmond was speaking of the little address.

"It was so perfect in its way, was it not?" she was saying in a tone that had something almost like humility in it. "You would know better how to express it than I do, the charm of it, I mean. Is it his style? There is something—what shall I call it—distinction?—that makes the most commonplace things seem new when they have been repeated by him."

The Canon came up, looking a little as if he had not been able to help hearing what Miss Richmond was saying. Mr. Severne blushed as if she had spoken of him.

"What am I to say for myself?" Miss Richmond asked in her prettiest way of Canon Gabriel.

"What am I to say for *myself*?" the old man said, having a desire to be courteous as well as truthful.

"Say that you forgot me."

"But that would not be true. I did not forget you. I thought of you more than once."

"Ah, that sounds terrible! But go on, please; let me know the worst."

"The worst is that I invite you—and of course Mr. Richmond, to go back with us now to luncheon, if you will be so kind."

The invitation was accepted, a little perhaps to the Canon's surprise, and certainly to his regret. Kirkoswald hearing of it felt that an end had been put to any prospect of enjoyment the day might have had for him. There would be nothing but dread now; and a momentary expectation of some *coup de théâtre*, such as Miss Richmond would so well know how to accomplish on such an occasion as this. It seemed to him that she must have come for the purpose, and it was impossible but that he should watch her every movement, ponder the lightest word when any word of hers reached him. Still he was trying not to think of her, trying with all his might to think how it might be with a man who had arrived at that point of taking no account of any evil. He was not lightly impressed, but any impression that he once received was not easily erased. He had no wish that this impression should be erased. It might help him if it remained; and he knew well that he had never needed any spiritual help in his temporal life more than he needed it just now.

Genevieve had declined Miss Richmond's invitation to accept a seat in the carriage, and Cecil was told to signal to the coachman to drive back up the cliff before them, Miss

Richmond declaring that she should enjoy the walk. Mr. Severne, who was growing puzzled over things, came to Genevieve's side as they moved to go. He had been watching for this opportunity all day. Miss Richmond deliberately turned, and waited for George Kirkoswald.

"Who exactly is the master of the feast?" she asked in her usual low, deliberate tone, and holding out her hand with the finely gracious gesture that she knew so well how to use. "Canon Gabriel! Ah; I have been asking him to tell me why I was not invited, but he was too polite to tell me the truth. Now, I command that you tell me."

"I do not know. I have had little to do with the affair. I never saw the list of people who were to be invited."

"No? That is somewhat strange, is it not? Well, I bear no malice."

She said this with such a simple air; there was such a look of truth—of almost touching good-will upon her face, that Kirkoswald was altogether perplexed. He paused a moment, thinking of the night under the stars, when he had only waited, waited silently. . . . Was it well to test the efficacy of speech?

"This is neither the time nor the place to discuss grave matters," he said at length, speaking with effort. "Forgive me if I seem to have little tact in introducing anything grave. I will only say a word. It concerns the letter I received from you. You would get my reply?"

"Pardon me; it was no reply."

"No; you are right there," said George; and in truth Miss Richmond was right. The answer he had sent was little more than an acknowledgment of the receipt of her letter, and it had been sent simply because he had not been able to bring himself to a thing so discourteous and cowardly as refusal to reply to a letter written by a woman, though that woman were his greatest enemy. "You are right," he said; "I wrote too briefly, but I thought it better to do that than to say anything I might afterward repent having said."

"You are growing cautious," she said with a smile.

"If only it be not too late," replied George with meaning. "But I did not allude to the matter for the pleasure of talking it over. It occurred to me when you spoke just now that, perhaps, your coming down here to-day might imply some change—some modification of your intention. I thought if it were so I would make it easy for you to express the change—that was all. It was

a hope. If it were a mistaken one you have only to say so."

Miss Richmond raised her eyes slowly in their dusky depths; her crimson lips curved slightly towards disdain.

"If I understand your hope rightly, it was most decidedly a mistaken one," she said, speaking in low yet firm—it might almost be said bitter tones.

Kirkoswald said no more; there was nothing more to be said just then. The crowd was going up the hill with them, busy with its own enjoyment; the band was playing a sentimental air with variations. Some one said it was "Love Not." Mrs. Caton had secured the Canon's attention at last, or rather her little daughter, Ianthie, had secured it, which was the same thing. Mr. Bartholomew was giving eminent satisfaction to Miss Craven by walking on the other side of Mr. Crudas. A little behind them was Genevieve, and the puzzled, but quite happy, Mr. Severne. Things were just as they should be from his point of view.

"Miss Richmond is very handsome, don't you think so?" he was saying to Genevieve, reserving in his own mind an opinion that it was a style of handsomeness he did not like. He did not care for the dusky beauty of olive-tints, and purple-black hair. For him the one beautiful woman was a woman who looked like embodied sunshine; and that, it seemed to him, was just how Miss Bartholomew looked to-day.

Genevieve was a little excited—excited by surprise and wonder, and a strange, nameless stirring of nameless fears. She was grateful to Mr. Severne for remaining so faithfully by her side, and trying to amuse her, as he was doing. There was no unhappiness on her face, and her colour was not coming and going as it did sometimes. It stayed on her cheek, and on her lips; her large-irised, violet-grey eyes were full of a beautiful tender light; and the sunshine caught the golden ripples of her hair, and the wind played with it under her wide-brimmed Gainsborough hat, over which the large white feathers were drooping. All her dress was white; she liked to have it so herself, her father liked it too, and there was another who had asked her what she would do if some day she found herself prohibited from wearing any but white dresses? She remembered the day and the question. They seemed far away now. Everything simple, and straight, and comprehensible, seemed far away.

They had reached the Rectory by this time. The luncheon was waiting; some

thirty or forty people sat down, Miss Richmond taking her place at the Canon's right hand with a charmingly natural gracefulness. Mr. Severne sat at the other end of the table, happy because Miss Bartholomew was there with her father, not too far away for conversation.

It was not particularly interesting conversation. Mr. Bartholomew was preoccupied; Genevieve was watching for some one who never came—the Canon explained his absence. Mr. Kirkoswald had had to go down into the Bight again to consult about some urgent matter with the builder. Miss Richmond expressed her regret openly. She repeated the expression of it before she went away, and repeated it with so much meaning and emphasis that the people who were left behind wondered over it. Was it not all dead and forgotten, that old affair between the master of Usselly and the mistress of Yarrell Croft? Had there not been new whispers on the wind of late, whispers of another and a likelier attachment? The people who approved of Genevieve were beginning to think a little hardly of George Kirkoswald. They had imagined him to be a man who would at least know his own mind about a thing so important as this; and they had not imagined him to be one who would trifle for an hour in any matter in which trifling could lead to danger or to pain.

* * * *

A few hours later, when the school-room tea was over, and the people had all gone quietly home, George Kirkoswald dragged himself somewhat wearily up through Murk-Marishes to the cottage at Netherbank. Mr. Bartholomew had gone across the fields with Ishmael Crudas. Genevieve was alone in the little sitting-room; she had opened the casement window that looked out upon the orchard; the low sun was streaming through the leaves of the climbing rose-tree that went up over the thatch; the pink petals came floating slowly in over the flower-pots. A pair of white and pearl-tinted doves had perched on the window-sill, the one was cooing softly, the other was listening with her head bent downward, listening steadfastly as if with a quite human power of attention.

Kirkoswald had intended to go down to the studio, not knowing that Bartholomew was not there. His footstep made no sound on the rank grass. Presently he stopped by the cottage wall. Had the cooing of the doves arrested him? Was there any one there out of sight among the rose-leaves, speaking softly in the low red light?

It was only a few words that he heard, words spoken gently to gentle living things, as people will speak sometimes who live much alone, and are much acquainted with sorrow.

"Do you love each other so?" the voice was saying in a musical undertone. "Do you like to sit there and say loving, comforting things? Do you understand each other? Do you always understand each other, even when you are apart and cannot speak? Have you faith in one another always; or is there no need of faith in that world of yours? I wish I knew, I wish I might know if you perplex each other, give each other pain?"

A minute later Kirkoswald was standing in the room by Genevieve's side. She did not know that he had heard any word of hers. She only saw on his face a great sorrow, a great resoluteness, a great silence. Blended with these there was a strong passionate yearning that she could not but comprehend. He would not sit down, though she asked him to do so.

"I must not stay here," he said in a quiet, sad way. "I ought not to have come, it sounds like weakness to say that I could not help it. But I may say it, since it is the truth."

Genevieve stood quite calmly opposite to him. She still wore her white dress; a great loop of her shining yellow hair had fallen over it; she was looking at him with an infinite wistfulness in her dark beautiful eyes.

"You know that you are perplexing me?" she asked gently, and with an evident effort after self-command.

"Perplexing you! Do I know it? I hardly know anything else; I hardly think of anything else. Night and day now I am

wondering what you are thinking of me, how you are feeling towards me; and if when all this torture is over you can ever have the same feeling you have had toward me? It is all the consolation I have now, *that you have had it*. Nothing can take that from me, the knowledge that you have cared for me."

"And you are thinking that I have changed?"

"Changed! I am looking at you now with an almost boundless wonder because of your changelessness, because of the beauty of your faith in one who must seem so utterly faithless, so utterly worthless. And the intolerable part of it is that I cannot rightly ask you to have faith in me. If I could even ask you to try to keep up your faith I think the worst would be over. . . . I could wait then, I could endure then."

"And if I say unasked that I will have faith, will that help you to endure?" the girl said, standing there tall, and still, and seeming as if a new nobleness had come into her nobility.

"If you say that, it will almost do away with any need for endurance," George replied with a quick light in his eyes, a quick expression of relief, of gladness.

"Then I will say it; I say it of my own accord, that I will have faith in you so long as you shall need my faith."

"And if circumstance seems strong against me?"

"I will try to be as strong as circumstance."

So she spoke in a vain confidence, not knowing that it was vain. How should she know until circumstance had borne her down before it as a reed in the marsh borne down before the wind?

SUNDAY READINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

JUNE 1ST.

Read Psalm xci. and Rom. v. 10 to end.

THE greatest joy is often akin to sadness.

When we reach the end of a work that has cost us long and anxious labour, we are moved more to tears than to laughter. But in the close of the life of Christ there is neither sadness nor joy. There is the holiest calm. As on a night of storm, when the clouds break and reveal untroubled depths of sky and the eternal stars, so at the closing words from the Cross, "It is finished; Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," the

thick canopy of suffering rolls apart, and we gaze into a heaven of peace, where all is still.

Such is the general impression we receive, but a closer consideration shows us some deeper lessons. For the last word from the Cross as associated with the act of dying throws much light upon the character of our Lord's death.

We must bear in mind the remarkable language in which the New Testament describes the death of Christ as a voluntary act. We die because we must, but He died as One who had "power to lay down His

own life and power to take it again." And so it is said that "He poured out His soul unto death"—as conveying an idea of active rather than passive submission to death. Death was the crowning act of His obedience and self-surrender. All the evangelists employ words which imply an act of volition. St. Matthew says, "He yielded up the ghost," or rather, "He sent forth" or "discharged His spirit;" St. Mark and St. Luke, "He breathed out His spirit;" and St. John, "He surrendered the spirit." Again, while death is thus regarded as, in a sense, the voluntary act of Christ, the resurrection is, on the other hand, described as the act of the Father. The constant usage of the Apostles is to the effect that God raised Him from the dead.

Keeping these thoughts in mind, let us consider the force of the word, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," as connected with the resurrection from the dead.

On the night before the crucifixion Jesus had offered the sublime prayer, "Father, the hour is come, glorify Thy Son, that Thy Son also may glorify Thee. I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do, and now, O Father, glorify Thou me with that glory which I had with Thee before the world was." Two chief thoughts are here:—(1) The glory of the Father; and (2) The glory of the Son. Both were to be illustrated in the work of Christ. The Son was to glorify the Father by acting in the spirit of Sonship; and the Father was to glorify the Son by raising Him to that "glory which He had with Him before the world was."

The Sonship of Christ is the broad characteristic of His work in humanity as our Second Adam, and the root of our new life as children of God. The contrast between the fall and the redemption of man rests on this point. It is eternally the life of man to know God and to be towards Him as a son. It is eternally death for man to be self-centred, and so outcast. In unbelief and self-assertion man fell; in obedience and self-surrender man was restored. The trials of Christ, whether in the temptation or on the Cross, concentrate upon the dependence of the Son on the will of the Father, and take the form of His yielding confident obedience even to death. He did this as in our humanity, and accepting its conditions. We must therefore realise the weakness as well as the strength of Jesus. His strength was faith; otherwise He became weak, yielding up all other resources but trust in God the Father. In this sense He was "crucified

through weakness." He verily "emptied Himself" of every prerogative when He became a man, and lived simply in the strength of a Child under the hand of the Father, and knowing no refuge but the confidence of a Son. The grandeur of the Cross must accordingly be regarded as being in a great measure the manifestation of Sonship, and thereby the glorifying of the Father, by showing how worthy that Father is to be obeyed and trusted.

If these things are true, this last word then reaches the utmost point in the offering of the Cross. The highest act of Sonship was surely that one, when with full consciousness He gave Himself unto death, and with a distinct exercise of volition submitted to the assertion of its power over Him. He then allowed the cloud to roll between Him and the eternal light. He opened the flood-gates of His being and let in the rush of the great darkness. He breathed out the spirit and fell back into the helplessness of death. But ere He plunged into the unconscious depths He uttered with a loud cry this appeal of Sonship, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," and having said this, He "bowed His head and gave up the ghost." The utmost act of faith and obedience was accomplished in humanity. All was rendered in confidence in God. He through the Eternal Spirit offered Himself a complete and living sacrifice unto God, and He did so with the confession of perfect Sonship. Was it all to end here? Or was there to be any reply from the Father to that confidence of the Son? If Jesus glorified the name "Father," how was the answer to be given which was to be the responsive glorifying of the Son? The reply to this question we shall consider next Lord's Day evening. In the meantime our minds are fixed simply on this final act of Sonship in which Christ yielded Himself wholly to God.

JUNE 8TH.

Read Acts ii. 22—36, Philipians ii. 1—11.

After He had said, "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit, He bowed his head and gave up the ghost." The act of faith and obedience is complete, and Christ hangs on the Cross dead. The crowd scatter, leaving the two thieves lingering on in suffering. The disciples who had been watching afar off turn away, half in terror and in doubt. They are overwhelmed by the spectacle of that death which confounded all their hopes. They had thought that this was He who was to have redeemed Israel;

but He is dead, and there has been no Elias to take Him down from the Cross, and no deliverance. The centurion and the guard of soldiers continue watching by the dead body. And then the evening comes and Joseph receives the helpless corpse, and buries it in his own sepulchre, and Pilate takes care that the great stone is rolled to the mouth of the rock-hewn tomb, and that it is sealed with the official seal, and that soldiers are placed to guard it. The Sabbath comes, and the service goes on as if nothing had happened. The great day of the Feast is observed as of old. The crowd of pilgrims throngs the courts, and the ancient Psalms are chanted, and the ritual of the Day of Atonement is fulfilled, and it seems as if the priests had been right after all, and that Israel had yet to look for its Messiah.

Was then, that confidence of Him who called Himself the Son of God, all a dream? Is there any such Father as He of whom He spoke? Did the voice of that dying prayer reach no farther than the air stirred by its accents? Surely our very life depends on the answer we give to such questions. What if there had been no response? What if the mockery could have been heaped on Him which fell on those who once cried to Baal, when from the blue passionless sky, there was "neither voice, nor any to answer, nor any that regarded"? The Son has glorified the Father, is there any Father at all to glorify the Son?

Thank God for the answer! "Thou didst not leave His soul in hell, neither didst Thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption." Jesus died resting in God, and the response was the resurrection, when He was "declared to be the Son of God with power by the resurrection from the dead." The joyful cry passing from lip to lip, and uttered in wonder and in gladness, "Christ is risen!" is the answer to the prayer, "Glorify Thy Son. Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." He who had yielded Himself into the hands of God is glorified of the Father, being exalted by Him into heavenly places, and brought to share the glory which He had with Him before the world was. And yet not altogether the same glory. For as raised in our humanity He is no more the Son of God only. He rises Son of man and Son of God. This is indeed the mystery of His glorification. Because He, the eternal Son, who thought it not robbery to be equal with God, "made Himself of no reputation, and being found in fashion as a man, had humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even

the death of the Cross; Wherefore God also highly exalted Him, and gave Him a name which is above every name, that at the name of Jesus"—the human name associated with His incarnation—"every knee should bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and that every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father." And because He thus rises in our humanity, He rises not alone, but as the First-fruits of the redeemed.

And thus the final word from the Cross lifts us into the conception of the complete offering in which Jesus accepted death, but accepted it with such a voluntary surrender of His spirit unto God as prepares us for His triumph over death, and His exaltation to the right hand of God. This is therefore no mere peaceful death-bed utterance, nor is it analogous to the prayer of St. Stephen, when crushed beneath the shower of stones, he said, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." The cry of Christ was the loud, decisive, crowning utterance of the Son, in which before yielding himself to death, He committed all to the Father, resting in perfect sonship on Him who "would deliver Him, seeing that He had trusted in Him." "Thus trusting God, He was not confounded;" and the joy of the resurrection morning was the answer of God to that confidence.

JUNE 15TH.

Read Psalm lxxix. 1-23, 1 Peter ii. 19-24.

Humanity, so far as it has been reached by the gospel at all, has been touched in the highest measure by the tale of Christ's sufferings. The sorrows of Jesus have laid hold of this world of sorrow as no other moral or spiritual power has ever done. However transcendent the divine wisdom of the gospel may be, or however marvellous the vision it presents of an absolutely sinless and perfect life, yet it has not been so much by the ideal of truth or purity found in Christ that the spirit of Christian enthusiasm has been awakened as by "the agony and bloody sweat, the Cross and passion" of the great Sufferer. The Cross is indeed an epitome of all spiritual truth. The evil of sin, the love of God, the grandeur of duty are all there visibly set forth. It is God's appeal to heart and conscience. Yet the Cross was but the final expression of what was always characteristic of the life of Christ. He was not "wounded by our transgressions" at Calvary alone. He had continually come under the burden of human woe and been pierced by human iniquity. The various rays of trial became

compressed into one burning focus when Christ died, but they had been present from the very commencement of His ministry, or rather from His very cradle in Bethlehem. So that if the Cross throws light on the life of Christ, no less does His life throw light on the Cross.

A proof of this is found in the remarkable application made by St. Matthew of the solemn words of Isaiah, usually referred to Christ's death alone, but regarded by him as receiving fulfilment in Christ's daily ministry. "When the even was come they brought unto him many, that were possessed with devils: and he cast out the spirits with his word, and healed all that were sick: that it might be fulfilled which was spoken by Isaiah the prophet, saying, Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses."

There are three spheres in the life of Christ in which His taking our infirmities and bearing our sins or sicknesses hold true—each one leading into a deeper range of suffering.

(1.) He did so in the simplest sense as sharing the woes incidental to our humanity. Labour, weariness, hunger, cold, the privations of poverty and the discipline which falls on man first as a child, then as a member of society, may seem slight matters to us, because we are born into them as our lot. But when the eternal Son assumed our nature, He in love submitted to these conditions that He might redeem us. This may not at first appear to us in its full significance; and yet were some member of the noblest family in our land to be moved by such a chivalrous desire to help the wretched as to leave the luxuries of home and to live as the poor live, lodging for years in the stifling atmosphere of their squalid dwellings, to wear their rags, and not shrink from the lowest depths of their sufferings; and were all this done for the avowed purpose of bringing help, sympathy, and deliverance to them, we would at once recognise such an act as an heroic instance of self-sacrifice. And do we fail to see the glory of Him "Who for our sakes became poor," and who put Himself completely under the burthen of our trials? Even then in this barest sense of the words we can see how "He bore our infirmities," for as He "humbled Himself," that He might reach the very lowest and deliver them, He had necessarily to endure what they endured.

(2.) Again, St. Matthew records how the spectacle of human suffering appeared as a burthen of suffering to Christ Himself. The

evangelist could not have meant that Christ literally bore our sicknesses, for He did not become leprous, or palsied, or blind. But yet such was the visible effect upon Him of human woe that it seemed as if He Himself were the sufferer. This was no mere sentimental pity. It was the sorrow of holy love; and that belongs to a higher range of feeling than pity. The crowd of strangers gathered round some street accident feels pity, and strong men will turn away in very sickness from the scene. Yet such pity is weak beside the agony of love, when the wife or mother receives the patient home. Love then lays the burden so completely on the heart that each thrill of pain or interval of relief conveys its own pang or sense of peace. The love of Christ was in like manner too quick and close for mere pity. He suffered with the sufferers, and was so visibly affected by what He saw that they who beheld Him said, "Himself taketh their sickness and beareth their infirmities."

(3.) Still further, these words receive their highest significance when we transfer the ground of suffering from physical to spiritual causes, and understand how it was in a similar sense that "He bore our sins," and that the iniquities of us all "met on Him." For if bodily misery touched Him with acute pain, how much more must the moral sores of humanity have affected Him! His pure eye pierced to the very depths of evil, and saw it in its true nature. Sinful as we are we can somewhat comprehend this sorrow, for there is no honourable or good man to whom the disgrace of a dear child would not appear infinitely worse than any bodily sickness, or death itself. In proportion to the depth of his love and his hatred of wickedness would the tie which bound him to a scoundrel lay the burden of the child's evil upon his own spirit. In this sense, but in an infinitely higher degree, was Christ affected by the sin of man. He was verily pierced by our iniquity. "It met on Him." Holy love laid it upon Him. It was sin that He thus bore, and we can best understand what was meant by His bearing it, when we apply to human evil the same interpretation of the words of the prophet as was employed by the evangelist to Christ as carrying our sicknesses and infirmities.

And these sufferings of Christ under sin become the profoundest confession of its greatness and its evil. We learn through "that agony and bloody sweat, that cross and passion" what sin is to God, for we there see how it affected Him who could in truth say to

the world, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

JUNE 22ND.

Read Psalm xxvii., and Luke xi. 1-13.

There are many lessons to be gathered from what we learned last Sunday regarding the sense in which our Lord came under the burden of human suffering and sin.

(1.) One obvious lesson is the interest which the Christian Church, as expressing the mind of its Master, ought to take in the alleviation of the bodily diseases, and of the social miseries which affect humanity. The office fulfilled by the physician and surgeon, and the work accomplished by hospitals and asylums, as well as every enterprise which deals with social distress, ought to be recognised as essential parts of the work of the Redeemer's Church on earth. For that Church is wider than any ecclesiasticism, and they who are labourers together with God, are not to be limited to those who are ecclesiastically appointed. The religion which seeks a selfish salvation and the assurance of personal security alone, is not the religion which Christ came to establish. To be made like Jesus Christ is true salvation, and when we share His love, we must also be brought somewhat into fellowship with the sorrows of Him who in love came under the burden of the sicknesses and infirmities of the world.

(2.) We learn from the spectacle of Christ's spiritual suffering under sin, how loathsome sin is to God. Not the thunders of Sinai nor the threatened penalty of eternal death can convey such a vivid conception of the nature of evil, as when we behold the disgust and sorrow with which it affected the Divine Son. Anger may terrify, but the sorrows of Jesus convince. Fear of punishment may deter, but the sufferings of the Lord under sin lead us to understand what that sin is, as in the light of God. We also learn how truly it must be the will of God to deliver us from it.

There are two classes of persons to whom it may be especially beneficial to regard their sinfulness as interpreted by the suffering of Jesus. It is good for those who are disposed to think lightly of ungodliness. They accept, perhaps, certain dogmas about the fall of man and the corruption of human nature, and the necessity for an atonement, because there are texts which can be quoted in proof of these. But in their secret hearts they disbelieve their reality, and entertain such favourable views of what they term "frail human nature" as to excuse any religious defects. The cross of Christ is regarded by them chiefly in its relation to theological

rather than personal requirements. It is well, therefore, to lead such persons to recognise the sorrows of Christ as essentially sorrows over what they themselves are in their denial of God. When they for a moment pause and catch a glimpse of that divine countenance gazing down upon them with a grief which seems—like an eye in a picture—to follow their every movement, and to sadden with their every resistance of Him who would bring them back to their Father, they can measure the sinfulness of that resistance. It is the holy sorrow of Jesus which can best interpret the wickedness of religious indifference.

And these sufferings of Jesus under sin convey an equally important lesson to persons of an opposite character, who feel their unworthiness so intensely as to make them afraid of God. It appears presumption for them to confess Christ, with their bitter memories and their consciousness of so much that is shallow and earthly. But these sorrows of Jesus meet all such thoughts with redeeming power, for they speak of a deeper insight into these very evils than the sinful can ever attain. He understands our wickedness as we never can understand it, and He knows it to be infinitely worse than we ever imagined. There is not a pang of remorse experienced nor a sentence of self-condemnation pronounced by us which is not but the faintest shadow of the penetrating holiness with which He has searched sin to its lowest depths. And yet that very grief of His over the evil assures us that, in spite of all we have been and are, He does not despise us, but so loves us that He sorrows over us and seeks our return. What He was on earth Christ is now; and the greatness of His agony under human sin is the measure of His desire for human deliverance. The love of Christ, which made our sin His burden, must also make it His joy to help and bless us.

JUNE 29TH.

Read Micah vi., and Philipians iii. 1-14.

We are familiar with the manner in which St. Paul represents the death of Christ as producing a certain death and life in every believer. "We are buried with Christ." "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live." "We thus judge that if one died for all, then all died; and that He died for all that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again." The sacrifice of Christ is not therefore an isolated fact, it is a spiritual and influential power. There is a

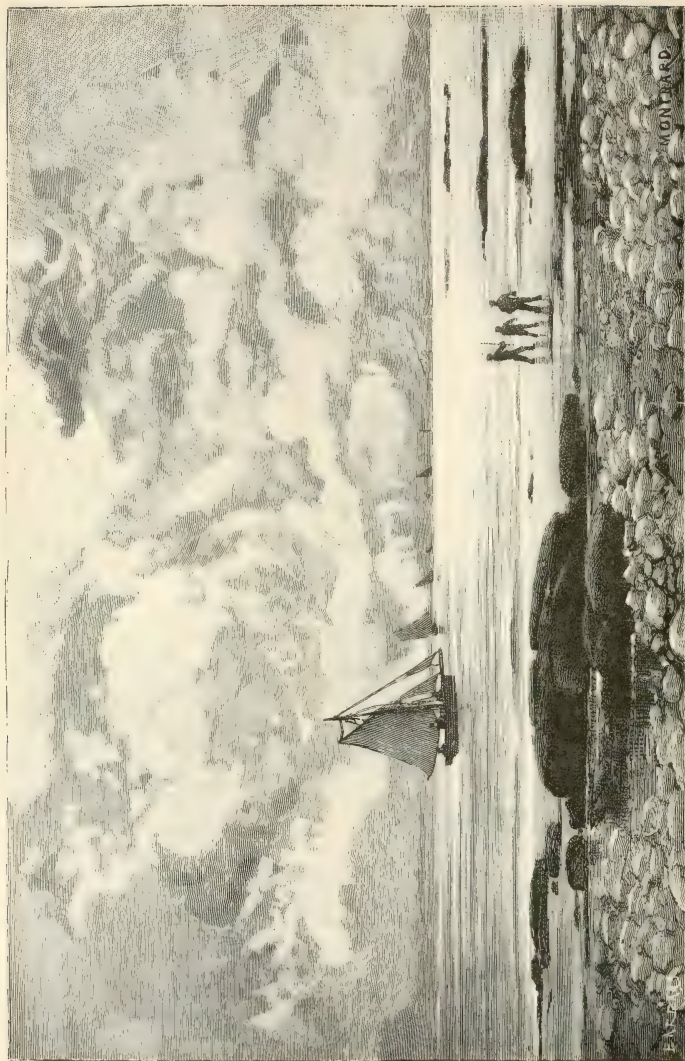
sense in which Christ died to deliver us from death, and there is another sense in which He died that we might die also. For certain moral effects must result from the vital apprehension of what that death of Christ really conveys. Viewed in one aspect we can assert that it is solitary, because it is the only refuge of the sinner. It rendered for us what we cannot render, and from the sense of our failure and helplessness we must ever look up to Him who is our representative Head, and Priest and King. But viewed in another aspect, it is not solitary, for it operates dynamically, as it were, in heart and conscience, and recreates in us an image and reflection of itself. It is not a mystery wholly apart from us, and to be used as a kind of charm against the anger of God. It establishes a vital relationship with all whom it saves. As the effect of light is to banish darkness, or as knowledge destroys ignorance, so the true apprehension of Jesus Christ and Him crucified must revolutionise our old thoughts and ways, until what we once were ceases to be. Or, again, as it is of the nature of love to remove suspicion and indifference, and as the perception of the goodness of another wins confidence, so when we calculate all that blessed message of divine forgiveness and love, and truth and hope which is embodied in the death and resurrection of Christ, we can see how, of necessity, if vitally received, it must cause the old sinful nature, with its unbelief, indifference, and rebellion, to perish, while it inspires the new life of trust and self-surrender to God. We thus at once "die" and "live."

Recall for a moment the illustration of these truths which we find in the life of St. Paul himself. The contrast between Saul the pupil of Gamaliel, and St. Paul the servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, is as great as between two totally different persons. When we remember the various elements which formed the character of Saul the persecutor, we can understand how literally St. Paul could look back on what he had been and say, "in Christ I died," "I have been crucified with Christ," "I have been buried in the very grave of Christ." When he apprehended the significance of Christ's death, he threw aside as a huge mistake all that old righteousness which he had been labouring for years to make perfect by the accurate performance of sacred observances. He had been trying to win God, but all was reversed, for in Christ God had won him. All his past life, its aims, confidences, hopes, utterly broke down and was regarded by him as

mere refuse, mere rubbish, which he cast away for ever. His old pride of race with its caste separations vanished in the light of God's love to all mankind. His old zeal for forms and rites and conventional distinctions appeared a blasphemy against the freedom of divine grace manifested in the Redeemer. Saul of Tarsus had ceased to be. Nevertheless he lived, and his new life was one recreated in the image of Christ's own life. Through self-surrender to Jesus Christ, he was daily "putting on the Lord Jesus." For "the life he lived in the flesh was by the faith of the Son of God."

If Christ's grace has any saving influence over us, we may be assured that it will produce similar results in our own experience. The Cross of Christ is not an ingenious "plan," whereby an escape is provided from the consequences of sin, while the sin remains untouched. It is a mighty fact, which, gathering into one vivid expression the very mind of God towards a sinful world, makes such an appeal to the spirit that is in man, that in proportion as it is received it must reach down to the sources from which the sin of man has proceeded. That is surely a serious misuse of the grace of God, which would represent the Cross of Christ as superseding the necessity for our own obedience. And yet there is a manner of speaking about our having "no righteousness of our own," which is apt to lead to this mistake. It is true that we must have no "righteousness of our own," as opposed to, or separate from, that "righteousness which is in Christ;" yet the "righteousness which is in Christ" is made thoroughly "our own," in proportion as we are vitally saved by Him. It is a grave error, when the blood of Christ is spoken of as if it somehow made an exception in our favour from the eternal necessity of self-surrender to God, instead of being the very power which leads us to yield self up unto Him. For, as God becomes revealed to our spirits, through Jesus Christ, our old views and manner of life must pass away for ever under the influence of that glory, even as the mist is scattered by the rising sun, or as the cold ice melts at the breath of summer. And if the life and death of Christ exercise no such influence, we ought to be suspicious of the reality of our faith. They who have caught any inspiration of the life of love as it is in Jesus Christ must, in proportion to their apprehension of its power, "live henceforth not unto themselves, but unto Him Who died for them and rose again."





"The west wind clears the morning,
The sea shines silver-grey."

BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA.

BY M. LINSKILL, AUTHOR OF "HAGAR," "ROBERT HOLT'S ILLUSION," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—"NOT YET THE SUN HATH DRIED HIS THOUGHTFUL TEARS."

"Brutus, I do observe you now of late ;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have :
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you."

SHAKESPEARE, *Julius Cæsar*.

"LIFE is interesting if not happy," said a great thinker the other day, and we all of us admitted the truth and felicity of the phrase on the instant. We had known it all the while, but we had been waiting for some one to say it.

Life is always interesting, because it is always hopeful.

From the man of highest and most eager culture, to the last and dullest and most self-contented Philistine, you will nowhere find a soul living out its days without hope of some good it has not yet attained.

We are seldom strong enough to turn round upon ourselves in times of really great and desperate trial, and look dispassionately upon the interest underlying the hour and the event. It is there. In some cases, doubtless, it affords a certain support, but it does so unconsciously. We should look upon ourselves as traitors to ourselves, and rightly, if we had the hardihood to look up from under the Cross, and say, "This is interesting."

There is something amazing in the alacrity with which we most of us find an element of interest in the worst calamities of others. The daily newspaper sells a double edition when there is a Tay-Bridge disaster, when a *Princess Alice* comes into collision in the Thames, when a *Eurydice* with several hundred souls on board disappears in a snow-squall. These things are topics of conversation for the social hour. They have no true silencing awe for us. We speak of them between remarks on the latest political blunder and the fineness of the weather. In a word, we find them interesting.

It is a platitude to say that there are people who find the affairs—the most untoward affairs—of their friends and neighbours interesting. It is also a platitude to say that there are people who have no other interest outside themselves than this of watching the course of events in the little world about them, not watching to sympathy, to help, but to a dull, mindless curiosity. Yet even these find life interesting.

Coming back to our own life, if we have any vision at all, any sense of the picturesque, the pathetic, the dramatic, we must certainly

find the past years interesting to look back upon. No outsider can see the fine and subtle interweaving of the threads of experience as we can see them for ourselves. No stranger can intermeddle with that dead joy that can be made to live again for you at your lightest desire; no other heart knows the bitterness that was in your heart as you walked through the fire in which your youth perished—as you fought your way alone through the floods that overwhelmed the years. No written record could ever have half the interest that that unwritten record has for you, and will for ever have while memory keeps its greenness.

The past has its interest; the future a more keen, and intense, and mystic interest still. If there is an insipid day it is this one. But we live it patiently, since it leads on to the next.

So, in patience, in a serene and untroubled patience, Genevieve Bartholomew lived through that summer at Netherbank; the first summer she spent there, and—the last.

Unhappily it was a wet summer—unhappily for her and for her father; perhaps even more unhappily still for poor Miss Craven.

The sadness was upon all the land. Morning after morning broke in grey gloom, in heaviness, in silence. There was no sound save the plash of rain upon the sodden moss-filled pastures; upon the black rotting hay that was lying in the fields when August came; upon the green, backward, unpromising corn. The harvest was doomed, and it was the seventh doomed harvest in unbroken succession.

Was it the weather that was affecting Noel Bartholomew to so great an extent? Did he feel the pressure of the heavy grey, rain-laden clouds upon his brain? Genevieve knew that he missed the constant exercise that he had been accustomed to take; she missed it herself; and they agreed that the appetite for out-door life was capable of causing as keen suffering as the appetite for daily food when it came to be denied its legitimate satisfaction.

So far as his work was concerned, he had done the best he might do—the best and the most; but the best was not good, and the most was far below what he had hoped. Those summer months, upon which he had counted so much, were gone by—gone in suffering, in comparative unproductiveness. Want would have stared him in the face if he had looked that way. But he had not

looked; he had hoped on bravely, persistently, silently.

This strange trial would pass as others had passed, if he only stood firm. Had he not that word of Thackeray's for his consolation, declaring the possession of genius itself to be of hardly superior value to the power of holding on?

He knew that holding on was not an easy thing, nor so simple as it might seem; nevertheless, since it had to be done it were well to do it quietly.

When he came to think of it, he found a word of higher authority than Thackeray's, and older. The thirteenth chapter of the third book of the "Imitation of Christ" seemed to have been written for his present need.

"Where is thy faith?" asked the dead voice that seems to be speaking so near to us at times. "Stand firmly and with perseverance; take courage and be patient; *comfort will come to thee in due time.*"

In this temper he had waited; in this temper he had worked when work was possible. Of late he had put aside all other work, and had wrought at the view of Yarrall Croft whenever it was possible so to do. Having his sketches, it was comparatively mechanical work; and it could be done without much reference to the light. Besides, he had another motive, a motive that seemed so pitiful to himself that he kept it out of his own consciousness as much as he could.

The picture, being a commission, would be paid for as soon as completed; more and more as the days went on he became aware that this was influencing him; and so strange was his mental constitution that the influence was paralyzing rather than stimulating. There were days when he sat, with his palette set and his brushes before him, from the morning till the evening unable to raise his hand to the canvas with any impetus from his brain. At such times the dropping of the dull rain upon the skylight seemed to him like Nature's tears of sympathy; but it was a sympathy that had no help in it, no comfort.

As the picture drew slowly toward its completion he was amused to find that it was already acquiring a kind of local notoriety. His strong effort toward an absolute and inartistic literalness had won for him an appreciation that his idealised "Ænone," his fine "Judas," his spiritual "Sir Galahad" would never win for him in the neighbourhood of Murk-Marishes.

Miss Craven had begun to admit to herself that after all, since it was never too late to

mend, there might be some chance that Noel Bartholomew would yet become a great artist, and Mr. Crudas had asked permission to bring more than one of his friends to see the admirable accuracy and fidelity with which every window and door of Yarrall Croft had been portrayed, every tree painted just how and where it stood, every fold of the distant hills and dales given, and all on a few feet of canvas.

Here, if anywhere, was a triumph of art; and Murk-Marishes at last began to be proud of the grey unimpressive man who was so very far from coming up to anybody's idea of a man of genius.

When the picture was at last finished, when the last touch of yellow sunny light had been put upon the hills, the last sweep of purple mystery upon the dales, a handsome frame came down from London, and the picture was placed upon a large easel where it could catch a fuller light.

"I shall not send it home," Mr. Bartholomew said to Genevieve, who stood beside him looking into the picture with rather wondering eyes. "I shall write and tell Mr. Richmond that it is completed, and that I should like him to see it before it is sent to Yarrall Croft."

"You think he might require some alteration?"

"It is possible; it is possible too that he may not approve of it. I should hardly like to have it coming back again to be altered to suit his taste."

"His taste is for colour; I think you have considered it."

"Don't be ironical, dear."

"Mr. Kirkoswald says that I have a gift of irony if I were to allow myself to develop it."

"Is he afraid of it that he comes so seldom?" Then seeing the quick change of colour on his daughter's face, the unmistakable pain, Bartholomew began to speak of some other subject; but he did not forget this one. More than ever he was perplexed by the change in George Kirkoswald.

Something had happened, something that had turned the man aside from being himself. He came and went in fitful ways; his mood was capricious when he did come. To-day he would be sad and silent, and betray a touching and wistful humility, as if conscious that the impaired and imperfect friendship had been impaired solely by himself. Another day, and all that would be changed; there would be nothing visible save a kind of inner strenuousness with hardness of manner and unrest of soul.

That he was not at one with himself was but too evident; and Bartholomew knew enough of the world of men to know that it was useless to expect him to be wholetempered in his ways toward others.

"Poor Brutus with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men."

George Kirkoswald was not greater than Brutus here; and it may be admitted that at this time he was seeming less self-sustained than his friends at Netherbank had counted him to be. But they knew nothing of his trouble, nothing of the great dread that hung over him, growing as the days went on; and Bartholomew at least did not dream of the dark disappointment that had come upon him.

There were days—sad days enough—when the artist wondered within himself that a man whose worldly well-being was so unmistakable as was that of George Kirkoswald should find himself so far out of parallel with the trend of circumstance. It was barely conceivable to Noel Bartholomew just then. But nevertheless, none of these things touched his loyalty, or his faith. All would be made plain when the moment came.

The music-room was finished by the end of August—that is to say the roof was on, and the floor was laid. Kirkoswald's interest in that had never abated; and other people's interest seemed to be growing about his own. Sir Galahad was working with a will with a view to his position as conductor of the entertainments to be given; and it was very natural that he should need a good deal of advice and help from Miss Bartholomew, seeing that his own musical knowledge was hardly equal to the demands likely to be made upon it. It was fortunate that Netherbank was within an hour's walk of the Rectory at Thurkeld Abbas.

"I—I don't know what I should have done if you'd never come to Murk-Marishes!" he exclaimed one day. It was characteristic of him that he was continuously being impressed afresh by the favourableness of his advantages. But there was danger just now that he might be led into mistake concerning the nature of them.

Genevieve, of course, did not say that it was probable that if she had never come to Murk-Marishes, it was also probable that Mr. Severne's services, as conductor of concerts at Soulsgrif Bight, might never have been required. She never mentioned George Kirkoswald; and it seemed to Mr. Severne that the mention of his name by others did not awaken any very pleasant emotions with-

in her. He was becoming keenly alive to this and similar facts.

He was becoming alive to everything that concerned Genevieve Bartholomew.

She could not help being amused sometimes; but more often she was glad of the brotherly-seeming interest that descended even to note the progress of her embroidery. It appeared as if he cared for nothing better than to sit and watch her deft white fingers, almost as white as the lilies that grew to their silken perfection under them. Mr. Severne did not wonder that she liked to embroider lilies better than anything else; she was so like a lily herself; and sometimes when she was a little sad he could not help wondering if any gentle silver rain of sorrow ever came near her. He was thinking of some lines of Wordsworth's that he had in a little book which he always carried in his pocket. He took it out one day—Genevieve was looking very sad that afternoon—and he turned at once to the lines he knew so well.

"That always makes me think of you," he said, indicating the words as he spoke.

"You have been wretched; yet
The silver shower, whose reckless burden weighs
Too heavily upon the lily's head,
Oft leaves a saving moisture at its root."

Genevieve smiled. "What makes you think I have been wretched?" she asked.

"Oh, well, I didn't mean that particularly. Perhaps I don't exactly know what I do mean. But the verse makes a sort of picture in my mind—a picture of a tall, beautiful lily, drooping a little, and all weighed down with shining drops of rain."

"You are growing poetical!"

"Am I? That is because I come so much to Netherbank."

"Or else because you read this book so much."

"Is it a nice book, do you think? Do you like it? because if you do, keep it—please keep it. I should so like to know that you had something of mine."

CHAPTER XXXIX.—"I SAW THIS YOUTH AS HE
DESPAIRING STOOD."

"Fortune has not been kind to me, good friends;
But let not that deprive me of your loves,
Or of your good report!"

Philip Van Artevelde.

ONCE, when George Kirkoswald had not been at Netherbank for a fortnight or more, Genevieve had a fancy that he was down in Soulsgrif Bight, hoping to see her there. She hardly comprehended the feeling, it was so strong, so sure, so full of yearning.

It was an August day, dull, grey, windy; yet too full of life and movement to be de-

pressing. There was still no sunshine ; the haymakers were turning the hay in the sodden fields ; the corn was pale and unripe, some of it was lying on the ground as if an army had passed over it.

All day Noel Bartholomew had remained in his studio, working at the second picture that Cecil Richmond had commissioned him to paint. The first was still on the large easel, still standing in the full light. It was covered with a curtain of old embroidery, which was lifted from time to time when neighbours came, asking to see the view of Yarrell Croft.

It was over a fortnight now since the note had been written, saying simply that the picture was finished, and that it awaited Mr. Richmond's approval.

No answer to that note had been received.

"I suppose he intends to call," Mr. Bartholomew said when Genevieve expressed some surprise.

"All the same he should have sent a reply. Simple courtesy required that he should do so much as that."

But the simple courtesy had not been forthcoming : and, so far, Mr. Richmond had not called. It was beginning to be felt as a slight strain on Bartholomew's already over-tense nerves. He declined to accompany Genevieve when she went for her daily walk. He would rather not be out when Cecil Richmond did come, he said. If he went out at all it was after the sun had set, when the bats were wheeling in the air, and the night moths quivering over the meadow-lands.

"You will let me persuade you to-day, father," Genevieve said, when the yearning to go down to the Bight had grown too strong to be resisted. "I will write a note for you ; and we will leave it to be given to Mr. Richmond if he should call while we are out."

Bartholomew's hand was weary, his brain and his eye were weary. He had upon him that strong desire to be out under the air of heaven which grows to such a passionate intensity when the man who desires it is overtaken by the fearful double strain of labour and anxiety. Yet not even now would he leave the studio.

"It will not be for long, dear," he said. "It is imprisonment, but it is not imprisonment for life."

"No ! but I wish it had been for a set term ; then one would have known what to expect. I feel a sense of oppression every time Mr. Richmond enters my thoughts. It is cruelty to you—to both of us."

"If so, it is the cruelty of thoughtlessness."

"Which is as bad as any other cruelty, and as inexcusable."

There was quite a frown on Genevieve's pale and usually serene face as she crossed the barley-field to go down to the Bight alone. She was going to see Ailsie Drewe, and she had a strong desire that she might meet Cecil Richmond as she went.

All the way down the upland the wind was stirring in the trees, the swift grey clouds were driving overhead ; there was a purple depth on the moorland hills. The blue harebells quivered among the bracken in the waste places by the roadside ; here and there little tufts of crimson heather nestled among whin and briar. The bramble-blossom was white upon the brakes. The whin-chat was knapping away at his song as if he wished to get as much of it done as was possible before the night came.

There were a few-stray cottages at the entrance to the village. The little gardens were gay with scarlet turn-cap lilies ; sweet peas were dropping over the hedges ; nasturtiums were climbing among the jessamine sprays. In the orchards the fruit was maturing on the trees ; the gooseberry-bushes were bending low under ripe, red loads. The blackbirds were busy among the currant-trees. Bees were murmuring and hovering everywhere.

There was a turn in the road. One of the tiny thatched cottages, with its front garden and its back orchard, was down in a green, leafy hollow to the left. There were children standing by the wicket-gate, listening, looking, wondering.

Under the willow-tree by the road-side a young man, with a pale face and long, fair hair, was playing a violin. As Genevieve came up one of the children ran out with a penny, and the young man moved forward to take it with difficulty. He was very lame : there was something pathetic in his lameness ; there was something more pathetic still in the sudden glow of shame and confusion that spread over his face as he turned and met the sympathetic eyes that were fixed on his. The bow dropped from the strings, and the violinist moved painfully, yet with some dignity, away out of sight, disappearing along a narrow path between two deep hedges of hawthorn.

Genevieve was curiously impressed. She had caught the air he was playing, it was from Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, "*But the Lord is mindful of His own.*" It was strange to hear an air like that played by a street musician, and played as that was played.

There were other strange things that came floating out of the brief scene. The boy's face—he seemed little more than a boy—was one that would not soon be forgotten.

It was not only a sad face; there was something of surprise in its sadness, something of disdain, as if he scorned himself for the thing he did, while wondering that he could do no other.

Besides, there was a look of race about the setting of the hazel eyes, about the curving of the upper lip, about the turn of the head on the shoulders—a look that shabby clothing could not touch in any way. No; Genevieve would not forget him, nor would she forget his playing. All the way down into Soulsgrif Bight she heard the strain. It was as if some one sang the words:—

"But the Lord is mindful of His own: He remembereth His children."

Yet it was difficult to ignore a certain inconsistency between the plaintiveness of the music and the touch of wildness, of irreconcilableness in the manner and appearance of the musician.

Ailsie Drewe lived on the side of the bay opposite to the music-room. Genevieve could see as she went down that the workmen were still about the place. Some were putting windows into the new cottage, some were making a rustic wooden paling to enclose the garden. There was to be a playground beyond; and some terraces were to be cut with paths winding away across the cliffs to where the barren alum shale merged into the green luxuriance of Birkrigg Gill.

"There'll be no knowin' the place when all's done," Ailsie Drewe said to Genevieve. "Mr. Kirkoswald's just been here; you'd meet him, mebbe? He hesn't been gone more nor half-an-hour; an' I told him 'at Soulsgrif Bight 'ud never again be such a world's-end-of-a-place as it allus had been. He laughed a bit; but he didn't laugh nowt like what he used to. He isn't nut te saäy i' good spirits, miss?"

This was said interrogatively; but Genevieve did not answer; and it seemed to Ailsie Drewe that Miss Bartholomew was not in particularly good spirits either. It was strange that people who had no need to care for the harvest, or for the coming of the herring, and who had nobody at sea to be anxious for when the storms came on, should yet have times of silence and depression. If Miss Bartholomew had happened to be Davy's mother there would have been reason enough for pensiveness and heaviness. . . .

Genevieve did not forget to ask after the little lad.

"He's in America, miss; at a port they call New Orleans—so he said in the letter. You should ha' seen it, but Ah've lent it te Marget. Ah couldn't read it mysel. Ah got it last Tuesday; an' Ah sat leukin' at it all t' daäy, an' cryin' 'acause Ah couldn't tell one word 'at my bairn said. An' one doesn't like takin' a letter like that inta onybody's hoose te get it read. But Mr. Kirkoswald com doon toward nightfall, an' Ah took it across to him, an' he read it off as pat as if he'd been a lawyer. Eh, but it is something to be clever like that, miss; an' my little Davy 'ud ha' been as clever as onybody's bairn if Ah could nobbut ha' kept him fra the sea. But 'twarn't no use. He had to goä."

"I wonder what it is that makes him so strangely bent upon a sea-going life?" Genevieve said, remembering the day when he had gone up to Netherbank to say "good-bye," and also remembering how she had divined the child's unspoken feeling of finality about the act and the word. "He doesn't seem to care so much for the sea itself," she added.

Ailsie's brown eyes filled with slow tears. She sat looking steadfastly away out of the window, so that the tears might not be seen to fall; and a change came into her voice all at once.

"It's a kind o' fate, miss; it's no more nor that, nor no less. It's years ago now—he was nobbut a bairn o' six or seven when he used to wake out of his sleep night after night cryin' out 'at his father wanted him—his father 'at he'd never seen. An' nothing would pacify the bairn; he'd go on cryin', 'Take me to my father; he's callin' o' me, he's waitin' o' me; he wants me to go wiv him, mother.' . . . An' Ah know it, miss; Ah know it; the little lad 'll ha' te go."

Ailsie stopped, crying bitterly; and Genevieve cried too, till Ailsie got up and showed her the little drawer where she kept the boy's small possessions; the tools that he had used when he made the model of the *Viking*, a picture-book full of ships that Canon Gabriel had given to him, his Sunday-school reward books, a pair of his baby shoes, and a thick, bright curl of his yellow hair.

"Ah look inta that drawer every night, miss, afore Ah go te bed; an' it's allus like partin' wi' the bairn afresh, an' Ah wonder where he is, an' if his father's waitin' for him yet, an' how long he's set to wait . . . That daäy when the *Viking* went doon i' the Bight Ah knew 'at my husban' weren't far away fra

me then. Ah thought mebbe he might hear me when Ah said, 'It's me 'at 'll ha' te wait noo, Jamie; Ah'll ha' te wait all aloän as lang as Ah live, an' then Ah'll ha' te come an', try te find ya both.' I allus think 'at Ah sall find 'em. Ah've more hope o' that nor I hev o' seein' Davy again here."

Genevieve went away shortly afterwards; but the tears still kept coming unbidden to her eyes as she went up Soulsgrif Bank in the grey afternoon light. Mr. Severne, who was going in and out of some cottages at the lower end of Thurkeld Abbas, saw the traces of sorrow, and the picture of Wordsworth's lily came into his mind again more vividly than ever. He did not say so; he did not say much on any subject. He was about his work now, and he might not leave it even to see Miss Bartholomew safely as far as Netherbank. Was he a little hurt that she did not take his regrets more seriously?

There was no pale, fair-haired violinist under the willow by the cottage in the lane now; but Genevieve, half stopping to look for him, saw another and a taller figure coming by the narrow pathway under the hawthorn hedge. It was George Kirkoswald, as she perceived at a glance, and a very brief space of time brought him to her side. Just as he came up some shots were fired in the furzy hill-side pasture close at hand. Genevieve was startled, and the fact that she was startled helped to account for the sudden glow of crimson on her face.

"Are you not yet used to that sound?"

George asked, glancing over the hedge with some annoyance as he spoke. "It is Mr. Richmond," he continued. "I believe there is a shooting-party at Yarell Croft, so that you will probably have a chance of getting accustomed to the guns. But——"

Kirkoswald stopped there. He had been intending to object to the idea of her walking about the roads and field-ways alone just now. The thought struck him with bitterness that the privilege of objection was hardly his.

"You were going to say something," Genevieve asked, timidly lifting her eyes to George's; and then he saw, as Mr. Severne had seen, that there were traces of tears on her face. It was as if the sight took something of strength from him.

He did not reply to her question immediately. When he spoke he asked another question.

"Do you remember that sunny December day in Soulsgrif Bight?" he said. "It was the first time you went down after the storm.

We were talking of trouble, and I asked you if you thought that when trouble came you could speak of it to me?"

"And I said that I could: I remember well."

"Then what is it that is troubling you now?"

Genevieve smiled; it was so easy to tell him that Ailsie Drewe had unsealed the fountain of her tears. She did not tell him what she had suspected herself, that they had waited an excuse for flowing freely. It is very true that we "blush one way, feel another way, and weep, perhaps, another."

It takes many kinds of darkness to make a life of sorrow; but the sorrow may seem one, and the emotions run into each other in ways unknown as yet to scientific analysis.

When Ailsie Drewe's pain and fear had been touched upon with sympathetic insight, Genevieve had yet another tale to tell, the brief story of the boy violinist who had so quickly made such a strong impression. She was grieved that between her shyness and his sudden shame he should have passed beyond her ken unsolaced, unspoken with, unhelped, for that he needed help was but too evident.

"And what am I to do if I come across him?" asked George with a little amusement in his interest.

"What would you do if you saw me singing in the street for bread?"

A great tenderness came into the man's dark, overshadowed eyes, a great lovingness.

"I should take you home," he said, "and I should try to make your life so fair that you would forget that it had ever been other than fair."

"Then think of me if you find my lame boy wounded by the wayside. I am sure he is wounded, I am sure he has fallen among thieves, I am sure the Priest and the Levite have passed by on the other side, leaving him half dead."

They were passing through the village of Murk-Marishes now. The sun had set, the children were going home; the blacksmith's anvil ceased ringing as they passed the forge at the upper end of the village street. Just then a great red harvest moon began to rise over the eastern ridge of the moor. Slowly the glow of it spread behind the dark, rugged outline, crimsoning the whole heaven above; the trunk of a leafless oak-tree was slanting athwart its disc, throwing out gaunt, supplicating arms. There was a quietness in the evening; but somehow it was a quietness that was not peace, and was far from any gladness.

No word had passed between these two since that word that had been said on the evening after the small fête in Soulsgrif Bight. It seemed far away now, and somewhat overlaid by the various meanings of subsequent experience. There had been no change, none that could be indicated, or alluded to; but the subtleties of feeling escape definition, and the result of contradictory emotions is apt to disappoint even one's own calculation. Genevieve would probably have found some difficulty in answering a sudden question as to her love, or her faith, with absolute truthfulness at the present moment.

It was not that her love was dead, or dying; on the contrary, it seemed as if the roots that were being thrown down into the pain and uncertainty that surrounded it were stronger than the lighter fibres that had suffered for its earlier existence.

Still there was loss, though the loss was vague and nameless. The clear blue light was clouded over, and the gloom was a restriction; freedom was lost in perplexity, and trust quivered in the sweeping currents of uncertain days. The girl was clinging strongly to that faith of which she had declared herself to be possessed, but it needed every effort she was capable of making to enable her to hold by it steadily.

To the last she would hold by it; not till it was torn from her grasp would she let it go.

She did not fear that it was likely to be so torn; all her belief turned toward a sudden passing away of gloom and pain. It was for this that she watched, for this that she waited.

At any moment she might meet George Kirkoswald on the moor, by the sea, in the village street; and meeting him she might see at a glance that the cloud was off his soul, that he was free, that he was the man he had been on that day, and always before that day, when he had asked of her a word of assurance in Birkrigg Gill.

The gloom was there now, on every feature of his face, in every gesture, in his very gait as he walked up the lane to the field where the bearded barley was nodding under the red moon.

All the way he was silent; and Genevieve saw that it was a silence that it would bewell to leave unbroken.

Would she have been astonished if she had known that he was thinking of another?—if she had known further that that other was Miss Richmond?

All the way he had been thinking of her,

wondering what would be the last result of defiance.

Supposing that at this moment he were to take Genevieve's hand in his as they stood there under the ash-tree by the stile, and if he were to tell her all that had passed in those years of blindness and mistake, and all that had happened to bring him into his present perplexity—how would it be with him then?

He seemed to see quite plainly how it would be. It would be easier for him to make his confession now than it would have been at one time. He knew Genevieve better, and he had a clearer insight into the largeness of her nature. Besides he had suffered much, and suffering makes many hard things easy. Then, too, mere change in his suffering promised some relief; and he was sure of sympathy.

Yes, he was sure of sympathy. There would be a shock, a silence, a great surprise. His dishonour would be felt to be as a stain upon her life. Then there would be a great forgiveness, with an aftermath of absolute peace so far as Genevieve was concerned.

The temptation was strong, very strong. He imagined his yielding; he could see the fair face beside him growing fairer in the sudden light of revelation and reconciliation. The wistful look that had lain in the violet eyes so long would be there no longer; the finely curved mouth would smile its own smile again. Life would be taken up where it had been broken off; compensation would flow into the hours; and in the days to be no account should be taken of this temporary suspension of felicity.

For all this there would be a price to be paid; and he told himself that he would have been prepared to pay it if he might have known the utmost to which it was likely to amount; if he might have known further that payment would be demanded from himself alone.

But again he told himself that, unfortunately, none knew better than he knew of what Miss Richmond was capable. Her threats had been open in part, and dark in part, but he knew well that she was equal to persistent fulfilment of them to the last letter.

There was hardly a house of any note in the Riding into which she might not creep with her gracious stealthiness, her softly uttered venom, her smurching accusations; and the mildest of her threats amounted to this.

Still, at that moment but a light wind of thought would have swayed him toward the risk and the certainty of full disclosure. He lifted his eyes to Genevieve's face ; there was a smile there : on her lips there was a small yet disconcerting civility.

"Will you not come in for a little while?" she said. "My father will be glad to see you in his solitary confinement."

"Is he ill?" George asked with concern.

"No: he is not ill; but he is very likely to become ill," said Genevieve, proceeding to explanations.

"I think that very likely the delay is to be accounted for by the fact you mentioned just now," she added, "the fact that there is a shooting party at Yarrell Croft. I say accounted for, but not excused; though I agree with my father that there is nothing but thoughtlessness behind it."

George Kirkoswald did not reply. An instant conviction had struck him that there was more than thoughtlessness underlying the affair.

He seemed to have been prepared for the thing he heard; to be prepared for more, though certainly he could not have told why he had anticipated ill results from such an exceedingly natural and common circumstance as the giving of a commission for a picture.

Long afterwards he knew that he had anticipated ill from the beginning. Now he was not sure that he foresaw only ill. There might be a clashing of elements that would leave the air clearer. It might even be that already he saw a faint gleam upon the distant sea of darkness over which he had looked so long, and so patiently, always waiting for the gleam, always feeling that it had been promised to him if he would wait.

Certainly now he would wait a little longer, long enough to assure himself that the dawn of better things was at hand; or that it was not, and not likely to arise out of the quarter toward which he was now looking. His firm impression was that he had seen a promise of light.

The current of his thought was changed altogether; and the man himself seemed changed.

"Tell Mr. Bartholomew that I will be down in a day or two," he said, raising his hat, and turning absently, coldly away. Genevieve went through the clinging barley with a pallid, stony face, and an unutterable sinking about that poor loving, longing heart of hers.

CHAPTER XL.—"STRIKE AUDIBLY THE NOBLEST OF YOUR LYRES!"

"O did he ever live, that lonely man,
Who loved—and music slew not?"

KEATS, *Endymion*.

FOR a week before the giving of the concert in Soulsgrif Bight there was an excitement in the air; a very pleasant and innocent excitement it seemed to be, productive of courtesies, animations, small vanities, overtures, musical and other. Songs were practised at cottage doors, choruses came swelling out through the closed shutters of the blacksmith's shop.

Mrs. Caton had kindly insisted upon providing the little Sunday-school girls who sang in the Church choir with white muslin dresses and blue sashes. Mrs. Damer sent a dozen posies of pink flowers when the evening came. Others sent smiles, evergreens, good wishes, harmonious little compositions of words set to no music but their own.

If underneath all this there was a special ground-tone of sorrow anywhere, it was at Netherbank, which some people counted to be the very centre and source from whence all the gladness and goodness were flowing. An impression had got about that Mr. Kirkoswald had certainly been inspired by the words and ways of another; and down in the Bight the fisher-folk said openly that their gratitude was due as much to Miss Bartholomew as to the master of Usselby Hall.

That they were grateful, and had all manner of pleasant anticipations, was one of Genevieve's strongest motives for keeping up a brave bright face before her little world. Another motive was her father's need of her bravery. Only once before in his life had he needed it so much.

All day he had remained in his studio; the finished picture of Yarrell Croft on one easel before him; the view of the Priory Garden unfinished on another. He had not touched the latter. Genevieve had set his palette, and prepared his mediums, but he had never moved his hand to touch them.

After a whole long, silent, unexplained month had passed, Mr. Bartholomew had written a second note to Cecil Richmond. He had used much the same terms as on the first occasion. No word of doubt, of impatience had escaped his pen. He merely begged to remind Mr. Richmond that the picture was finished and awaiting his approval.

Had he not been so unwise as to have written that first note, had he sent the picture home as he would have done but for his own

considerateness, he had avoided all this strange and inexplicable pain. But how could he have foreseen such a turn of affairs as this?

A second month had all but gone by now. The sound of guns had ceased in the neighbourhood, the heather had bloomed and was fading, and Bartholomew had not seen it. Somehow it seemed to this sensitive, nature-loving man, that all his life he would miss that one year's heather.

What if he should have no other chance of seeing the heather in bloom upon the purple hills?

Beyond doubt in these two months he had grown more apprehensive, more tremulous, more shrinkingly alive to dread, and pain, and evil of every kind. The hours that he should have spent on the moor when the sun was setting, or down by the soothing murmurous sea, where always he had found relief and uplifting, had been spent in his studio. He had sat there surrounded by his work, and the suggestions and associations of work; and he had sat, brooding, fearing, looking into the darkness that was upon his life until brooding had paralyzed him.

So strangely had his power gone from him that he hesitated to compel himself to touch the *Ænone*, the *Sir Galahad*, or the *Judas*. The latter was a long way from being finished; the two former were so nearly done that the work required upon them was of a most delicate kind, and needed judicious and well-considered handling. Another hindrance lay in the fact that a great desire had come upon him to make some radical alterations in the dress and background of the *Ænone*. Only at Genevieve's entreaties he had deferred his project. She was trusting that the desire would pass away.

She knew now plainly that it was need of money that had compelled him to work at the commissions given by Mr. Richmond. For awhile she had been rather glad that he had had these to fall back upon; but long since all gladness had faded out, long since she had begun to share her father's unspoken sense of wrong and oppression.

But for his poverty the pictures had gone into the fire long ago. He had come to hate them, to hold himself in contempt for having consented to paint them.

The humiliation of his present position was intense—complete in its intensity.

Even had there been no question of previous acquaintanceship between Miss Richmond and himself, there was a peculiar and searching sting in this disdainful silence,

this discourteous refusal to reply by so much as one word to the two courteous letters that Bartholomew had written. Both Miss Richmond and her brother would be aware of the fact that Noel Bartholomew could not walk over to Yarrell Croft to ask what was the cause of this contemptuous attitude.

No other subject of thought was possible. This one thing had wrought itself into every act and every phase of his life. It was turned to every possible light, judged by every possible standard; it was blamed; it was excused; it was denounced; it was forgiven.

Anything would have been better to bear than this. Had the young man come to Netherbank and said openly, "I do not like the pictures," the matter would have been at an end. Had he even written straightforwardly and said, "I do not now care to have them," then also there had been no further suspense or pain. Bartholomew could have turned himself to some other work with what strength was left to him. As it was, every day, every hour was adding to the ill that had been wrought in the artist's unstrung and overstrained soul.

Even on this day of the concert he had been unable to rouse himself. Genevieve had sat beside him, she had drawn him to speak out of the overfulness of his heart. Then she had read to him for awhile; and all day she had hoped to win him to consent to go down to Soulsgrif Bight with her in the evening.

She was still trying to persuade him when George Kirkoswald came; he was on his way down to the Bight. It was six o'clock, and nearly dark, but no lamp had been lighted in the studio. "I am not earning anything to pay for light or fire, or even for the food I eat," Bartholomew had said just before he had heard George's footstep on the orchard pathway. Then he changed his tone, saying hurriedly, "Not one word of this to Kirkoswald; and put on the gayest dress you have, if you wish to please me."

It was hardly possible to put on a very gay dress when nearly three miles of rugged road had to be passed in the late twilight. Yet Genevieve looked very lovely in her pale blue clinging cashmere gown with its velvet trimmings of the same colour. She went down to the studio when she was dressed; and it could hardly be said that she was disappointed to find that George had not succeeded where she had failed.

"I shall be glad to be alone," Bartholomew had declared to George Kirkoswald. "If any note or message should come I shall

be here to receive it. There will be no delay. If I were down at the music-room I should be sure that my presence was required here."

It need hardly be said that Kirkoswald was perplexed, perplexed to the uttermost. To him the conduct of Cecil Richmond seemed simply a cause for annoyance, for irritation at the worst, if any one were disposed to be irritated by the action of an individual so unimportant. His perplexity did not leave him. All the way down into the Bight he was wondering whether he could do anything to bring matters to a crisis of some kind. He was prepared to do anything that might be done.

He did not speak of it to Genevieve. Keturah was there in the background, and Miss Craven. Mr. Crudas was waiting by a street corner at Thurkeld Abbas.

Mr. Severne being powerfully under the influence of that general nervousness which is so afflictive to the amateur mind when it dares the pains and pleasures of professional responsibility, had gone down to the Bight nearly an hour before. His nervousness did not show itself in any distressing form. He was waiting at the door of the music-room to welcome Miss Bartholomew: his crimson blush was framed in a drooping archway of evergreens, and lighted by a hundred little lamps of pink pearly glass. Good wishes were inscribed in holly leaves upon the walls; great pots of flowers, chrysanthemums, dahlias, curving ferns, China-asters, and a few late roses stood all along the front of the platform. Behind there was a woven screen of small-leaved ivy and amaranth.

A few old people had taken their seats already; they sat there with solemnly wondering faces, and a new gravity in their grave eyes. When Mr. Kirkoswald came they stood up, and the old women made curtsies in the ancient fashion. It was all very impressive so far. Just then the children began to file out two by two from the door to the right of the platform. There was no gravity there. So much white muslin, so many blue sashes, such a unanimity of pink-and-green posies could only be displayed with smiles and bright glances.

The door by the platform led through into the cottage. All was surprise here, even for Genevieve. The amateurs had not yet arrived; but there was an elderly woman sitting by the fire expecting their arrival, a pale, sad woman, with a neat cap, almost like a widow's cap, half-concealing her soft red

hair. She had a black dress on, quite new; and she spoke in a refined and very quiet manner when Mr. Kirkoswald turned to her.

"Where is Wilfrid, Mrs. Gordon?" he asked. "I want to see him for a moment before the entertainment begins."

"He is in the reading-room, sir," replied the woman, with an almost anxious deference. "I believe he is arranging the new books that came to-day. He was wishing to see you about some magazines."

George Kirkoswald went away; and Genevieve was left for a few moments alone with Mrs. Gordon. She had a curious sensation of recognition, though she knew that she had not seen the woman nor heard of her before. She was rather puzzled between her refined manners and her helpful ways. She arranged Genevieve's dress, fastened up a stray wave of her yellow hair with wonderful deftness and lightness of touch. A little later she rendered similar services to Mrs. Caton and Mrs. Pencefold, and also to the two Miss Damers. No touch was required to give finish to the appearance of Edil and Ianthe Caton. The tiny creatures stood in their pink silk frocks as if they had just stepped out with their expensive little feet from the latest fashion-book. All the same, they were pretty children and sweet-tempered.

The terrible moment came at last, Genevieve Bartholomew had not prepared herself for its terribleness. She had never stood on a platform before, never found herself uplifted above a sea of human heads and eyes. It was only a very small sea after all, and there was hardly a face there that she did not know more or less; nevertheless the sense of exposure, of the vainness of all efforts to shrink from it, was very trying. Mr. Severne might be nervous, too, but Genevieve could not help envying him; he seemed so much at home on the platform. He was giving directions here, whispering irrelevant remarks there. The little blue-and-white choir was ranged at the back against the ivy screen. The ladies sat on the right of the platform behind the chrysanthemums. The piano was at the other end, there was a music-stand or two, and a couple of chairs in the middle. Altogether the soft pink light fell upon a very pretty tableau.

The entertainment opened with a four-part song of Mendelssohn's, "*The May-bells and the Flowers*." It was sung as a glee; and Genevieve played the accompaniment. George Kirkoswald was at some distance from the platform, standing just where he could see the pale blue figure, the white moving hands,

the crown of yellow hair. He watched her for awhile, then he sat—

"Holding his forehead to keep off the burr
Of smothering fancies."

He could not forget the grey, lonely man whom he had left sitting by the fire at Netherbank, and he knew that Genevieve did not forget. Even from where he sat he could see the drooping curves about the beautiful mouth, the shadow of sadness under the white eyelids, and within the deep dark eyes.

When the glee had been sung, Mrs. Caton swept forward in a black velvet dress to the piano. She played a piece of Schumann's, an Arabesque; and she played it with considerable skill. The people seemed to be wondering over it, caring as much to watch as to listen. They had not yet arrived at the point of applauding freely. They were not sure that it was quite correct to clap their hands and stamp with their feet on the floor in such good society as this. There was a touching tendency on the part of the older people to repress such manifestations until they saw that Mr. Kirkoswald was doing his best to encourage them. Appreciation gathered slowly to its high-tide after that; and by the time the first half of the entertainment was over an expression of something very like enthusiasm had been elicited.

There was a pause, a little interchange of civilities, approbations, small pleasantries. Then Mr. Severne made an announcement. He begged to have the pleasure of introducing a stranger to the people of Soulsgrif Bight, a stranger who had come to live among them, to try to help them, to teach any grown-up people who might care to come to him in the evenings for instruction, to give them books out from the library when they wanted them; further than this he was capable of amusing them, delighting them, as they would have the immediate pleasure of finding.

Then Mr. Severne turned, and made a little gesture of invitation; and the stranger, coming slowly and painfully forward, was introduced to the audience as Mr. Stuart.

He stood in the middle of the platform, a youth of nineteen or so, with long fair hair, a wan, worn face that had no smile on it, and hazel eyes that seemed at once wild and wistful. They were the eyes of the pale woman in the cottage; and the somewhat angular oval of the face was the same. It was a face that Genevieve recognised at a glance.

The first note of his violin, a long-drawn note of thrilling sweetness, awoke her from her trance of surprise. She looked down the room; George Kirkoswald was waiting

for the look, for the smile, for the expression of wondering gratitude. He smiled back again. He was very happy for this one hour, happier in that he had tried to make others happier; and had, in a measure at least, succeeded.

What is there in the music of the violin that makes it strike so much more readily and surely straight to the human heart than any other music? It would seem as if its strings had a humanity of their own, a suffering, pleading, haunting humanity. Its cries linger on your ear, its appeals melt you, its soft singing and sighing tranquillises you in moments when the aggressive tones of a piano would drive you to distraction.

All this Wilfrid Stuart understood; and it seemed too as if he understood his audience. The most ignorant of the people sat entranced, and tears were seen dropping slowly over furrowed cheeks. A minute or two later and broad smiles broke under the tears, while big sea-boots kept time to the tune of "Weel may the keel row," and "There's nae luck about the hoose." This at any rate was comprehensible, and to be understood by the meanest. The house had been brought down at last.

The next item on the programme was Genevieve's song. She had never thought of it since she came on to the platform, and she was as much overcome by her surprise as if she had never had the smallest intention of singing it. She went forward quite mechanically. Mr. Severne put the music into her hand; Mrs. Caton sat down to the piano, and struck the opening notes boldly.

It was Mrs. Browning's song, *The Mask*, that Genevieve had undertaken to sing. The prelude is brief. Genevieve was hardly ready. She had to make a great effort to begin the opening lines—

"I have a smiling face, she said,
I have a jest for all I meet."

But in singing as in other things it is the first step that costs, and Genevieve was hardly aware of any further cost. She could not help perceiving that from sheer nervousness she was singing better than usual, that her voice was stronger and freer, and had a fuller range. She did not look toward the place where George sat; if she had done so she could hardly have seen on his face any indication of the intensity of his emotion. Not the smallest vibration of the penetrating voice escaped him; its very unevenness of tone was, in a certain sense, a pleasure to him, though he felt certainly that the unevenness arose out of imperfect control over a too-

perfect sympathy with the touching words of the song.

"Behind no prison grate, she said,
That bars the sunshine half-a-mile,
Are captives so uncomforted
As souls behind a smile.
God's pity, let us pray, she said,
God's pity, let us pray.

"Ye weep for those who weep, she said,
Ah, fools! I bid you pass them by.
Go weep for those whose hearts have bled
What time their eyes were dry.
Whom sadder can I say? she said,
Whom sadder can I say?"

All the rest of the concert went by like a dream for Kirkoswald. The Miss Damers and Mr. Severne sang a trio; Wilfrid Stuart came forward again with his violin, and was received tumultuously; then everybody sang *God save the Queen*. Congratulations, thanks, transports, all went by like sounds that pass when sleep is upon the brain, leaving only a sense of weariness and confusion. George was glad to get out from the room, away from the green wreaths, the compliments, the pink lamps, the elaborate "good nights." Under the quiet stars life might come to its own again.

CHAPTER XLI.—"I SHOULD HAVE BEEN MORE STRANGE, I MUST CONFESS."

"Yes! hope may with thy strong desire keep pace,
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed;
For if of our affections none find grace
In sight of Heaven, then wherefore hath God made
The world which we inhabit?"

MICHAEL ANGELO.

It was some time before the stars shone down upon the utter quietness that George Kirkoswald desired. Not till Thurkeld Abbas had been passed, and the last parting word said there, did he feel able to breathe as freely as he wanted to breathe. He walked on quite silently for awhile; Genevieve, walking by his side, was silent too.

He thanked her for her silence presently, adding, with a touch of humour, "And all the while I know you are, as young ladies sometimes say, dying of curiosity."

"No; I shall never die of curiosity," Genevieve replied. "All the same, 'I want to know.' But first I must congratulate you."

"Upon what felicity?"

"The felicity of neatness. You have managed your little surprise admirably."

"And you are satisfied?"

"I am satisfied."

"And you give me credit for obedience?"

"Implicit obedience."

"It was perhaps more implicit than you know. You remember the day on which you saw Wilfrid Stuart, and your injunctions to me?"

"Distinctly."

"If I was fortunate enough to find him, I was to take him to Usselby Hall."

"Did I say that?"

"You said much more than that. I was to do to him as I would to you."

"I remember. And by way of complying you have made him—what exactly have you made him? Music-master to Soulsgrif Bight? Curator? Librarian? Professor of things in general?"

"All these."

"Then certainly you have not done to him as you would have done to me. I could never have undertaken tasks requiring such varied ability. . . . Is he equal to your desires?"

"More than equal, especially so far as his music is concerned. He is a pupil of Joachim's."

"A pupil of Joachim's! And found playing by the roadside!" exclaimed Genevieve.

"Even so. But that was the first day that he had played by the roadside, and I think it will be the last, poor fellow! . . . He owes all to you."

"Before I question that statement I must know what happened on that evening of which you have such a distinct remembrance."

"Very little happened. I went slowly over the moor by the light of the harvest moon. The wind rose a little; it came in gusts; one gust brought to me from afar the faint sound of a violin. Think of it—violin music on Langbarugh Moor after dark! I have no doubt but that I should have taken it to be the death-song of the Kirkoswalds, if you had not described the playing of your *protégé*."

"And after?"

"After I had to take some slight trouble to discover the exact spot from whence the sound came. It was at a greater distance than I could have believed. When I did reach it I found it to be a kind of hollow under the edge of a heathery crag. Your wild-eyed youth was sitting on a grey boulder, playing to himself in the moonlight. There was a touch of romance about the situation."

"And Mrs. Gordon was not there? She is his mother?"

"She is his mother, and she was in London, poor woman, trying to hide herself, in order to escape from the wretched treatment of her second husband. It is a most heartrending story. The boy told me a little that night after we got home; the mother told me a little more when she came, and I have guessed the rest. It seems that originally

she was a kind of upper-servant in an old Scotch family, and she married a son of the house against the wish of his people. They had only this one boy, Wilfrid, and his father designed him for the Church; but unfortunately Mr. Stuart did not live past the child's tenth year. They seem to have been a very happy little family, with sufficient means, and the widow was not left in poverty. But she must needs marry again, and marry a scoundrel, who has robbed her and her child of every penny they had, and the boy, in obedience to his mother's wish, was making his way into Scotland, to see if he could obtain any assistance for her from his father's relations. His money failed him at York, and he was intending to attempt the rest of the journey on foot. Think of it, with his lameness!"

"Was he always lame?"

"No; his step-father, in a fit of drunkenness, threw him and his violin from the window of the house they lived in into the street; some passers-by picked him up senseless. The whole story is, unhappily, commonplace enough in its outlines; but I fancy there has been capacity for an uncommon amount of suffering under it. It is no wonder that the lad seems as if he could never be reconciled with the world again."

"Does he care for his mother?" Genevieve asked.

"He seems to care passionately."

"Then he will soon be reconciled."

There was a pause. Keturah passed in the clear blue darkness with a seafaring cousin. "I wonder if she is happy—quite happy?" Genevieve was thinking to herself. She could not help thinking also of her own poor, crushed, and broken love—broken in seeming if not in truth.

She was as far as ever from understanding the turnings and driftings of her fate. She only knew that when she was strongest, lightest-hearted, there was always most hurt and pain underneath.

Her one care was to hide the pain; so that George Kirkoswald may be forgiven if sometimes he doubted whether any deep pain existed. This was only sometimes; at other times he hoped that there was no under-current, that Genevieve's faith was as strong as she had declared it to be—strong enough, at least, for peace. His full conviction was that she would not have to bear the test much longer.

So far she had borne it splendidly; this he would always remember. He had expected it of her; but, nevertheless, he had seen his

expectations fulfilled always with a new admiration, a new reverence for a nature so wide, so clear-sighted, so utterly unselfish.

No look of fretfulness, of doubt, had ever met him; never by a glance had any egotistic claim been betrayed. The expression of her face, the tones of her voice, said always, "I love you, I have faith in you, and, though I do not understand you, I am trying to wait patiently until you can make yourself understood."

This had been her attitude. It was her attitude still, and by its very uneagerness it added intensity to the things he was already enduring. A little it baffled him, a little it drew him to look into its nature, as if he would seek some more certain satisfaction for the yearning tenderness that beset him, that was always in him, though he set it in such harsh keeping.

Even yet he would not ask her to continue her faith in him; he told himself that he could not while that dead promise was held by another woman to have life in it. To do this would be to add dishonour to dishonour.

He could never forget—not for an hour—that an engagement was held to exist, that he was one of the two parties to it, and that the other counted every written word to mean the same thing to-day that it had meant years before. To him that old false bond was as the bond of an old false marriage, hateful, not binding, yet full of potency for pain and ill. He knew perfectly well that Diana Richmond did not expect him to fulfil that engagement now. But for some reason of her own, which he could but darkly divine, it suited her purpose to hold him back by threats from a marriage with Genevieve Bartholomew. That she had a purpose, that she chose to hide it in mystery, he was fully convinced. He was convinced also that the mystery would be made plain if he would but wait.

He was sick to the heart of waiting now. Surely he might say so; surely he might cover his face with his hands and cry aloud—

"I am weary of all this! I am very weary! Genevieve, my child, you will believe that I am weary?"

She drew a little closer to him under the shadow of the starlight. She laid one hand gently upon his arm, and let it rest there.

There was something that was almost a sob in her voice as she spoke; it sounded full of tears.

"If you are weary, then I am not," she said. "If you are troubled, if this silence, this coldness between us troubles you, then I have no trouble. I can bear it all. Oh, ten times more than all, since I know certainly that you are bearing it too!"

"Did you think, then, that I was not?" George asked in pained surprise. "What have you thought of me? Tell me how I seem to you. Tell me the worst."

"There is no worst now. The worst is the sorrow that you have. . . . I may not ask about it? . . . You would tell me if you could tell me?"

"I ought to have told you all long ago," George said passionately. "I ought to have told you of all my life. It would have been so easy once. Then it was made impossible, or I thought it was. Some day—I pray it may be soon—it will be possible again; and then there shall not be a passage in my life that I will not lay bare before you. You shall know everything. I have had a lesson."

They had reached the cottage now. The barley was standing dark and still on either hand. A bird flew out from the ivy that was round the porch.

"Wait a moment," said George, taking the hand that Genevieve had laid upon the little railing. "Only a moment. It is so hard to go when one is happy!"

"You are happier to-night?" Genevieve said softly. In her heart there was a little wonder, a strong wish. Why could he not always be happy? Why should he entertain those moods, those silences and darknesses that came upon him, and remained so persistently? It was not difficult to take things, even bitter things, with a certain "sweet reasonableness" of outer expression that always helped the inner life of the soul.

"Yes; I am happier," George was saying. "I should always be happy if I were near you. It is another atmosphere, and I am another man. You draw me upward. I believe only in good when I am with you."

"Then you believe in good always. . . . I am always with you," said the girl, with a deeper and more passionate meaning in her tone and in her accent than the words might seem to hold. She would have said more, but it seemed as if her voice failed in the effort. Her emotion was stronger and deeper than she could bear. But surely that impulse toward further unfoldings was not difficult of comprehension!

CHAPTER XLII.—BEHIND THE SCENES.

"I speak not as of fact. Our nimble souls
Can spin an insubstantial universe
Suitsing our mood, and call it possible,
Sooner than see one grain with eye exact,
And give strict record of it. Yet by chance
Our fancies may be truth, and make us seers.
'Tis a rare teeming world, so harvest-full,
Even guessing ignorance may pluck some fruit."
GEORGE ELIOT, *The Spanish Gipsy*.

"LIFE is a series of surprises," said one, adding, "and would not be worth taking or keeping if it were not."

The peaceful soul, however, is not in love with surprises. It likes to foretell the day and the event. One postal delivery on each of the six work-days is enough, and more than enough; and life has been found to be possible without the daily newspaper.

Still, let a man guard his life as he may, the unexpected will happen, especially, some will say, if it be also the undesired; and no calculation can prepare you in any effective way for what the coming day may bring forth.

If Noel Bartholomew, sitting on that grey October day in his studio at Netherbank, could have heard, by telephone, for instance, all that was passing in the morning-room at Yarrell Croft, it is easily conceivable that his surprise might in itself have overcome his despondency, apart from the circumstantial value of the thing he heard.

It was a pretty room in the south-west corner of the house. It had windows looking either way. There were flower-beds in front; chrysanthemums stood in the dewy mist; a few geraniums lingered; a little mignonette scented the place; a Gloire de Dijon rose or two hung sadly against the window pane.

There was no sadness inside the room. A large fire was blazing in the handsome modern grate; thick rugs were on the floor; thick rich curtains hung over the windows and doorways. Everything was ablaze with lightness, and brightness, and warmth of colour. You could not turn your head without finding that your eye was arrested by some picture, some group of fine ornaments, some display of rich and rare lace, or china, or embroidery. It might be that the only harmony was the harmony of universal magnificence, but that is by no means to be despised if it be free from any too obvious discord.

There was no discord there. Miss Richmond herself, though it was but mid-day, was dressed with an extreme elegance. She had on a cashmere morning robe with a Persian pattern on it; fine muslin ruffles were round her throat and wrists; her small slippers were embroidered. On her head there was a curi-

ously-shaped black velvet cap, which she was trying on for the first time. It was the production of her new French maid, Félicie, who stood beside her mistress looking into the glass that reflected the beautiful face with its dark overshadowing of purple-black hair and its deep-set, lustrous eyes. Few women so far past their first youth could have borne the morning light as Miss Richmond bore it; a fact of which she was very well aware.

"And you think it suits me, Félicie? It is not too large?" Diana was saying.

"Non, madame. Le chapeau n'est pas trop grand. Il sied parfaitement à madame."

"And you think it looks better as it is? We thought of having the band embroidered, you know."

"Mais il va mieux comme ça. De la broderie? non. Quand il sera brodé, il perdrait son cachet. Il est superbe comme il est, porté par madame; et——"

But Félicie did not finish her sentence. The door of the room was thrown wide open with a bang, and Cecil Richmond rushed in with a burning spot on each of his pale cheeks and an open letter in his hand. Seeing that Félicie was there, he made a sudden effort to control himself.

"Leave the room," he said to the girl, speaking as quietly as he could. "I wish to see Miss Richmond alone." The latter sentence was addressed to his sister rather than to her maid.

Diana seated herself in the low easy-chair she had been sitting in before Félicie disturbed her. She was careful about arranging the lace at the back of it; she considered that lace was always becoming. She looked up at Cecil, who was standing on the rug before her, too breathless, and apparently too much stunned, to know exactly how to begin the thing he wanted to say.

"You like my Leonardo-da-Vinci cap, Cecil?" she said almost as soon as the wondering Félicie had closed the door. She had not taken the cap off. It was new and becoming; therefore it might have its value in an argument.

Cecil took no notice of the question; he was trying to master himself. He remembered other occasions when he had not mastered himself, and after which he had had to endure much remorse.

He held out the letter that was in his hand. "Look at that," he said to his sister, speaking in hoarse peremptory tones. "Read it."

Miss Richmond had seen that it was from Bartholomew; but she took it quite coolly, and glanced over it.

It was the third letter. Like the others, it was brief and courteous; but, meaning it to be final, Bartholomew had expressed himself a little more urgently. He had added an expression of surprise that his two previous letters should have been disregarded.

Diana, having read the note, put it on a table beside her; then she folded her beautiful hands complacently upon her knee, looking up at her brother from under her half-closed eyes, as if the epistle had contained an invitation to dinner, which she was doubtful about accepting.

"What is the meaning of it?" the young man asked briefly.

"Of this note? It seems to concern a picture."

"One of the two I told you of when you came back from London. I told you that I had given Bartholomew an order to paint me two."

"Mere sketches, I understood."

"It doesn't matter what you understood. There are things I wish to understand now. . . . You have opened two letters addressed to me?"

"I have, dear."

"When was it?"

"Oh, some time ago! I think you were out shooting when they came."

"Where are they, may I ask?"

"I put them into the fire."

The sudden flush of crimson seemed to spread from the burning spots on the young man's cheek over his entire face and throat and head. He stood silently. He appeared to have a dread of himself—of some wild, unmeasured strength within himself.

"What was your motive?" he asked, still speaking with as little agitation as he could use.

Miss Richmond smiled slowly, incomprehensibly, irritatingly.

"My dear boy, you have never yet understood any motive of mine," she said. "You certainly could not understand this. Give it up."

"If I give it up either you or I must leave Yarrell Croft."

"You have said so before."

"I have, more than once."

"And more than once you have come to see that it would not be convenient to either of us to leave."

"One has to consider more than one's convenience. Is it convenient to me to have my letters opened, and read, and burnt without my knowledge? You have said and done many intolerable things. I think you have

touched the limit at last. . . . What can I say to this man? What excuse can I make?"

"Why not tell him the truth?"

"I don't believe you would care if I did."

"Of course I should not care. I should rather enjoy it."

Again Cecil stood silent, baffled, discomfited.

"Do you know the sort of reputation you are making for yourself in the neighbourhood?" he asked at last, looking down into the face before him with less of passion and more of pain than had been there before.

"No," answered Miss Richmond, with animation; "no, I do not. It is always interesting to hear what people are saying about one, and it is an interest of which I have never had my due share. If you know anything, Cecil dear, do tell me!"

"It would have no effect."

"Pardon me, I have just said that it would have the effect of interesting me."

"It would interest you to know that you are considered to be developing an eccentricity that shows you to be already on the extreme verge of sanity?"

"The extreme verge of sanity! That is a nice, neat phrase. Is it your own?"

Cecil buried his face in his hands for a moment. What could he say, what could he do in the teeth of such studied and cruel elusiveness?

"Is it my own?" he said bitterly. "It seems that nothing is my own—not even my letters. It is maddening, maddening, to be treated like this; to be treated like a child—nay, worse than any child would be treated by any honourable woman."

"You are growing eloquent, and you are speaking better grammar than you usually do speak," said Miss Richmond, leaning her head back against the white lace. Then she took off her velvet cap; it interfered with the ease of her attitude.

Again Cecil stood silent for a little while.

"And this is all I am to expect from you? You will give me no explanation, make no apology: you will not even give me the satisfaction of knowing your reasons for acting as you have done?"

"I have told you that my reasons are beyond your comprehension," said Miss Richmond, speaking with the same cool deliberateness that she had used from the beginning.

"You admit, at least, that you had reasons?"

"Certainly I had."

"They must have been tolerably strong ones?"

"They were very strong."

"And you are satisfied with the result?"

"The result has not been reached yet. I will tell you if it satisfies me when I arrive at it."

What could there be behind all this? Cecil Richmond knew but very little of his sister, of the real life she had lived underneath the seeming life. Of her hopes, her fears, her designs, her disappointments, he knew nothing. He had been at school during the time of her engagement to George Kirkoswald; he had known of it, but he had not been interested in it; and he had no definite idea of the manner in which it had come to be broken off. He had a vague impression that his sister had never cared much for Kirkoswald—that she had never cared much for any one. Affection was not in her way. She seemed, more than any woman he knew, to be capable of living her own life without support from any other life. There was nothing of feminine softness or subjection about her; nothing that seemed like need of protection, of any guiding or guarding influence. In all things she was self-sufficient, and equal to the emergency of the hour.

He was utterly at a loss now, and it could hardly be expected of him that he should take an annoyance like this quite meekly and quietly, and without making any further effort to arrive at the mystery involved in it. The more he considered his perplexity the harder it was to bear. He hazarded another question after a time.

"At least answer me this," he said. "Was it your intention simply to annoy me? or have you some spite against Bartholomew?"

"I had no special wish to annoy you," replied Diana considerably. "And I have no spite, as you term it, against your artist. He is probably a fool; but if one felt spitefully toward all the fools one meets, one would have no room for any other feeling."

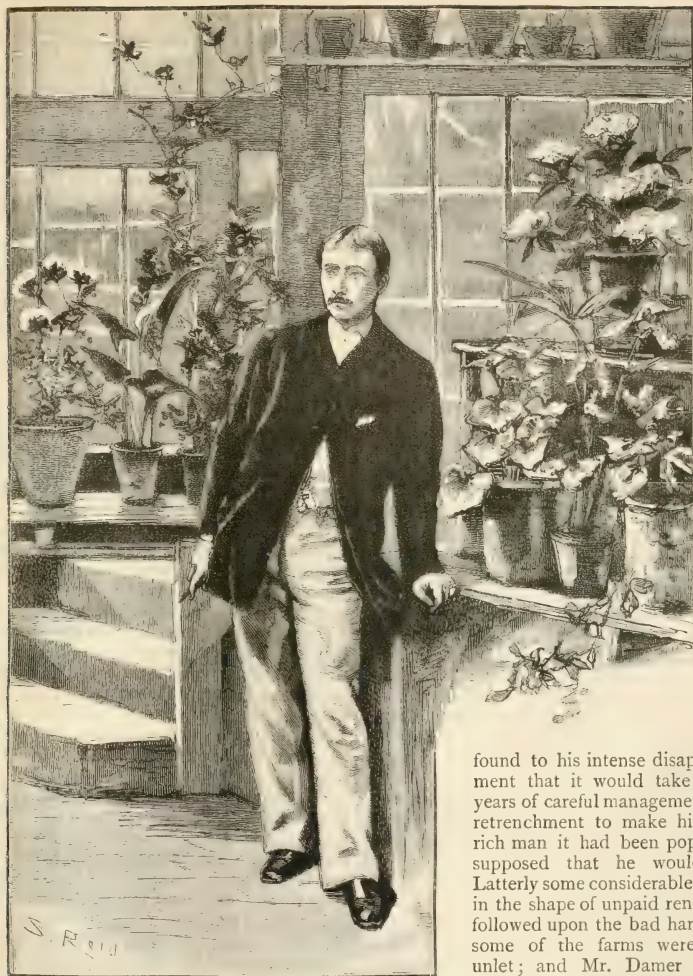
Cecil turned away, pained, indignant, still baffled.

"May I ask, then, what you are going to do?" Miss Richmond said, as he opened the door of the room.

"I cannot tell you what I am going to do," was the reply. "I shall have to consider."

"Do consider—consider well!" said Diana, rising to her feet, and facing her brother with new meaning in her expression. "I am speaking for your good now. Be cautious; especially, I would say, be cautious if you are likely to require any further favours at my hands."

Cecil remained standing there, changing



"Sharpe should fetch the picture."

colour quickly as he stood. He understood the threat. Young as he was, he had long ago placed himself in his sister's power. He was aware that she had but lately discovered some debts of his that he had not confided to her when he had professed to make a full confession concerning the state of his affairs. That was when he came of age, and

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found to his intense disappointment that it would take some years of careful management and retrenchment to make him the rich man it had been popularly supposed that he would be. Latterly some considerable losses in the shape of unpaid rents had followed upon the bad harvests; some of the farms were now unlet; and Mr. Damer might have made some rather surprising disclosures if he had been so minded.

All this Cecil knew; and more than once the fact that he had given a commission for two expensive pictures had caused him some slight uneasiness, more especially as he did not know how expensive they might be,

Still it was, of course, very absurd to suppose that he would be unable to pay for them. There would be a scene or two between him

and Diana; that he had been prepared for from the first. But he was not unaccustomed to scenes, and he had ceased to be much impressed by them.

The discovery he had made this morning of his sister's inexplicable conduct with regard to Bartholomew's letters had complicated the affair in his mind considerably.

It would have been a relief to him if he could have taken Diana at her word—if he could have gone down to the studio at Netherbank, and told the simple truth. If he could have done that he might have met Bartholomew without confusion of face, and there would have been no need for him to condescend to subterfuge.

He went into the greenhouse on the upper terrace, and sat there some time with a cigar between his lips, considering what he had really better do now. It seemed to him that it would be exceedingly difficult to do the thing he felt he ought to do; to go down to Netherbank and say that, owing to a mischance for which he was in nowise responsible, the letters had never reached him. Suspicion would certainly arise out of this; besides, it would be disagreeable.

Presently a happy thought struck him—Cecil considered it to be a happy one. There was a man—Sharpe, the plumber—at work among the water-pipes in an adjoining conservatory. Sharpe's home was at the upper end of the village of Murk-Marishes. Nothing would be easier than for him to call at Netherbank before he came to his work on the following morning. Sharpe should fetch the picture, and he should take a message—if he blundered over the message so much the better.

It would be easier to explain away anything that might be said by Sharpe, than the words of a deliberately-written communication.

CHAPTER XLIII.—DEAD WOODBINE.

"All my life I still have found,
And I will forget it never,
Every sorrow hath its bound,
And no cross endures for ever."

Lyra Germanica.

GENEVIEVE will always remember that October evening. She was sitting beside her father in the studio; sitting quite silently. The fire was burning low; the lamp-light threw dim rays among the easels and canvases; the wind was sweeping sadly over the fields, moaning in the chimney and through the casements. Some dead creepers were tapping plaintively upon the window-pane; the sound was as if some lost creature were craving help—admittance. Bartholomew

sat with his face buried in the hands that rested upon the table. For more than an hour he had not spoken.

Presently a knock at the studio-door awoke him from his reverie. It was certainly surprising. Few people came to the studio; none came so late.

A sudden feeling that was more like fear than anything else surged over him as he opened the door. When he saw that it was Ambrose Sharpe his fear changed to a new despondency.

"Come in," he said to the man, who was murmuring something unintelligibly out there in the darkness. "Come in. . . . There is only my daughter here. . . . You were saying something?"

"It's the picture—Mr. Richmond's picture," said Ambrose, who had heard about it, and had also gathered in the village that there was something in the affair not easy of comprehension. It was quite well known that the painting had been finished for more than two months, and that Mr. Bartholomew had been daily expecting its removal. Ambrose was a little pleased with his errand.

"It's the picture," he said. "Mr. Richmond told me to take it over wi' me to-morrow mornin'. He's been over thrang* to get down, he said. An' he was sure to like it, sure 't wad be all right."

Bartholomew was pale, and Genevieve felt that her lip was quivering to the sudden strange agitation that had come down upon her father. Pictures that had been sold from his easel for large sums of money, and had won wide reputation before leaving the studio, had been sent away with less emotion than this.

"I am afraid you will not be able to take it to Yarell Croft without assistance," Bartholomew said to the man. "This is the picture. It is a considerable size, you see."

"It is; but my word it's a bonny one! Why that's Craig's old house, up again Baldersby Mere; an' there's t' old oak-tree an' all. It's a despt bonny pictur! But as you say it is sizable; it'll be a matter o' four feet wide wi' the frame. Still, Ah sall allus manage as far as our house. An' Ah can get somebody to help ma to Yarell wi' 't i' t' mornin'. Ah sall be startin' hours afore you get up; that's why Ah com to-night. . . . An' Ah sall take care on 't—you may trust ma for that."

"Certainly, I can trust you," said Bartholomew, helping the man to put a wrapper round the picture. Then he assisted him

* Thrang (or throng), busy.

with it to the gate at the lower end of the field. Genevieve stood alone in the studio, wondering, listening to the wind that came moaning over the marsh; to the beckoning fingers that tapped with melancholy sound upon the window-pane.

It was some time before her father came back. He was quite pale and calm. Genevieve could see in his face the look of prayer, of thanksgiving, sent up while he was out under the stars. But she saw with surprise, with concern, that there was no sense of relief visible in him as yet. Had the tension been too great to be taken off all at once? Had his whole being been so set to the minor airs of pain that even deliverance from pain could not change the key?

"You are relieved, father?" she said; as they were preparing to leave the studio. "It is some satisfaction to you that the picture has been sent for."

"Yes, I am relieved, child," the artist replied. "But I am oppressed now by the knowledge that I have borne the strain so ill. . . . And I think there is some other oppression, something that I do not penetrate, or understand. I cannot feel as if it were all over."

They went out into the silent night. The wind swept in gusts from the moor, the clouds were passing swiftly across the stars, the dead leaves rustled by in the breeze. Mingled with these sounds Genevieve seemed all night to hear the forlorn tapping of the dead, melancholy woodbine upon the studio window-pane.

A RISING TIDE.

THE west wind clears the morning,
The sea shines silver-grey;
The night was long, but fresh and strong
Awakes the breezy day;
Like smoke that flies across the lift,
The clouds are faint and thin;
And near and far, along the bar,
The tide comes creeping in.

The dreams of midnight showed me
A life of loneliness,
A stony shore, that knew no more
The bright wave's soft caress;

The morning broke, the visions fled,—
With dawn new hopes begin;
The light is sweet, and at my feet
The tide comes rolling in.

Over the bare, black boulders
The ocean sweeps and swells;
Oh, waters wide, ye come to hide
Dull stones and empty shells!
I hear the floods lift up their voice
With loud, triumphant din;
Sad dreams depart,—rest, doubting heart,
The tide comes foaming in!

SARAH DOUDNEY.

THE CHRISTIAN RULE OF JUSTICE.

BY R. W. DALE, LL.D. (BIRMINGHAM).

BY some ancient moralists Justice was made to include all human virtues; the just man was he who discharged all moral obligations. Even piety was made a part of justice, and the impious man was said to be unjust to the gods. A similar use of the word is to be found in the Hebrew Scriptures. The just man of the Psalmists and Prophets is the man who keeps all divine laws; justice is another name for righteousness, and includes all kinds of moral and religious excellence. But it is both common and convenient to give the word a narrower application. When a man demands justice he demands his "rights;" and if we give him his rights the claims of justice are exhausted.

In some cases the obligations of justice are perfectly plain and definite. A man has a "right," for instance, to require that we should pay him in full all the money we owe

him; we are, therefore, bound, not merely to pay him when we are able, but to take care that we are able to pay him. To indulge in a style of living which touches the very margin of our income is not only a violation of the obligations of prudence and self-interest, it is a violation of the obligations of justice, even though through a happy chance no unforeseen and inevitable expenditure lands us in difficulties which prevent us from paying our debts. We ought to leave a margin for misfortunes. To put another man's money into a risky speculation is itself an act of dishonesty, even though the venture may accidentally turn out well and we may be able to pay him all that we owe him. To be honest through a fortunate accident is not to be honest at all.

A man has a right to insist that we should fulfil the terms of a contract in the sense

in which we knew that he understood them, the sense in which we intended or permitted him to understand them. This holds true whether the contract is for goods or for services. It affects master and workman, manufacturer and merchant, tradesman and customer. It is not enough that we fulfil the mere letter of the engagement. We are bound to supply the goods, or to render the services, or to pay the money, which we knew the other party to the contract expected when the contract was entered into. To plead that we have done everything that the law requires is nothing to the purpose. The man who is honest only as far as the law compels him to be honest is not an honest man.

These are simple cases. The "rights" on one side are exactly defined by law or by contract, and the obligations of justice on the other side are, therefore, equally definite. But there are many provinces of life in which the "rights" are incapable of precise definition, and in which, therefore, the obligations of justice are less certain. To tell us to "be just" is very often to afford very little practical guidance. We meet the precept with the answer—"Yes. I wish to be just; but what does justice require?" It may be true, as moralists teach us, that the rules of justice can "be laid down with a degree of accuracy of which moral precepts do not, in any other instance, admit";* but in practical life the instances are innumerable in which it is almost as impossible to define the claims of justice as it is to define the claims of charity.

The most important relations of life involve obligations and "rights" which cannot be determined either by public legislation or by mutual agreement. What, for example, are the "rights" of a wife? What freedom can she claim on the grounds of mere justice, in the choice of her friends, in the employment of her time, in the expenditure of money? What is the extent, what are the limits, of the demands she can make on the time of her husband, on the sacrifice of his personal tastes, of his friendships, of his amusements? Until the "rights" on the side of the wife are determined, the obligations of justice on the side of the husband are unknown. They cannot be determined by law; all the claims which can be enforced by law may be satisfied and the wife may still suffer flagrant injustice. Nor can all the "rights" and "obligations" of husband and wife be determined by mutual agreement. Marriage is no doubt founded on voluntary contract, but the conditions of the contract cannot be

varied or relaxed at the pleasure of the contracting parties. As soon as a man and woman are married, duties and obligations arise from which neither of them can be released in virtue of a private and preliminary agreement between them. To use a convenient legal term, the relations between husband and wife are not relations of contract but of *status*, and any contract which professed to exempt either of them from the obligations created by the *status* would be immoral and void. Husband and wife have "rights" which they cannot surrender; they are under obligations which no contract can cancel.

It may be said that the relations between husband and wife involve mutual duties which cannot be defined in terms of justice; and that when either of them begins to insist on "rights" the ideal beauty of the relationship is lost. In a perfect marriage there is a frank and unreserved surrender of the life of each to the other. Love gives everything and claims nothing; and if anything were demanded and conceded as a matter of justice, the charm of the concession would be gone. All this is true. But love is sometimes blind in other senses than that in which the poets have said it. Genuine affection may, through ignorance, be guilty of grave injustice. There may be an inordinate and unconscious egotism and an iniquitous invasion of the "rights" of another even where there is passionate devotion. In a perfect marriage the wife will never think of her own claims, but the husband will never forget them; the husband will never assert his own "rights," but the wife will never encroach on them. Love will always be eager to give very much more than can be demanded by justice; but only an intelligent and ethically cultivated love will prevent either husband or wife from sometimes giving less. But to define the "rights" which justice must recognise and which love will desire to transcend is not always easy.

Or, take the relations between parent and child; how are we to measure their mutual claims? What are the "rights" of the parent? What are the "rights" of the child? In this case, of course, there can be no question of contract; and when the legal obligations on both sides have been met, some of the gravest difficulties which have embittered the relations of parents and children remain untouched. Within what limits and up to what age has a parent the "right" to exert any control over the religious preferences of a child? Has a Catholic father the "right" to forbid a boy of seventeen to attend Pro-

* Dugald Stewart's "Moral Philosophy," page 173.

testant worship or read Protestant books? Has a Protestant father the "right" to forbid a girl of twenty to attend mass or to correspond with a Catholic priest? Has the clever son of a prosperous merchant a "right" to a university education? Can he complain of injustice if he is sent from school into the counting-house? Has a rich man the "right" to leave fifty thousand pounds to one son and only twenty to another, and only ten to each of his daughters? Or is he under an obligation, as a matter of justice, to give each of his children an equal share of his property?

Brothers and sisters have their rights as against each other. So have friends. So have lovers. Old servants have their "rights" which a just master will not disregard. Generous masters have their "rights" which just servants will be careful to remember and to honour. But these "rights" are in many cases extremely indefinite. It is not so easy as the moralists have taught us to lay down the rules of justice with any degree of accuracy. A man may honestly desire to be just, but if he cannot exactly measure the "rights" of others he will be unable to determine when the obligations of justice are satisfied.

Christ has given us a rule which will save us from many difficulties. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them." This is not a scientific definition of Justice, but a practical rule of conduct. It is to be taken with those obvious qualifications which are always necessary in applying rules of this kind. It is the Christian form of the ethical law—Be just.

It will secure justice; it will generally secure something more. For we are usually keen in discovering our own rights, and sufficiently generous in estimating them. Christ tells us to estimate the rights of others as we estimate our own, and then to govern our conduct, not by the claims which we suppose that we have upon them, but by the claims which they have upon us. In estimating our duties to other men we are not merely to make due allowance for the "personal equation;" we are to give them the benefit of it. I do not say that this rule will enable us, without a great deal of patient thought, to find a solution for all the perplexing problems of life; but in most cases it will enable us to discover our duty at once, and in the rest will put us in the way to discover it.

The rule, if we act upon it, will at least make us just. We like other men, not only to pay the money they owe us, but to pay it punctually and without being worried to pay it. If we put ourselves in the place of a

retail tradesman with a large number of small outstanding accounts, we shall see at once that carelessness and irregularity in paying small debts may sometimes cause almost as much trouble and anxiety as not paying them at all. "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them." When we buy goods from other men we wish them to give us goods of the quality which they know we expect to receive, and we like good measure and full weight. When we engage their services we wish them to perform to the very best of their ability whatever services they have contracted to render. If they have charge of our property we wish them to avoid injuring it, and to take as much care of it as if it were their own. In all such matters Christ intends us to make what we know would be our own claims on others the rule of our conduct towards them.

The rule is admirably simple in relation to interests and duties of another kind. When we are ready to take up and to repeat a report to another man's disadvantage, we should ask whether we should like a similar report about ourselves to be believed and repeated on similar evidence. When we are on the point of condemning a man severely, and forming a hostile estimate of his general spirit and character, on the ground of words which we ourselves have heard him speak, or on the ground of some unworthy action which we know he has committed, we should ask whether we should think it just for other men to form a summary judgment of our own character for similar reasons, and without taking into account our general conduct. We should be equally prompt to challenge lighter censures. We call on a man—a friend—and he meets us coldly and without sympathy; we can see clearly enough that he is glad when we leave him. But are we to feel resentment and to say that his friendship is fickle, and that he has no real kindness for us? Does it never happen that people for whom we have a genuine affection come to us when we are so absorbed in speculations or inquiries which detach us for the time from all the affairs and relationships of our common life, or when we are so completely mastered by anxieties about our own concerns or the concerns of persons dependent on us, that we receive them almost as if they were strangers—are unable to find our way to them, speak to them as if we had no interests in common, and dismiss them with a sense of relief? We call on a stranger, and he hurries us off with indecent haste. He is guilty of a fault; but are we to go about the world saying that he is brutally discourteous?

Does it never happen that strangers call upon us when our strength is almost exhausted, and when what strength we have is hardly equal to inevitable work ; when there are letters to be written which there is hardly time to write ; when practical questions of great difficulty and of great importance to ourselves or other people are pressing for settlement, and every moment we can command for thinking about them is precious ? And at such times have we not, in our weariness and impatience, shown scant courtesy to people for whom in more fortunate hours we should gladly have killed the fatted calf ? Do none of us speak rudely, and even with irritation, to most innocent persons when we have just heard that we have made a bad debt, or after a sleepless night, through which we have been tormented with neuralgia, or when we are fighting hard with the miserable depression caused by a bad liver ? I am not excusing offences committed in such circumstances ; I condemn them. But should we think it fair for other people to form an adverse judgment of our general character on the ground of these occasional transgressions ? If not, let us remember the words of Christ : " Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them." Be just.

There is a very common mistake about the meaning of the precept. It is sometimes taken as though it required us to rule our conduct towards other men by their wishes ; to do this would often be a folly and a sin. It really requires us to rule our conduct towards others by what our wishes would be if we were in their place ; and this is a very different matter. In other words, we are to make what we see are their real interests our own. I have heard of a foolish father who, when one of his girls was fourteen or fifteen years old, gave her the choice of a pony or of remaining another year or two at school. The child naturally elected to have the pony, and most children of her age would do the same. The father's conduct was ruled by the child's wishes, and he inflicted on her a grave injustice. From what I remember of him I believe that he knew no better. A sensible father will not always act according to the wishes of his children, but will consider how those wishes would be modified and corrected if the child had a larger knowledge and a larger experience of human life. No wise man would wish to enjoy temporary pleasure at the cost of lasting injury. We are unjust to our children if we do not give them the benefit of our wisdom as well as of our love. And we are unjust if we do not, in applying

this rule of conduct, give to other men who may be excited by passion, by hope, or by fear, the benefit of our calmer judgment ; and if we do not in all cases guide our conduct towards them by what we may be sure is our clearer perception of their true interest, even when this requires us to act in direct opposition to their most earnest wishes.

The rule may sometimes restrain us from acts of mischievous good-nature ; it may sometimes even nerve us to a stern severity. A man appeals to me for a testimonial, and I may have reason to believe that if I give it him he will have a good chance of securing an excellent appointment. He is in urgent need of it, for he has had a great deal of trouble. There is no harm in him, and I should be glad to help him. But I am doubtful, and more than doubtful, whether he would discharge the duties of the position satisfactorily. He says that if I were in his position and he in mine I should plead hard for his recommendation. But I have to think not only of the man himself, but of the people to whom he wishes me to recommend him. If I had to make the appointment myself should I like them to recommend me a man about whose fitness they were uncertain ? Should I like them to tell me of his merits and not even to hint at his disqualifications ? Is it just even to the applicant himself to give him the support he asks for ? If I were in his position should I—if I were a wise and honest man—wish to be recommended to a post the duties of which I was unable to discharge ? Apart altogether from the obligations of veracity, this " golden rule " may require me to refuse to support his application. This Christian law would diminish the immorality of testimonials.

Or I may happen to detect a man in some criminal act. I may discover that he is an old offender. All the evidence may be in my hands, and by using it I might send him into penal servitude. The impulses of compassion make me shrink from prosecuting him. The man himself attempts to turn me aside by appealing to the precept, " Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them." If I were in his case and he in mine, should I not passionately appeal for mercy ? Yes ; but this does not decide the question. This very law may compel me to prosecute. I have to think, not merely of the individual man, but of those whom he will wrong if his criminal course is not arrested. I have to think of the community whose interests I happen to be in a position to protect from unknown, unmea-

sured injury. While the man is at large and unpunished I cannot tell who may receive harm. If another man were in my place I should wish him to prosecute; and if I am to serve others as I wish them to serve me I must send the criminal to gaol.

The "golden rule" is a guarantee of justice. Justice without generosity is cold and unlovely, but men who are conscious of being generous must not suppose that for them the rule has no practical value. I have known people who could be nobly generous, not in money merely, but in things far more precious—in affection, in sympathy, in appreciation of the work and character of their friends, in the unsparing devotion of time and thought and labour to the service of those who attracted their interest, touched their pity, commanded their confidence. And yet they could be guilty of atrocious injustice. For the most part men of this sort have an inordinate sense of their own importance; they carry themselves as though they were born in the purple. There is a certain regal manner in their admiration of the powers and services and virtues of others. They bestow their honours with a royal liberality and grace. But it never seems to occur to them that those to whom it is their delight to be generous have any "rights" which mere justice obliges them to acknowledge. They are Cæsars in their way—not constitutional sovereigns; absolute monarchs under no "obligations" to any man. Like Herod they will swear to give half their kingdom to any one that pleases them, and they will keep their oath; but like Ahab they will take Naboth's vineyard if they happen to fancy it, and will take it without scruple: no Jezebel is necessary to urge them to do it. To make men of this kind sensible of the fatal defects in their moral life is a very difficult matter. They think that they are rich in works of supererogation, that they have "merit" to spare for the commonalty of mankind. They are the very Pharisees of morality; they do so much more than Justice requires that it is impossible to persuade them that they do less. They regard themselves with unqualified moral complacency. There is a delight, an exhilaration, in speaking generous words and doing generous deeds to which the man who is merely just is a stranger. When we have given a ten-pound note, which we can hardly spare, to an old schoolfellow who has got into trouble, our hearts are flooded with a certain noble satisfaction. There is no such after-glow when we have merely paid our baker's bill. It is much more pleasant to

be generous than to be just; but it is much more necessary to be just than to be generous.

The Christian Revelation is a discipline of justice as well as of charity. Men become unjust through their covetousness; Christ has told us that the wealth which we call ours is not ours but God's, and has taught us to lay up for ourselves treasures in heaven. Men are unjust through their ambition; they trample on the rights of others in their passionate desire for rank and reputation; Christ quenches the feverish thirst for earthly fame by revealing to us the possibility of winning the divine honour.

Men are unjust under the pressure of anxiety and misfortune; in trying to save themselves from calamity and loss they are reckless of the wrongs they inflict on others; Christ has made the surprising discovery that we can rely on God's sympathy, defence, and help, through all the chances and changes of this uncertain life, and has encouraged us to cast all our care on Him. Men are often unjust because they form the habit of supposing that if they respect the rights and meet the claims which are protected and enforced by law they have done all that in strict justice can be required of them: Christ has warned us that there is a judgment to come, and that when this life is over we shall be judged by a law more searching and more equitable, and sustained by more terrible sanctions, than any that human tribunals can administer.

Above all, Christ has revealed the august greatness of every man—however obscure may be his earthly position, and however helpless he may be to vindicate his personal rights. We wrong men because we have not sufficient reverence for them. This is the root of all injustice. Brigands who will plunder a palace will leave the unguarded treasures of a temple untouched; their superstitious reverence for the gods restrains them from sacrilege. Men who will treat a peasant with reckless and insulting cruelty will treat even a fallen prince with the most tender courtesy. To those who really believe all that Christ has revealed of the present relations of every man to God and the infinite possibilities of righteousness, wisdom, power, and blessedness, which are the inheritance of every man in Christ, every man will be invested with an awful greatness which will make an invasion of his rights an act of irreverence and profanity. Perfect justice is the fruit of a profound sense of the greatness and sanctity of human nature.

A FORTNIGHT IN HOLLAND.

By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

SECOND PAPER.

ON leaving the Hague a few hours should be given to the dull university town of Leyden, unless it has been seen as an afternoon excursion from the capital. This melancholy and mildewed little town, which was the birthplace of Rembrandt, surrounds the central tower of its Burg—standing in the grounds of an inn, which exacts payment from those who visit it. Close by, is the huge church of St. Pancras—Houglansche Kerk—of the fifteenth century, containing the tomb of Van der Werff, burgomaster during the famous siege, who answered the starving people when they came demanding bread or surrender, that he had “sworn to defend the city, and, with God’s help, he meant to keep his oath, but that if his body would help them to prolong the defence, they might take it and share it amongst those who were most hungry.” A covered bridge over a canal leads to the Bredenstrasse, where there is a picturesque grey stone Stadhuis of the sixteenth century. It contains the principal work of Cornelius Engelbrechtsen of Leyden

the pedestal is a naked body, out of which springs a tree—the tree of life—and beside it kneel the donors. The neighbouring church of St. Peter (1315) contains the tomb of Boerhave, the physician, whose lectures in the university were attended by Peter the Great, and for whom a Chinese mandarin found “à l’illustre M. Boerhave, medecin, en Europe,” quite sufficient direction.

The University here has fallen into decadence since others were established at Utrecht, Groningen, and Amsterdam; but Leyden is still the most flourishing of the four. When William of Orange offered the citizens freedom from taxes, as a reward for their endurance of the famous siege, they thanked him, but said they would rather have a university. Grotius and Cartesius (Descartes), Arminius and Gomar, were amongst its professors, and the University possesses an admirable botanical museum and a famous collection of Japanese curiosities.

The Rhine cuts up the town of Leyden into endless islands, connected by a hundred and fifty bridges. On a quiet canal near the Beesten Markt is the Museum, which contains the “Last Judgment” of Lucas van Leyden (1494—1533), a scholar of Engelbrechtsen, and one of the patriarchs of Dutch painting.

A few minutes bring us from Leyden to Haarlem by the railway. It crosses an isthmus between the sea and a lake which covered the whole country between Leyden, Haarlem, and Amsterdam till 1839, when it became troublesome, and the States-General forthwith, after the fashion of Holland, voted its destruction. Enormous engines were at once employed to drain it by pumping the water into canals, which

carried it to the sea, and the country was the richer by a new province.

Haarlem, on the river Spaarne, stands out distinct in recollection from all other Dutch towns, for it has the most picturesque market-



Market-Place, Haarlem.

(1468—1533), one of the earliest of Dutch painters—an altarpiece representing the Crucifixion, with the Sacrifice of Abraham and Worship of the Brazen Serpent in the side panels, as symbols of the Atonement: on

place in Holland—the Groote Markt—surrounded by quaint houses of varied outline, amidst which rises the Groote Kerk of St. Bavo, a noble cruciform fifteenth-century building. The interior, however, is as bare and hideous as all other Dutch churches. It contains a monument to the architect Conrad, designer of the famous locks of Katwijk, “the defender of Holland against the fury of the sea and the power of tempests.” Behind the choir is the tomb of the poet Bilderdijk, who only died in 1831, and near this the grave of Laurenz Janzoon—the Coster or Sacristan—who is asserted in his native town, but never believed outside it, to have been the real inventor of printing, as he is said to have cut out letters in wood, and taken impressions from them in ink, as early as 1423. His partisans also maintain that whilst he was attending a midnight mass, praying for patience to endure the ill-treatment of his enemies, all his implements were stolen, and that when he found this out on his return, he died of grief. It is further declared that the robber was Faust of Mayence, the brother of Gutemberg, and that it was thus that the honour of the invention passed from Holland to Germany, where Gutemberg produced his invention of moveable type twelve years later. There is a statue of the Coster in front of the church, and, on its north side, his house is preserved and adorned with his bust.

Amongst a crowd of natives with their hats on, talking in church as in the market-place, we waited to hear the famous organ of Christian Muller (1735—38), and grievously were we disappointed with its discordant noises. All the men smoked in church, and this we saw repeatedly; but it would be difficult to say where we ever saw a Dutchman with a pipe out of his mouth. Every man seemed to be systematically smoking away the few wits he possessed.

Opposite the Groote Kerk is the Stadhuis, an old palace of the Counts of Holland remodelled. It contains a delightful little gallery of the works of Franz Hals, which at once transports the spectator into the Holland of two hundred years ago—

such is the marvellous variety of life and vigour impressed into its endless figures of stalwart officers and handsome young archers pledging each other at banquet tables and



Mill near Amsterdam.

seeming to welcome the visitor with jovial smiles as he enters the chamber, or of serene old ladies, “regents” of hospitals, seated at their council boards. The immense power of the artist is shown in nothing so much as in the hands, often gloved, dashed in with instantaneous power, yet always having the effect of the most consummate finish at a distance. Behind one of the pictures is the entrance to the famous “secret-room of Haarlem,” seldom seen, but containing an inestimable collection of historic relics of the time of the famous siege of Leyden.

April and May are the best months for visiting Haarlem, which is the bulb nursery garden of the world. “Oignons à fleurs” are advertised for sale everywhere. Tulips are more cultivated than any other flowers, as ministering most to the national craving for colour; but times are changed since a single bulb of the tulip “L’Amiral Liefkenshoek” sold for 4,500 florins, one of “Viceroy” for 4,200, and one of “Semper Augustus” for 13,000.

Now we entered Amsterdam, to which we had looked forward as the climax of our tour, having read of it and pondered upon it as “the Venice of the north;” but our expectations were raised much too high. Anything more unlike Venice it would be difficult to imagine: and there is a terrible want of

variety and colour: many of the smaller towns of Holland are far more interesting and infinitely more picturesque.

A castle was built at Amsterdam in 1204, but the town only became important in the sixteenth century. It is situated upon the influx of the Amstel to the Y, as the arm of the Zuider Zee which forms the harbour is called, and it occupies a huge semicircle, its walls being enclosed by the broad moat, six and a half miles long, which is known as Buitensingel. The greater part of the houses are built on piles, causing Erasmus to say that the inhabitants lived on trees like rooks. In the centre of the town is the great square called Dam, one side of which is occupied by the handsome Royal Palace—Het Palais—built by J. van Kampen in 1648. The Nieuwe Kerk (1408—1470) contains a number of monuments to admirals, including those of Van Ruiter—"immensi tremor oceani"—who commanded at the battle of Solbay, and Van Speyk, who blew himself up with his ship in 1831, rather than yield to the Belgians. In the Oude Kerk of 1300 there are more tombs of admirals. Hard by, in the Nieuwe Markt, is the picturesque cluster of fifteenth-century towers called St. Antonieswaag, once a city gate and now a weighing-house.

But the great attraction of Amsterdam is the Picture Gallery of the Trippenhuis, called the Rijks Museum, and it deserves many visits. Amongst the portraits in the first room we were especially attracted by that of William the Silent in his skull-cap, by Miereveld, and of Maria of Utrecht, wife of Johann van Oldenharneveldt, a peaceful old lady in a ruff and brown dress edged with fur, by Moreelse. The two great pictures of the gallery hang opposite each other. That by Bartholomew van der Helst, the most famous of Dutch portrait-painters, represents the Banquet of the Musqueteers, who thus celebrated the Peace of Westphalia, June 18, 1648. It contains twenty-five life-size portraits, is the best work of the master, and was pronounced by Sir Joshua Reynolds to be the "first picture of portraits in the world." The canvas is a mirror faithfully representing a scene of actual life. In the centre sits the jovial, rollicking Captain de Wits with his legs crossed. The delicate imitation of reality is equally shown in the Rhenish wine-glasses, and in the ham to which one of the guests is helping himself.

The rival picture is the "Night Watch" of Rembrandt (1642), representing Captain Frans Banning Kok of Purmerland and his lieutenant Willem van Ruytenberg of Vlaardingen,

emerging from their watch-house on the Singel. A joyous troop pursue their leader, who is in a black dress. A strange light comes upon the scene, who can tell whence? Half society has always said that this picture was the marvel of the world, half that it is unworthy of its artist; but no one has ever been quite indifferent to it.

Of the other pictures we must at least notice, by Nicholas Maas, a thoughtful girl leaning on a cushion out of a window with apricots beneath; and by Jan Steen, "the Parrot Cage," a simple scene of tavern life, in which the waiting-maid calls to the parrot hanging aloft, who looks knowingly out of the cage, whilst all the other persons present go on with their different employments. In the "Eve of St. Nicholas," another work of the same artist, a naughty boy finds a birch rod in his shoe, and a good little girl, laden with gifts, is being praised by her mother, whilst other children are looking up the chimney by which the discriminating fairy Befana is supposed to have taken her departure. There are many beautiful works of Ruysdael, most at home amongst waterfalls; a noble Vanduyke of "William II." as a boy, with his little bride, Mary Stuart, Charles I.'s daughter, in a brocaded silver dress; and the famous Terburg called "Paternal Advice" (known in England by its replica at Bridgewater House), in which a daughter in white satin is receiving a lecture from her father, her back turned to the spectator, and her annoyance, or repentance, only exhibited in her shoulders. Another famous work of Terburg is "The Letter," which is being brought in by a trumpeter to an officer seated in his uniform, with his young wife kneeling at his side. Of Gerard Dou Amsterdam possesses the wonderful "Evening School," with four luminous candles, and some thoroughly Dutch children. A girl is laboriously following with her finger the instructions received and a boy is diligently writing on a slate. The girl who stands behind, instructing him, is holding a candle which throws a second light upon his back, that upon the table falling on his features, indeed the painting is often known as the "Picture of the Four Candles."

Through the labyrinthine quays we found our way to the Westerhoof to take the afternoon steamer to Purmerende for an excursion to Broek, "the cleanest village in the world." Crossing the broad Amstel, the vessel soon enters a canal, which sometimes lies at a great depth, nothing being visible but the tops of masts and points of steeples;

and which then, after passing locks, becomes level with the tops of the trees and the roofs of the houses. We left the steamer at T Schouw, and entered, on a side canal, one of the Trekschuiten, which, until the time of railroads, were the usual means of travel—a long narrow cabin, encircled by seats, forms the whole vessel, and is drawn by a horse ridden by a boy (*het-jagerte*)—a most agreeable easy means of locomotion, for movement is absolutely imperceptible.

No place was ever more exaggerated than Broek. There is really very little remarkable in it, except even a greater sense of dampness and oozy-ness than in the other Dutch villages. It was autumn and there seemed no particular attempt to remove the decaying vegetation or trim the little gardens, or to

sweep up the dead leaves upon the pathways, yet there used to be a law that no animal was to enter Broek for fear of its being polluted. A brick path winds amongst the low wooden cottages, painted blue, green, and white, and ends at the church, with its miniature

tombstones. The most interesting excursion to be made from Amsterdam is that to the Island of Marken in the Zuider Zee—a huge meadow, where the peasant women pass their whole lives without ever seeing anything beyond their island, whilst their husbands, who with very few exceptions are fishermen, see nothing beyond the fisher-towns of the Zuider Zee. There are very picturesque costumes here, the men wearing red woollen shirts, brown vests, wooden shoes, fur caps, and gold buttons to their collars and knickerbockers; the women, embroidered stomachers, which are handed down from generations, and enormous white caps, lined with brown to show off the lace, and with a chintz cover for week days, and their own hair flowing below the cap over their shoulders and backs.

An evening train, with an old lady, in a

diamond tiara and gold pins, for our companion, took us to the Helder, and we awoke next morning at the pleasant little inn of Du Burg upon a view of boats and nets and the low lying Island of Texel in the distance. The boats and the fishermen are extremely picturesque, but there is nothing else to see, after the visitor has examined the huge granite Helder Dyke, the artificial fortification of north Holland, which contends successfully to preserve the land against the sea. There is an admirably managed Naval Institute here. It was by an expedition from the Helder that Nova Zembla was discovered, and it was near this that Admirals Ruyter and Tromp repulsed the English fleet. Texel, which lies opposite the Helder, is the first of a chain of islands—Vlieland, Terschelling, and Ame-

land, which protect the entrance of the Zuider Zee.

The country near the Helder is bare and desolate in the extreme. It is all peat, and the rest of Holland uses it as a fuel-mine. We crossed it to Alkmaar, which struck us as being altogether the prettiest place in the country



Approach to Alkmaar.

and as possessing all those attributes of cleanliness which are usually given to Broek. The streets, formed of bricks fitted close together, are absolutely spotless, and every house front shines fresh from the mop or the syringe. Yet excessive cleanliness has not destroyed the picturesqueness of the place. The fifteenth century Church of S. Lawrence, of exquisitely graceful exterior, rises in the centre of the town, and, in spite of being hideously defaced inside, has a fine vaulted roof, a coloured screen, and, in the chancel, a curious tomb to Florens V., Count of Holland, 1296, though only his heart is buried there. Near the excellent Hotel du Burg is a most bewitching almshouse, with an old tourelle and screen, and a lovely garden in a court surrounded by clipped lime-trees. And more charming still is an old weigh-house of 1582, for the cheese, the great manufacture of



The Weigh-House, Alkmaar.

the district, for which there is a famous market every Friday, where capital costumes may be seen. The rich and gaily painted façade of the old building, reflected in a clear canal, is a perfect marvel of beauty and colour; and artists should stay here to paint—not the view given here, but another which we discovered too late—more in front, with gabled houses leading up to the principal building, and all its glowing colours repeated in the water.

It is three hours' drive from Alkmaar to Hoorn, a charming old town with bastions, gardens, and semi-ruined gates. On the West Poort a relief commemorates the filial devotion of a poor boy, who arrived here in 1579, laboriously dragging his old mother in a sledge, when all were flying from the Spaniards. Opposite the weighing-house for the cheeses is the State College, which bears a shield with the arms of England, sustained by two negroes. It commemorates the fact that when Van Tromp defeated the English squadron, his ships came from Hoorn and on board were two negroes, who took from the English flagship the shield which it was then the custom to fix to the stern of a vessel, and brought it back here as a trophy. Hoorn was one of the first places in Holland to embrace the reformed religion, which spread from hence all over the country, but now not above half the inhabitants are Calvinists.

In returning from Alkmaar we stopped to see Zaandam, quite in the centre of the land of windmills, of which we counted eighty as visible from the station alone. They are of every shade of colour, and are mounted on poles, on towers, on farm buildings, and made picturesque by every conceivable variety of prop, balcony, gallery, and insertion. Zaandam is a very pretty village on the Zaan which flows into the Y, with gaily painted houses, and gay little gardens, and perpetual movement to and from its landing-stage. Turning south from thence, a little entry on the right leads down some steps and over a bridge to some cottages on the bank of a ditch, and inside the last of these is the tiny venerable hovel where Peter the Great stayed in 1697 as Peter Michaeloff. It retains its tiled roof and contains some old chairs and a box-bed, but unfortunately Peter was only here a week.

The evening of leaving Zaandam we spent at Utrecht, of which the name is so well known from the peace which terminated the war of the Spanish succession, April 11, 1715. The town was the great centre of the Jansenists, dissenters from Roman Catholicism under Jansenius, Bishop of Ypres, condemned by Alexander VII. in 1656, at the instigation of the Jesuits. The doctrines of Jansenius still linger in its gloomy houses. Every appointment of a bishop is still announced to the sovereign pontiff, who as regularly responds by a



Mill at Zaandam.

bull of excommunication, which is read aloud in the cathedral, and then immediately put away and forgotten. Solemn and sad, but pre-eminently respectable, Utrecht has more the aspect of a decayed German city than a Dutch town, and so has its Cathedral of S. Martin (1254—67), which is only a magnificent fragment, with a detached tower (1321—82) 338 feet high. The interior as usual is ruined by Calvinism and yellow paint. It contains the tomb of Admiral van Gent who fell in the Battle of Solbay. The nave, which fell in 1674, has never been rebuilt. The S. Pieterskerk (1039) and S. Janskerk offer nothing remarkable, but on a neighbouring canal is the quaint Paushuizen, or Pope's house, which was built by Pope Adrian VI. (Adrian Floriszoon) in 1517. Near this is the pretty little Archiepiscopal Museum, full of mediæval relics.

From Utrecht we travelled over sandy flats to Kampen, near the mouth of the wide river Yssel, with three picturesque gates — Haghen Poort, Cellebroeders Poort, and Broeders Poort; and a town hall of the sixteenth century. Here, as frequently elsewhere in Holland, we suffered from arriving famished at mid-day. All the inns were equally inhospitable: "The table d'hôte is at 4 P.M.; we *cannot* and *will not* be bothered with cooking before that, and there is nothing cold in the house." "But you have surely bread and cheese?" "Certainly not — *nothing*."

At Zwolle, however, we found the Kroon an excellent hotel with an obliging landlord; and Zwolle, the native place



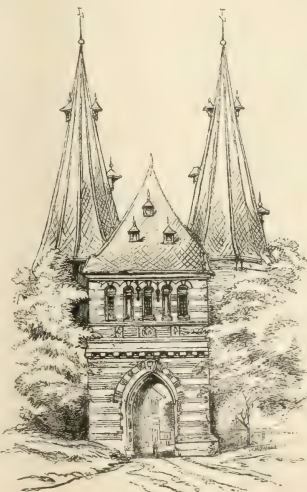
Paushuizen, Utrecht.

objects of interest to see unless a leaning tower can be called so, with a top, like that at Pisa, inclined the other way, to keep it from toppling over. An hour's walk from the town there is said to be a fine still-inhabited castle, and, if time had allowed, respect for S. Boniface would have taken us to Mur-

merwoude, where he was martyred (June 8, 853), with his fifty-three companions. King Pepin raised a hermitage on the spot, and an ancient brick chapel still exists there.

Here and elsewhere in Friesland nothing is so worthy of notice as the helmets — the golden helmets of the women — costing something equivalent to £25 or £30, handed down as heirlooms, fitting close to the head, and not allowing a particle of hair to be visible.

In the late evening we went on to Groningen, a university town with a good hotel (Seven Provincen), an enormous square, and a noble tall Gothic tower of 1627, whence the watchman still



Cellebroeders Poort, Kampen.



Sassenpoort, at Zwolle.

sounds his bugle. Not far off is Midwolde, where the village church has fine tombs of Charles Jerome, Baron d'Inhausen and his wife Anna von Ewsun.

As late as the sixteenth century this province was for the most part uninhabited—savage and sandy, and over-run by wolves. But three hundred years of hard work has transformed it into a fertile country, watered by canals, and sprinkled with country houses. Agriculturally it is one of the richest provinces of the kingdom. This is mostly due to its possessing a race of peasant-farmers who never shrink from personal hard work, and who will continue to direct the plough whilst they send their sons to the university to study as lawyers, doctors, or churchmen. These peasant farmers or boers possess the *becklem-regt*, or right of hiring land on an annual rent which the landlord can never increase. A peasant can bequeath his right to his heirs, whether direct or collateral. To the land, this system is an indescribable advantage, the cultivators doing their utmost to bring their lands to perfection, because they are certain that no one can take away the advantage from themselves or their descendants.

On leaving Groningen we traversed the grey, monotonous, desolate district of the Drenthe, sprinkled over at intervals by the

curious ancient groups of stones called Hunnebedden, or beds of death (Hun meaning death), beneath which urns of clay containing human ashes have been found. From Deventer (where there is an old weigh-house of 1828, and a cathedral of S. Lievin with a crypt and nave of 1334), time did not allow us to make an excursion to the great royal palace of Het Loo, the favourite residence of the sovereigns. The descriptions in Harvard rather made us linger unnecessarily at Zutphen, a dull town with a brick Groote Kerk (S. Walpurgis) which has little remaining of its original twelfth century date, and a rather picturesque "bit" on the walls, where the "Waterpoort" crosses the river like a bridge.

At Arnhem, the Roman Arenacum, once the residence of the Dukes of Gueldres, and still the capital of Guelderland, we seemed to have left all the characteristics of Holland behind. Numerous modern villas, which might have been built for Cheltenham or Leamington, cover the wooded hills above the Rhine. In the Groote Kerk (1452) is a curious monument of Charles van Egmont, Duc de Gueldres, 1538, but there is nothing else to remark upon. We intended to have made an excursion hence to Cleves, but desperately wet weather set in, and as Dutch rain often lasts for weeks together when it once begins, we were glad to hurry England-wards, only regretting that we could not halt at Nymegen, a most picturesque place, where Charlemagne lived in the old palace of the Valckhof (or Waalhof, residence on the Waal) of which a fragment still exists, with an old baptistery, a Stadhuis of 1534, and a Groote Kerk containing a noble monument to Catherine de Bourbon (1469), wife of Duke Adolph of Gueldres.

We left Holland disliking its inhabitants more than those of any country we had ever visited, without a single recollection of a kindly word or action received during our short stay in the country; but with an unpleasant impression of greed, avarice, selfishness, and insolence on the part of all we had come in contact with. Probably a longer stay in the country might do much to modify such an impression, but this was the result of a fortnight's scamper through it. We felt also that we should urge our friends by all means to see the pictures at Rotterdam, the Hague, and Amsterdam, but to look for all other characteristics of the Netherlands in such places as Breda, Dordrecht, Haarlem, a Alkmaar, and Zwolle.

GOD'S ENGLISHMEN.

Historical Monographs on the Prophets and Kings of England.

By CHARLES STUBBS, M.A., VICAR OF STOKENHAM, AUTHOR OF "VILLAGE POLITICS," &c.

I.—ARTHUR, THE MYTHIC KING.

MORE than six hundred years ago, an old monk connected with the Abbey of St. Albans, sitting down to write his History of the English, complained that he was much vexed by the question, put either by some foolish or some envious critic, as to whether the record of merely secular history was worthy of the labour and the study of a Christian man. Full of the lofty consciousness of the value and the sacredness of historical learning, Matthew Paris justified the task he had undertaken, first by an appeal to the highest instincts of man, and then by a quotation of the words of the Psalmist, "The just shall be had in everlasting remembrance." "A man," he said, "who is without learning, and with no care for the memory of his forefathers, will surely sink to the level of the beasts. It is upon such a one that the curse of the Psalmist will rest. 'The memory of the wicked shall be cut off from the earth . . . but the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance. If thou forgettest and despisest the departed of past generations, who will remember thee?'" "It was to keep alive," he adds, "the memory of the good, and to teach us to abhor the bad, that all the sacred historians, Moses, Joseph, Cyprian, Eusebius, Bæda, Prosper, Marianus Scotus, and other deeped-souled writers, have handed down to us their chronicles."

I think it was Carlyle who once said that "a nation's true Bible was its own history." However that may be, of this, at any rate, I am sure, that, in taking the subject of these papers from the records of English history, I shall be doing no dishonour to that greater Bible which rightly we reverence as the very Word of God, if only I can make any one realise the religious sense of all history, if only I can succeed in bringing home the fact of which Matthew Paris was one of the earliest witnesses among English historians, and which, thank God, has never wholly died out from amongst us, that God is not less a King over England than He was over Judæa, that every advance in righteousness and good citizenship among our people is but another step forward towards the fulness of the time when the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdoms of God and of His Christ. All through the history of the Jewish people,

the haunting sense of a great idea, of the divine mission of the nation, is never absent from their records. In the Genesis, the Exodus, and Deuteronomy, in the Chronicles of their Judges, Kings, and Prophets, continually we may hear the echo of the words—the refrain, as it were, of a great national anthem—"We are thy people, O God!"

But England has had also her sacred mission in the world. Our country has had her divine Genesis and Exodus, her Chronicles of Kings and Prophets. And surely some of us, at any rate, as we have lately read the story anew, in the pages of Mr. Green's "Making of England," and his "History of the English People," cannot but have felt that we, too, as well as the Jews of old, have been a "chosen people," that Milton was right after all when he spoke of "God's Englishmen," and that we, each one of us, are only worthy of our great national heritage in so far as we show ourselves conscious of the divine sanction which lies behind it.

I begin this series of sketches of the prophets and kings of England with King Arthur. I could not well begin with any other name than his. It is true that there is small probability, and very little historical foundation, for all the stories of heroic deeds which have gathered round his name. History, indeed, only tells us that he was a petty prince of Devon, whose wife, the Guinevere of romance, was carried off by a king of North Wales, and scarcely recovered by treaty after a year's fighting; that he was murdered by his nephew and buried at Glastonbury, and that his remains were supposed to have been discovered there in the time of Henry II. Still one cannot but believe that there must have been some noblenesses in a character which have given him a life beyond the grave, the memory of which has lingered on in the imaginations of bards and minstrels, to become to after generations of his countrymen the true type of all kingly and knightly virtues.

We are all familiar in these days with Mr. Tennyson's great epic poem, "The Idylls of the King," where under the semblance of Arthurian legends, the Poet Laureate has told us the Parable of the Human Soul, its conflicts, temptations, victories, and final goal. But it is in "The Book

of King Arthur and his noble Knights of the Round Table," arranged and modelled into epic form from contemporary French and English ballads and stories, by Sir Thomas Malory, in the reign of Edward IV., that the true hero and ideal King of English Middle Age Romance may best be known. How great was the influence of that great epic, not only in nourishing the imagination but also in fashioning the manners of English gentlemen in the times of the Tudors, we may gain some hint from the terms in which Caxton, our great English printer, speaks of it in the preface to his first printed edition in the year 1488.

"I have set it down in print," he says, "to the intent that noble men may see and learn the noble acts of chivalry, the gentle and virtuous deeds that some knights used in those days, by which they came to honour, and how they that were vicious were punished and oft put to shame and rebuke; humbly beseeching all noble lords and ladies, with all other estates of what estate or degree they been of, that shall see and read in this said book and work, that they take the good and honest acts in their remembrance, and to follow the same. Wherein they shall find many joyous and pleasant histories and noble and renowned acts of humanity, gentleness, and chivalry. For herein may be seen noble chivalry, courtesy, humanity, friendliness, hardness, love, friendship, cowardice, murder, hate, virtue and sin. Do after the good, and leave the evil."

I cannot of course here re-tell the main incidents of the romance. The legend is far too long for that. Two episodes, however, upon which, in effect, the whole scheme of the poem turns, I may briefly indicate. The story of the "Founding of the Order of the Table Round," and "the Quest of the Sangreal," are not without their appropriate lesson even for our practical and apparently unheroic nineteenth century life.

I. In the legend of the Knights of the Round Table, we have symbolised, no doubt, the good work which was done for the world of the Middle Ages by the social institutions of feudalism.

It was to that system that we owe the recommencement of social life in Europe after the total breakdown of Roman civilisation under the repeated inroads of the Teutonic nations. For although feudalism was undoubtedly in its main feature antagonistic to one of the chief elements of social order, yet we cannot forget that as a first step out of barbarism, the spirit of war was necessary for the very establishment of that civilisation, whose chief aim ultimately it would be to make the appeal to that spirit unnecessary.

During the reign of Charlemagne, for

example, wars were not less, but perhaps more, frequent than usual; but then, for the first time in modern European history, they were wars undertaken upon, more or less, fixed principles, and with a direct end in view. They were no longer the wilful expeditions of a powerful ruler, prompted simply by the lust of conquest. They were the determined endeavour of one who thought he had the power to effect what he designed, to suppress, by the means which in those days were the most natural and the most effective, those elements of disorder which he recognised as fatal to the well-being of society. His method was probably the only one by which in those days he could have accomplished his design, and certainly it bore the merit of success. By slow degrees the spirit of order makes itself felt throughout modern Europe. The Feudal system, which with all its faults had at least the supreme merit of being a system, gradually arose out of the bosom of barbarism. In many things, as I have said, it was undoubtedly hostile to social well-being, but as being the first instance of a visible organization, it educated the individual in those ideas of loyalty, veracity, and justice, of union and confederation, in all those qualities, in fact, which we sum up in the one word "chivalry," which alone made the next step in civilisation possible.

This process of calling social order out of disorder, and the exhibition of the moral qualities which alone made that process possible, is very vividly pictured for us by Mr. Tennyson in the noble words which he puts into King Arthur's mouth when describing to Queen Guinevere the purpose of his life.

"For when the Roman left us, and their law
Relax'd its hold upon us, and the ways
Were filled with rapine, here and there a deed
Of prowess done redressed a random wrong.
But I was first of all the kings who drew
The knighthood errant of this realm and all
The realms together under me, their Head,
In that fair order of my Table Round.
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world,
And be the fair beginning of a time.
I made them lay their hands in mine and swear
To reverence the king, as if he were
Their conscience, and their conscience as their king,
To break the heathen and uphold the Christ,
To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,
To speak no slander, nor listen to it,
To honour his own word as if his God's,
To lead sweet lives in purest chastity,
To love one maiden only, cleave to her,
And worship her by years of noble deeds,
Until they won her; for indeed I knew
Of no more subtle master under heaven
Than is the maiden passion for a maid,
Not only to keep down the base in man,
But teach high thought, and amiable words
And courtliness, and the desire of fame,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

This ideal of noble manliness one is glad

to think is not confined to any one age or time. True, the conditions of life in England have all changed since the days when Sir Thomas Malory drew his picture of the ideal Arthur, for the nobles and gentlemen of the court of Edward IV., or even since those later times when, "in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth," the "Morte d'Arthur" nourished the souls of that brilliant and high-tempered generation, of which Raleigh and Sidney, and Howard and Grenville were the conspicuous types, in all chivalrous and gentle discipline.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways."

The special age of chivalry has passed away, but chivalry itself has only changed the outward expression of its character. For the spirit of chivalry, for all those qualities of knightly character, for all the nobleness of nature, all the love of truth and honour, all the sympathy with human distress, all the eagerness to champion the just though weaker cause, all the gentle courtesy of disposition which ever graced a knight of old, there is still need to-day in England. A new order of knighthood, vowed like the knights of Arthur's table,

"To ride abroad redressing human wrongs,"

would still have their work to-day in England. We may not have our enchanters, or giants, or dragons as of old, but our nineteenth-century world is not without its powers of evil quite as monstrous and devastating as any of those of the Middle Ages. For indeed, I trust, there are few men who would dare to say quite as boldly as did a leading parliamentary orator the other day, "England is not Utopia. The English are a practical people bound to look well after their own interests, who have no roving commission of knight-errantry 'to ride abroad redressing human wrongs.'" No! it is true that England may not be Utopia, but it is still truer that that will be an ill day for England when chivalry of spirit, that noble inheritance won for us by the knights of old, shall be sneered at without protest, as unworthy of the thoughts of practical Englishmen.

II. To return, however, to the Arthurian legend. In Malory's *Epic*, as in Mr. Tennyson's *Idylls*, the story of the Quest of the Sangreal is no doubt the central incident of the great romance. While the glory of Arthur as the chivalric ideal of kingliness is yet only in its early dawn, the King is warned by the seer Merlin, how in all the fair promise of his order there still lies the seeds of death. The heroes who as "earthly

knights and lovers," in the fields of worldly chivalry have won for the most part victories both glorious and easy, fail lamentably when tried by other tests, as the struggle changes from an earthly to a spiritual combat, by which the coming kingdom of true chivalry can alone be established.

The Quest of the Sangreal brings about the final severance between good and evil. The Sangreal, or Holy Grail, according to the legend, is the dish which held the Pascal lamb at the Last Supper. Joseph of Arimathea, it was said, had gone into the house when the supper had been eaten, had taken away the dish, and in it, at the time of the crucifixion, had received the blood from the spear wound of Jesus. This dish, "with part of the blood of our Lord," he had brought with him to England, and deposited there in the abbey which he founded at Glastonbury. There for many years it had remained an object of pilgrimage and adoration. Finally, however, "for the evil of the times," it had been caught away into the heavens, and only appeared from time to time in vision to "virgin hearts in work and will."

The Quest in fact is achieved by the holy knights alone, one, Sir Galahad—

"The virgin knight in work and will
Whose strength is as the strength of ten
Because his heart is pure,"

alone attaining to the Perfect vision,

—"and in the strength of this,
Shattering all evil customs everywhere."

Launcelot, after Arthur, the noblest character in the romance, pre-eminent among the knights, attains also to the vision, but on account of his one great sin, for him the holy vessel was veiled and covered, so that afterwards hardly will he believe he saw it—for, as he tells the king on his return,

"In me lived a sin
So strange, of such a kind, that all of pure,
Noble, and knightly in me twined and clung
Round that one sin, until the wholesome flower
And poisonous grew together, each as each
Not to be plucked asunder . . .
. . . and what I saw was veil'd
And cover'd; and this Quest was not for me."

Such are Mr. Tennyson's words. These are Sir Thomas Malory's, which I am sure are not less worth quoting:—

"Then anon Sir Launcelot waked and got him up and bethought him what he had seen there, and whether it were dreams or not. Right so heard he a voice that said, 'Sir Launcelot, more harder than is the stone, and more bitter than is the wood, and more naked and barer than is the leaf of the fig tree, therefore go thou from hence, and withdraw thou from this holy place.' And when Sir Launcelot heard this he was passing heavy, and wist not what to do, and so departed, sore weeping, and cursed the time that

he was born. For then he deemed never to have had worship more. For those words went to his heart till that he knew wherefore he was called so. Then Sir Launcelot went to the Cross, and found his helm, his sword taken away. And then he called himself a very wretch, and most unhappy of all knights; and then he said, 'My sin and my wickedness have brought me unto great dishonour. For when I sought worldly adventures for worldly desires I ever achieved them, and had the better in every place, and never was I discomfit in no quarrel, were it right or wrong. And now I take upon me the adventure of holy things, and now I see and understand that mine old sin hindereth me, and shameth me so that I had no power to stir nor to speak when the holy blood appeared before me.' So thus he sorrowed till it was day, and heard the fowls sing, then somewhat he was comforted. But when Sir Launcelot missed his horse and his harness then he wist well God was displeased with him. Then he departed from the Cross on foot into the forest, and so by prime he came to an high hill, and found an hermitage, and an hermit therein, which was going unto mass. And then Launcelot kneeled down and cried on our Lord mercy for his wicked works. So when mass was done Launcelot called him and prayed him for charity to hear his life. 'With a good will,' said the good man. 'Sir,' said he, 'be ye of King Arthur's court and of the fellowship of the Round Table?' 'Yea, forsooth, and my name is Sir Launcelot du Lake, that hath been right well said of, and now my good fortune is changed, for I am the most wretch of the world.' The hermit beheld him and had marvel how he was so abashed. 'Sir,' said the hermit, 'ye ought to thank God more than any knight living; for He hath caused you to have more worldly worship than any knight that now liveth. And for your presumption to take upon you in deadly sin for to be in His presence, where His flesh and His blood was, that caused you ye might not see it with worldly eyes, for He unto not appear where such sinners be, but if it be unto their great hurt, and unto their great shame. And there is no knight now living that ought to give God so great thanks as ye; for He hath given you beauty and seemliness, and great strength above all other knights, and therefore ye are all the more beholding unto God than any other man to love Him and dread Him; for your strength and manhood will little avail you and God be against you.'

Of the rest of the knights who went upon the Quest, the King was a true prophet when he said:

"That most of them would follow wandering fires
Lost in the quagmire: lost to me and gone,
And left me gazing at a barren board,
And a lean Order—scarce return'd a tithe."

And what, we ask, is the interpretation of the parable? How was it that the Quest of the Holy Grail should have become "a sign to main the order of the king?"

It has been suggested that in the Quest of the Sangreal is set forth the misleading power of superstition in contrast with the sober practical religion of Arthur himself. The knights who else might have fulfilled "the boundless purpose of the king" and saved the common-weal "with crowning common sense," in the search for the Grail became slaves of illusion and seekers after mere fantastic shapes of superstition. I confess

this does not seem to me quite the true drift of the parable.

In the Quest of the Grail I would rather see symbolised that enthusiastic longing for an ideal life, that craving for something beyond the mere material satisfaction of "earthly things" or of the purely personal interests which is never, probably, quite absent from any human soul, and which, after all, is the animating principle of all true religion.

That such a quest should, in the first instance at any rate, have a disintegrating effect on existing social conditions, is in accord with the experience of all history. It is but a commentary on the words of Christ himself: "Suppose ye that I am come to send peace on earth: I came not to send peace, but a sword." We acknowledge love, brotherhood, good-will amongst men, to have been the master-note of His gospel. We cannot, however, conceal from ourselves that one result of that message has often been disunited households, broken friendships, religious hatred, discord, disunion, division of all kinds. Yet here we know the sword was the sign of peace. If the message of Christ divided men, it was at least a sign that some men were in earnest about it. If it brought division into a house, it also brought energy and activity, it put an end to the fatal lethargy, to the numbing stupor of indifference which was eating out the life of men's souls.

And so with the Quest of the Grail. Religious enthusiasm stirring into nobleness the highest and purest natures, the Galahads and Percivals, is also, because of its effects on the meaner spirits, the Gareths and the Gawains, a disturbing influence in human affairs: that no doubt is one chief lesson of the old romance. But the higher lesson still remains. For us, at any rate, in these modern days the Quest of the Holy Grail can only be another name for the Higher Life, the life of the soul, the perception of the reality of ideals and the value of enthusiasm. And indeed is not that the lesson we most need to learn just now? Is it not with "the spirit of secularity," that especially our English Christianity needs to combat?

"We have been perhaps little aware of it"—I quote the words of a wise and eloquent writer—"as one is usually little aware of the atmosphere one has long breathed. We have been aware only of energetic industrialism. We have been proud of our national 'self-help,' of our industry and solvency, and have taken as but the due reward of these virtues our good fortune in politics and colonisation. We have even framed for ourselves a sort of Deuteronomic religion which is a great comfort to us; it teaches, because we are honest and peaceable and industrious,

therefore our Jehovah gives us wealth in abundance, and our exports and imports swell and our debt diminishes, and our emigrants people half the globe. The creed is too primitive! Ought well-being to be so absolutely confounded with wealth? Is life but livelihood? We may no doubt think ourselves happy in not being misled, like so many nations, by false ideals. On the other hand have we any ideal at all? Does not this eternal question of a livelihood keep us at a level from which no ideal is visible? In old biographies we read of high and generous feelings, the love of fame, the ambition of great achievements, not to speak of higher feelings yet. We neither have such feelings, nor yet any bitter regret to think that we cannot have them."

Alas! I fear that that is only too true a picture of one side of our English character. But, thank God, there is another side of which it is quite as untrue. We have still left among us something more than the memory of the old heroic blood. We need not go, as Professor Seeley says, to the old biographies to read of "high and generous feelings, the love of fame, the ambition of great achievements, not to speak of higher feelings yet." Who that has read lately the life of Lord Lawrence—to take an example from only the latest of English biographies—can doubt it? "Here lies Henry Lawrence who tried to do

his duty."—"Here lies John Lawrence who did his duty to the last,"—are epitaphs—one, the actual words on the elder brother's simple grave in front of the Lucknow Residency; the other, words, not inappropriately suggested, for the younger brother's tomb in Westminster Abbey—which may surely serve to remind us, with all the memories they recall of heroic endeavour and knightly service, of loyal sense of honour and reverent protection of weakness, that we have still left among us salt enough of ardent and chivalric ideal to keep the national heart sound.

No! "God is still in the midst of us," *God's Englishmen* have not yet died out,

"Not once or twice in our rough island story
Has path of duty been the way to glory."

And for the rest may I not end with Mallory?

"Do after the good and leave the evil, and it shall bring you to good fame and renown. . . . All is written for our doctrine, and for to beware that we fall not to vice nor sin, but to exercise and follow virtue, by the which we may come and attain to good fame and renown in this life, and after this short and transitory life to come unto everlasting bliss in heaven, the which He grant us that reigneth in heaven, the blessed Trinity.—Amen."

A GOSSIP ABOUT ORCHIDS.

By DR. ANDREW WILSON.

PROBABLY there are no readers to whom the look of an Orchid flower is entirely unfamiliar. The curious, and often weird shape of the flowers of some species, and the apparent dissimilarity which separates them from the common flowers which surround us, combine to render the orchids a literally marked race of plants. Now and then the outer world hears of a fabulous price being paid for a single specimen of a rare orchid; and with the ordinary failure of the uninterested mind to understand the attraction which a special study presents to the student of nature, remarks the reverse of complimentary are passed upon the folly of men "esteeming lilies better than gold." Orchid-growing and orchid-loving are, in fact, two specialized habits of botanical humanity. There can be no question, to the scientific mind at least, of the rich intellectual harvest—to say nothing of the reward in the shape of beauty—which awaits the student of this group of plants. Last of all, when we remember that these plants formed a special study of the great master-mind so lately removed from our midst, it is only necessary to mention the name of Charles Darwin and

his labours to read the story the orchids tell, to insure the belief that the curious flowers before us present a group of no ordinary interest, alike to the botanist and to the earnest non-technical inquirer into the ways and works of living nature.

The curious appearance of many of the orchid flowers is a noteworthy fact. For example, we know of species which mimic flies in their outward aspect. Others resemble bees; the flower of one species is like the drone bee; and even the spiders are imitated by orchid blossoms. Nor is the long and varied list of mimetic resemblances thus ended. If we were to hunt through an orchid album, wherein the flowers were faithfully depicted, we should be able to see imitations of grasshoppers in the "columns" or flower centres of certain species, such as the *Catasetums*. In Trinidad we find a plant, which, long known as the "butterfly plant," from the obvious resemblance of its flowers to the familiar insects, proves to be an orchid—the *Oncidium papilio* of botanists. Even the birds find representatives in the curious forms and lines of orchid flowers. The swan is represented in the group *Cynoches*; the dove

may be detected in the shape of *Peristeria elata*; and the pelican-flower, the "Flor de Pelicano" of native terminology, is another orchid (*Cypripedium irapaeanum*) belonging to the well-known "Ladies' Slipper" group. When we are further informed that even humanity's lineaments may be mimicked in the "Man Orchis" (*Aceras anthropophora*), we may well be tempted to re-echo Mr. Darwin's words, when he says, "The flowers of orchids, in their strange and endless variety of shape, may be compared with the great vertebrate class of fish, or still more appropriately, with tropical Homopterous insects, which appear to us as if they had been modelled in the wildest caprice, but this is no doubt due to our ignorance of their requirements and conditions of life."

An understanding of the orchid flowers may be readily enough arrived at if we first glance at the structure of a common flower by way of instituting a plain comparison between things known and things unknown. In a buttercup, for example, we may see the parts of a flower in their simplest guise. The flower is a cup, into the formation of which four "whorls," or circles of organs—"leaves," in reality—enter. Outside there is the *calyx*, coloured green, and consisting of five leaves called *sepals*. Placed between and inside the sepals are five yellow leaves, known as *petals*, and which form the *corolla*. This latter "whorl" forms, of course, the brightly-coloured part of flowers, although occasionally the green calyx may, as in fuchsia and Indian cress, become coloured likewise. Inside the corolla we discover, in the buttercup, a large number of little yellow bodies, each like a pin, consisting of a stalk and head, and named a *stamen*. The head of the stamen is called the *anther*. It is hollow, and contains the yellow dust, or *pollen*, with which every one is familiar, as a product of flower life. This pollen is necessary for the fertilisation of the plant, as we shall presently see. The fourth and central part of the buttercup flower is the *pistil*. It consists, in the buttercup, of a large number of green bodies called *carpels*. In each carpel of the buttercup, we find a little round structure called an *ovule*; and when this ovule is fertilised by the pollen from the stamens it becomes a *seed*. The pistils and stamens of a flower are, therefore, its seed-producing parts. "Fertilisation" is merely that process whereby the ovule is converted into the seed from which a new plant will spring; and this being so, it follows that the essential parts of a flower are its stamens and pistil. The calyx

and corolla are protective leaves, but the corolla, by its bright colour, serves to attract insects for the work of fertilisation. It is true that insect visitors may be "tempted by the tooth" to enter flowers, and may be drawn to their unconscious work of fertilisation by the store of honey which the flowers offer for their use and delectation. But leaving aside questions relating to the methods and modes of attraction, we know as a matter of fact that most flowers are visited by insects—some by one species of insects only—and that such visitation has become a necessity of plant existence.

Why this should be so finds a ready explanation in the researches of ordinary botany, following up the clue which the philosophy of that science afforded. When it was observed that insects industriously visited flowers, and carried pollen from one flower to another of the same, or a nearly related species, botanists were led to ask themselves why such an interchange of pollen was apparently desired and demanded by nature. Countless contrivances, simple and elaborate, exist in flowers for the clear purpose of securing that a flower shall not use its own pollen to fertilise its own ovules; and that, secondly, its pollen shall be conveyed by the wind or insects to other flowers, whilst it, in turn, will be fertilised by the pollen brought from a neighbour-flower of the same species. The reason for this "cross-fertilisation" has been found in the proved fact that, as a rule, we obtain more seeds and healthier offspring from a cross-fertilised flower than from one which is "self-fertilised." Mr. Darwin's researches stand out prominently in this respect. He showed conclusively that with certain species of plants, this cross-fertilisation, so far from being an occasional occurrence, was an absolute necessity for the production of seeds. Such a plant as the red-clover, unless visited by certain insects—the humble-bees—does not produce seed at all: so that the interchange of pollen between these clover plants is a necessity of their life and the continuance of the race. Fertilisation itself is a readily understood process. The pollen grains, placed on the top of the pistil (*stigma*), send out little root-like processes in the form of tubes. These pollen-tubes burrow their way down the *style* or *neck* of the pistil, to the *ovary* below, in which the ovules are enclosed. Contact of the pollen-tubes with the ovules now takes place, and the matter contained in the pollen grain is thus conveyed to the ovule. As the result of this contact, the ovule is "fertilised." It is no longer an

ovule. It has become a "seed," and as such, when planted in the ground, contains all the potentialities and powers through which it will blossom forth, in due season, into the likeness of its parent.

Now, the preceding remarks, which are matter of ordinary botanical lore, such as may be found more fully detailed in a primer of the science, lead us towards the appreciation of orchid structure and life. All flowers are divided into two great classes, characterized by the number and arrangement of their flower-parts and leaves, as also by special features of their development. The "dicotyledons" are the higher plants, and are represented by all our familiar trees, shrubs, and flowers, from the oak to the buttercup. The "monocotyledons" are the bamboos, palms, lilies, grasses, crocuses, snowdrops, tulips, &c.; and in this second group the orchids find a place. In this latter group we find, firstly, that the calyx and corolla are, as a rule, similar in appearance, a fact familiarly seen in the tulip, snow-drop, or lily of the valley. There is not that distinction into the green calyx, and the coloured corolla, which we see in the higher group. Then the orchids and their allies have their flower parts arranged in threes, and not in fours or fives as in the higher plants. Whilst the leaves of the latter plants have a "net-veined" structure—beautifully seen in skeleton leaves—the orchid leaves, like those of the grasses, tulips, &c., have their veins running parallel with one another. Lastly, when the young plant is being developed, we see only one "seed-leaf" in the orchids, grasses, &c., whilst the higher plants show two "seed-leaves" in the course of their early history—a feature which, indeed, has given them their name of "dicotyledons."

Turning now to the examination of our orchis flowers, and taking a common species as a type, we discover that the outer leaves which form the "flower" are developed in two circles or whorls, with three leaves in each whorl. But a curious modification is readily seen in the orchid flower, when its parts are even superficially examined. The upper or hinder flower leaf of the inner circle differs materially from the other leaves. It is frequently divided into distinct portions, and is known as the *labellum*. It forms the lower side of the flower, and, as Mr. Darwin remarks, forms an appropriate door-mat or landing-place for the insect visitors of the flower. Very frequently this labellum is prolonged below to form a long tubular appen-

dage. This is the *nectary*, which secretes and contains the honey, for the sake of which, insects will visit the flower. The stamens vary from one to six in number, but three stamens form the common provision of the orchid group. The pistil unites with the stamens to form a single "column;" and the arrangement of the heads of the stamens, as well as the form of the pollen grains, deserve special notice. In ordinary plants, the pollen grains exist separately, and the pollen in consequence appears as the fine yellow dust familiar to all. But in the orchids the pollen rarely exists as a powder. Its usual condition in the orchid family is that of association; the pollen grains adhering to firm, club-shaped masses, called *pollinia* by the botanist. Above the stigma of the pistil to which the pollen is applied in the work of fertilisation, there is a sticky disc, called the *rostellum*, and we shall presently note the important use which is subserved by this glutinous part of the flower.

Orchids, like other flowers, then, require that the ovules contained within their pistil should be fertilised by the pollen from their stamens. But it is in this group, with few exceptions, that the botanist discovers what may be called the acme of perfection in the work of "cross-fertilisation." There is no one group of flowers which has more completely pressed the insects into its service than that which forms the subject of remark. Indeed, the guiding clue to the mysteries, varieties, and oddities of orchid structure, will be found in the idea that all the peculiarities exhibited by those flowers are so many contrivances which render "self fertilisation" difficult or impossible, as they render "cross-fertilisation" easy.

If we watch the process of fertilisation in a common orchid flower, we discover, firstly, that the bee, which acts the part of a friendly go-between, alights firstly on the *labellum* of the flower. In the *Orchis mascula* of damp meadow lands, for example, the process may be well and conveniently studied. Thus steadied on the flower-lip, the bee pushes its head forward into the receptacle at the back of which lies the stigma. The bee's anxiety is, of course, to get at the honey contained in the nectary. Nature, however, may be regarded as being in the position of an expert, who demands on the part of the flower and from the unconscious insect a certain service, and who effects this end by causing the insect to perform the desired work as it troubles itself to reach the store of sweets offered by the flower. Thus the insect, in its endeavour

to gain easy access to the nectary, pushes against the sticky "rostellum" already mentioned. The result of this action on the part of the bee is, that one or more of the pollen-masses will touch its head, and will be firmly glued thereto by the cement, which "sets" like artificial glues, and insures the firm adhesion of the pollen.

As the bee leaves the flower, we see the two pollen-masses adherent to its head, and standing vertically, like two abnormal "horns" thereon. If we push a fine-pointed pencil into the nectary of the orchis flower, so as to imitate the action of the bee, we may readily succeed, as Mr. Darwin showed, in detaching the pollen-masses, and in bringing them off attached to the pencil, as, in nature, they adhere to the insect's head. The bee now leaves the orchis flower bent on a further mission of sweet-gathering. But now ensues a singular action on the part of the pollen-masses. As the bee left the orchid, these masses stood straight and erect on its head. But in a little while—in about 30 seconds in *Orchis muscula*—through the contraction of the little adhesive disc of the pollen mass, that mass is seen to bend downwards and forwards, "through 90 degrees," as Mr. Darwin puts it, so as to cause each mass to lie forwards and to project almost horizontally on the insect's head.

What is the meaning, then, of this remarkable change of attitude? The reply becomes clear, when we give a moment's consideration to the position of the organs of the orchid flower. If we pushed our pencil, with its attached and erect pollen masses, into the flower—the pollen-masses thus existing as they were first derived from the flower—we should tend simply to replace them in the niche whence they were taken, namely, amongst the masses which were left behind in the flower. But this is evidently a result for which nature does not bargain. Her design is that the pollen-masses shall be placed on the pistil of another orchis. Hence, by causing the droop and change of position of the pollen-masses on the bee's head, she insures that as the bee enters another flower the pollen masses will "charge" the pistil of that flower, and be duly deposited thereon. And there is yet another important result obtained by this change of position of the pollen masses after an interval has elapsed. If the change took place immediately on the bee withdrawing its head from the flower, the insect would be liable to fertilise the pistil of some other flower of the same plant, which it

would naturally visit next in order. But this result is exactly that against which nature is contending. She is, in other words, avoiding "self-fertilisation," and securing "cross-fertilisation." So long, therefore, as the pollen-mass remains erect (i.e. during the time the bee is occupied with the flowers of one and the same plant) there is no chance of self-fertilisation; whilst, on the contrary, by the time the insect arrives at the next plant the pollen mass will be ready to discharge its function. Robert Brown also pointed out that the whole of the pollen mass will not be pulled off the insect's head in the fertilisation of one flower. In other words, a single pollen mass may contain material enough for the impregnation of many pistils, and economy in the distribution of the pollen is thus secured.

Such is the ordinary course of things in common orchid existence. It will not be denied that these details are both curious and interesting. But remarkable as they are, they form a mere introduction to the veritable wonders of orchid life. Each species well-nigh exhibits its own peculiar methods of securing cross-fertilisation; and the contrivances which are known to the orchid grower are well-nigh endless in variety and complexity. Take the curious case of a tropical orchid *Coryanthes*, for example. Here the labellum or flower-lip forms a veritable bucket of water, which drips into it from two horns. When the bucket is half full, the water overflows by a spout, which exists at one side. The uncovered or dry part of the labellum rests on the bucket and forms a hollow cavity containing fleshy ridges inside, and forming two side doors. Well may Mr. Darwin tell us that "the most ingenious man, if he had not witnessed what takes place, could never have imagined what purpose all these parts serve."

Dr. Crüger, however, watching this orchid in its native haunts, saw crowds of bees visiting the large and showy blossoms of this species of orchid. Apparently the honey in the nectary was not the object of their search; for they entered the chamber which lies above the bucket, and gnawed the fleshy ridges it contains. As in a struggling mass of humanity who fight on the edge of a pond there would be frequent immersions, so Dr. Crüger saw the bees now and then fall into the bucket. Of all disasters to insect-life, wet wings must prove the most serious. Unable to fly, the half-drowned bees crawled through the only passage open to them, namely the spout or overflow. "A continual procession" of the

half-drowned insects was seen by Dr. Crüger passing out of the spout. But the passage in question is a very narrow one, and it is moreover covered by the "column" formed of the united pistil and stamens. The result is that the bee, forcing its passage out, first rubs its back against the sticky stigma whereon pollen is deposited, and then against the sticky masses of pollen. On the backs of the bees which first chance to escape after their bath, the pollen masses thus become glued. Visiting another *Coryanthes* plant, the pollen-laden bee is again immersed, but as it crawls forth through the passage of this second flower, the pollen-masses will first be touched by the sticky pistil, will adhere to it, and cross-fertilisation is thus secured. Anything more ingenious or complex than the series of arrangements thus detailed, could not well be imagined.

Equally curious is the case of the *Catasetum*, described by Mr. Darwin as belonging to a family which he considered "the most remarkable of all orchids." Here the stamens and pollen grains occur in one plant and the pistils on another plant (as in the willow); so that the conveyance of pollen from one plant to the other is absolutely necessary to insure the production of seeds. There is nothing attractive to insects in the pollen-chamber of the *Catasetum*; and moreover, the sticky disc, which would cause the pollen grain to adhere to the body of an insect, is so placed that the insect would not touch it, even if it entered the chamber. But *Catasetum* is endowed with a power which perfectly compensates for its lack of the characters of other orchids. The pollen masses possess each a blunt and sticky point. When the insect enters the flower it ruptures the edges

of the disc by which the pollen masses adhered together. This action resembles the touch of a trigger; for, as the stalks of the pollen masses are fastened down in a curved position, and as they are suddenly liberated by the insect's act, they straighten with remarkable force, and like arrows may be projected to a distance of two or three feet. These pollen arrows of *Catasetum* may disturb the insect, which, flying to another and pistil-bearing plant with the pollen masses, leaves them on the pistil of the latter and thus fertilises it.

To enumerate in further detail the many interesting features which present themselves before the student of the orchid race, would be a task beyond our present purpose, as it is certainly rendered impossible by the plain considerations connected with limitation of space. Enough has perhaps been said to show the liberal mine of intellectual wealth which may reside within the limits of even a single family of living beings. The orchids form only one of countless groups of the plant world, an acquaintance with whose history will be found to constitute one of the highest delights and purest enjoyments of life. For unless there is something radically erroneous in man's natural disposition to love nature and knowledge for their own sakes, we are only re-echoing words of wisdom when we assert that the study of the living forms that surround us should form a part of the pleasures of us all. It is a poor heart which never rejoices; and this familiar expression may be paralleled by that which declares that it is a dull and abnormal comprehension which cannot arise from the study of living things without feeling the better and happier for the knowledge that our world contains so much that is beautiful and good.

IN MEMORIAM.

I HAVE no welcome for thee, smiling Spring!
 Thy smile is not for me; so let me go:
 We once were friends, and may be friends again:
 Thou canst not charm away my present pain:
 Alas, my wounded heart! too well we know
 The grief the living suffer from death's sting.

Now will I find me out some leafless tree,
 Standing, all smitten, 'midst the verdurous wood;
 And, couching on the wither'd leaves it wore—
 The leaves so joyously it whilom wore—
 Maybe, I'll ease me of my mournful mood,
 When Nature thus shall sympathize with me.

The melancholy message of the morn,
 The answering echo of the aching eve,
 And all the tracery of the sunny shade—
 The writing by the leafy sunshine made,
 Remind me only of my cause to grieve.
 Pass by, ye Days ! ye make me more forlorn.

Yet then thy voice the same sad story brings
 In muffled repetition, shrouded Night !
 Hush ! whispering winds come from yon sacred ground :
 Night's starry eyes gaze on that new-made mound :
 And, thinking, thinking on the piteous sight,
 I would for me were spread the peace-bird's slumbrous wings !*

A. F. HEATON.

* Psalm lv. 6.

LIFE AND LETTERS BY THE SEA-SIDE.

By "SHIRLEY."

I.—THE FIRST SPRING MORNING.

MANY years ago I said somewhere—it was in the *Cornhill*, I fancy, in the great days when Thackeray was editor, and used to write his contributors those queer angular upside-down little notes which one remembers so well—why don't we have an edition of his letters with his own illustrations?—there, or elsewhere, I said, a hundred years ago, that there is always one particular day in the year when the spring seems to me to awake—the first spring morning in fact, and not by the calendar. The snow has been gone for weeks, the sun has been shining briskly, the pear and the plum are white with blossom ; yet the sky remains hard and stern, and the earth is black and inhospitable—as if the thought of winter still chilled her heart. But one morning we wake unwarned, and we have barely drawn aside the curtains ere we are aware that the bonds of death are loosed, that a new life has been born into the year, and that, like the eyes of a girl who has begun to love, the blue sky and the fleecy clouds have strangely softened since nightfall. Spring is abroad upon the mountains, and her maiden whisper thrills your pulse !

Ever since then—during the intervening hundred years or so—I have made a red cross in my journal on that particular day. The anniversary of the youthful year is emphatically a movable feast. It is as incalculable as the caprice of a coquette or the orbit of a political leader—a Disraeli or a Gladstone. Sometimes it comes in March,

sometimes in April, sometimes in May. Once it surprised us in February ; but it was leap-year, and possibly the odd day had been overlooked. Once June was imminent ; but that year there had been patches of snow in our deep glade till May, and poet and farmer alike had expostulated in vain : "O sweet new year delaying long, delaying long, delay no more." But it turned a deaf ear to our charming, and it was well on into August before the hawthorn was in blossom. The Tories, to be sure, were in power at the time, and we never can tell what the clerk of the weather will do when *that* happens.

Once more the blessed day has returned, and what can I do better this balmy morning than send a spring greeting to GOOD WORDS and its Editor ? Many happy returns of this admirable number. Such an astonishing sixpennyworth—so much that is at once sound, healthy, and cheerful—it has not hitherto been my luck to meet. We have had a great deal of controversy lately on the condition of the people question,—whether life upon the whole is easier and sweeter for the great mass of our workers than it was forty years ago. We have been told all about the comparative values of bread, and butcher meat, and rents, and taxes, and so on ; but not a word has been said about our cheap literature, and about the novel conditions which have made such a venture as GOOD WORDS possible, and, I hope, profitable. Man does not live by bread alone ; and when balancing our gains and losses we



"The answering echo of the aching eye,
And all the tracery of the sunny shade."
P. 472.

should not fail to take into account the mental feast which the poorest artisan may now enjoy for a copper or two. Honour to whom honour is due; and those who cater in an honest and friendly spirit for the entertainment of the teeming masses of our great cities are among the true benefactors of the race.

Yet it makes one sad to think to how few of them, in their vast hives of industry, beneath their sable canopies of smoke and fog, is the message of the spring-time brought. "I saw," says Heine, "the young Spring God, large as life, standing on the summit of an Alp." It is not on the summit of an alp that I have met the youngster to-day, but in a deep glade, carpeted with cowslip and anemone, and vocal with woodland song. A great city lies on the other side of the hill—a hill famous in Scottish poetry—but to our secluded glen the smoke of the factory and the forge, and the thunder of their traffic, do not penetrate. Nature is hard at work to be sure,—but she works in silence; she is making a New World, but there is no sound of hammer or of axe. Fair and shapely, and fashioned by an instinct more inevitable than fashioned the Temples of Jerusalem or of Athens, this beautiful new world rises day by day before our eyes—how often unseen or unregarded!—until the forbidding blackness of the wintry earth is covered all over with summer greenery. Foolish people say that the age of miracles is past; how can that be when the unique miracle of spring is always with us? At a time when all the professions are overcrowded, I often wonder, with Mr. Gladstone, why some of us do not take to market gardening. A garden is one of the best teachers, as it is one of the greatest enjoyments, in life. For it brings us face to face with the wonderful processes of *growth*. That the earth this spring should be as able and willing as ever to produce green peas and young potatoes, and French beans (not to speak of subtler and more ethereal products), often touches me, in view of our own decay, with unspeakable astonishment. It is good for us, moreover, to make our hands familiar with the soil from which we have been taken, and to which we must return. If we come to love the earth, and to feel that kind, beneficent, and fruitful processes are at work among the sods, we shall banish a great deal of the foolish sentimental sadness about mortality which the Modern Muse affects. Perhaps indeed a disorderly bit of woodland like ours is even better and more instructive than a well-ordered garden or nursery,—we watch

Nature at work in her simplest moods and in her most rustic dress. Here, if anywhere, the solution of the mystery is to be reached. The miracle transacts itself, night and morning, before our eyes; and (assuming that it is capable of explanation) we have only our own obtuseness to thank if we remain as ignorant as before.

A charming little volume has been recently issued by Mr. Harrison Weir, the eminent artist and naturalist, which ought to be in the hands of every child, old and young, who wishes to keep a daily record of what is going on out of doors. It is called "Every Day in the Country;" and from the 1st of January to the 31st of December, there are regular entries of the "events" in the animal and vegetable world, as observed by the author, as well as characteristic illustrations of each. On the opposite page blank spaces are left where you record your own observations of the advent of bird and flower. Looking over the copy which has been assiduously posted up by deft little hands this year in our glen, we learn how much there is to see within a hundred yards of the dining-room windows—how many welcomes and farewells, how many comedies, how many tragedies even. The winter of 1883-4 was, as we all know, a mere pretence. We had a shower of snow once and again; but it melted before mid-day. So that we are not surprised to learn that on the First of the year a stray celandine and campion were visible; that on the Second the water-ousel (which, strange to say, Mr. Ruskin has never beheld) was singing; that on the Fifth there were no less than twelve flowers on the *Gloire de Dijon*; that on the Ninth, daisies, violets, and primroses were showing themselves in the garden borders; and that by the Eighteenth the woodland concert had begun in earnest. Already, this 26th of April, nearly all the firstlings of the year have faded. The snowdrop, the crocus, the wood-anemone, the sweet violet, the winter aconite have come and gone. The wood sorrel and the cowslip, the periwinkle and the primrose are yet in bloom; the glen is still bright with yellow celandine and crimson campion; and in another day or two the woodland carpet will be blue all over—blue as the heaven—with hyacinth. In our chilly climate, as a rule, few of these events "come off" before May or June; but this season we are six weeks earlier than usual. Then the birds have been busy at their nests for months. There were eight or nine eggs in the water-ousel's nest beneath the waterfall before April

had well begun; and, while her mate is still sitting on her first, the male water-hen is already occupied in building a *second*. (A humorous battle between him and a water-rat has this moment occurred, resulting in the complete discomfiture of the rat.) Last night the owl was hooting from a *coigne* of vantage above his nest in the ivy, and, if I am not mistaken, I have heard more than once the shrill complaint, the curious *yelp*, *yelp* of the young birds. (As we have had a sharp frost lately, the little unfledged creatures possibly find it chilly.) The cuckoo has not yet returned from the Riviera, and only an occasional swallow has been seen; but otherwise the woodland season is at its briskest. The wagtail, the creeper, the wren, the robin, the thrush, the missel-thrush, the blackbird, the starling, the skylark, the yellow-hammer, the tit, the flycatcher, the chaffinch, the cushet, are in their best dresses, and hard at work from daybreak till dark. What with building of nests, and laying of eggs, and hunting of worms and grubs and larvæ, and vigilant observation of magpies and carrion crows and water-rats, and general conversation, and an occasional irrepressible outburst of joyful melody, not one of them has an idle moment. Where does this happiness come from? Who has put it into their hearts? There are no pessimistic philosophers among our birds,—merle and mavis are as happy and hopeful to-day as when they sang in Eden, while *we*, who look before and after and sigh for what is not, are disquieted in vain. *Behold, thou hast made my days as an hand-breadth; and mine age is as nothing before thee: verily man at his best state is altogether vanity. Surely every man walketh in a vain show: surely they are disquieted in vain: he heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them.*

Yet after all is said, and in spite of the fall and the east wind, this England and Scotland of ours are very fair and sweet in the spring-time; and I do not wonder that even in Italy Robert Browning remembered the Hampshire downs and the Devonshire lanes—

"Oh, to be in England,
Now that April's there,

And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning unaware,
That the lowest boughs o' the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,

While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough,
In England—now!"

It is thus, and in these manifold, mysterious beautiful ways, that the miracle of a New World repeats itself year by year. Were it not for this ever-fresh childhood of the spring, the earth, I suppose, would grow old as the rest of us do. But, like the hero of the fairy story, it bathes itself in an enchanted fountain, and so renews its youth. Here as elsewhere, each of us makes his own choice, to *you* the opening of the flowers—to *you* the coming of the birds—is the special message on which you dwell. For my own part I do not think there is anything so exquisite and incredible in all this miraculous season as the rising and unfolding of the delicate frond of the fern. There are ferns here on every hand—brought from every quarter of Europe. Other travellers bring pictures or carvings or cameos to remind them of the pleasant places they have visited; I am content with a fern root or two, which may be carried quite safely in a spare sponge bag, and which to my mind are even more directly associative and suggestive. This delicate asplenium was gathered in the Val Anzasca in sight of Monte Rosa; that rare polipody is a native of Monte Christallo in the Dolomites; this plant of holly was found on the summit of the Simplon half buried in the snow, that in the Fuscherthal on the route across the Pfauldscharte to the mighty Pasterze Glacier; from the cool depths of the well in the convent courtyard at Padua, where Giotto's frescoes are still dimly visible, came this tuft of fragile maiden-hair—as old perhaps as the frescoes; the stately Osmunda is a relic of an forgotten visit to Mr. Froude and the Kerry coast; the oak and the beech, and the parsley and the hartstongue, and the hay scented and the green asplenium marinum (which first saw the light in a cave at Colonsay) are reminiscences of English lake and Western Island. One or two of them are already perfectly developed—others have only begun to stir the soil above their heads. But in each and all an inscrutable and irresistible force is at work, a power so potent that even the hard-trodden sod is moved aside by a slender needle-like shaft which the faintest breeze will bend. A miracle, indeed! before which science is mute.





The Banks of the Nile.

EGYPT AFTER THE WAR.

By LADY BRASSEY, AUTHOR OF "A VOYAGE IN THE 'SUNBEAM,'" ETC.

FIFTH (AND CONCLUDING) PAPER.

TUESDAY, February 20th.—We left Luxor at half-past five A.M., and ran aground soon after ten, in consequence of Tadros, with his usual perversity, having allowed the incompetent pilot, instead of the good one, to go on board the tug. The mistake was quickly rectified, and we reached Keneh soon after noon without further mishap, and without having caught sight of a crocodile, as we had rather hoped to do. Having hired some very wretched donkeys (all the best having been already secured by a party of American tourists), we rode into the town, which is situated between two and three miles from the banks of the river. It is a large and important place, with good bazaars and baths, but is chiefly celebrated for the fact that it contains a large colony of dancing girls, who go from here to various parts of Upper Egypt.

The ride to Denderah in the afternoon was through a fertile country. The temple itself is very fine, and its roof being still preserved, it is in some respects even more interesting than the other ruins we have already visited. But the smell of the bats by

which it is now inhabited was quite overpowering. It made me feel sick and faint; and although there was much to detain us, we were only too glad to escape into the outer air as quickly as possible, and to be able to breathe freely once more.

This temple of Denderah is of much later date than those at Thebes, having been built in the time of the Ptolemies in connection with the worship of Athor or Aphrodite, and completed by the Emperors Tiberius and Nero. In consequence, the architecture is not so imposing as that of the more ancient structures; but it is still very beautiful; and the hieroglyphics and paintings are remarkably clear and well preserved. Many of the names of the Roman Emperors, added at a still more recent date, can be traced; and there is said to be an excellent portrait of Cleopatra and Ptolemy Cæsarion, her son by Julius Cæsar. The whole building is enclosed by a high brick wall, so that nothing can be seen of it from the outside.

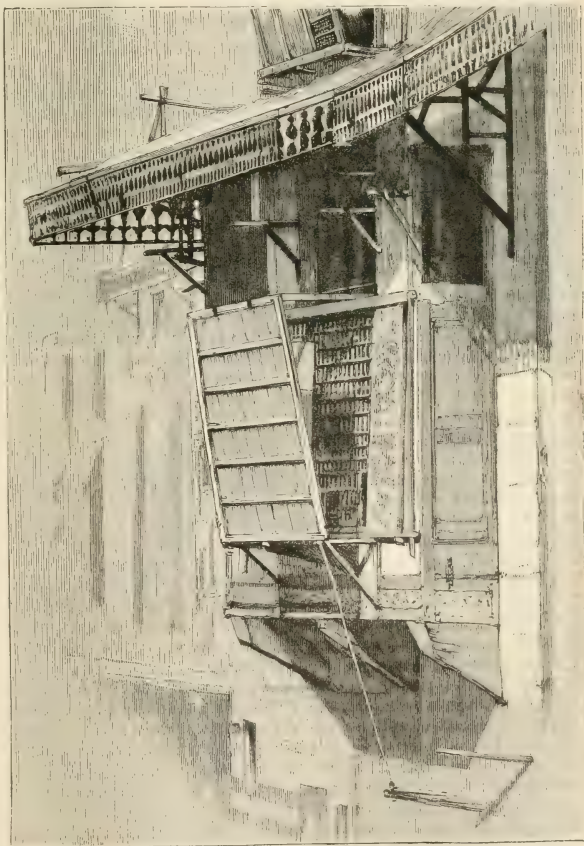
Wednesday, February 21st.—It is extraordinary how this life on the Nile grows upon one, and how soon it comes to be regarded

as the most natural style of existence imaginable. I had always felt inclined to pity people whom I have heard of as passing weeks, or even months, on board a dahabeeah, and had feared that we should find our little expedition rather monotonous, especially as we were so small a party; but, on the contrary, each day has been more enjoyable than the last, our only regret being that it has brought us, by twenty-four hours, nearer to the time when we must bid adieu to our dear *Gazelle*. There is a subtle charm in the atmosphere of the valley of the Nile, which cannot be described; a spirit of enchantment, which still lingers where the great pulse of the world throbbed centuries and centuries ago, when the mighty builders of these glorious ruins were born, and lived, and died, and were buried.

We got under way this morning at half-past five, but soon afterwards ran aground, the reis (as he always does when he thinks there is nobody up and about to look after him) having again sent the inferior pilot on board the steamer. I think he finds my unexpected appearance on deck at all sorts of hours rather disconcerting; and on the present occasion he lost no time in lowering the boat and rectifying his mistake directly he saw me emerge from the cabin. His obstinacy in this matter is most provoking. It is not only that the one man does not know the river, but he cannot apparently detect the superficial differ-

ence between deep water and shallow; and we frequently foresee, several minutes before the bump comes, that we must inevitably go aground.

We passed Bellianeh without stopping to make our intended excursion to Abydos, which would have involved a wearisome ride to the edge of the desert. The grand old temple is similar in many respects to those we have already seen, its one great peculiarity being that it is almost, if not quite, the only Egyptian temple in which there is anything like an arch. In every other case the roof rests upon immense blocks of stone, laid on



A mushorabir.

the top of columns and pillars, the doorways and windows being formed in the same way. Everything is square-shaped, or rather rectangular. Indeed, the total absence of curves may be said to be the most striking characteristic of ancient Egyptian architecture.

The strong north wind, against which we were being towed, was somewhat cold; but the current helped us briskly along, and we passed dirty Girgeh, and landed at Ekhmeen early in the afternoon. The French Consul kindly lent me a beautiful white donkey, and we rode or walked all round this most characteristic of oriental towns. The bazaars, though large, are not particularly interesting; and our party excited so much curiosity, and was the object of such close attention, that we were glad to make our escape from the crowd we attracted. The more striking features of the town are the Coptic ruins and the remains of two large convents. Most of the inhabitants still profess to be Christians, though they do not differ at all in outward appearance from their Mahomedan brethren. The *mushorabirs*, or wooden window-lattices, are here most beautiful. I have not seen any so finely carved, even in the oldest part of Old Cairo. Almost every house has one or more of these graceful overhanging structures. Many a harem balcony, dirty and dusty as they all were, I should have liked to have transferred bodily to England; though how it would look in our wet foggy climate, without the sunshine and blue sky, and without the gay colours and bright eyes that peeped forth from behind, I scarcely know.

Thursday, February 22nd.—After anchoring for the night off Sohag, we resumed our voyage between five and six this morning; and were fortunate enough to reach Assiout at three o'clock, without having run aground.

The bazaars of Assiout are large and well stocked; for here the caravans arrive direct from the interior, laden with ivory, panther and leopard skins, horns, ostrich-feathers and eggs, and all the products of the desert, and take back in exchange cotton fabrics, Manchester goods, and Scotch woollen shawls. I am sorry to say that even the Bedouins are beginning to wear the latter, instead of enveloping their heads in the hoods of their white bournouses, or covering them with their bright-coloured striped *kefeeyehs*. It is a deplorable exchange of the picturesque and beautiful for the commonplace but useful. From the bazaars we rode to see some curious tombs hewn out of the rocks among the hills near Assiout. They contain many interesting hieroglyphics; but I liked best the view

which they command over the town and the fields and plains of what Dean Stanley has called "dazzling green." I can think of no other expression to convey the idea of the vivid colour of the wide expanse, which seemed to shine and shimmer like a mass of emeralds, as the wind swept refreshingly over and lightly stirred the blades of grass and corn. There was nothing to break what under ordinary circumstances would have been the monotony of the scene, save an occasional glimpse of the waters of the Nile, with here and there a white sail gliding over their surface, or of the roofs of an Arab village and the tops of a grove of palm-trees. The view from this spot is said to be the prettiest in Egypt; and it is certainly quite unique in character. Dean Stanley, in describing it, says that the plain "stretches away for miles on either side, unbroken save for the mud-villages which lie here and there in the midst of the verdure, like the marks of a soiled foot on a rich carpet." I do not quite agree with the justice of the last simile, for I think that the villages rather improve than mar the general beauty of the prospect.

Friday, February 23rd.—Tadros knocked at my door at half-past five this morning, to inform me that Cook's agent had just arrived on board, with a telegram containing the unpleasant information that it would be utterly impossible for us to continue our voyage down the river below Minieh. The *Masr*, a large river-steamer, had run ashore three days ago, completely blocking the channel, and it seemed doubtful when she would be able to get off again, even if the whole of her cargo and coals were removed for the purpose of lightening her. This was a great disappointment to us; and the knowledge that our life on board the dahabeeah was thus to be brought to such an unexpectedly sudden conclusion gave a tinge of sadness to the day's proceedings.

We got under way again at the usual hour, and soon left behind us the domes and minarets of Assiout, which looked extremely picturesque in their green setting of palm-groves. The light of the slowly fading moon, and the pale pink blush in the east, heralding the swift approach of dawn, threw the most lovely tints on land and water, as we glided along on the bosom of the Nile. Not long afterwards we passed Maabdeh, where are the celebrated crocodile mummy-pits, containing thousands of the embalmed and well-preserved bodies of those huge creatures. Some very richly gilt human mummies have also been found there, besides several interest-



The Nile at Assiout.

ing Greek manuscripts. The caverns are not difficult of access, I believe; but it was now very early in the morning, and after our recent experience of Denderah, we did not feel much inclined to penetrate into places that are said to be even still more infested with bats, and which possess in addition the unenviable reputation of abounding with other odours of the most noisome description.

About three o'clock in the afternoon we saw the towers of Minieh rising in the distance; and an hour later, I cannot say that we had actually dropped our anchor, but we were moored hard and fast to the bank, and our delightful cruise was really at an end. Minieh is an important town, with many big sugar manufactories, and a vast palace belonging to the Khedive, which I believe he occasionally occupies in the summer-time. We landed and walked about through the bazaars, and went to see the

rather picturesque old tomb of a sheykh, whence we proceeded to the railway station, to obtain some particulars about our journey to-morrow. The station-master, though extremely polite, was unable to speak a single word of any language but his own, and the interview, having to be conducted through the medium of Tadros, was somewhat tedious, especially as he (the station-master) insisted on entertaining us with pipes and coffee.

Saturday, February 24th.—At what hour Tadros would have considered it necessary to call us, had we been leaving by the eight-o'clock train, I cannot imagine; for although we were not to start until past mid-day, he began to rout us out before six, and by eight o'clock he had got nearly everything packed up, leaving us in a more or less comfortless condition. In fact, it was only by peremptory insistence that I succeeded in retaining my dressing-bag, and a few writing materials, and a book. At eleven o'clock his anxiety

on our behalf reached its climax, and he worried and fussed to such an extent that we were fairly driven off like a flock of sheep, after a somewhat hurried farewell to the dear *Gazelle* and all on board. The whole establishment came with us, except the old reis, and the sailors, who expressed great regret at losing us, and said that they wished the voyage could have lasted three months instead of only three weeks. I think the occasional presents of lamb and other delicacies that had been given them, had possibly something

to do with these sentiments; though I am sure they were sorry to lose the children, whose interest in their music and dancing they had highly appreciated. We brought away some of their quaint musical instruments with us, as parting gifts. The reis of the steamer, on the other hand, looked even more gloomy and stately than usual (he was a Nubian from Assouan); probably because, on account of his inefficiency and obstinacy, I had declined to give him anything beyond

his bare pay. On donkeys and on foot our little procession, the extent of which was due in great measure to the fact that every parcel or bag, whatever its size, had its own porter, and every box or larger package two (carts being scarce in these parts), wound its way through the streets and bazaars of the town to the railway station, which we reached quite an hour before the time fixed for the departure of the train, and where we were again regaled with coffee by the polite station-master.

Mr. Cook had sent down a large carriage

for us; the rain of yesterday had cooled the air, and had laid the dust somewhat; so that our journey was not altogether half so unpleasant as we had anticipated. We reached Boolak-ed-Dakroor at about half-past seven and found carriages awaiting us, and a quick cold drive of little more than half an hour brought us to our old quarters at Sheppard's Hotel, where, although we found many new faces, there still remained several of our old friends to give us a warm welcome, and to make the after-dinner gathering in our little sitting-room very pleasant.

Sunday, February 25th.—

Waking early, I heard the wind howling and the leaves and twigs of the trees outside tapping against the window, on opening which the scene that presented itself reminded me of a March day in England. The dust was flying in clouds, and the few natives who were visible were so tied up in handkerchiefs and shawls, that they looked as if they feared that their heads might part company with their bodies. Going to church was



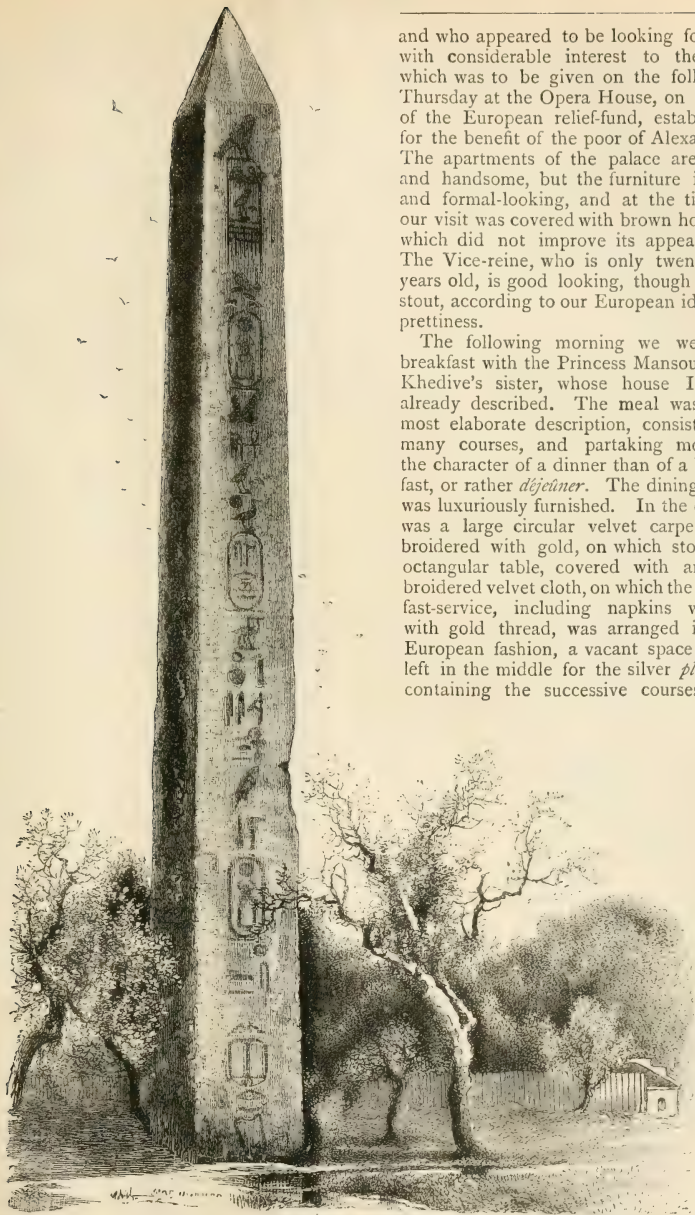
A Bedawy.

really a matter of much difficulty, the gale by that time having increased considerably. Many were the hats we saw careering wildly about the streets, while a dense sand-storm from the desert seemed to envelop the whole city in a sort of yellow cloud, almost like a November fog in London. Later on the wind subsided and the rain began to descend in torrents, laying the terrible clouds of dust, which made it almost impossible to breathe.

On Tuesday afternoon we called on the Vice-reine, who received us very pleasantly,

and who appeared to be looking forward with considerable interest to the ball which was to be given on the following Thursday at the Opera House, on behalf of the European relief-fund, established for the benefit of the poor of Alexandria. The apartments of the palace are lofty and handsome, but the furniture is stiff and formal-looking, and at the time of our visit was covered with brown holland, which did not improve its appearance. The Vice-reine, who is only twenty-five years old, is good looking, though rather stout, according to our European ideas of prettiness.

The following morning we went to breakfast with the Princess Mansour, the Khedive's sister, whose house I have already described. The meal was of a most elaborate description, consisting of many courses, and partaking more of the character of a dinner than of a breakfast, or rather *déjeuner*. The dining-room was luxuriously furnished. In the centre was a large circular velvet carpet, embroidered with gold, on which stood an octangular table, covered with an embroidered velvet cloth, on which the breakfast-service, including napkins worked with gold thread, was arranged in the European fashion, a vacant space being left in the middle for the silver *plateaux* containing the successive courses. As



The Obelisk of Heliopolis.

affording some idea of the resources of Cairene culinary art, it may perhaps be mentioned that we were offered in the following order, soup, roast-turkey, calves'-head stuffed with forcemeat, pilau of rice and raisins, macaroni cheese, kabobs of mutton on skewers, asparagus *à l'huile*, pancakes, cream-rice-tart, pastry and jam, milk-of-almonds in a bowl, with pistachio nuts, eaten with tortoiseshell spoons, and cheese, followed by dessert, with ices and little cakes, and ending with coffee, which was served in another room. On the table itself were several varieties of *hors d'œuvre*, such as anchovies, olives, potted meats, a sort of bitter white sauce, and clotted cream. Champagne and other wines were handed round. The party consisted of eight persons, and the entire meal was served within forty minutes—remarkably quick work, considering the length of the *menu*. Each guest was provided with a beautifully embroidered Turkish towel, and water was brought to us in large silver basins after dinner to wash our hands in. During our visit we had a short conversation with the Princess's husband, at his office in the city, by means of the telephone.

In the afternoon we drove to Abasseeyeh, to see the soldiers of the new Egyptian army being drilled, and thence to the village of Matareeyeh, near the entrance to which, at a short distance from the road, is what is called the "Virgin's Tree," a very old sycamore, beneath the shade of which the Holy Family are supposed to have rested after their flight into Egypt. It has been greatly hacked and disfigured by pilgrims and relic-hunters, but is now protected by a fence. Whatever truth there may be in the legend attached to it, there can be no doubt of the great age of the tree, which is still alive, though gnarled and twisted.

We also visited the ostrich farm near the same village, and saw in the distance the far-famed solitary obelisk of Heliopolis, said to be the oldest in Egypt.

On Thursday, March 1st, we embarked at the Kasr-en-neel, at half-past nine, in one of Cook's steamers, hired for the occasion, and proceeded up the Nile to Bedreshayn, our party including Mr. Laurence Oliphant, Mr. Mackenzie Wallace, Mr. Stanley Poole, and Lady Wynford. We arrived at our destination about noon, and started at once on donkeys for the Apis Mausoleum, passing on our way the Step Pyramid—the largest of the eleven standing on the plain of Sakkarah—and dismounting at the house of the late

M. Mariette, by whom the discovery of the site of the Serapeum, or outer temple, which no longer exists, and the Apis Mausoleum, was made, more than twenty years ago. The entrance to the Mausoleum is by a long subterranean passage, on each side of which are chambers containing the sarcophagi of the sacred bulls that were buried there, the average size of a sarcophagus being 13 feet by 7½ feet, with a height of 11 feet, and the thickness of the granite of which they are composed from two to three feet. The Mausoleum, as discovered by M. Mariette, consisted of three parts, varying considerably in age, only the third of which, the largest and most magnificent, is now shown to visitors. We afterwards visited the tombs of Tih and of Ptah-hotep, situated respectively a short distance to the north and south of the Mausoleum.

The same evening the grand charity ball, in aid of the poor of Alexandria, to which I have already referred, took place, and was a most brilliant success. Everybody of importance in Cairo, whether native or European, was present, including the Khedive, who wore only one decoration, that of Knight Grand Commander of the Star of India, and who appeared to take great interest in the proceedings. The ball was opened by a court quadrille, in which Prince Osman, representing the Khedive, danced with Lady Dufferin; Lord Dufferin's partner being Madame de Martino, wife of the Agent and Consul-General for Italy. A Scotch reel, organized and led by Lady Alison, was one of the most picturesque and interesting features of the proceedings. All who took part in it, both ladies and gentlemen, were dressed in complete Highland costume, the music being performed by the pipers of the Black Watch, and the necessary space for the dance being kept by four stalwart sergeants of the same regiment. The Khedive watched the reel with the greatest interest, and personally congratulated Lady Alison upon the successful manner in which it had been performed.

The theatre was prettily decorated with crimson and gold cloth, and velvet and quantities of flowers, and was lighted partly by gas and partly by electricity. All the boxes on the first tier, except that of the Khedive, were shut in with embroidered muslin screens, and were reserved for the ladies of the harem, who, themselves unseen, were thus enabled to witness, without taking an active part in, the festivities. The stage was arranged as a winter-garden, and was profusely ornamented with exotic and greenhouse plants, the floor

being covered with Persian, Syrian, and Turkish carpets, lent for the occasion. Altogether the ball was a complete success, which must have been very gratifying to Lady Dufferin, who had taken so kind an interest in it, and had done so much to secure so satisfactory a result. I do not know the exact amount realised, but it was estimated at the time that it would be possible to hand over something like £1,500 to the Alexandria Relief Fund Committee.

The following day (*Friday, March 2nd*) we witnessed a parade of Général Graham's brigade, consisting of the three Highland regiments now in Cairo, and the 60th Rifles, in the square in front of the Abdeen Palace; and in the afternoon, after paying and receiving several farewell visits, we took the train to Alexandria, where we arrived and embarked on board the *Sunbeam* at eleven o'clock.

The attractions of the yacht, after our long absence, being so great, we were none of us in a hurry to start, in the afternoon of the following day, for the pleasant expedition to Ramleh, which Colonel John had kindly planned for us. Captain Fitzroy met us on shore, and we drove along the usual jolting Egyptian road to what was once the Khedive's palace at Ramleh, but now serves as barracks for the 42nd Regiment, the harem having been converted into a hospital for the use of the British troops stationed in Alexandria, who are not very numerous now. The General and Colonel John had kindly lent us some horses, so that we were all able to ride on reaching Ramleh. Our first step was to inspect the hospital in the old harem. I should think that sick English soldiers have rarely found themselves in such good quarters before. The rooms are large and lofty, and are better arranged, and not so cold as those at the Citadel Hospital in Cairo. All the patients, of whom there were a good many, were more or less convalescent, and looked bright and cheerful. The hospital faces the sea, and enjoys a delightful breeze and a great deal of sunshine. The patients have a nice long verandah to sit in or walk about on, and long covered passages in which to take exercise on wet days.

We had a very pleasant ride round Ramleh, which I had no idea was so large a place, or contained so many houses and pretty gardens; but they are just popped down anywhere in the sand, without any system or settled plan; and the absence of roads, by which to get from one villa to another, is a conspicuous feature of the place. A single

line of railway is laid right through the middle of the town, which is about two miles long. Most of the merchants in Alexandria live here, and even travel backwards and forwards to breakfast at mid-day. Trains run every half-hour in either direction, dropping the passengers almost at their own doors. Such a long, straggling, unprotected place, so easy to loot, I never saw. Situated as it is on the edge of the desert, I wonder the Bedouins did not take even greater advantage of the opportunities for pillage and murder than was actually the case. As a rule, people who stayed boldly in their houses lost nothing, while those who deserted them were robbed of everything. We saw the spots where the Guards, 46th, and other regiments were encamped, and were enabled to understand many of the incidents of the war, of which we had read at the time with interest, but also without thorough comprehension. It was not difficult to perceive, for instance, how young Du Chair had unconsciously wandered into the enemy's lines, by following the Damietta branch of the railway, instead of keeping straight along the main line, according to his instructions. Perhaps it may not have been quite clearly explained to him that the Ramleh railroad turns off a *little* to the left, while that to Damietta *slightly* inclines to the right. We had tea at the 46th mess in Ramleh palace, and I could not help thinking of the poor Vice-Reine, and the questions she had asked me about Ramleh, and her horror at the idea of returning to it. She appeared to consider that she and her friends might all easily have been taken off in boats, and thus have been saved that terrible drive to Ras-el-tin, which seems to have been the crowning misery to them all; overlooking, however, the important points that her husband had refused to go on board the English ships for fear of being accused of deserting his country, that the surf was breaking heavily on the shallow shore, and that any boats attempting to land would have been exposed to the fire of the forts, and would probably have been destroyed.

Sunday, March 4th.—It was so delightful sitting on deck, that we all felt reluctant to start on our proposed expedition to the Meks forts, which Captain Fitzroy had kindly promised to show us. A sense of duty, however, ultimately prevailed over inclination. It would have been scarcely safe to go otherwise than in a large party among the Arabs and Bedouins, who are still very wild and turbulent. We drove through the town, past the Mosque and race-course, and the grand-

stand, where Lord Napier had distributed the medals to the 18th Royal Irish regiment, and then, by the worst and shakiest of shaky roads, through a few cultivated fields into the open desert, traversed by a single line of rails running to the Meks quarries, from which the stone used in the construction of the breakwater, forts, and most of the modern buildings in Alexandria was obtained. The first fort we visited was originally constructed to protect Alexandria from the Bedouins, and to command the causeway leading away to the desert towards Tripoli. One of the guns is still lying on its back, as it capsized when Doctor Russell saw it fired at some Arabs on the causeway. Another was still pointed at one of the three forts, exactly at the end of the causeway. Some of the officers who were with us tried to raise the breach-piece, and an Arab brought a rammer to assist in the operation; but fortunately they desisted on being told by Captain Fitzroy that the gun was still loaded. Only a short stretch of desert intervenes between this fort and the next, which was terribly knocked to pieces, and over the door of which are visible the effects of what is called the "Parson's Shot," it being reported that, during the bombardment, a chaplain on board one of men-of-war obtained permission to lay a gun, and did so with such good effect that the door of the fort was blown in. The real fort Meks—close to the edge of the sea—was in even worse condition, the walls, roofs, casemate and magazine having been penetrated by shot and shell in every direction. The water-tank in the centre was completely riddled, and one could not help thinking sadly of the sufferings from thirst that must have been endured by many of the poor wounded soldiers, lying under the burning rays of the Egyptian summer's sun. The ground here was at one time covered with pointed Nordenfeldt bullets; but as the price of these in Alexandria rose to ten shillings a-piece after the war,

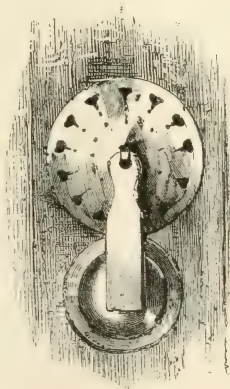
the Arabs naturally collected all they could find, and there are therefore none to be seen now. On the other hand, there are plenty of large pieces of shell, and of whole shells that have not exploded, the number of the latter being somewhat remarkable. One of these was found after the bombardment on the top of a magazine containing three hundred and fifty tons of powder. If that had exploded, it is said that not one stone of Alexandria would have been left standing on another. The magazines of each fort were well stored with shot and shell of the most modern and improved kind.

We drove back by a road on the other side of the railway, scarcely better than the one by which we arrived, passing many Arabs with camels, and flocks, and herds, while here and there, close beside us lay shot and shell, resting on the sand, as evidence of the former strife.

Monday, March 5th.—At eleven o'clock we went on board the *Mahroussa*, the Khedive's yacht, which I had often seen before. The Captain, Hassam Bey, politely sent his second in command round with us, and offered us the usual coffee, cigarettes, and sherbert, besides ordering the band of forty performers to play for our edification. It must be fearfully expensive to keep up this yacht for so little purpose, and to maintain on board a crew of 350 men, and I do not know how many officers.

Notwithstanding the regret that we all felt at having to break up our pleasant little party of the last few days, and the fact that all our boxes were packed, and that it was really to be our last night on board the yacht for some months to come, we contrived to spend a very cheery evening, though sad thoughts would obtrude themselves at intervals.

The next morning (*Tuesday, March 6th*), we embarked on board the Messageries steamer *Said*, and after a somewhat rough passage, arrived on the following Monday at Marseilles, and thence proceeded overland to London.



A Door-Knocker.

SUNDAY READINGS.

For each Lord's Day.

BY THE EDITOR.

JULY 6TH.

Read Psalm v. and John vii. 53—viii. 12.

THERE are speculative difficulties regarding prayer which would require volumes for their adequate treatment. It is best, therefore, not to state them at length in a brief paper which is intended for practical help to those who believe in prayer. It may, however, be said, in passing, that the objections to prayer are of a kind which, if granted, only lead to still greater difficulties. Indeed there are few questions in natural or revealed religion which, if pushed to their ultimate conclusions, do not encounter some contradiction arising from an opposite line of reasoning. Thus the freedom of the will seems opposed to the sovereignty of God; the existence of evil appears to contradict His omnipotence and goodness; and the promises connected with prayer, in like manner, apparently run counter to the conception of Him who knows all our wants without our telling them, and of that fixed order of the universe which cannot be affected by our supplications. But these seeming contradictions probably arise from our ignorance of the meeting-point, where they are harmonized in a higher unity. Standing on one side of the circumference we imagine that the radius we perceive going in a certain direction must be opposed by that which comes from the other side. But our mistake arises from failure to see the great centre where they are all combined, and that through that combination of apparent opposites the vast circle of the universe is rendered harmonious and strong. With our present partial knowledge, what are we that we dare assert that either truth must be false because we cannot unite them in our petty reasoning? We know that we have freedom of choice, and we know that the Lord bringeth the counsel of His will to pass. We know that He understands all our wants before there is a word upon our tongue, and governs the universe by law and not by caprice; and we also know that "He is the hearer and answerer of prayer." Let us, then, leave alone the questions we cannot, with our present light, fully answer, and take the attitude of children towards our Heavenly Father, believing at once in His knowledge, love, and power, and that

He makes many of His highest blessings dependent on our asking them from Him.

To the believer in Christ the best answer to all such doubts is the example and teaching of the Master. There is not much told us in the Gospels of what we might term the private life of Christ and of those habits which were strictly personal. But His habit of prayer is an exception. We have repeated allusions to this, and to the many seasons He spent alone with the Father. It was "while He was praying" that the Holy Ghost descended at His baptism, and His last word on the cross was a prayer. In the midst of the busiest hours of ministerial activity He used continually to retire to some quiet mountain or to the solitude of the desert for the refreshment of prayer. "He went into a solitary place and there prayed;" "He departed into a mountain to pray;" "as He was alone praying," are the notices which ever and anon occur in the narrative. We read of how He used thus to spend sometimes the whole night on the quiet summit of Olivet. And what temple could compare with that still oratory! It was once our privilege to pass a night there alone beneath the stars, and we can never forget the impression we then received. The paschal moon floated through the passing clouds, as it had done on that other paschal week when Christ suffered, and when He had sought such a solitude as this to be alone with God. As light after light went out in the Holy City which lay beneath us, and all the sounds of busy life became still, we could, without effort, imagine the time when He had knelt there, and gazed down on all those scenes which were so soon to be identified with His passion—Gethsemane, the house of Pilate, and Calvary—and where He "offered up prayers and supplications with strong crying and tears." The intervening centuries seemed for the moment obliterated, and in the changeless quiet of earth and sky we almost beheld Him there, our great High Priest, kneeling in that Holy of Holies beneath the open heaven. We could also realise the beauty of the connection, when beholding the grandeur of the dawn as it flushed from the east and poured its splendour on the grey walls of Jerusalem, we read how, after the night of prayer on Olivet, Christ entered the

Temple, and as the glory of the morning flashed on the marble pavements and gilded rafters, He said, "I am the light of the world; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but have the light of life." The communion with God on the Mount, and this Light of God in the crowded Temple, were at one. It was the harmony of the peace of prayer with the purity and power of active life.

There never was a time when the influence of solitude and of private prayer was more needed than in this busy age, when "every hour must sweat its sixty minutes to the death," and when the noises of earth are so sure to absorb us, except we study to be ever and anon alone with God. In one sense, "to labour is to pray," for all work done unto God is worship. But such work is possible only when the motives are kept pure and fresh through the realisation of the divine Presence. If the stream of activity is to be preserved deep and constant it must be fed from the still lake of meditative devotion far removed from the din of worldly traffic, and holding in its surface the reflection of the wide heaven, whose glory it calms itself to contemplate.

JULY 13TH.

Read Psalm cxvi. and 1 Peter iii. 1-16.

Prayer is the most sublime act in which any creature can be engaged, for he who prays truly, speaks to God. Any one who may have lifted his heart during this Lord's day in supplication can say, "I have this day been speaking to Almighty God." No subject, therefore, can be more useful than to consider how we may be taught to pray, and there are few things which ought to startle us more than the emptiness and aimlessness of a terribly large proportion of our prayers.

St. Peter gives a suggestive warning when he alludes to causes which may hinder prayer. "That your prayers," he says "be not hindered," or "cut off," like an arrow which does not reach the mark. Many people, indeed, pray without expecting any other result than this ineffectual aimlessness. They repeat prayers as "a religious duty," which takes end with its performance, and without ever thinking of any answer being possible. And yet how strange is such an attitude when we recall the greatness of the promises attached to true prayer, or the spirit in which the saints of God, the psalmists and apostles, offered their prayers! Our prayers are, indeed, "cut off," as St. Peter says, from their true issue and purpose; and we may well

ask whether this does not arise from "hindrances" created by ourselves.

1. The hindrance may lie in the spirit in which our prayers are offered. That we should never think of any answer being given to our prayers reveals at the outset both insincerity and unbelief. Our Lord says, "All things whatsoever ye ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." And St. John writes: "If we know that He hear us," *i.e.* if we are realising how God is listening to us and ready to answer us, "we know that we have the petitions we desired of Him." The book of Psalms, which is a book of prayers, shows us the attitude of mind in which its writers uttered their supplications—"I wait for God; my soul doth wait; my hope is in His word." "In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee and will look up!" And so we find that they had constantly to record how He "had heard their voice and their supplication." These men were in earnest, and so their prayers were real prayers. But when there is the dead-weight of unbelief we cannot expect an answer. The man who brought his demoniac child to Christ with doubt lurking in his appeal received a rebuke. "Lord, if thou can'st, have mercy on us and heal my son." "Can'st thou believe?" was the reply of Christ. As if He said, "The difficulty is not in me but in your own heart." The spirit in which he came thus hindered the prayer.

But not only do we often pray without expecting an answer, but, what is worse, we often pray without even wishing it. How often do people beseech God for the coming of His kingdom in power whether in their own hearts or in the world, when such a change is the very last thing they really desire! If men firmly believed in prayer being answered, how differently, perhaps how seldom, would they pray!

2. Again, our prayers may hinder themselves, by being for things which it is impossible for God to grant. Thus, to ask for the joy of God without seeking the God-like character, or for the rest and peace of Christ without the grace to take up His yoke and to learn His spirit; or for the sense of assurance without self-surrender to the will and love of God, is to beg for things which are not agreeable to His will. For as it is not the will of God that a man should enjoy a sense of health while he insists on keeping disease, so it is impossible for God to give the sweet experience of a pure conscience or the unutterable joy of a heart filled with His love to any except those who are willing to

be delivered from the evil of their ungodliness and to be led into sympathy with His own righteous and holy ways.

3. There may also be hindrances to prayer arising from the character of our daily lives. It was in relation to this kind of hindrance that St. Peter was writing when he spoke of prayer being "cut off." He therefore directs our attention to the sphere of common duty as presenting the chief difficulty to our receiving answers to prayer. And how true is this! We may in our better moments ask sincerely certain good things in prayer, but if, when we go back to our daily life, we make no attempt to realise what we have sought, but allow the evil conversation, or irritable temper, or selfish greed, or silly vanity to assert their dominion without a check; if there is no secret cry to God for help or any effort made to keep near Him in spirit, then we render our prayers so far ineffectual. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." "Whatsoever we ask we receive of Him because we keep His commandments and do those things that are pleasing in His sight!" "Why call ye me Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?" We must make it possible for God to bless us. We can never abide in the light and peace of Christ without sharing His unflinching obedience to the will of the Father.

JULY 20TH.

Read Daniel ix. 1-23 and Luke xi. 1-13.

Among the many precepts and encouragements to prayer given by our Lord, He teaches us more than once the necessity for perseverance, confidence, and watchfulness.

(1.) In the parable of the friend at midnight seeking the loaves, and whose request was granted not because he was a friend but for his importunity; and in that other of the unjust judge who took up the cause of the poor widow, lest by her continual coming she should weary him, He puts in the strongest light the certainty with which God will hear our prayers if we are earnest. It is an argument from the lower to the higher. If importunity could gain so much from a man with whom friendship reckoned as nothing, or with a judge who was unjust and selfish, how much more will our loving Father hear the supplications of His children? The importunity is further illustrated by Him when He describes it as "asking," "seeking," "knocking"—each word suggesting increased anxiety and insistence in prayer.

And this importunity is but another term

for earnestness. They who seek God with the intensity in which the helpless widow implored the judge to assist her, mean what they say, and with their whole hearts long for an answer. Their prayers cannot be formal. And this is in marked contrast to the manner in which we often make our requests. So little are we in earnest that we perhaps never give a thought afterwards to what we have been saying with our lips, and might be puzzled were He to question us, "What wouldest thou that I should do to thee?" If any beggar were to ask alms from us in a similarly careless spirit, repeating words of entreaty, but never waiting for any reply to his petition, we would at once regard him as an impostor.

(2.) Our Lord also teaches us confidence in prayer, and that very beautifully, when He says, "If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he for a fish give him a scorpion? If ye, then, being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" By thus appealing to the parental instinct which is in man He would make us realise the certainty of the care of God. He rebukes our doubt by the question "Do you think God worse than yourselves?" And the confidence which believes in our Heavenly Father being thus ready to bless us must also lead to confidence in His knowing best what are "the good things" which we require. There may be the greatest fatherly love in withholding from us what we ask in ignorance. Just as an earthly parent, because of his love, would not grant the request of the child who asked for a stone instead of bread, or for a serpent instead of fish, so God, who understands our necessities as we cannot understand them, may be giving the truest answer to our prayers when He refuses that which we ask in word. He may be granting us what our hearts really require, though the form of the answer, for a time, runs counter to our expectations. It was thus that Christ answered the prayer of her who said, "Grant that these my two sons may sit the one on Thy right hand and the other on the left in Thy kingdom." The prayer was in its form ignorant and foolish. But in its spirit, it was the expression of her earnest desire that her sons should be near Christ and share His glory. And that deeper desire He answered, though in a form widely different from her expectations. "Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink

of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" Through the discipline of suffering and the education of their spirits they would be made partakers of the true glory of Christ, and be brought really near Him by fellowship with His experiences. This was an infinitely higher end than what she had dreamed of when she spoke of thrones and a kingdom. Afterwards she and her sons would understand it all, and could thank Him that it was in His way not theirs, in the spirit of the prayer and not in the letter, that He granted the request once made in ignorance.

JULY 27TH.

Read Psalm xci. and St. Matt. xxvi. 30-46.

Besides earnestness and confidence in prayer, our Lord frequently enforces the necessity of watchfulness; and He never did so with greater impressiveness than when He rose from Gethsemane and reproved the disciples, who, overcome by the weakness of the flesh, had fallen asleep at the very time when He needed most their sympathy. We can understand somewhat of the reason for His wish that they should have watched with Him in His agony. There are some sorrows which we cannot share with others, and which must be borne by ourselves alone, yet we know that there is unspeakable comfort in having near us even then those who love us, and who, if they can do no more, can, at least, watch with us. That Christ intensely craved for the sympathetic presence of His disciples is seen in the manner in which He went thrice to them. And how tender, and yet how faithful, was Christ's remonstrance with them when they failed in duty! "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation; the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

It is often said that our Lord in His great pity had framed an excuse for His disciples when He blamed the weakness of the flesh. Nay, that "the flesh is weak" is sometimes pled as an apology for worse faults than carelessness in prayer. But the weakness of the flesh is really not offered as an excuse by Christ. He does not say, "Because the flesh is weak I cannot blame you," but He teaches them that as a willing spirit is insufficient and the flesh weak they ought to have watched and prayed. So far from palliating the fault, He shows its source in the weakness of the flesh, and the remedy in earnestness, watchfulness, and prayer.

And there is something particularly tender as well as just in this. He would have utterly

crushed the disciples if He had blamed them for want of love or loyalty. But He does full justice to their willingness, while He with perfect truthfulness corrects their fault.

Now this teaching is full of practical importance to us in many situations, when it is well for us to recognise the true source of our weakness and the remedy for it, lest we do injustice to ourselves, become discouraged, and so fail to obtain the victory over our faults.

1. In reading God's word or in private prayer we may often be shocked that even when we are most willing in spirit and anxious to get good, we discover our hearts filled in a minute or two with other interests and our thoughts scattered to the ends of the earth. Sometimes we are startled in the midst of our prayers by the humbling sense of frivolity and wandering of mind. The willing spirit has for that hour failed us; and it is strange if we are not tempted to blame other than the true cause for such failure. We may, perhaps, say that "there is no use in us trying to pray or to be religious," and fancy ourselves thereby excused. Or we may even go farther and imagine that there is some mysterious barrier between us and our God; that we would be His children, but that He will not have us.

2. Again there are seasons of affliction when the spirit is indeed willing but the flesh weak, and when, in spite of ourselves, natural affection turns us ever away from meek submission to the will of God into irrepresible longings for the lost. We feel as rebels rather than children. It is well if at such times we recognised the true source of the trial in the weakness of the flesh.

3. Still further—there are those who from constitutional temperament or bodily illness are much more liable than others to certain temptations. One has a tendency to despondency, which no reasoning can prevent; another is nervous and irritable, and thereby betrayed into inconsistencies which mar all peace; another is impulsive and full of instability. There are also trials to which old age is peculiarly open, and the increasing weakness of memory, the incapacity for fixed attention, and the failure of the powers often lead to great unhappiness and discouragement. The spirit may be willing but the flesh is weak. Such persons ought clearly to recognise the true source of their difficulties as being physical not spiritual, and ought the more earnestly to lay to heart our Lord's exhortation, "Watch and pray lest ye fall into temptation."

A very little carefulness would in all

probability have prevented the disciples from falling asleep when Christ asked them to watch. Even so slight a matter as a change of position might have been enough. And it is marvellous how many of the evils I have alluded to as having their origin in the weakness of the flesh, may be avoided by the exercise of similar care regarding practical details.

We complain, for example, of wandering of thought in prayer. And yet how much might be accomplished by watchfulness in regard to such matters as taking the hour for prayer when we are freshest: by studied reverence and attention when we approach Him; by using every means to preserve fixedness of thought, such as that of repeating audibly the words we use, or employing the aid of forms of prayer. What an example of effort is given us by Christ Himself! "Being in an agony, He prayed the more earnestly." That flesh was surely "weak" whose sweat was as great drops of blood. And yet there was no yielding, but the closer wrestling, until He arose in the calm of victory. The precise thing He thus prayed for was not indeed granted even to Him. "The cup" did not "pass from Him." But He received the grander gift of impreg-

nable peace in the drinking of it. And so, too, when we feel the difficulties of prayer, let us pray the more earnestly—"Watching" while we pray. "In everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let us make our requests known unto God;" and then, whether we get the very things we ask or not, we have this promise, "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding, will keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

A similar watchfulness over natural temperament—by avoiding those scenes and circumstances which tend to excite us; by guarding against any overtaking of the mental and physical powers; and by attention to bodily health—would prevent many a spiritual failure. I am certain that not a few sad pages in what are called religious biographies would never have been written, and that many a bitter and discouraging experience in the lives of sincere Christians would never occur, if there had been only a wiser recognition of the weak flesh and greater common-sense displayed in attending to such common details as we have alluded to. We must "watch" therefore in other matters as well as prayer, if we hope to gain real victories over self and sin.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A Modern Romance.

By SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—SHIFTING THE SCENES.

IRIS had gone to the Rectory, where she had sometimes taken refuge before when made to understand that her presence was not desired, in some specially troubled state of the Lambford atmosphere. She was always welcome, without a word asked, at the Rectory. It was a crowded, well-worn house, where even necessary expenses had to be pared down; but a place for her had never been wanting. The Rector did consider her a pet lamb of his flock, though he was occasionally a little theatrical in implying the relation between them. There was no insincerity in his stagginess. He was only somewhat flourishing and flowery in speech and action, by nature, which caused him to be one of the most popular preachers within a considerable area. Lucy was quite proud of his eloquence. It had a different effect on Ludovic, who could not escape the suspicion that his father was apt to be gran-

diloquent, and that his pathos savoured now and then of bathos. He knit his brows sometimes—a strange exertion for King Lud when he was at home—and wished the governor could be curter and simpler in his speech. The Rector's loquacity helped to seal his son's lips—at the same time the young fellow knew his father too well not to be sensible, to his own great comfort, that his senior was single-minded and whole-hearted in all the rhetoric he indulged in. Harassed little Mrs. Acton, born an anxious woman, and married on a small income, with a large family over which to spread the scanty supply, had no time, as she frequently said half-plaintively, half-peevisly, for speechifying; but she still honoured and admired her husband for doing both what she could and could not do, and kept a corner in her crowded heart and mind for one who had grown up like a child of the family. This fact was not seriously impaired by the circumstance that Mrs. Acton—always under

the necessity of looking at the pounds, shillings, and pence side of the question—had permitted certain worldly considerations to come in, where her regard for this outlying child of hers was concerned. Iris might prove a boon to her adopted brothers and sisters. Her antecedents were not all that could be desired. Lord and Lady Fermor had been a trial and care to the Rector throughout his incumbency; but they were a peer and peeress all the same, and Miss Compton, their granddaughter, would inherit a considerable fortune. No doubt she would marry suitably, whether her heart might or might not incline eventually to a distinguished naval officer, with whom she had been on intimate terms from childhood. Her early and constant association with the family of a clergyman, and a clergyman so much respected and admired as Mr. Acton was, afforded ample assurance that she had escaped any injury from having been brought up by her poor old grandmother and grandfather. It was not possible that Iris Compton could ever forget what she had owed to the Actons, or lose sight of the boys and girls of the Rectory, in after life.

Ludovic was thankful to get another and more disengaged lady to play his accompaniments. Lucy hailed gladly the advent of her friend, and could count on her sincere opinion with regard to the progress of the choir, and her interest and help in all the work of the parish which could fall to a clergywoman, in the little rubs with the curates, and in the Acton children's lessons.

Iris, whose life was in the shade, would have sunned herself, as she had done formerly, in the light of such a welcome. Her spirits would have risen. She would have become the life of the Rectory while her visit lasted. But she had received a shock, and the news travelling fast had already reached the Rectory, and was disturbing it too, in a milder degree. There would have been some doubt and delicacy in discussing the topic of the hour before Iris Compton, if Lucy had not felt herself bound to come forward before her friend's arrival, and explain that Sir William's deplorable marriage could be nothing to Iris, nothing in the world. Lucy just kept within the bounds of confidence in solemnly assuring her listeners, that she knew for certain that Iris would never have listened to Sir William Thwaite, whom, no doubt, Lady Fermor had favoured, though there had not been such a person as Honor Smith, or though she had never crossed the gentleman's path and he had stood

firm, instead of tumbling headlong from the eminence to which he had been raised.

Thus Iris heard the general sentiment expressed, with no more reservation than was likely to be used in any of the country houses round. Everybody was holding up his or her hands for the moment, and crying, with Lady Thwaite, that *mésalliances* were in the blood—as if family traits, like the best-regulated comets, were bound to return at stated intervals. The regret was general that the fellow had ever been taken up in the fashion he had been, though coming events neither did nor could cast their shadows before.

Mrs. Acton lamented the loss of Whitehills from a visiting list, which was inevitably short, for girls who could not go much from home, and yet ought to see a little society. She did not even think she could call there with her subscription-book, if the new Lady Thwaite proved the dreadful woman she was represented to be.

The Rector declared it was a highly unsuitable marriage, which did not recommend itself to him in any light. He had trusted that Sir William Thwaite was assuming his ancestral responsibilities, and preparing to discharge the obligations of his rank and position in a manner becoming his—well, he could not say his birth and education, but he might put it—with some regard to the influence of his wealth and rank in the county. Instead, there was this utterly unbecoming, rash, ill-omened step, which was calculated to bring contempt on his order, and at the same time to heighten, rather than to decrease, class antagonism.

"I am rather sorry for the poor beggar," said King Lud standing up for the assailed man; "though I do not believe he has any soul for music. You remember I could not agree with you on his waltzing, Miss Compton? Possibly the coming Lady Thwaite has never seen him waltz. I consider the loss is mutual—indeed, rather the greater on her side. She seems to be game all through—a splendid wife for the last of the great travellers, or the settler on the remotest verge of civilisation—she will be more lost at Whitehills than he can be, though he should fall back into her set."

"Don't talk nonsense, my dear boy," insisted Lucy. "He must be a horrible man to have known anything better, and then to select a wild woman, a heathen, for his wife. I don't suppose she was ever so much as taught her church catechism. I know both papa and Mr. Venables were refused admittance to the cottage at Hawley Scrub—

at least they could never find anybody at home when they called; could you, papa?"

When Lucy was alone with her friend, then Lucy caught Iris's hands. "It seems almost wrong to congratulate you on the dreadful folly of another person; but oh, I do, my dear; I do wish you joy of such a wonderful escape. I know you never looked at him or thought of him for a second in such a light. Who has such good reason to know that as I? Iris, it is like a special interposition of Providence on your behalf."

Iris drew back with a little shiver, and grew very pale. What if it had been no special Providence, but simply her doing? His words were ringing in her ears—that she had sent him away from her with seven devils, instead of one, to bear him company.

Lucy entirely misinterpreted Iris's emotion. "It is hard for you at present, my love, for we all know Lady Fermor is rather a difficult person to deal with; but though old people do not like to be thwarted in what they have set their hearts upon, they soon forget, and she will speedily recognise that you have been very fortunate, and will be thankful for it in her own way."

"It is not that," said Iris, twisting and untwisting her slim fingers; "it is not grand-mamma, though of course I am very sorry for having vexed her. But what if I drove him to it? It seems a very vain thing for me to say," added Iris, blushing deeply, "but I believe he cared for me a great deal more than I deserve. He was terribly put out in the hay-field."

"You could not help that, Iris," said Lucy promptly.

"No, but all of you, except perhaps your brother, speak of her as if she were some shameful creature whom you can hardly bring yourselves to mention. And I am afraid," continued Iris, with her eyes growing moist and her lips quivering, "when I first heard the story I did the same. I thought I was doubly disgraced by being brought into association with such a woman as Honor Smith. She was only a little less despicable than he was, because she did not know any better, and it did not appear to signify what became of her."

"No, not that exactly," denied Lucy.

"I had forgotten the forlorn child, the warm-hearted girl who used to bring me from her wanderings in the woods and the downs, anything she thought I might like, and was so pleased to have it to give to me," said Iris piteously. "Indeed, Lucy, though she has the misfortune not to be taught or con-

firmed—though she has not availed herself of the privilege of coming to church—though she is wild, she is not bad, apart from such lawlessness as her father and brothers may have taught her. Now what will become of her—of them both? Everybody will turn against them. She will be separated from the few friends of her own she has ever had, and if even he does not care for her, and they are both miserable, I am to blame for it all," cried Iris, with her hazel eyes opening wide and her lips falling apart in the extremity of her distress.

"My dear child, you are a great deal too tender-hearted and scrupulous," Lucy told her decidedly. "It is no business of yours; you ought only to be thankful for your own escape."

"But I was never in any danger," persisted Iris, "and I am only one rescued to two ruined."

"Such a one to such a pair!" Lucy exclaimed indignantly.

Iris's next words sounded as if they were in answer to the scornful objection, though she had neither heard nor heeded it. "There is something fine in him. He is not mercenary. He has stood by his promise to his friend to drink nothing save water; and she—she is not wholly bad. Oh! far from that, when one thinks how she has been brought up. She might have had the making of a grand woman in her. And who made any of us to differ, Lucy, that we should condemn instead of being sorry for them?"

"But they are not sorry for themselves, and it is their look out," protested Lucy with good-humoured impatience. "Leave them to take care of themselves and of each other. If there be any good in them—I confess it is not very conspicuous to me—there is no reason why it should not come out. My dear, forgive me for laughing and scolding you a little, but I am so happy on your account. Lud talked some nonsense about her being a splendid wife for a traveller or settler, but that is because men think it necessary to praise courage and daring wherever they meet them—even King Lud falls into the affection—while they don't hesitate to prefer timidity and humility in any woman with whom they themselves have to do. Who prevented Honor Smith from being taught and confirmed, and from coming to church? I am certain she had every opportunity, but she chose to be a heathen. I dare say she will continue so after she is Lady Thwaite—a fine example for her household! I don't know whether even the

Bishop, dear old soul, could confirm her privately. Iris, how can you call her good?"

"Everybody who is confirmed and comes to church is not good," Iris defended herself.

"Certainly not, but at least they put themselves in the way of becoming better. The last time I heard you speak of Sir William, when I was over at Lambford, you never hinted at reserves of nobility and virtue in his character. Nobility and virtue in a man who, after the company he has kept for the last five or six months, sinks himself and destroys his usefulness for the rest of his days by marrying the daughter of his under-keeper—a girl like Honor Smith! Don't preach the reverse to me. The man must always have had low tastes, which is not at all to be wondered at, and he had never got quit of them—you may spare yourself your self-reproaches. Iris, I am surprised that you can find any pity to waste upon him. Take my advice and don't do it, dear; be wiser and harder-hearted, lest people, who do not know you, take it upon them to say you cared a little for him, and are disappointed by his horrid conduct."

"I don't think you quite understand, Lucy," said Iris, in a low, slightly hurt tone. She was not in a mood to mind what people said of her, but it pained her to find that her friend could not sympathise with her in her tenderest feelings. "It is not that I think he need have cared much or that I am any great loss."

"My darling, don't say that—I never thought so," Lucy interrupted her affectionately. "The loss of every hope of you might well be the greatest earthly loss, all but enough for a man to break his heart about. For you know papa does not consider—and I agree with him, that a Christian ought to break his heart, quite, about any merely earthly good. But then this man has shamed himself and shown that he was a world inferior to you, not capable of valuing you. I know you are not vain, the last girl in the world to be vain, but I think you exaggerate unconsciously here."

On the following day there was some calming down, except in one gentle heart and sensitive conscience, of the excitement over the great event of the week, which as far transcended the long-talked-of cotillon ball, or the Whitehills hay-making, as a murder surpasses in grim interest a cricket-match or a flower-show. Lucy and Iris strolled together to a nook which they were pleased to call their own, in the overgrown Rectory shrubberies.

Iris was trying to enjoy, as she had been

wont to do, a piece of work and a book with Lucy, feeling all the more bound to be happy, because hard-working Lucy was making an hour and a half's leisure, on purpose to spend it in congenial pursuits with her friend. If only Iris could have got rid, on the first of the golden autumnal days, of that doleful burden of two lives wrecked inadvertently by her means. Lucy might tell her it was conceited to think so, but Iris could not cast off the impression. Poor Sir William! Poor Honor! Looking at their marriage in every light, Iris could not believe that there was any chance of its turning out well.

While the girls sat and worked and read, with the undercurrent of troubled dreaming on one side, Lady Thwaite, the coming dowager, had called at the Rectory. It was a P. P. C. call. She wished to see the girls, and preferred going out to them, to having them sent for to come in to her. Mrs. Acton accompanied her, and the group stood for a few minutes, talking idle nothings among the box and laurel-bushes.

Then there was a summons for Mrs. Acton to return to the house, and she made a sign to Lucy to accompany her. "Lady Thwaite has something to say to Iris, and we had better leave them to themselves," the little woman said somewhat fussily to her daughter, when they were a few paces off.

Lady Thwaite suddenly stopped the well-bred nothings. "Do you know what I am going to do, Iris?" she inquired directly.

"No," said Iris, a little bewildered and alarmed. "I thought there was nothing that could be done. What can you do?"

"For him—nothing, but for myself, I hope, a good deal," answered the lady hastily. "I am starting to-morrow morning for Switzerland, where I shall pass the rest of the summer. In the autumn I shall either go to Italy or return as far as Paris, and spend the winter there."

"You have planned the trip since I saw you," remarked Iris awkwardly, not knowing very well what to say.

"Of course. Should you have liked to have gone with me? But you would have been dreadfully hurried in your preparations. Besides, there would have been no use in proposing it, for I am convinced Lady Fermor would never have given her consent. She has quarrelled with the whole world, including myself, on account of Sir William's insane behaviour. We are all alike in her black books, as if we would not—some of us at least—have done our very best to prevent the catastrophe."

All the time Lady Thwaite was speaking she was thinking to herself, "It is the nice thing to say to Iris Compton, and I might have been glad of her company in a way. Her French has not got the time to rust that mine has had. But she has shown herself an unpractical girl. Above all, I might meet people who would know her name, and have heard of the Fermors. There might be revivals of scandal and unpleasant reminiscences. I have done my duty all my life, why am I to pay the penalty of other people's iniquities? She has been a fool for herself and others, and done a great deal of mischief all round, with her child's face and her goodness. I am not sure that she is not such an idiot as to repent, and, what is still worse, to show her repentance when it is too late, for she looks dreadfully distressed, and is changing colour every minute."

But Iris had some spirit left. "Thank you, Lady Thwaite, I should not like to go from home just now, even though grandmamma wished it. It would seem as if I were running away, either from something I had done, or from something that was going to happen," she finished a little vaguely, but she held up her head, and there was a fine colour in her cheeks while she spoke.

"You are perfectly right. I am glad that you see it in that light," said Lady Thwaite approvingly. "The little gossip which mixes your name with the affair will soon die out. I wish the misfortune might end there."

"But is it not possible for everybody to live it down," said Iris bravely. "Must you go, Lady Thwaite?"

"Yes, indeed. I have had a long trip to the Continent in my mind ever since Sir John's death. I was only once abroad, and that was for my honeymoon. But Sir John caught cold the second week, and was not able for sight-seeing, and could not be induced to believe that he would be comfortable or could get well till he was at White-hills again. Oh, yes, I intended to go, but I did not imagine that I should be driven off in this fashion! How I wish that I had started at once for a change, and moved on as I felt inclined."

"But could you not help them," interposed Iris anxiously, "Sir William and his wife? they will have nobody to stand by them. You are connected with him; you have influence in society."

"Iris Compton, have you lost your senses? what can you mean?" protested Lady Thwaite indignantly. "It is bad enough to think of such a woman in my

place. It is forcing me away from my home and my friends, but for you to suggest that I should countenance her!"

"I don't know why you all cry out so against her," burst from Iris. "It is not fair, and it is merciless. If she is wild she is not faster in her rank than Lord Eastbury's family have gloried in being in theirs. Maudie and Nanny Hollis have done as many things to make people stare, without a particle of the excuse that Honor Smith could plead. You have countenanced Sir William, yet one would have thought that harder to do."

"It was hard," said Lady Thwaite ruefully, "to acknowledge a rude lout in my husband's and boy's place, and to defer to him. But I did it; nobody could say I failed. Oh, Iris, if you had played your part, how much harm and sorrow would have been spared!"

The reproach, however unmerited, fell in with Iris's equally gratuitous compunction and stung her sharply, so sharply that it helped the inconsistency of human nature to reassert itself proudly.

"How can you speak so to me, Lady Thwaite? was I this man's keeper? He was something to you; he could be nothing to me."

"Very well, Iris, let us drop the subject," said Lady Thwaite, continuing it all the same, while she composed her ruffled plumes. "It is true I have no call to blame you, but neither should you be so foolish and childish as to suggest that I ought to adopt this ill—or well-matched couple. The thing is not to be thought of for an instant. It would be improper—wrong. It was quite different in Sir William's case. He came here a single man and we might have made something of him amongst us all, we might have trimmed and polished him by judicious management. Don't put up your lip, you little goose," Lady Thwaite was provoked to add, though she was no longer out of temper, and was speaking more in sorrow dashed with playfulness, than in anger. "You will know some day that men have to be managed for their own good, as well as for a quiet life and an honourable position, where women are concerned. But if I were to attempt to take this Honor Smith up, it would be for no good either to her or any one else. A woman like her is beyond being subdued and cultivated. And for whom should I make the sacrifice—a Sir William, a distant, unacknowledged kinsman of my late husband, and his low-born, ill-conditioned wife, with her doubtful reputation—however you may explain it away and

defend her?" Lady Thwaite was silent once more, and then finished with a touch of natural pathos, "If it had been my boy grown to be a man, and I had negotiated his marriage like a proud mother who would not have counted the best match in the country, or the most beautiful, amiable girl, too good for her son; and if he had turned against me, against all his wisest advisers, though I cannot imagine it of Johnnie, supposing he had lived to become strong and grown a man; still, if he had chosen the worst instead of the best match, I might have tried to make the most of it and risked something, or even lost all for him. But that is a mother's heart; no other heart can be like a mother's."

Iris might have answered, none save the heart of that most perfect type of womanhood in which motherliness is the central human principle from the beginning. It may be seen in the little girl who "mothers" in succession her doll, her kitten, her dog, her thoughtless schoolboy brother, her selfish grown-up sister, her exacting, unconscionable lover, her grumpy husband—until the long roll at last reaches her first bonâ-fide baby. It may be seen in the aged woman whose last conscious thought is to give others pleasure and save them trouble. But Iris remained silent.

"I shall not see you for some time, my dear girl," said Lady Thwaite, in her most caressing tones; "I hope—nay, I have not the slightest doubt—that any little misunderstanding or difference of opinion we may have had will be entirely forgotten before then. In the meantime I shall look forward to our next meeting. We part friends, don't we, Iris?"

"Oh, yes; we part friends," answered Iris, a little mechanically, and Lady Thwaite kissed and left her.

Iris clasped her hands and asked herself, "Why cannot I believe her? She blames me, to be sure; but even she does not refuse to admit that I was free to act as I chose. Lucy—everybody agrees in that, except grand-mamma, and I can make allowance for her liking for Sir William and her wish to get an establishment for me. Oh! I don't want an establishment; and it is most humiliating to have one sought out and planned for on my account. He did not think of things in that light. However unreasonable and unsuitable, he sought me for myself, and implored me to take him—not Whitehills. Has he got over it already? Is this that he has done getting over it, or will worse come of it, with

two ungovernable, reckless spirits in collision—not in union? Lady Thwaite fears it, and so she has taken herself away not to be tortured or shocked by the tragedy."

Iris set herself to brood on all the most horrible tragedies—the unhappy memories of which lingered in a remote, primitive county like Eastwich. There were disappointed lovers who had shot themselves, dying with the stain of their life-blood upon their hands. There were neglected, ill-used women who had sought the oblivion of strong drink, or worked themselves into frenzied madness under the contemplation of their wrongs. There were hapless little children who grew up uncared for and forlorn, bones of contention instead of links of love between their miserable fathers and mothers. And who was it that had first used the defence which Iris had made so glibly to Lady Thwaite? Cain, who slew his brother Abel. She must have dismissed Sir William, but could she not have done it so gently, with such humility instead of pride, with such sympathy and sorrow, that she would have retained him as her friend? She might have helped to win him to what was good and right, in place of sending him to his destruction.

One of poor Honor's grave offences, in the eyes of the Rectory especially, was that she had not been in the habit of coming to church. But Sir William had always marched there, taken his seat in the Whitehills pew, and joined in the service according to military usage. From the first day that the banns were published, he marched Honor to church in his company, on the ground that they would do nothing in the dark, and they were not ashamed of their purpose, which they were bringing to its legitimate issue. He did not ask her to sit with him in the Whitehills pew; he descended the gallery stairs, and sat by her in one of the humble free seats near the door, which she had been wont to occupy on the rare occasions when she had been seen at church.

He did not enter any protest against her dress, possibly he did not notice it in the pitch of furious reaction and defiance which he had reached, though he knew that she had refused all gifts from him till she was his wife. Thus she wore nothing better than the least rusty of her black gowns, with one of her gaudy coloured neckerchiefs, and the concession of a hat over her rough brown hair. In this guise she still appeared a handsome, striking-looking woman, and there was no denying that the discharged soldier

and the poaching scoundrel's daughter formed a comely, stalwart couple.

The sensation which the pair excited was beyond what would have been produced by the entrance of the Queen and every member of the royal family into the country church, though Eastwich was not behind other English shires in loyalty. The Rector had difficulty in keeping his place and countenance, and reading with his usual solemn dramatic effect. If Lady Fermor had been in her pew she would almost certainly have spoken out her disapproval, to the scandal of the community; but the old lady was absent, for which more than one person felt devoutly thankful.

Iris saw the two from the Rectory pew, and after one startled, wistful glance, in which she failed to meet the eye of either, a certain peace stole over her little face. They were all together in the house of God; they were equal in His sight. Would not He make everything right and bring good out of evil?

There was one person who ventured to greet the tabooed bride and bridegroom, from whom others separated themselves and scattered, as if the couple were uncanny, or carried about with them the seeds of a pestilence. The daring individual was, of all people, that modest fellow, King Lud. He went out of his way to intercept and address Sir William, a piece of attention which met with no encouragement from its object, and drew down censure upon the bestower.

"My dear Ludovic," Mrs. Acton remonstrated with her son afterwards, "what could induce you to come prominently forward and speak to Sir William Thwaite to-day? You were not so intimate with him as to warrant that. It would have been no credit to you if you had been friends, but, I believe, you were on little more than speaking terms. This was such a conspicuous, unnecessary step on your part, my dear boy, and it looked—it really looked as if you were lending your countenance to a disgraceful proceeding which has grieved your father and me very much. It was affording a bad example on your part, also, Ludovic."

"My dear mother!"—Ludovic took the reprimand with perfect good humour—"I could not cut the fellow as I saw other people do, because he was going to marry any woman in the world he chose to marry. But before you allow your serenity to be disturbed remember I have no countenance to lend. I am a poor beggar of a naval lieutenant, a complete nobody, except in your partial estimation. And as to a bad example, I hope I may never supply a worse. I must say,

if the governor has no more evil deed than this to cut him up, he is uncommonly well off, which, I am willing to add in the most filial spirit, he deserves to be. King Cophetua may still marry the beggar-maid, I hope."

Iris looked round at Ludovic Acton with eager pleasure, and she was so soft and kind to him for the next few days, that if ever there were danger of friendship passing into love this was the time.

Sir William Thwaite and Honor Smith were married, without more trouble, or without any demonstration of public dissatisfaction, on the day they had fixed. They went on no marriage tour, but repaired to Whitehills, which was likely to afford them as entire retirement as they could desire or hope to procure elsewhere.

Iris Compton returned to Lambford about the same time. For some weeks her grandmother shunned her systematically, but, beyond the fact of the shunning, the only sign of Lady Fermor's displeasure was the angry light in her eyes and the snarling abruptness of her tones, when she was forced to speak to Iris. As the inevitable intercourse of daily life gradually relaxed Lady Fermor's avoidance of her grand-daughter, the old lady began to let out more of her feelings. But as yet it was no worse than the first scratches inflicted by the envenomed talons, and Iris had known so little of the soft pats of the velvet paws which frequently precede such attacks, that she could bear them without outcry, only with a little inward moan.

CHAPTER XXIII.—A RUDE IDYL.

By the time the names had been read for the third time, and the marriage of Sir William Thwaite celebrated, September and St. Partridge's day had arrived, which proved a boon to the newly married couple, and a reprieve from that repenting at leisure which is apt to follow marrying in haste. The Thwaites were as solitary as any boycotted household in the wilds of Western Ireland, and no doubt considerably safer. The very household at Whitehills had shrunk in the blight of the alliance which its master had formed. Mrs. Cray had fled from the first unmistakable tokens of the advent of such a mistress. Mr. Cumberbatch, who knew a good place when he was in it, and had contracted a certain amount of attachment to Sir William, in spite of his water-drinking and the great difference between him and the Dean, lingered on till he heard his mistress allude to him as an old humbug and block-head, and was directly addressed by her with

primitive playfulness as "White Choker" and "Shiny Boots." Freedom from control, much time to himself, and all sorts of perquisites could not atone for such gross liberties. So Cumberbatch departed also.

Bill Rogers, with considerable shyness and doubt as to his powers, was promoted to "wait" in the butler's place. Whatever blunders he committed, Sir William made no sign, and Lady Thwaite was satisfied. Bill did not care a straw about his own dignity, though Lady Thwaite would call him "Bill," as she called her husband "Will," and stop him in his duties to recall some story of their old experience, or to tell him news of their common acquaintances. But however led on or laughed at by her, he never would forget her title, or speak to her till she spoke to him, and he persisted in behaving to Sir William with double respect and deference.

Sir William, like Mr. Burchell, blurted out an equivalent for "fudge!" and turned away, half in restlessness, half in pain, but the young groom was staunch in maintaining his tender discretion and faithful devotion.

Those of the womankind who had not given in their "warnings" like a flock of sheep, after Mrs. Cray's great example, turned out sufficient for the contracting needs of the household. Lady Thwaite did not take much notice of them or interfere with them, and while they made a great many remarks upon her, she inspired them with a mixture of wonder and awe, not altogether unlike what might have happened if she had been a great lady.

Lady Honor Thwaite's first impression of Whitehills, seen near at hand and familiarly, was slightly disparaging, as was that of her husband when he was introduced to it by Mr. Mills. Not even the library shook Lady Thwaite's conviction. It was not true that she could neither read nor write, as had been said at the time of her marriage; but though she could spell through a line of print, and sign her name in rustic letters, BELLES LETTRES had not the smallest attraction for her. "What a great musty, poky hole! What an 'orrid' smell the leather of them books have! Why don't you turn 'em all out, and find room for 'em in the garret, or kindle a bonfire 'neath 'em, Will? I'm certain nobody will ever open them mouldy boards."

In the drawing-room, which the Dowager Lady Thwaite had lately envied, which Lady Fermor had contemplated with pride as that little fool Iris's assured possession, and of

which Iris herself had owned the simple, stately charm, there was still in the new Lady Thwaite's mind the same surprised contempt, not unmixed with exultation over those better things that the Squire's wife had always enjoyed while she had been but the daughter of a disreputable keeper. "My sakes! it is the hemptiest, dingiest place I ever seed for a room in a great house. Is this what you call a fine drawing-room?" She pulled open the piano and banged the keys. "The birds in the Scrub do a heap better than that without teaching or pay." She walked up to one of the Sir Joshua's: "What queer washed-out madam is that, with a muckrake fit for a child in her hand? She looks haythenish—she ain't dressed for her work."

"Would you like some new stuff of furniture, Honor?" asked her husband, only the more willing to humour her, because she had come to him at his bidding as she stood. "You know there's a balance at the banker's for us to get rid of."

"Oh, speaking for myself, I ain't pertickler about furniture, as you can tell, lad; and what with the keep of father and the gifts you have insisted on sending to Ted and young Abe, we'll make a hole in the balance. But I've been thinking if any of my friends, my mother's folk, as have heard I'm a squire's lady, would care to come over, I'd not like to put them off with a faded shabby place like this here for a drawing-room. They would expect to see something tasty and bright and rich. A cart-load or two of satins and velvets all the colours of the rainbow, might make a difference," considered Honor reflectively. For such ideas as she had were sumptuous.

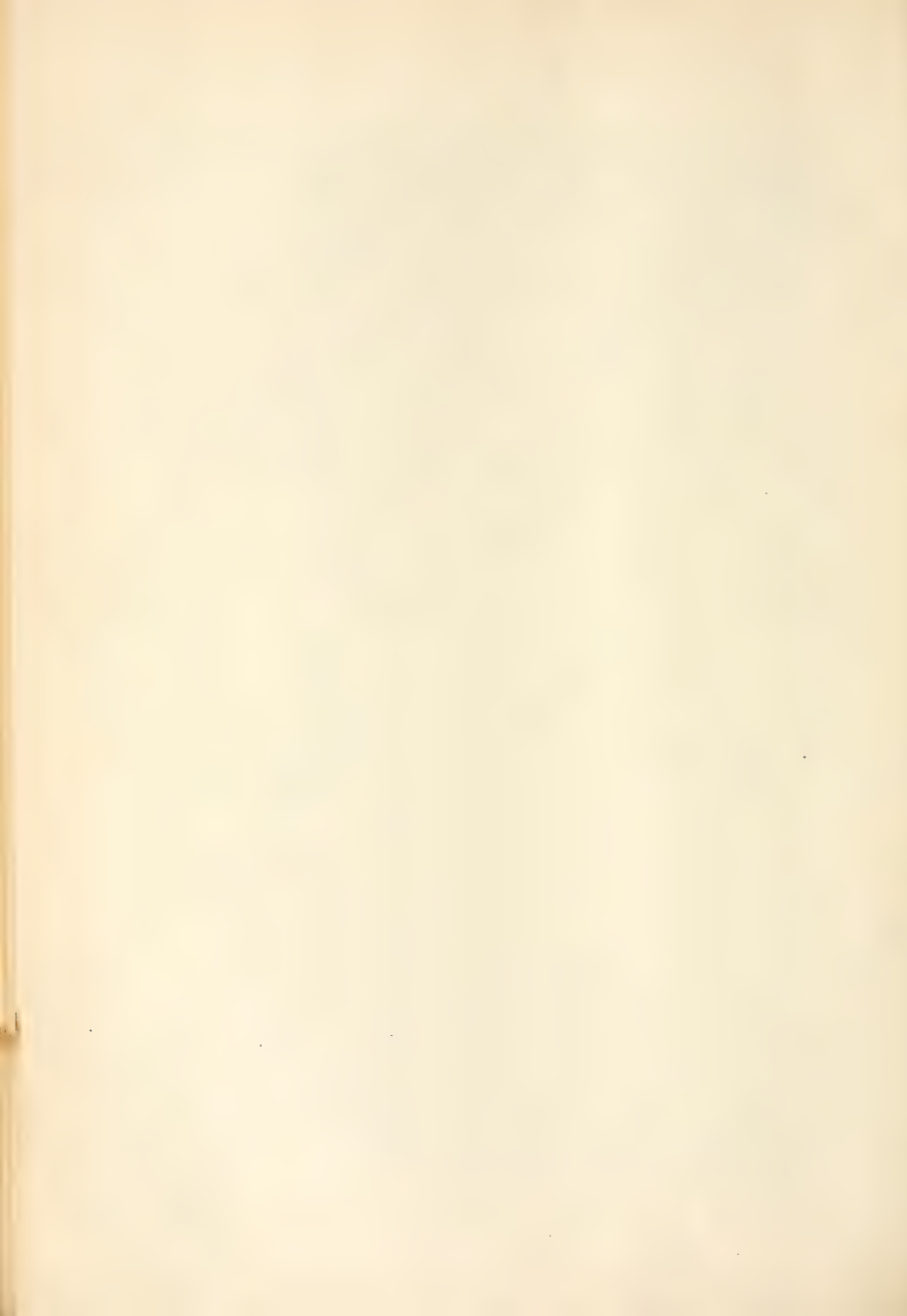
"All right," acquiesced Sir William. "Write down or tell me what you want, and I'll send the list to the first upholsterer in Birkett or Caversham."

"Better say Lon'on when you're at it, and the man in the shop he can tell, a deal cleverer than me, what's like to be wanted. You'll just say fine furniture of all kinds for a seedy drawing-room."

The roving order was given, and the transformation which Iris had once imagined as Sir William's doing, became an accomplished fact. The upholsterer, quick to take a hint, made a considerable clearance of the older-fashioned stupendous lacquer and gorgeousness, together with all the hideous fantasticalness and incongruity which were yet to be found in his shop. The fine, dainty old room at Whitehills became a brand new, more



"The whole party lunched together afield on the most free and easy terms."



expensive, and meretricious copy of the drawing-room at Lambford. Sir William never put his foot in it if he could help it.

Lady Thwaite said this new state of things was more like the real article. But she did not really care for the grandeur she had evoked, and she could not put up with the trouble of inhabiting several rooms when one or at most two would serve her. She fell back on a dull morning-room which had been converted into a smoking-room, where she said she and Will might be tolerably snug when they were by themselves and happened to be in the house. Bill Rogers might bring them their meals there without any to-do when they wanted them.

At first Lady Thwaite changed her black gowns for something she held to be more in keeping with the station to which she had risen. Her choice of dress was not happier than her selection of furniture. Stuffs, patterns, dress-makers were all fixed upon at haphazard, on no conceivable principle except that notion of sumptuousness which she had not been able to indulge hitherto, and the scrap of fondness for "a high light" in a bit of brilliant colour, which had already existed in Honor Smith's red, orange, and sky-blue neckerchiefs. Imposed upon here also by the specious vendors of the wares, with her gaudy finery ill put on, and so badly treated that she never wore a gown three days without looking a full-blown slattern as well as an outrageous vulgarian, Lady Thwaite's dress offended even her husband's half-dormant taste and eye. Fortunately she soon grew tired of her gay clothes also and found them highly inconvenient. She replaced them by adaptations of her old rusty black "frocks" in purples, bronze, brown, green, and slate colours, with the bright neckerchiefs in some silken stuff, as a relief to the prevailing sombreness of the attire. Thus clad she had the gratification to receive her husband's congratulations on looking more like her former self.

Old Abe occasionally invaded the honeymoon privacy of the young couple, but nobody else came, with one striking exception. Mrs. Hollis declared that she had visited so many squires' wives exactly alike that an entirely new variety ought to be refreshing, and it would be hard for her to miss the much wanted refreshment. The present Lady Thwaite might prove a great acquisition in this way, and might be trotted out with the utmost benefit to her neighbours. Mrs. Hollis assured "Peter," truly enough, that the young woman had not been a bad cha-

racter, only a little wild according to her station in life. Luckily for the peace of one corner of Eastwich, the Thwaites were literally not at home when Mrs. Hollis left her own and her husband's card for them. In return she had a singular scrawl written by Lady Thwaite on her own responsibility. She was much beholden to Madam Hollis for her bits of pasteboard. In the meantime, during the shooting season, she and Sir William had not a moment to spare, but later on if they should be passing Thornbrake they would look in.

Mrs. Hollis called the note delicious, showed it off to her Eastwich relations, and exhibited it generally, but nothing came of it. Sir William and his lady were never at leisure, or they never happened to be passing Thornbrake.

One other visitor, a brave and gentle one in this case, would fain have entered the Whitehills gates again, held out the right hand of fellowship, and done what she could to bring order out of chaos. But Iris had no more power to refrain from abandoning the couple to their fate, than she had possessed power to use her hold on the gratitude of the girl Honor in order to win her to forsake "the broad way and the green."

That season's shooting at Whitehills was on the whole a prolonged, innocent, healthy, and happy saturnalia. Honor went out every day with her husband and brought down as many birds as he did, though he had shot bigger animals. Old Abe was almost always in attendance, full of solemn importance and cunning delight. Waterpark, like the other higher functionaries at Whitehills, had thrown up his commission in disgust. It was characteristic of Abe that though he boasted continually he was now free of every covert, water-meadow, turnip or stubble field on the property, in the right of his daughter, and could fire his gun where and when he chose, and dispose of the products as he liked, at his own table or in the game-shops in the next town, he stole and snared and helped others to poach of nights as much as ever.

Bill Rogers completed the party. No additional men were wanted for the dogs, guns, or game-bags. Abe and Honor knew the dogs and could control them. Each "gun" carried his or her weapon and bag, seeking no relief, scouting the bare suggestion of it. Honor pelted her husband with ridicule when he proposed to carry her gun and bag, and it was with some difficulty that the wilful woman was kept from constituting herself a beast of burden to the whole party by sling-

ing all their bags round her neck, and piling their guns on her shoulder, in order to parade the strength of which she was so proud. She had found or fancied that her battered straw hat interfered with her aim, and had replaced it sometimes by a cap of her husband's, sometimes by one of her gipsy handkerchiefs.

The whole party lunched, or rather dined, together *afield*, on the most free and easy terms, but for Bill Rogers, who would always be minding his manners. However, a meal *al fresco* is not like a meal within doors, and Sir William winced less often abroad than at home at words Lady Thwaite spoke and acts she committed. Here it seemed no more than natural that she should loll against a tree-stem or by a hedge, and smoke her pipe with the others; for Honor possessed the accomplishment of smoking in its unvarnished form, unlike the fine ladies who nibble cigarettes and ape, in what they are pleased to consider a dainty fashion, the habits—not to say vices of men. Poor Lady Thwaite was more honest, she smoked a short clay pipe coolly, in the frankest manner, exactly as men did for a physical solace after labour. The blue smoke curling from her full red lips and rising above her brown face, as she sat with her head flung back or resting on her hand, perfectly at her ease, did not seem so out of place when the green earth was around her, and the fleecy clouds just tempering the sun in its zenith overhead.

The little party pursued their game till night-fall, and trudged home all but dead beat, still hale and cheery, content with their exploits, hopeful of what to-morrow held in its lap. It did not matter much whether the weather were good or bad, to the hardy company that could face soaking wet and defy the elements with marvellous equanimity.

Seen at a little distance, Sir William's shooting party was unquestionably grotesque, and excited no end of sarcasm and laughter, yet it is doubtful whether any other shooting party in the neighbourhood got as much pleasure out of their more civilised sport, and had as good a time of it.

Sometimes Sir William and Lady Thwaite varied their occupation by a day's fishing, but here, though she was still more his equal and busked his flies and baited his line as well as her own, and softly stroked the water far more unweariedly, the close companionship proved less successful. The two were performing a duet, and the discordant notes, which would mar the harmony in the end, could be more plainly heard already. But it was Honor who taught Sir William to love his own woods and

fields with a passionate fondness which would last to the day of his death.

It was an evil time for the husband and wife when even the last days of the pheasant shooting waned and the chill end of October gave place to a bleak November, which began with early black frosts that threatened to mar the prospects of the hunting field. At their best they were to the Thwaites a poor substitute for the shooting. A meet and a run could hardly be conducted in a homely family fashion. There were yeoman farmers in the field, no doubt, but the mass of the riders were Sir William's fellow squires, who, though they had not objected to his subscription to the hunt, now showed generally as great a disposition to drop him, as they had ever displayed an inclination to take him up. Even if they had done otherwise he would have resisted their overtures, for he had passed from neutrality in politics to bitter radicalism. But it was not pleasant to encounter old acquaintances and be dismissed with compassionate nods, or to see them turn their heads in other directions.

Sir William could ride, but Lady Thwaite could not. She had never been on an animal more dignified than a donkey in her life. The redoubtable champion of Amazonian feats on foot among the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, the fine figure of a woman walking in her half-gipsy guise, was reduced to helplessness and sat like a sack of corn in the saddle. She was not too proud to conquer her deficiencies, she had courage enough to surmount any difficulty, but she showed herself too impatient to learn slowly and surely. After one or two premature extraordinary appearances in the hunting field, and "spills" which made the M. F. H.'s hair stand on end, Sir William withdrew on his own account, and induced Honor to absent herself from the diversion of the season.

Lady Thwaite detested driving. She took half-a-dozen trials of her carriage, and then said it made her sick. She had employed it in order to go to church in state. It served as a sorry excuse for abstaining, that she could not ride the distance. It went without saying that she could walk the distance half-a-dozen times any day, and would have indignantly rebutted the statement that she might suffer fatigue by the exertion.

With the falling leaves, the dank mists which are so conspicuous a feature of East-wich, and the shortening days, the newly wedded pair found their open-air resources largely gone, and were driven within doors. It was as if the wailing utterances of the

prophet were sounding afresh, "The summer is past, the harvest is ended, and ye are not saved."

Long before his marriage had left him undone, Sir William had awakened from his fit of rage and despair, as he had awakened many a time from the madness of drink, to be sensible that Honor Smith was no wife for him. He knew that he had better cut off his right hand or pluck out his right eye than wed her, that such wedlock would certainly be his, probably her ruin.

But he had also said to himself that it was too late to repent, that he could not leave a woman who had trusted him in the lurch, that they must go on and take their chance, and God have mercy upon them both.

It was incredible at first, besides being extremely vexatious and humiliating to Sir William, to find that in so short a time he had acquired something of the tone of the class he had renounced and detested. He did his best to hide the unwished-for acquisition and crush it out of him, but it rose from its ashes and forced him to own that, be his principles what they might, he could never be again what he had been, before he entered on his inheritance, and moved for a brief space on terms of equality in more intelligent and cultivated circles. He might be a social outcast, doubly repudiated, but he could not return to his original obscurity and live and die the common working man he had started in life, with his great succession no better than a wild dream.

When Sir William went back to his books, to tide over the dull, dark, winter days, he tried to take Honor with him. He would read to her what she might care to hear, as he had read the racing calendar and the details of the last murder to old Lady Fermor.

But Honor could not abide books, whatever the subject. The very sight of print was disagreeable to her. She would not have listened even could Sir William have hit on registers recording the experience of mighty hunters and great sportsmen, or the nature-in-art of those word painters of the woods and fields, with their teeming life, in which she had lived. She cared for the things themselves, but not for the finest reflections of them. The bare obstacles of his measured voice, and a style of expression less homely than she had been accustomed to, would have been enough to deprive her of all sympathy with the reader.

Lady Thwaite could hardly work unless in the coarsest make-shift for sewing, and she

hated such woman's work next to listening to sermons, with which she always confounded listening to reading.

She moped and wandered about restlessly and aimlessly, went constantly to her father's at Hawley Scrub, at the most ill-timed seasons, and took to visiting her mother's kindred at the Quarries to pass the time.

Sir William began by accommodating himself to his wife's wild habits, for a longer time than could have been looked for from him. He had never shirked acknowledging his father-in-law or even his connections by marriage at the Quarries. What had he been that he should treat the roughest fellows as his inferiors, or behave as if he were ashamed to be seen in their company? He went with Lady Thwaite both in broad day and under cloud of night, when the fancy took her, to Hawley Scrub. He showed no provocation, which was, doubtless, because he cared too little for his privileges, on seeing, as he could not fail to see, that old Abe's ways were unchanged. Lady Thwaite was more aggrieved than Sir William, and went so far as to rate her father soundly for trenching on "the rights of things." "These birds and hares are Will's and mine, father. You are welcome to a share—your share of them, but you ought to be content with that. It ain't serving us fair to make them public property, or to put them away on the sly to fill your pocket when you've everything you could wish and nought stinted to you, and Will do have come down handsome to the boys." At other times she took the matter as an excellent joke, and laughed long and loud at the contradiction. For Abe himself, he was always complacent, cunning, and a trifle cringing.

Neither did Sir William decline to accompany his wife to the Quarries, or to be present when the Quarry gossips, men and women, came to Whitehills, to join in the family meals, to marvel at the splendour of Honor's drawing-room, and to soil its flaunting finery with their hob-nailed boots and smutty or greasy fingers. Sir William had returned to the ranks of the people, and he must accept his natural associates. So far as they were concerned, any momentary sense of feeling abashed, by finding themselves among surroundings so different from their own, vanished rapidly before their engrained brainless effrontery.

It was in connection with the Quarry folk that the smouldering discord in the situation took shape, and threatened to burst into a blaze. These natives of Eastwich were a

specially uncouth, violent, debauched set of people. They had no modesty, else they would have held back a little even from Lady Thwaite's boisterous, lavish invitations, and Sir William's grave endorsement of the same. The Quarry men and women had no respect for themselves or for others, otherwise they would have let the master of the house alone in his peculiarities. He did not impose the restraint he put on any of them. He did not even restrict the mistress of the house, when, knowing what her guests liked best, she caused ale and gin, rum and brandy to flow freely. The mirth grew fast and furious in consequence, the talkers shouted, quarrelled, and had occasionally to be dragged asunder, as they were about to close in hand-to-hand fights. Never had Whitehills beheld grosser scenes, even in the drunken days of the Restoration, or the rude revels of Mediæval times. But Sir William was well enough acquainted with such brawls, though he had never before known how brutal and sickening they could present themselves to a sane onlooker, who endured them while he sought to keep the peace.

Nevertheless the detachments of Quarry men were by no means satisfied with being left to follow their debased inclinations. They felt affronted with their host or guest, as it might be, spoiling all true fellowship by not affording a good example in drinking deeply and steadily. They were secretly enraged with the man and inclined to vow vengeance upon him, when with his conscience tormenting him and all the higher qualities he possessed reproaching him, he still doggedly indulged them to the top of their bent.

The women—the greatest gadders from house to house, the biggest scolds, the most ragged slatterns, and in self-defence, perhaps, the most frequent drunkards of all the working women far and near—turned, too, upon the man who, though he had a whole cellar full of drink at his disposal, was not enticing their men by his abuse of it to spend their children's bread in the alehouse. What business had Honor Smith with a husband who was not only a titled squire and had made her Lady Thwaite, but who could not take a glass like his neighbours? For a young unmarried woman, she had not been so far behind her matronly friends. It was not one glass or two either that would go to Honor's head; she need not try to make a fool of them by coming over them with a pretence of growing proper all of a sudden.

It would have been the last thought which

would have entered Lady Thwaite's mind to pretend to be other than the wild reckless woman she was. She did not require the goading and taunting which met her on all sides from her coarse, stupid, envious cronies, to display herself in her worst colours, to defy all implied opposition, including her husband's.

If these riotous tempters had known it, they had a powerful ally in Lady Thwaite's breast. She was not dull as they were; she was not book-learned, but she had plenty of mother wit, as well as an overweening pride and a passionate temper. She had been accustomed, in the days which seemed far off now, when she had sprung up from a neglected little girl into a strong, capable woman, to be a person of importance in her family and circle. She had not thought often of Sir William's condescending to marry her. Since he had told her his story on the evening of the hay-making, her thought had been to stand by him and atone to him for the injustice which had been done to him. Her heart had grown soft to him; she had been very happy in those September and October days in the woods and fields.

But for that very reason Honor had been quick to detect the slightest sign of what she must regard as recantation and rue on his side. She had been galled by the faintest token of disapprobation and disappointment from her husband. In place of seeking to submit to his judgment and to suit herself to his tastes, she flourished her independence and opposition in his face and in the faces of her friends.

He remonstrated with a reservation, because he knew in his heart what she suspected, while the suspicion was driving her mad, that he had no true love and fond admiration for her, such as might have caused him to overlook her faults, or to win her from them, by patient devotion. Her conduct was offending and incensing him, and the more he grew offended and incensed the more contumacious and audacious she became.

The couple took to going their different ways—rather Sir William sulked and sat alone in his topsy-turvy, disorderly house of Whitehills, while Lady Thwaite roamed abroad and pursued her vagaries wherever the vagabond impulse of the moment drove her. The result was that she was from home at all hours, and was frequently to be found in any company to which he had an objection. When called in question for her behaviour, she either asserted her right to do as she chose, or made a feint of deceiving her husband.

But she did the last with so brazen a face and so carelessly, that it looked and sounded as if she either told falsehoods and cheated for the mere pleasure of the thing, or sought to put a fresh insult on Sir William.

The roar and surge of domestic discord rising and swelling filled the ears of the principals in the strife, even of the minor performers in the household contest, so that they could not distinguish the loud, vehement condemnation of the world without.

Old Abe remonstrated anxiously, "Lass, what are you about? Be you going to spoil your luck and waste your fine fortune? Is there an evil spirit in you? No man born will long stand the treatment you are giving he. I have seed a man take a stick or a poker to his wife, and break her head or go nigh to brain her, for a deal less."

"Never mind, father, Sir William will not break my head or brain me. I can take care of myself, and I'll do what I like. Maybe there is a devil in me—leastways I'll not stand his cold looks and sour fault-findings. Who axed him to leave the fine cattle he consorted with? Let him go back to them, if he will have them and their ways."

The crisis could not be long deferred, when a house only built the other day was already shaking to its sandy foundation.

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE BEAST WALLOWS IN THE MIRE.

LADY THWAITE'S last transgression had been to walk over to Hawley Scrub, before the wintry daybreak, to meet and warn a brother of the dead Hughie Guild, whom even the shuffling Abe did not countenance, and whom Sir William had been roused to threaten he would hunt out of his plantations and bring before the justices.

Hughie Guild had perished in his comparatively innocent youth, or he might have been the best of his race—anyhow the remaining Guilds were well known to be the worst livers in the parish, women as well as men of them were abandoned to shameless vice. It was only lately that Lady Thwaite had renewed her acquaintance with the Guilds, and Sir William had sworn she should not enter their house, or he would know what to do. Lady Thwaite, after she had got Zachary Guild out of danger, denied that she had been near the Guilds' house, and announced her intention of visiting her most intimate friend at the Quarries, where Sir William no longer offered to accompany her.

When there she was plied with jeers and sneers at Sir William as a pattern-card, a

great hulking reformed water-drinker, and she was taunted with her subjection to him.

She defended him hotly for a time: "You are not to say ill of my man Sir William. He's a deal too good for you and the likes of you. You are not fit, the best of you, to hold a candle to him. He have come of gentlefolks, and he was hand and glove with gentlefolks so long as he chose, but he liked his freedom and he liked me."

She did not care that anybody should blame him save herself; she only changed her tone when some persons hinted broadly that he must have altered his mind, and could not think very much of her after all. She was to be pitied, with a husband at once a squire, and not a roystering squire, but a nonsuch. Whatever their men were—poor quarrymen, never out of the ale-house—at least they were no better than their wives, and could not indulge in despising them.

Honor cried out she was as good as Will Thwaite any day, she was no man's slave, and she began to drink and shout, gossip and sing snatches of songs. When she returned to Whitehills it was with an unsteady step, a blazing face, and clouded eyes.

Sir William sat waiting for her in the comfortable room, without the vestige of a woman's presence in it—not a bit of darning, or an ironing blanket, or a screen hung over with white clothes, such as had marked his sister Jen's home. He had discovered by this time that though Honor had not been at the Guilds' house, she had gone out at break of day to keep an appointment with the scoundrel Zachary Guild.

The husband was at his post in a white heat of fury, meaning to charge her with a violation of all duty to him, an utter disregard of his credit and her own. But the sight of her, as she stumbled into the room, gazed at him with half-blank eyes, and broke into senseless laughter, stopped him. He stared at her in return with such a look of wild despair as to penetrate even her dazed faculties, then she made some foolish excuse and left him.

When Sir William Thwaite was by himself he clenched his fists and rose to his feet, quivering with passion. "It is all over," he said aloud, "peace and credit are both done for. I did not mean it when I said I would return to the ranks of working men, and when I married that woman I thought she was true as steel, and would help to keep me true to myself and her. But I have seen it coming, and now there is not a grain of hope left. If you were here, Jen, you would release me

from my word, and pray to God to forgive me ; for now, as I am a sinner and mated to a sinner, there is nought remaining to me but to drown care, and drink myself blind and deaf and dead to what I have made of my life."

He staggered to the door as if he were drunk already, went out into the darkness, walked to the nearest ale-house, which was shut up for the night, thundered at the door there till the amazed and alarmed landlord granted him admittance. Then, against law and gospel and Will Thwaite's word to his dead sister, he sat pouring out and emptying glass after glass of fiery spirits faster than he had ever done in his wild youth, till he was past thinking, past feeling.

Before the week was over the hue and cry rose that Sir William Thwaite, who had disappeared from church and market, was never out of one ale-house or another ; that he was drinking himself into a lunatic asylum or the grave, in the lowest company ; that he had become a common brawler, with whom the police would soon be compelled to interfere. This was what had come of his not being able to drink his glass of port like a Christian gentleman and squire. Many people had pointed out what such unbecoming extravagant abstinence portended, what had been its origin and what would be its end. It was but an interlude between a drunken scamp's fits of debauchery. After the low marriage he had tumbled into, what further chance was there of his keeping his pledge, or promise, or whatever it might be ?

Lady Thwaite was subdued for a time. "What's come over you, Will ?" she asked almost timidly, "you who would not taste drink, to take to it all of a sudden, and like a fish. But you needn't go to them ale-houses and taverns where you are a marked man. Have your liquor here, where nobody has any right to forbid you, and you'll have nobody to quarrel with in your cups."

"What ! you don't think I should quarrel with you, my lady, not though we were two at a trade ?" he said savagely. "Ah, you don't know me yet. Besides, I prefer taking my sprees on my own account, and not at home. We have not pulled so well together of late that we should risk keeping company when wit is out. I am not come to the lowest pass that I should sit in my own house of Whitehills—the old Thwaites' house, confound them, and drink in company with my wife till we quarrel, and fight, and agree again like the vilest wretches in the barracks."

"It was only once, Will," she said with

strange humility for her. "Did you ever hear of me or know me as a drunken drab—am I like it ?"

But he broke away from her, and she desisted from all further expostulation with him. Nay, in place of seeking to reclaim and restrain him, it appeared as if she were thenceforth set on goading him on and exasperating him to the utmost pitch. She pursued her own course not only without hesitation, she threw herself in his way, crossed his path, and defied him when he was more like a mad animal than a sane human creature.

But Sir William was not left altogether undefended and uncared for. Go when and where he liked, to ale-house or tavern, when he stumbled out of it, he never failed to find one faithful friend, whether the miserable fellow knew it or not. Bill Rogers was a sober lad, though he could indulge at a time in a single glass or a couple of glasses, but nothing on earth would induce him to drink with his master. He turned away his eyes from Sir William's debasement. He never spoke of it voluntarily. When assailed with gibes and mockery, he said stoutly and loyally all that could be urged in defence of a lapsed sinner. Bill was constantly hovering shamefacedly in Sir William's neighbourhood, ready to offer him his servant's arm if the Squire would accept it ; wary to follow and keep him in sight, if he waxed furious at being what he called tracked and spied upon, to prevent his slipping into pond or ditch, or lying down in the frost or the wet, on the withered or sodden grass, and dying a dog's death.

It was in vain that Sir William stormed and threatened, "Do you think I wish you to be ruined as fast and sure as myself, Bill ? Ain't you a precious sight better chap than your master ? Don't he know it to his cost ? But he ain't such a selfish brute as to wish you to pay the piper, and to have your destruction to answer for, in addition to his own and that of a few more fools. Come along, Bill Rogers, and I'll stand you a treat. We'll swallow something hot and strong. I'll tip you an old soldier's song, and we'll have a rare blow out, and make a night of it. No, you won't ? Then I'll be hanged if you shall play the flying scout at my expense. I give you your leave, lad, from this day, with a month's wages. Who sends you on your dashed prying errands at my heels ? Not Honor ? Much right she has to meddle. Or is it somebody else whose name I'll never speak again with my polluted lips ? She was an angel, Bill ; but she wrought my undoing.

No, no. That is false as the place I'm bound for. She was as innocent as the babe unborn, only she could not touch pitch and be defiled. It was I who was the beast I have always been."

One day about this time, Sir William was walking down the middle of Knotley High Street, as if challenging any man to say his gait was disorderly, and his dress slovenly, when he felt a clap on his shoulder.

"Hallo! Thwaite," cried the insolent voice of Major Pollock. "I hear you have come out of your shell, slipped your cable or your moorings, or what shall we call it? since I saw you last. My dear fellow, I like you a thousand times better for it. I have only one crow to pluck with you. Why will you descend to the gutter, and not go to the bad in good company—that of gentlemen like you—a hem! forefathers? I assure you that you would find it more agreeable, if you would only try us, and we should make you heartily welcome. Come to my den and have a game at billiards and a glass of beer or grog, if wine don't suit your stomach."

But Sir William shook him off. "I'll see you far enough first, Major Pollock. If I'm going to destruction, and I ain't the one to deny it, it shall be with humble folk, who are as low as I ever was; it shan't be for the entertainment and profit of them that calls themselves gentlemen. Whatever I am or may sink to, me and my mates don't care to earn a penny, with our tongues in our cheeks, from our neighbour's sin and shame."

There was another incident in Sir William Thwaite's history which belonged to this period. Parliament was dissolved, and a general election ensued, bringing political agents and men from a distance, to town and burgh, to contest interests keenly, and canvass hotly for votes in houses which the visitors would not otherwise have entered. By one of those singular chances, which happen at least as frequently in real life as in novels, Will Thwaite's old commanding officer, Colonel Bell, who had returned from India, was nearly related to one of the candidates for the favour of this section of Eastwich, and came down with him to Knotley to help his cause.

In examining the lists of voters, the name of Sir William Thwaite, of Whitehills, soon turned up. Colonel Bell immediately recognised it, and, upon a few inquiries, found that the later career of the young man had been very much what might have been expected from certain early passages in his life.

The officer hinted his acquaintance with

the baronet in his chrysalis condition; and went on to admit that in fact, he was the colonel who had given Sir William Thwaite his discharge from her Majesty's service. But being the soul of honour, and a man who did not care to present himself in an undignified light, the gentleman kept to himself the offence and the impending punishment which had immediately preceded the discharge. The inevitable result of his reticence was that he found himself pressed to accompany the candidate, and use the officer's supposed influence with Sir William, who was understood to be indifferent to politics, to vote for the right man.

Colonel Bell yielded against his judgment to the pressure put upon him, and drove in a carriage full of ardent electors, who would take no refusal, to Whitehills.

The visitors experienced more regret for the deterioration of the fine old place than for the degradation of the new squire. There were traces of changed days as the party drew near the house. Of course, Sir William's dissipation had been of a cheap and mean order compared with that of some of his predecessors. He had still an ample supply of ready money to squander and work mischief with; none of the grand old trees had been felled, the park had not been used for grazing purposes, and sufficient time had not elapsed for very conspicuous signs of downfall in other respects. No gate was off its hinges, no fence was full of holes, no path positively overgrown. But the exquisite dainty trimness of an English gentleman's place, which had been conspicuous in the late Sir John's day, was wanting. Weeds were cropping up, borders left ragged, branches broken and untrimmed. Some cottages which the young squire had begun to build, in which he had taken an interest, stood half built, as the masons had left them on the first of the winter frosts. In the meantime the builder had come to grief, and failed to fulfil his contract. But no fresh contract had been entered into, and the uncompleted houses, like unfulfilled promises, appealed mournfully to the passer-by. There had been an old-fashioned lamp, since the days of links and their extinguishers, which, though seldom used, was left to hang in its place above the principal gate it was supposed to grace. Its thick, dim glass had been smashed recently, and remained in a few jagged fragments in the metal framework. A baker's van, which ought to have been taken round to the back of the house, had boldly driven

up to the front entrance and stopped the way, as if there were no chance of a dispute with a vehicle of higher estate. The thin wedge of neglect and aggression was introduced, and the rest would follow, until the house became as great a wreck as its master.

Lady Thwaite was abroad, as usual, and, if she returned in time, did not show her face amidst the tawdry splendour of her drawing-room.

Colonel Bell did not think the haggard-faced man in the rumpled, mud-bespattered clothes, in which he might have slept for a week, who reluctantly came in answer to their summons, was an improvement on his young sergeant. The latter, in spite of his fits of excess, had been wont to turn out on parade scrupulously neat and smart, as became a gallant soldier.

"How are you, Thwaite? You see I have looked you up when I am in the country," stammered Colonel Bell a little nervously. "I have come to ask a favour from you in renewing our acquaintance. Will you, if you have no objection, lend your support to my friend on the hustings and at the polling-booth next week?"

Sir William did not take the hand held out. He stood still, and glared with his blood-shot eyes at the speaker.

"It wasn't I who ever asked any favour of you, Colonel Bell, that you should seek a return from me," he said in a thick, altered voice. "You have forgotten, sir, or your wits are wool-gathering. It was my poor sister Jen. Do you remember her, or was she too humble a lot to stick in your memory? I was told that she went down on her marrow-bones to you, though she was a proud woman in her way, was Jen, if you had knowed it; but you pushed her away, and said discipline could not be set aside, not though a woman's heart were to break—as hers was broken by that date—or a young rascal be doomed to the gallows, since there was nothing else he could hope for after that morning's work."

He stopped speaking to a dumbfounded company, while Colonel Bell, with a face as red as fire, or his old mufti, muttered—

"I thought it had been made up, and the past forgotten," and began to back to the door.

But Sir William arrested him. "When it comes to that, you did your duty, old Bell—we're meeting as equals to-day, ain't we? which is more than I ever did. I can't ask you or your friends to eat or drink with me, for though we're social equals, you and I know that would not be fitting. But you're

welcome to my vote, though, bless you! my presence on the hustings would be no credit to your man. I can slink up with the ruck to the booth, and give you what Jen herself, had she been here and a voter, would have given you freely, man. For though you were hard we always held you honest, and though you helped to do for me—that's neither here nor there, I was going to the dogs anyway, and would have reached them in the long run without your aid, I take it. I have that faith in you and your choice that I believe it will be the country's own fault—as it was mine—if it don't do as well as it deserves under the rule of the likes of you, old Bell!"

"What a strange character!" "Who was Jen?" "What on earth had you to do with him besides giving him his discharge, Colonel?" "At least we've got his vote, which was what we wanted," was chorused round the officer when the party had reached their carriage.

"Yes, yes, you've got his vote, and I really believe you've me to thank for it," said the Colonel, wiping his forehead; "but I'll be shot if I undertake such another encounter on your account, Charlie. That fellow Thwaite must have been as mad as a hatter from the beginning. Scrapes? oh! of course; a fellow like him was safe to be in a thousand scrapes."

Some of the stories with which the country was ringing reached Lady Fernor. Then she assailed her grand-daughter in the privacy of the old lady's dressing-room. "Have you heard the news, Iris? Sir William Thwaite has broken out, and sits drinking himself to death with carters and quarrymen, and tramps, for anything I can tell." The speaker fixed her hollow, gleaming eyes on Iris's face, and spoke with deliberate calmness. "He and his beggar-wife are at daggers-drawing, so it is feared murder may be committed and somebody hung for it. What do you think of that for your work, girl? We have all got our sins to answer for, but I should say that was something to have on one's conscience."

"It is not my work, and it need not lie heavy on my conscience," protested Iris, with her whitening face. But though she knew she spoke the truth, and would not be silent, because she was not afraid to maintain her innocence in such hearing, when she got to her room she shed bitter tears. "Grandmamma accuses me, and Lucy bids me rejoice in having escaped such a miserable fate; and I—what can I do but cry to God to have mercy on His lost sheep, His lost children?"



"And it will not be for long."

BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA.

By M. LINSKILL.

AUTHOR OF "CLEVEDEN," "HAGAR," "ROBERT HOLT'S ILLUSION," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIV.—"BY A CORN-FIELD SIDE, A-FLUTTER WITH POPPIES."

"A nature o'er-endowed with opposites
Making a self alternate, where each hour
Was critic of the last, each mood too strong
For tolerance of its fellow in close yoke."

GEORGE ELIOT: *The Spanish Gipsy*.

IF the corn in the fields be ever so scant, there is a little gladness about the harvest-time, a little mirth, much picturesqueness, an odour of old associations. In some of these far-away northern districts the reapers yet reap with sickles, as they did in the days of Boaz; and the maidens follow after the reapers as the maidens were following when Ruth came timidly into the barley-fields, and when,

"Sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn."

Dorothy Craven's barley-field at Netherbank had been partly cut; the reapers were still at work at the upper end of the field, though the sun was already dropping over the edge of Langbarugh Moor. The young men and maidens moved in front of the tall barley that was yet standing, waving its pale gold against the dark tones of the upland. Bessy Skirlaugh, in a scarlet shawl that glowed in the last amber ray, was turning the corn lightly on to the bands that her seven-years-old Hannah was twisting; two young men were tying; Mark Ossett and his boy Willie were setting up the sheaves, "stooking" was the word they used; and seeing that the little lad was hardly equal to the task, Mr. Bartholomew came out from his cottage and helped for an hour or two from sundown till after the moon was up. Genevieve with a light rake helped Miss Craven to gather up the stray ears from the stubble.

"This is idyllic, if you will," said Genevieve, resting on her rake, and pushing her wide-brimmed hat away from her forehead.

"It is the best thing left on this earth," replied the overtaxed artist. "If I had my life to begin again, I would live it out of doors, let the cost be what it might."

Presently the harvesters went home; the men with the reaping-hooks over their shoulders, the women with cans, baskets, babies, bottles, all made up into bundles together. They stopped a little by the stile to gossip; then a woman came up out of the lane in the moonlight, and along the field-path to where Genevieve and her father were still sauntering to and fro.

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"You won't know me. I'm Margaret Sharpe," she said in a pleasant and rather refined voice, "Ambrose Sharpe's wife. And my husband's working at Yarell Croft. He took the picture home yesterday morning all right; and Mr. Richmond said 'at Ambrose was to tell you 'at he liked it very much.'"

"Oh, thank you!" said Mr. Bartholomew, concealing his amusement, "thank you. I hope you haven't had to come up from the village on purpose to bring the message?"

"No, sir, no, I haven't. But I told Ambrose I'd let you know; so as he mightn't have to come up here after his day's work. Good night, sir. . . . There's no message to take back?"

"No, none, thank you. Good night."

A bat came fluttering insanely over the sloping barley-stooks; a late bird flew by on its frightened wing as Mrs. Sharpe went hurrying into the shade.

"This is new experience for you, my father," Genevieve said, having humour in her tone.

"It is, child. But—pardon me—I think we had better not talk of it. I cannot trust myself to talk of it, not even to you. It is amusing; and some day I *may* laugh at it all. But I do not think I shall. I have a curious feeling about it—it is like the oppression that is in the air before a thunderstorm."

"But after the thunderstorm how good it is!"

"Yes, it is good for the man who escapes the lightning stroke."

What was he dreading? Genevieve wondered. Was his poverty a greater trouble to him than she knew? She thought she knew the worst. Only that morning, giving her a small sum for Keturah's wages, he had smiled and said gravely that his purse was like the widow's cruse, in that it never quite failed; but she knew that more than once it had all but failed; and, sadder still, she also remembered that more than once she had missed small treasures from the studio; and had guessed how they had been packed up and sent away in her absence. It was a terrible strait—its full terribleness being something not to be openly acknowledged even between themselves. It would have been an added pang had they known that it was much more openly spoken of in Murk-Marishes, and in the hamlets beyond. Keturah's friends made no mystery of the growing narrowness and

straightness of things at Netherbank; and the neighbourhood was curious about the smallest matters that happened there now. It was interesting to see a stately princess with a fine smile, with golden hair, and cashmere dresses, and Gainsborough hats, and to be impelled to wonder how long it was since she had had a good dinner.

The message brought by Mrs. Sharpe had its depressing as well as its amusing side. It was evident to Noel Bartholomew that he need expect no other message, and therefore no payment, until the second picture was finished and sent home. He would take care about sending this one home. There should be no invitation to Mr. Richmond to come and approve of his work this time. All the same, Bartholomew said to himself, that so far as his best skill could insure his success, there should be no room for disapproval. He knew himself to be working with more heart at this second picture: it was promising better, and it offered more scope for imaginative work. George Kirkoswald seeing it, expressed positive delight; and he was not given to idle exuberance of admiration.

It was not quite a week after the view of Yarrell Croft had been sent home when George came down. He had not heard of its removal; and nothing was told even to him of the manner in which Bartholomew's three letters had been responded to at last.

The garden scene was on the easel. The ancient archway was completed. The ivy that covered the pillars threw out wild, careless sprays; the clematis on the trellis was in its summer stage of creamy, profuse blossoming. Beyond the archway there was the old fountain, the interwoven rose-sprays, some tall, waving grasses. The whole space of the foreground in front of the gateway, with the exception of the path, was one mass of graceful, luxuriant, many-tinted flowers. Some of these Bartholomew had painted on the spot; choosing the few weeks during which Miss Richmond had been at Danesborough, to make his excursions to Yarrell, otherwise he had intended to make an autumn scene. He was glad now of the summer flowers, the white Madonna lilies, the crimson Martagon lilies, the great Auratum and Japanese lilies. On the left, some late purple and amber irises stood among the broad green leaves; the tall pale-blue larkspur—Yarrell Croft was famous for larkspurs—stood towering against creamy bushes of syringa. There were poppies here, foxgloves there, with quaint campanulas, and tufted meadow-sweet. Some of these were

only indicated as yet, and closer examination showed that the leafier portion of the work needed many a long hour of patient labour.

"You ought certainly to send this to the Academy," George said. "There is an originality about it that could not fail to make its mark."

"Perhaps Mr. Richmond may choose to send it," replied the artist, turning to his work again, and beginning, with a careful hand, to touch some of the iris leaves with sunlight. Genevieve was working at her embroidery, trying to copy some of the poppies in the painting on to a panel that she was embroidering for a screen. "It is like having perpetual summer beside one," she said, looking up at the canvas with unaffected pride. "If ever I give a commission for a picture it shall certainly be for a garden of summer flowers."

Kirkoswald was making a mental note of the remark when there came a tapping at the studio door, Keturah thrusting in her head at the same moment:—

"It's Miss Richmond again," she said in a breathless confidential whisper to Genevieve, "I showed her into t' sitting-room, an' I told her you'd be comin' in a minute; an' I didn't tell her 'at Mr. Kirkoswald was here."

Genevieve smiled, but she also blushed quickly. Why did Keturah think that it mattered about Miss Richmond knowing who was there? She saw that George had heard. There was a change on his face, a tightening of the muscles about his mouth.

"I will go up with you, if I may," he said, "I think it will be better." And Bartholomew hastened to add that he would follow immediately. Of course Miss Richmond had come to pay for the picture that had been sent home; or at any rate to arrange about the payment. The idea struck him with a sudden shame even as it occurred to him. Was this the lesson that poverty was teaching him—this low care, this unworthy eagerness? Had he declined so far in so short a time? He felt with bitterness that the sense of unexpected relief was almost an agitation to him.

Miss Richmond was sitting on the little chintz-covered sofa when Genevieve went in with George Kirkoswald. She had arranged the cushions about her, placed her feet on a footstool, and she sat there holding out a white, languid hand, hardly moving her coral-red lips in answer to Genevieve's greeting. She looked at George Kirkoswald with a quite inscrutable look in her eyes; even he could not discern its hidden meaning.

She sat in the same impassive manner

when Bartholomew went in a moment or two later. It was as if she had come expecting to be entertained, to have only to sit and watch, sit and listen, sit and judge.

"I expected to find you here," she said to Kirkoswald, with intentness in her tone. "That was partly why I came. I have not seen you since that day in Soulsgrif Bight, when you disappeared so suddenly. . . How was it?"

"How was it that I disappeared? I think it was because I had to see Smartt again," Kirkoswald replied curtly.

"How inconvenient of Smartt! It must have spoilt your day,—your great day," said Diana with mild superciliousness. "Think of having to do without your luncheon, the climax, as it were! It fell very flat, I assure you—if that is a consolation. Didn't you consider the luncheon a very flat affair, Miss Bartholomew?"

"It was not lively," Genevieve said. "But for me it was not the great event of the day; that had come before."

"Of course for you—you are alluding to the Canon's speech?" Miss Richmond said. "It was beautiful. It comes back to me like an echo every now and then—always just when I can't listen. Then I seem to hate the sound of it, to wish that I had never heard one word that the Canon said. As a rule, I don't remember such things very long. But I remember that. It is curious, isn't it, to remember words like those quite distinctly, and to feel that they have no power over you?"

"I should say that the mere fact of your remembering them proves that they have power," said Bartholomew.

"Should you?" said Miss Richmond, looking into his grey, weary face with curiosity. How old the man was seeming! and how shabby and strange he looked! A contemptuous reply had been on her lips, but for once she held herself in check. Was Bartholomew ill? Had some new mental suffering fallen upon him? It was impossible that her small experiment could have anything to do with the change in him—it had been so very small; and besides, it was over. Some conflict was going on, even now, so it seemed to Miss Richmond, as she sat holding stronger emotions in restraint than anybody dreamed, stronger and stranger. Did she know herself which was hatred that stirred within her, and which was love? She felt isolated as she sat there in the middle of the little group, isolated and defrauded. She told herself that she was not misled by the dark look of pain that was upon Kirkoswald's great, square

forehead, and in his deep-set eyes. He was happy enough, confident enough, self-satisfied enough. And the pale, yellow-haired girl beside him—what need had she to be so pale, to sit there with that look of sadness and patience about her mouth? They had all they wanted, these two. That letter of hers had had no real effect beyond making them keep their engagement secret for awhile. That was something, but it was not enough, not enough for a wronged and despised woman. She could do more yet,—she would do more, she told herself as she sat silently there, resting her chin upon her white, beautiful hand, and looking out with a placid smile. In striking any one of the three she would strike them all, this she knew certainly; and more modes than one of striking were within her reach now.

All this, and more than this, passed with the swift indefiniteness of thought across her brain. There had been no long pause when she spoke again, turning to George Kirkoswald:—"Do you know I was reading a volume of your poems yesterday?" she said, speaking in her usual deliberate and expressive way, a way that made her lightest word seem important.

George started visibly, as if he had been stung. "I am sorry you had no more interesting book," he replied, trying to seem as unconcerned as might be under this unexpected attack, for such he felt it to be.

"I could have had no book more interesting to me," Diana said. "I had half-forgotten it. I had entirely forgotten some of the poems. They seemed to strike me in quite a new light—especially some of your ballads, those written in imitation of the ancient ballads. Of course, you remember them all? What a wonderful one that long one is, *The Doom of the False Knight*. It made my blood run quite chill."

"It makes mine run chill to think of having written it," said George, adding extenuatingly, "I was only eighteen years old when I wrote it, if that is any excuse."

"Eighteen! Really! What an interesting boy you must have been," said Miss Richmond, with a smile that, taken together with the words, roused Genevieve's indignation to the utmost. "I should like to have known you then,—at the time when you were writing such poems as those about false knights, and inconvenient lovers imprisoned in moated castles, and forsaken maidens pining in lofty towers. I am sure you were more interesting then than you were later when I knew you better."

Almost George Kirkoswald wished, as he sat there enduring with all the patience he had, that Miss Richmond would as a matter of mercy do the worst that it was in her power to do, then and there.

Unfortunately it had occurred to Diana also that there might be mercy in such a course; other things occurred to her, and she was in no mood to be merciful. She was decidedly sorry when George Kirkoswald suddenly rose and prepared to depart.

"Ah! that is to escape my criticisms," she said, putting out her hand with the old, fine, graceful gesture that he knew. "If you had remained I had some passages ready to be quoted, and also a few that seem to me to need elucidation. Never mind: I shall make you explain them to me another time. . . . Good-bye. They say authors are never appreciated among their own people; but don't forget that you have one appreciative reader."

The look of annoyance on Kirkoswald's face as he went out was almost amusingly unmistakable.

"I used to think that George was not of what I have heard him term the *genus irritabile*," said Miss Richmond, using the Christian name with even more than her ordinary deliberateness.

"I am afraid that all people who produce anything—that is, any really creative work—are more or less sensitive about it," replied Noel Bartholomew.

A pause followed. It was inevitable that Bartholomew should wonder what judgment Diana Richmond had pronounced upon his work, and whether she was about to give expression to her judgment now. Quite unintentionally he had made an opening for her to do so; yet he shrank from her opinion as a man whose eyes have been hurt shrinks from the flare of gaslight. Still, he waited for it.

And Diana knew that he waited for it. It was a little power in her hand, and with the quick instinct that the people seem always to have who find pleasure in giving pain, she divined instantly that the highest refinement of pain would be an absolute silence on the subject. If he spoke, she was prepared; if he did not, she was prepared also. No adverse criticism of hers could fly so straight to its mark as a dead silence. She gave emphasis to it by leaning back a little on the sofa where she sat, and by slowly turning the rings that were upon her hands, as some women do when they sit alone and forget themselves in thought. Was she hesitating because of Genevieve's presence there? The

thought struck the girl suddenly, and she felt a little sorry that it came so late.

"You will excuse me?" she said, turning gracefully to Miss Richmond. "I will look after some tea. Our small handmaiden is not always to be trusted to remember."

Then she went out, and still Miss Richmond sat silently among the cushions, silently turning the turquoises to the pearls. She was perhaps unaware of the smile that was creeping over her face. It was not an encouraging smile. Bartholomew felt that it would be impossible now for him to make any allusion to his own work. He might have asked Miss Richmond to go down to the studio, and see the garden scene; but consideration restrained him from doing that. It was not finished, and he knew too well the unfavourable impression often produced upon an undiscerning eye by an uncompleted painting. No, he would be patient and silent—silent on that subject, at least; courtesy required that he should try some other. But Miss Richmond anticipated him, speaking as if she had been pondering all the while over his last remark, and was only now ready to reply to it.

"I suppose it is so," she said; "I suppose that people who do what is called imaginative work do get over-sensitive. . . . I think they always have miserable lives. Years ago, when I used to read, I often read biographies, and things of that kind. I did it to please another, and it was a kind of task; but I did my task, and I have my reward now, in feeling that I am a little less stupid than I should have been. Still, I am stupid, I know. But are clever people happier for being clever? . . . Are *you* happy, for instance?"

The question was like a shock; it came with so much force, so strong an undertone of feeling. Nothing but a simple, straightforward answer was possible to Bartholomew.

"No," he said plainly; "no, I am not happy."

Miss Richmond was looking at him now with the look that had been on her face that day when she had come down to the studio, a look from which all superciliousness, all hardness, all defiance was gone, a look that might have been on the face of any tender, loving, suffering woman that Bartholomew had ever seen. Again it moved him to emotion, and again his emotion had something in it that was akin to dread.

"Neither am I happy," she said, speaking slowly, yet with agitation. "I am not happy, and I am not good. I might be both; it is yet possible to me to be both. I feel that.

And oh, how I long for these things—for both these things! Can you believe me when I say so? It is true; I feel that it is true. I know surely that if I were simply happy, with a simple, common kind of happiness such as others have, then I might be simply good . . . And I could do good, too. I could make others happier; I should desire to do that, and I should have some heart in doing it. . . . You cannot tell how different it would be if I had hope of some day being a little less weary, a little less lonely, a little less unhappy than I have been—than I am.”

“But, surely, in your position,” began the grey, work-worn, care-stricken artist—“surely in your position it is not difficult to be happy! You speak of doing good; it is in your power to do almost limitless good. You know that as well, or perhaps better, than I know it; and you must also know the happiness that comes of making others happy. It is a platitude I am saying, perhaps . . .”

“It is a platitude; it is worse, it is a delusion,” said Miss Richmond. “And I was not speaking of generalities; you knew that. If I used vague terms I had a definite meaning, and you knew that too. But you chose to ignore it . . . You say you are not happy, yet you put happiness away from yourself as if it were not worth having even when it is held out to you.”

There was a pause, a little clatter of teacups outside the door; then Keturah came in, round-eyed, smiling, bringing relief on a teatray. But Miss Richmond would not stay for tea. Genevieve came into the room; Bartholomew went out to see if the carriage was there, and then Diana went away, silently, graciously, magnificently, as she had come.

And she left silence behind her; but it was a loving, understanding silence. She left disappointment also, to be taken with the dinner of herbs next day, and for many days; but it was not an uncheerful disappointment. And it had its lesson. The teaching of that time bore fruits of insight and sympathy after many days.

CHAPTER XLV.—SHALL LIFE SUCCEED IN THAT IT SEEMS TO FAIL?

“Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!”
SHELLEY: *Ode to the West Wind*.

LESS than a week after Miss Richmond and George Kirkoswald had met at Netherbank, George received a telegram from York; it was from Mrs. Warburton, the wife of his friend. Her husband had been suddenly

taken ill in London. He was there alone, at a strange hotel; and she herself was too ill to go to him. Within an hour after the receipt of this message George was on his way across the moor to Gorthwaite Station, a small station on a new branch line running direct to Market Studley. He had written a note which old Charlock was to take to Netherbank.

It was a sunny November morning when the note came down. The harvest was gathered at last, all save a few acres of beans that stood blackening on the upland slope here and there. The leafless twigs swayed lightly in the breeze; a few dull gold leaves were on the beeches; the scarlet rose-hips brightened the hedgerows; great white whorls of yarrow flowered in the waste places. It was winter, but winter at its best and mildest.

Noel Bartholomew read the note aloud; and he could not but see the change on his daughter's face; the fading colour, the look that was half-disappointment, half some keener pain. He worked on a little quite silently, touching the anthers of a white lily with crumbling red gold; then, at last, he spoke.

“If there was anything that you could tell me, Genevieve, my child, you would tell me without hesitation?” he asked gently.

The quick colour came to the girl's face. She had been standing near the window, looking out over the hedge of bright green holly, where the red berries were clustering and ripening among the leaves. She turned when her father spoke, and came near to where he sat. Her face was full of perplexity; but she raised her eyes unshrinkingly to his.

“You are meaning with regard to Mr. Kirkoswald?” she said. “If you ask me to tell you, father, I will tell you all that there is to be told.”

“But you would rather I did not ask?”

The girl hesitated.

“You know that silence is not congenial to me?” she said, looking into his face rather pleadingly. “That is, silence between you and me. I have never kept anything from you before, you believe that?”

“I believe that—nay, more than that, I believe that it is a pain to you now. I am certain there is pain somewhere, I want to save you from it, that is all.”

“But if I would rather endure it, if I have a strong reason for wishing to endure it a little longer, you will not be angry?”

"No; I will not be angry."

There was a mildness about this reply that had a meaning of its own, a meaning that had to be suffered.

"I hardly meant that, father," Genevieve said presently. "How could I, since you have never been angry with me in my life? . . . I meant, will you still trust me?"

"Of course, my child, I trust you. And what is equally to the point, I trust Kirkoswald also," said the artist, speaking with some fervency.

The girl rose, and bent over the grey wan face that was so intent upon the white lilies. Was there a tear behind the kiss that she gave?

"You may trust him, my father; you may trust him. I have promised to trust him always. . . . There, that is a confession. It is all I have to confess."

"Not quite all, little one," the artist said with a quiver in his voice. "Not quite all. He cares for you, that I know, that I have seen—he cares intensely. And you care for him, that also, I think I have perceived. But I want to know one thing, I will ask only one; do you care enough for him to feel that he can make you happy?"

"If he cannot, then I cannot be made happy. If this world holds any happiness for me apart from the happiness you make for me, then he has the key of it. I care so much as that; will that content you?"

"If you are contented, my darling, if I know that I may leave you contented and happy when I go, then I shall live out my own few days the more happily for knowing it. . . . Kiss me again, child. I shall do some good work to-day."

Was Genevieve a little relieved also? Canon Gabriel, going over after luncheon with Mr. Severne, found a lightness in the atmosphere that he had not expected to find. Rumours of Bartholomew's unprosperousness had reached him, and pained him; exaggerated stories of the Yarell Croft pictures had flashed out of a seeming darkness. Then when he had questioned Mr. Severne he had found the curate unwilling to answer, unwilling rather than unable; and this evasiveness had been more suggestive than any disclosures that he could have made.

"I think myself that Mr. Bartholomew is not doing well," the young man had said with a new gravity in his round blue eyes. But he would not say what made him think so. He was more observant than people knew; and it was not to be expected that his powers of observation should fail him

when he went to Netherbank. He had understood the meaning of the few small changes that had been made in the hospitalities of the little household far better than George Kirkoswald had understood them; indeed it could hardly be said that the latter had noticed them in any particular degree. He was not naturally curious; and being a little beyond the reach of Rumour with her hard eye and malevolent tongue, he had not been aroused to any suspicion. And indeed it would have taken a good deal to awaken him to any fear as to Bartholomew's well-being. The man's name had been more or less before the world for so many years, and had been so invariably associated with the production of some worthy piece of work, that it would have been almost impossible to imagine him in any strait, unless that strait had been brought about by some inexcusable waste or extravagance; and this he knew well had not been the case. When Kirkoswald had thought of Noel Bartholomew's affairs at all, his thought had mainly taken the shape of wonder at the man's present eccentricity in choosing to live in a thatched cottage with one inadequate maidservant; and the word "eccentricity" had covered all the rest, so far as Kirkoswald was concerned.

In excuse for him—if he need excuse—it may be said that there had been very little at Netherbank to awaken suspicions unawakened elsewhere. One year had not wrought any noticeable change in the dainty arrangements of the little sitting-room; the fresh flowers, or green, graceful leaves were always there; there was no sadness in the canary's song; and the little place bore the searching rays of the afternoon sunshine far better than any of the dusty, shabby rooms at Usselby could bear it. George Kirkoswald had missed nothing from the accustomed brightness and freshness that he appreciated so keenly; and it need hardly be said that he had missed nothing of brightness or freshness in Genevieve herself. She had been a little extra careful in her daintiness, that was all. The cream-coloured laces that she wore had been washed and ironed (by her own hands) a little more frequently; if she had a shabby gown she wore a pretty muslin apron with knots of ribbon all about it; and when the feather in her hat lost its curl, she filled the brim with scarlet rowan-berries and fronds of fern.

This afternoon she had put on a pretty white muslin cap of her own making, fastening a knot of rose-hips and a bit of green

myrtle in the front of it. Another knot of red berries adorned the front of her dress, which was of white blanket-serge. She had taken a little extra pains because of the happiness that seemed to be floating about the studio since that conversation in the morning; and her father had given her an extra kiss for her care. Nevertheless she was a little conscious of her rustic decorations when the Canon went in.

"Altogether, I feel to-day as if old Winter were trying to persuade me that he is as charming as any spring," the Canon said, being careful not to make his compliment too personal. He was relieved; and relief is a thing very apt to effervesce and overflow the cup of satisfaction.

Mr. Severne was admiring the garden-scene, which Genevieve was explaining to him. Bartholomew had done painting for the day, the light of the November afternoon no longer serving his purpose. And he was glad to rest, glad to sit and talk with a friend awhile. It was the best thing that could come to him in life now. If any change came to him, if, for instance, Genevieve should leave him, then he would go and live a little nearer to Thurkeld Abbas; so that he could drop in at the Rectory whenever the loneliness that would come upon him should turn to heartache. He had said this to himself before; and he thought of it again now as he drew a wide arm-chair to the fire for the old man, and stirred the coal into a blaze. The flames went up, crackling, rejoicing. The warmth spread outward, mingling with fine sympathies; quiet, strong yearnings; low-toned utterance of the ebb and flow of thought.

The conversation came round to the artist's own affairs presently; but the Canon only touched lightly upon them, seeing it was not required of him that he should do more. "And it is all mistaken, this rumour, this gossip?" the old man said. "I am glad of it, more glad than I can tell you."

"I do not know all that has been said, of course," Bartholomew replied. "But there is no truth in this that you tell me you have heard, none at all. The young man was thoughtless, careless, forgetful, anything you will, and perhaps rather wanting in courtesy at the last. But there was nothing dishonourable, nothing. I have told you all. And it is all over now. I am working at the second picture with rather more zest for my work than I have had for some time. I hope I shall be able to keep it up through the winter, till I get some of these other

things finished. If I can do that then life will go a little easier than it has done of late."

There was a brief pause. Genevieve seemed to be instructing Sir Galahad, having a book of biographical sketches adorned with engravings for a text.

"His life used to have quite a fascination for me when I was a child," she was saying. "It was so full of suffering, and he seemed to bear it so bravely. Now I do not like to read it at all, because I cannot help seeing that he did so much to bring his suffering upon himself."

Bartholomew smiled, and looked at the Canon as if struck by some appositeness in his daughter's words.

"Sometimes it seems as if we all of us brought our suffering upon ourselves," he said, speaking in a lower voice than before. "It is so easy to say, 'Had I not done this; had I only done that!' But which of us knows what the end of that different event would have been? And small events widen to such appalling results. I once threw a stone into the middle of the harbour at Deephaven; it is a wide harbour, and I stood and watched the circles increasing till they touched the houses on either side. I never forgot that. Sometimes in reading biography the analogy has seemed to me absolutely perfect."

"Yes; that is one reason why biography is so interesting," replied the Canon; "and often, at the same time, so intensely saddening. One can trace cause and effect so clearly; and there is indescribable pathos in the idea that perhaps the man himself who was tossed in the widening circles of event was perhaps unaware that any stone had been dropped into his fate at all. I often think of some of our popular contemporaries, and wonder if any of them have any dread of the inevitable biography. Surely all lives are not suited to disclosure, not even when it is a friend who does the anatomising!"

"Some of them may dread the truth being known," said Bartholomew. "But for myself I have more pity for those of whom the truth never can be told in its integrity; and who know that it never can. They live marred lives; and the world looks on disapprovingly, not knowing what it is that mars and hinders, and perhaps inventing some stupid, blind theory to account for what it cannot comprehend. . . . I wished once to take the biographer's pen in hand myself—that was years ago. I had a strong desire to tell the

story of a friend of mine, a young artist named David Elseker."

"Elseker! I know the name," said Canon Gabriel; "and I think I know where there are two or three small pictures of his—landscapes. To the best of my belief they hang at Kingsworth Hall, near Bristol. They used to interest me; and I have wondered that so little should be known of the artist."

"Nothing more will ever be known of him now," said Bartholomew. "It is fifteen years since he died; he died at the age of thirty-four; and his death depressed me for weeks, it was so very like a murder to me. People said he died of consumption; but I had my own opinion about that. I had watched him from the time he was twenty years old. He was a clerk then in the custom-house at Deephaven—perhaps it might be speaking of Deephaven just now that made me think of him; his father was in the same office, so that between the two they managed to make a very fair income for people of their position. But they lived up to it; and Mrs. Elseker was not a managing woman; I could see that, though I knew so little of them. I only went to Deephaven now and again for a few weeks' sketching. That was how I got to know David. Morn, noon, or night, one never 'met him without his sketch-book. I have been told that he used to take it to the office with him, and keep it under his desk, so that he might look at it now and then if he could do nothing else. Art was really an enthusiasm with him. I saw that the first time I met him. He could talk of nothing else; but he talked truly and earnestly of it, and one never wearied. I tried hard to persuade him to stick to the desk, but it was quite in vain. He used to look at me with his quiet blue eyes as if I had struck him an undeserved blow. When he did burn his ships and come to London, I tried to help him as a matter of course, but he needed very little help of mine. He lived in a garret, and he painted in a garret, for a time; but it was not for a long time. He soon made what was considered to be an artistic success. It was a small picture, a landscape—he never painted anything but landscapes; and by an unusual piece of justice it got hung on the line at the Academy. I think I see it now, a bit of fuzzy common, a reedy pool, a straggling, white-flowered elder-brake in the mid-distance, and a soft, creamy, fleecy sky overhead, seeming as if it were actually sweeping over the canvas just with the sweep of the cumulus on a summer noon. Small and un-

important as it was I have repeatedly seen a crowd of connoisseurs round it. It was curious that it didn't sell; but I was told that he had put too high a price upon it. That was rather like him at first. It wasn't that he cared for money for its own sake, though he needed it so much; but for Art's sake he didn't wish to sell a picture like that for the price he might have got for a pot-boiler.

"By that time he had taken a small house with a studio out Chelsea way; and he had written for one of his younger sisters to come and keep house for him. That was the beginning of his troubles. I am telling David's story, not Miss Olive Elseker's, so I will only say that the girl drove him nearly mad by force of sheer perversity and unmanageableness. He was attempting to persuade her to return to Deephaven when the news came that his father had died quite suddenly. . . . I did not see him for a long time after that; and when I did see him again I hardly knew him, he was so shattered, so care-worn, so utterly broken. But all the old fire was there, burning away in his keen blue eyes as fast as ever, consuming him, one might say, and say it without exaggeration. He had given up his London studio. He had gone back to Deephaven, and he was working there, endeavouring, as an artist and as a teacher of drawing, to support a household of six persons, his mother, his three sisters, himself, and a servant. He was only seven-and-twenty then; but he looked at least ten years older, and no wonder. I wondered at nothing after I had been a month at Deephaven; that was a few years after his father's death. I went there for a little change, choosing Deephaven because David was there, and because he offered to let me have lodgings in his mother's house. I believe he repented of the latter step; I know I did; and I was glad when my month was over. But it qualified me to write David Elseker's biography if I had had the trick of writing.

"It is of David I am speaking, not of his family; but since his career as an artist, his fame, his very life was sacrificed to them, I cannot ignore them. They must have been utterly blind to their own interests. But it was wilful blindness, since I attempted myself with all the strength I had to open their eyes; to show them that if they would but bear even a little less hardly upon David's strength he would have some chance of rising. I told them plainly that he might rise to almost any height he chose in his own line; and that whatever that height might

be they would—as a matter of course—share the material advantages of it. But it was no use. David might paint pot-boilers, or he might paint masterpieces, it was nothing to them; but not an hour's peace should be secured to him by any effort of theirs; nor one bill the less handed over to him to be paid; though all the while his very soul sickened at the sight of the worthless work he had to go on producing in shame and silence year after year; and though everybody who had ever heard of him was wondering at his wasted life, his wasted strength, his wasted talent. It was another case of 'promise' without performance, they said; another instance of mistaken ambition, of an over-vain self-estimate. All this David knew, and felt and writhed under. More than once he made a desperate effort, beginning a picture into which he meant to put his best; but each time some fresh blow came before he was half-way through, and the picture had to be abandoned in order that some miserable piece of commonplace might be produced on the instant for instant needs. . . . Telling the story in this crude way it seems like nothing; but an intense sadness underlies it for me. The young fellow was so keen, so eager, so persistent; and yet he was so patient in his long-suffering. . . . I can't tell you about the end. . . . I was glad when I heard of it; knowing certainly that David would be glad. But I have often wished that the world could have known but a little of the truth, the world that misjudged him, that slandered him when his heart was aching within him, that crushed him with its hardness while he was bearing burdens too heavy to be borne, that turned a cold face toward him because of his apparent failure while he was suffering something that was almost martyrdom in his craving for a chance of achievement. . . . That is David's story. It would stand for the experience of many another, doubtless; and you will agree with me in saying that the truth, if it could be spoken, would have but little terror for such as he."

There was a pause while the Canon reflected.

"No," he said presently; "no, your friend would probably not have feared the truth; but I think he would have been one of those meant by a recent writer, 'those whose tongues have often faltered and been dumb from very eagerness of passion, and dread lest any words, even the best, should spoil their story.' You seem to regret your inability to write out fully and plainly all that

you discerned. Believe me, it is better unwritten. It would not interest. Men as a rule shun the records of failure; while no book is so popular as the book that tells of a great success in life. . . . But the little you have said is hardly more than a side-light flashed upon your friend's fate. You have spoken of his broken career rather than of himself."

"I have nothing to say of himself. I did not know him. He was hidden under the clouds, one always felt that. Sometimes I could not help speculating on what he might have been. It is certain that he would have been kindly, human, helpful, patient, since he managed to be these at the worst. Under other circumstances it is probable that he might have had distinction among men, that he might have talked brilliantly, for instance, or acted effectively, or lived his life with a certain *éclat*, as some of our modern Art-princes are doing now. . . . I know what you would say, these things are not the highest. That is true; and he did not aim at them, not for a moment; of that I am certain. He aimed at nothing save the doing of the work that it was in him to do. The rest might have followed, or it might not; it would not have mattered, so that his life-work was done. Still from the highest standpoint all might be better as it was. It might be well that he should fail, well that he should die. That was all that was said of him, that he had failed, and died of his failure. There was a time when I wished myself to have the French epitaph graven on his tombstone:—

"*Naitre, souffrir, mourir ; c'est tout mon histoire.*"

"Not all his history," said the Canon, "not all; only to the end of the first chapter."

* * * * *

There was a deeper glow on Sir Galahad's face when the two who sat by the fire turned to the table. He had not been listening to the story of David Elseker, that was evident. "I have been listening to Miss Bartholomew," he said, speaking as if he were saying something that he had determined not to conceal. "I have been listening to her all the while, and I could go on listening. I did not dream it was so late." When he shook hands with Genevieve at parting, he said quite audibly, "I—I shall come again soon. May I come in the morning next time, before luncheon? It gets dark so soon, doesn't it? It's nearly dark now, you know. . . . You will let me come in the forenoon when I come again?"

CHAPTER XLVI.—MAY NOT LIKING BE SO
SIMPLE-SWEET?

"Had she willed it, still had stood the screen
So slight, so sure, 'twixt my love and her;
I could fix her face with a guard between,
And find her soul as when friends confer,
Friends—lovers that might have been."

ROBERT BROWNING.

THERE was not much news in the letter that George Kirkoswald wrote to Mr. Bartholomew from Halkington's Hotel. He had been sitting up all night with John Warburton, who had passed through the crisis of his sudden illness, but was lying very weak and exhausted in the unfamiliar room. The only familiar thing about him was the dark, rugged, tender face of the man who waited upon his lightest wish with the patience and gentleness of a gentle woman. It was almost worth while to have been ill, since illness wrought an experience of human loving-kindness that it would be good to remember while life should last.

It was no wonder, then, that the long letter was all broken and disjointed, that it should seem to have been written out of much weariness and perplexity. "Yet I could not refrain from writing," George said. "It is nearly four o'clock A.M. Warburton is sleeping the sleep of recovery. The fire is burning low; every now and then a great shower of hail comes rattling down the chimney, and upon the window-pane. It is just the sort of night when one cannot help 'looking before and after,' and certainly 'pining for what is not.' All night the stillness has seemed empty and hollow, and any sound that broke the lamp-lit silence outside has seemed like a note of wild unrest. I think I have never before had such an impatient desire to be back again in the pine-woods, to hear the sighing of the wind among the fir-tree tops, and the surging of the waves down in Soulsgrif Bight. That reminds me to ask if Miss Bartholomew will be good enough to look in upon Mrs. Gordon some fine day? I am anxious to know if the poor woman is feeling less miserable; if she has less dread of being discovered; and I shall also be glad to know that her son is looking stronger. Please tell him that I have selected a number of new books, and as soon as Warburton is better we are going to look out some views to be exhibited by lime-light. Of course I expect to be back again for the next concert. I think Severne said he had arranged it for the 23rd. Yes, certainly I must be back again before that time. It is long enough to have to look forward. I have thought myself not too happy at Usselby of late, and,

indeed, I have had reasons for thinking so; but I know now that it was happiness to be there—greater happiness than I can know anywhere else. And it will be greater than it has been. No experience weakens my hope of that."

So the letter went on, aimless, discursive, as letters always are when the people who write them keep just outside everything they are longing most to say. If George might have added a postscript for Genevieve, bidding her read between the lines of this ineffective writing, then perhaps he would have been happier, and Genevieve would have been happier too, for the letter was not satisfying.

It was a chill, grey morning, with long, low boomings of wind in the distance, as if a storm threatened. Genevieve thought of little Davy Drewe; she always thought of him when the weather was wild at sea. His little model of *The Viking* stood there on the bracket over the bookcase, still and straight, though the strongest gust swept the ivy on the thatch outside; the leaves shivered on the pane; the Prince sat silent on his perch; the fire burned low and dim; George's letter was lying in Genevieve's lap. She had read it twice through; but the second reading yielded no life, no sympathy, no warmth. There was no answer to the strong cry for human nearness and intercourse that had gone up so often from that little room of late. The days were better when such cries had no meaning, when each hour brought sufficient for the needs of the hour. It was not all good, that tasting of the fruit of the tree of knowledge. Things could no more be as if she had never touched that fatal tree.

It could hardly be said that it was want of faith that beset her soul. "I trust him," the girl said to herself, "I trust him wholly. I am not so low that I should have doubt or fear. It is not that; it is that I need him, that I want to hear him speak, to hear him speak to me, to see his eyes looking into mine with all the truth and all the meaning of all life in them. I am forgetting his face; I cannot picture him in the darkness that is everywhere. I cannot see him smile, and I cannot see the frown that comes upon his forehead even when his eyes are all alight with laughter. . . . Ah! to think that it should be so, that one should be nothing alone, nothing apart, that he should be there, I here, and each of us no more than

'The divided half of such
A friendship as had master'd Time.'

But it is not mastering time; it is not mastering circumstance; it is not yet complete

enough, nor round enough. . . . George, if you were here now I would speak; at all risks I would speak, and I would compel you to speak. And you should know that my love is great enough, great enough for love's greatest destiny—a perfect sacrifice. There are times when I feel that it is written, and I love you enough to know that I can read the writing when it is held down to me. . . . If I read it I shall obey it; I shall not fail."

A ray of sun shone out between the clouds; a kind, good face, all smiles and premature blushes, passed the window in haste. It was Mr. Severne, and Genevieve was smiling in response even as he entered the room.

"I—I asked you if I might come in the forenoon, you know," he said, speaking even more nervously than usual. "I know you are always busy; but you didn't say I mightn't come. . . . Is Mr. Bartholomew out this fine morning?"

"No; he is in the studio. We will go to him. But is it a fine morning? I thought it was so cold, so dull till just now?"

"Yes, till just now. The sun shone out exactly as I was getting over the stile, and I took it for a good sign. I couldn't help doing that, you know. I always like the sun to shine out like that when—well, when I am doing anything important."

"Is it an important thing to make a call at Netherbank?" Genevieve asked. She was already feeling brighter, more genial, because of this genial face and voice that she had come to like so much. She was trying to stir the fire into an appearance of greater hospitality. Perhaps it would be better not to disturb her father in the middle of his morning's work. Mr. Severne was talking, meanwhile, rather glad of the noise that Genevieve was compelled to make.

"Yes," he said, "it has always been an important thing to me to come to Netherbank. I remember the first time that I came; I was awfully nervous about it. And you *were* good! I was laughing away like anything in about two minutes, and had forgotten all about my dread. I never met anybody who had the art of putting people at their ease as you have."

"I thank you," said Genevieve, smiling. "Then, will you be quite at ease now? Will you sit there, please? I am going to work at my embroidery a little, since you are here to talk to me, or read to me, or sing to me. I never touch my needle now when I am alone. I am not happy enough for that."

Mr. Severne laughed. "Well, that is puzzling!" he said.

"Is it? It need not be. Needlework doesn't occupy one's brain in the least; it leaves one at liberty to brood over all manner of things. I always think the women who can sit and sew quite contentedly for hours together, with no one to speak to, must be delightfully happy women."

The curate kept silence for a little while, blushing, thinking, looking up now and then with a pained, perturbed look that Genevieve could not understand.

"Do you know I've been more than ever afraid lately that you weren't happy?" he said in a low voice that seemed to be broken by its own weight of sympathy. "And it has made me unhappy to think of it. I couldn't have borne to think of it at all if I hadn't wished—if I hadn't hoped that, perhaps—perhaps—something might come to make you happier. . . . I have thought of it almost always lately, almost ceaselessly. . . . It seems too much to hope. It is too much; but I couldn't help it; I couldn't put the hope away, not till I asked you, not till you had said yourself that it couldn't be. . . . Must you say that, do you think? Is it impossible that I should ever make you happier? Is it. . . ."

It was only a little exclamation from Genevieve that had stopped him, a little cry of surprise, and pain, and self-reproach.

"Oh, Mr. Severne!" she said, her eyes wide with distress, her lips tremulous. "Have I been so stupid? so cruel? Believe that I did not know, that I did not see. How could I—how could I know or dream of it? . . . I am afraid that I was caring—that I was thinking only of some one else. . . . But, oh, I am sorry—you will believe that I am sorry?"

There was silence again in the little room—a long silence. There was no blush on Mr. Severne's face when he spoke again.

"I know you did not see," he said, speaking quite calmly, quite strongly, and with a greater self-possession than had ever been his before—"I know that you did not dream of it. And so far from being cruel, your kindness has been so great, so beautiful, that I have wondered at it always. It has been the greatest joy that I have ever known. . . . It will always be that. . . . I know I hardly need ask you—you will be just the same to me? This—this mistake that I have made will not come between us? You will not blame me, nor be cold to me?"

"It shall never come between us!" said Genevieve, holding out her hand. It was trembling; her eyes were full of tears. "If

it make any change it will be a change toward greater friendliness, a better understanding. And I think—let me say it, though it may seem harsh just now—I think that you will understand yourself better. You will find that it is a sister's love you want from me, a sister's care, a sister's friendliness. You miss these; I have always felt that—that you were missing your home sympathies. Then try to think that this is home. Come more often, and talk more freely on any subject you will. It will be better so; we shall forget this sooner."

"But I shall not want to forget," said Mr. Severne, lifting his grave blue eyes; and Genevieve saw that there was a new light in them, a new power. Whatever pain had struck him, the force of it had turned to spiritual strength even as it fell. "I shall not want to forget. There will be no sorrow in it by-and-by; that is, not much, not if you will be just the same to me, and try to care for me, as you say, as a sister would care. . . . I shall be very happy. . . . But I should like to know that you were a little happier too."

"And I shall be; believe that. I am not so—so self-sufficing as I used to be," said Genevieve, remembering and growing sadder. "Only this morning when you came I was feeling lonely, and I was glad to see you—very glad."

"Were you?—were you really? . . . But I can't be of any use," said Mr. Severne, his voice dropping to a more despondent tone. He could not help having his own thoughts about things. If Mr. Kirkoswald were at the root of Miss Bartholomew's unhappiness, he could have no hope of being helpful in such a matter as that. He could only stand ready—a little on one side, but always so that he could be ready when the moment came. He had an instinctive feeling that the moment would come—the moment when he might be of use, when he could put all that pure, unselfish love of his into some small act that nobody would notice. Perhaps Genevieve might notice it. If she did, she would offer him thanks—sweet thanks, with sweet smiles; but she would never know. No, she would never know all that her words of that day had meant to him. All the way as he went home with his heartache and his sense of failure he was picturing to himself his future life, his future work, his future silence. There would be silence all the way quite on to the end; but there would be peace underlying it. Even now he was not what people call wretched—not utterly wretched. His sorrow would remain, but it would pass onward and

upward into joy. It was as if he stood by a newly-made grave, thinking of the flowers that would grow there when the time of flowers had come—passion-flowers of faith and prayer, with chanted praise instead of songs of birds—music that should pass the night till the breaking of another and a fairer morning.

CHAP. XLVII.—THE SONG THAT ENID SANG.

"We shall part no more in the wind and the rain,
Where thy last farewell was said;
But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again,
When the sea gives up her dead."

JEAN INGELOW.

THE hoarse thunder of the winter wind came nearer and louder, the dead leaves went by sweeping and whirling into the upper air; the desolate roar of the sea at the foot of the cliffs came ever and ever more distinctly to the heart that listened and was sad.

Noel Bartholomew sat before his easel, working mechanically, all through the storm. He might not stay to feel the depression upon his spirit; he might not stay for the winter darkness that seemed to bring an unwillingness and unfitness of its own; he might not stay for a nerveless hand, nor for a brain weighed upon, oppressed with dread, overwrought with anxiety.

Genevieve sat beside him all through the day; and more than once half through the long, chill November night. She was working at her embroidery, and with a purpose in her working now. There had been a little scene, half sad, half amusing, one morning. The postman had brought a cheque representing the three panels for the screen that Genevieve had been embroidering all through the summer.

"You have sold them!" Mr. Bartholomew exclaimed; surprised, pained, incredulous.

"Yes, my father, I have sold them. What will Mrs. Caton say?"

"It will hardly matter about Mrs. Caton," the artist replied bitterly. Then he tried to recover himself, or to seem as if he did.

"Does Mrs. Caton represent the world for you now?" he asked, speaking in a gentler and more natural way.

"Yes, to a certain extent. She seems to have her hand on the pulse of it very finely. But since she interprets it, it cannot after all be such a very evil world. If she knew that I had sold my lily-panel, and had received something like fourpence farthing an hour for my work, with the materials thrown in, she would begin to be good to me from that very moment."

"You think she would pity you?"

"There is a pity which is akin to love!"

"And there is a pity which is akin to contempt."

"So there is, father; and happy are the people who need no pity at all," Genevieve said, trying bravely to keep the sadness out of her face. "Perhaps we shall not need it always, and if we should, we will try to bear it. . . . Shall I sing to you a little while you sit there?" she continued, placing a chair for him by the fire, and opening the piano. "Shall I sing you the song that Enid sang in the day of her broken fortunes? I will be Enid, and you shall be Earl Yniol.

"Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

"Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;
For man is man and master of his fate."

Genevieve sang on to the end of the song resolutely, but she was grieved for the expression of her father's face, for the quiver of his lip. She had not known that he had looked at the cheque, knowing that he looked upon an answer to a passionate, half-despairing prayer, prayed in the night while she was sleeping. It was an answer—an answer granted with a special and unlooked-for trial in the very granting. Such answers come to us all at times, baffling the heart that yearns only to be grateful, to understand its own gratitude. Like other trials, it is a trial of faith, and needs to be met with non-reasoning steadfastness of trust as in a wise and wide-seeing Father. The trial passes, peace comes, and perhaps light with the peace. It is then that one has grief if faith has failed in the hour pre-arranged for its testing.

Noel Bartholomew's faith had all but failed him, though he had striven manfully to support it. But such strife is hard when the pulse beats low with failing strength, and when the soul is left to wrestle alone, unministered to by any man or angel. The angels do not always come. Sometimes they come, but unawares, and we know them only when they have departed.

Out of this root of pain Bartholomew's faith grew again. Though the relief that had come to him was very far from being full relief, it was sufficient to deliver him for a time from the haunting dread of actual want that had been present with him so continuously of late. He could bear to feel himself growing weaker, sadder, more and more unhelpful, but he could not bear to see the thinner oval of his daughter's face, nor to see the wan whiteness that was stealing upon her lip and cheek. Now he had hope that such changes as these would at least be arrested.

The storm went on, and the days went on, until at last the garden-picture was completed. Bartholomew was not satisfied with it, but it was less unsatisfactory to him than the other had been. The Canon and Mr. Severne came in just after it had been placed in its frame. It stood there, a great glow of summer light, summer feeling, summer colour.

"I like it here," the Canon said, "and I should probably like it on the walls of the Academy, but I have some doubt about its looking well at Yarrell Croft. There will be nothing dark enough, sober enough, to throw it up. Don't you feel concerned about the effect of it there?"

"Yes, I am concerned enough," the poor artist said, feeling that his unprofitable anxiety on that head was a very small thing beside the other anxieties that he had. He could hardly care much about the effect of his work with Genevieve sitting there so pale and wearied-looking. She was sitting near the table, helping Mr. Severne to write out a programme for the concert. It only wanted ten days now to the twenty-third.

"And you think Mr. Kirkoswald will be home by that time?" Sir Galahad was saying, looking up with the wistful light that had never gone from his face since "*that day*," as he called it in his own mind. He had not spoken of it—he would never speak of it. Genevieve had no fear; she had only a little sorrow, only a great regard. Nay, it was more than regard; it was love, and he knew that it was love. Some day perhaps it would satisfy him. Meantime if he were not satisfied, then neither was he sorrowful. The peace that had always been visible in him, visible through all his blushes and mistakes, his smiles, his hesitations, his awkwardnesses, was more than ever visible now; and the old man seemed to watch his face with a great tenderness. He knew what had happened, and Noel Bartholomew knew it too; but it was Sir Galahad himself who turned all regret, all embarrassment into simple, quiet, open acquiescence.

"It is good of you to let me come, and to be so kind to me," he said to Mr. Bartholomew, as he shook hands and went out into the dull wintry weather that was upon land and sea.

The picture was sent home that same evening. Sharpe took it, with Keturah's brother, Johnny Glead, to help him. Very little emotion went with this second and larger work. There could be no pleasure connected with it, with the idea of its reception, its appreciation.

"It seems almost amazing when you think of it," Genevieve said, "that one man should work for another, think so much of his thought for another, give so much of his life, and yet make so little impression upon that other's mind."

"It is strange," said Bartholomew, "and it is only painters and sculptors who know how strange it is. It must be quite different with authors. They have their personal friends, their critics, and their public to think of, to write up to, or down to; while an artist who has a commission has only the one man to think of; and every touch being made, more or less, with a view to that man's taste, he cannot help thinking of him, though all the while the patron may hardly even remember the painter's name."

The inevitable exhaustion followed upon the completion of the work. There was nothing to be done but some patient waiting, which is often the hardest task a human being can have. It was very hard in this instance, so hard that the father and daughter began to count the hours of every day almost as anxiously as they counted the few shillings that were left to them. No word passed the lip of either concerning the master of Yarrell Croft. He had again sent a message—a message precisely similar to the one he had sent before. "Mr. Richmond said I was to tell you that he liked the picture very well." That was all. Bartholomew looked into his daughter's face when he heard it, with a look that was curiously mingled and confused. There was wonder in it, and amusement, with a little disdain, and not a little hopelessness. The girl's lip quivered.

"We shall always know better now how it is with the poor, father," she said with a faint pain in her tone.

Bartholomew paused awhile before he replied; then he said—

"Yes, when it is all over I may perhaps be grateful to Mr. Richmond for having opened my eyes. I feel as if I had lived a blinded life till now, blinded to all real suffering, real pressure of anxiety, to the existence of such a thing as actual oppression."

A few more days went on. A little more hunger, a little more need of the common necessities of life had to be endured, and was endured bravely. The fire was carefully kept low, though the weather was chill and windy. Keturah was considerably kept patient, but it was not difficult to keep her patient. She moved about with a new quietness, as if the sorrow and strain that was in the house were a kind of sickness. And she

knew as well as any one knew that the next moment that came might put an end to this strange trial. There was something almost pathetic in the way she sat or stood with her eyes fixed on a certain point of the edge of the moor. If Mr. Richmond came over that way she could see him pass between the two stunted trees that grew one on either side of the path, and it would be something delightful to have to run down to the studio, or into the little sitting-room, with the news that Deliverance, as represented by Cecil Richmond, was coming through the whin and heather of Langbarugh Moor. The watching was weary work, but she would have her reward if she might watch to any such good purpose as this.

But in the event there came a morning when the last shilling had to be sent to Thurkeld Abbas for bread. Keturah went down to buy it, and as soon as she had gone Bartholomew sat down with a white resolute face to his daughter's writing-table.

"Must you do it?" Genevieve said, stooping to kiss the lined, troubled forehead.

"Yes," he replied; "yes, I must do it. I must write to Mr. Richmond. . . . You see the alternative would not fall upon myself alone."

When the afternoon came Bartholomew consented to go out of doors. He would go anywhere now; he would do anything. Of course he would go down to Soulsgrif Bight if his daughter wanted to go there. Perhaps the sea-breeze would lift the pressure from his brain a little. Something was weighing there very heavily. It almost seemed as if the dull wind-swept sky itself had a ponderousness that could be felt. The air was heavy and chill; the dead grasses that were whitening in the hedgerows bent and shivered to the breeze; the great grey sea swept across the bay from point to point in wild ceaseless unrest. The day seemed full of sadness, of unhopefulness, and the harsh boding scream of the sea-gulls wheeling beyond the edge of the cliffs struck cruelly upon the ear when the hands were stretched out supplicatingly to Nature for a little comfort, a little soothing, a little promise for the days to be.

There were only a few people about in the Bight. One or two were looking out anxiously over the rocky beach to the north. The tide was rising. Right across where the white edges of the waves gleamed against the dark cliffs there was a solitary figure, a woman's figure apparently. "Were they watching her? Was there any fear?" Bartholomew asked of an ancient mariner who was leaning over the edge of the quay.

"Noä, sir, there's nought to be feared," said the man, "not unless she worsens on't . . . Ya'll be knawin' wheä it is? Ya'll ken it's Ailsie Drewe?"

"Ailsie!—It is Ailsie!" Genevieve exclaimed; then she hesitated, fearing to ask the question that was upon her lip. But the old man needed no questioning. He had all the eagerness of his class to be the first to tell a tale of sadness. This was sad enough, and it was also a little strange. "It is like as if we'd all on us expected it," the old man said, "knawin' 'at Ailsie was expectin' it neet an' daäy, an' leuked out for t' poästman ivery mornin', storm or no storm, wiv a feäce as white as driven snaw. She niver kind o' settled to nought till t' poästman had turned his back to goä up t' bank yonder. An' then ten daäys agone she had a dream. She says it warn't no dream, but she were wakkened out of her sleep wiv a plash o' water, an' a great sudden light 'at she said was no shine o' the sun, nor o' the moon, but were a great sea-shine, an' a boät far out upon it wi' little Davy an' his father makkin' for some hills 'at were all aglow wi' the light 'at struck up oot o' the sea . . . Ah saäy myself 'at it would ha' been better if she'd niver heerd nought no more. She were calm an' quiet all that daäy, as calm as if she'd been lift up to heaven a bit, an' let doon agen."

"But 'twas all ower next daäy. A letter com fra the owners—there was a little book in it—an' the letter told how Davy had had a desper' fight for his life. The ship had struck on a reef, somewheres oot foreign, an' the little fellow had knocked about all neet among the breakers in a tool-chest; but t' chest were empty when it washed up i' the mornin' . . . 'Twas ower much for poor Ailsie, that was. Mr. Stuart, him up at the readin'-room yonder, read the letter for her, an' she sat still as a steäne when he read it, an' she niver shed no tear. She's niver shed noän yet, so they saäy. But ivery tide, dayleet or dark, she walks out there, up an' doon among the rocks leuking for the little lad . . . She's leuking now. Ah reckon she'll be goin' on leuking."

The dull grey sky was growing greyer, the chill wind more chill than before; the sea-gulls came flapping overhead, crying with hoarse cries. Yet still the dark figure wandered up and down among the rocks where the cruel sea was crawling to the cliffs beyond. Noel Bartholomew and his daughter went on over the wreck-strewn sands—the wide house of mourning that Nature offered to the bereaved woman for her use; veiling

her light meanwhile, and draping the dark cliffs in purple shadow.

There was almost a smile on the mother's wan face, in the grey dreamy eyes—dreamy with looking out over unseen distances. She had made no attempt to provide herself with any change of dress. Her plaided shawl was over her head, her coloured print gown fluttered in the wind.

"Ya'll be come for the little book," she said, speaking in a tone that was milder and more gentle than she was wont to use. "I've left it at home; but Ah'll get it for you next time you come if t' tide be up. Ah'll be sure to get it. 'Twas so said i' the letter 'at the laädy was to hev it. . . . Davy had said that; an' they put it i' the letter."

"Perhaps you would like to keep it?" Genevieve began, speaking sympathetically; but Ailsie quickly interrupted her.

"Keep it! Oh, whisht, miss, whisht! Ah'd niver keep it. Davy 'll ask about it—he's sure to ask when Ah find him. An Ah'm boun' to find him. The sea's boun' to give up her dead. It gave Davy up before, you know, an' then he came back to life. An' Ah'd like to be here when he's given up again. So Ah can't goä an' get the little book now you see, miss—not till t' tide's over t' Kirkmaister's steän yonder. Then Ah'll goä."

And all the while the great white waves were sweeping upward, always upward, leaping and dashing hungrily upon the big brown boulders that stood together in stern resistance at the foot of Soulsgrif Ness.

Genevieve tried to comfort the poor woman a little, but she seemed as one who did not need comfort, as if she did not even hear it. She went on talking herself, softly, wearily; and in a very little time it seemed as if she had always talked so, always looked out over the sea with eyes that had no vision in them.

Leaving her there, a solitary figure watching and waiting among the dark rocks where the white sea was rushing and sweeping, they went up to the reading-room. There was warmth there and rest and cheeriness. Some half-dozen men and lads of the place were enjoying the unwonted luxury of pictorial newspapers. One or two were deep in unlikely books. Wilfrid Stuart was arranging the platform for the coming concert—it was to be on the next evening but one. There was a decided change in the appearance of the violinist of the cottage-door. He came quickly forward, moving with the help of a stick. There was a smile on his face, the wildness had all but gone from his eyes. It

was easy to see that reconciliation had at least begun.

"Mr. Kirkswald asked us to come in and see how you were getting on," Bartholomew said; "but I suppose you will have heard from himself by this time?"

"Yes, I have heard," said the young man. "I had a letter this morning with a parcel of books and magazines. I am glad that Mr. Kirkswald will be here for the concert . . . Would you like to see the ivy-wreaths that my mother is making?"

CHAPTER XLVIII.—"TURN THY WILD WHEEL
THRO' SUNSHINE, STORM, AND CLOUD."

"Round me too the night
In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade,
I see her veil draw soft across the day,
I feel her slowly chilling breath invade,
The cheeks grown thin, the brown hair sprent with grey;
I feel her finger light
Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train :—
The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
The heart less bounding at emotion new,
And hope, once crush'd, less quick to spring again."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

WHEN Genevieve came down from her little room under the thatch on the morning of the concert-day her eyes were alight with a new anticipation. It was not the evening's success for which she was so eager, but the morning's pleasure. There was a hoar frost upon the land.

A cup of tea, some dry toast was waiting. "They've only looked at the tray," Keturah said to herself a few minutes later, when she saw her master and mistress going out arm-in-arm, stepping from a cottage door into a wide, still realm of perfect and unearthly-seeming beauty. The trees stood as if moved to a conscious calmness by their own exceeding loveliness; every bough, every twig made you feel as if you had never in your lifetime noticed the perfectness of form and curve displayed by a branching tree. The rime was everywhere, on the tiniest point of the tiniest briar-leaf; and the undertones of colour struck through the thin diamond encrustation with an altogether new and delicate tenderness of tint and tone.

They went down to the studio by the grassy orchard ways, brushing sparkling crystals from the undergrowth at every step. Genevieve's white pigeons were wheeling up against the blue-grey monotone of the sky. All else was motionless. The studio was full of a steady and admirable light for painting. It had to be concentrated a little on the spot where the easel stood with the "Sir Galahad" upon it. It was many weeks since Bartholomew had touched the fine spiritual-looking head before him. He was a little surprised by it; more than a little glad. Yet it seemed like

another man's work—something with which he had no right to trifle.

Genevieve watched his face as he stood looking into the soft, blue, upturned eyes on the canvas. Her hand was still within her father's arm; when she saw that he was glad she let her cheek rest affectionately upon his shoulder.

"The morning rime is good," she said with an apparent irrelevance.

"All beauty is good," replied the artist. "I wonder when man will surprise the last secret of beauty. We are far from it yet—the best of us."

"But it is something to be seeking."

"Yes; it is something. It is much to the man who has found the right clue. Till now I have been wandering on without a clue. Yet even in wandering I trust I did what it was given to me to do."

Genevieve stood silent a moment; her heart was beating a little, as if she herself was on the verge of discovery of some larger law. . . . Then there came a sound into the silence.

"There—run, dear—that is the postman's horn," said Bartholomew, with a sudden greyiness passing across his face.

Genevieve came back in a minute or two smiling, almost breathless, holding a letter aloft.

"Here is the Richmond crest!" she said. "A cross *patonce*, azure, between four étoiles; and the Richmond motto—'*Fides præstantior auro*.' Let me be mercenary, and hope that the Richmond cheque is equally imposing!"

Bartholomew's hand trembled in a very evident manner as he took the note. There was no responsive smile on his grey face; no sign of relief. It was characteristic of him that he looked about for a paper-knife, and cut the envelope with an unusual deliberateness. He read the note silently. Then he sat down, not lifting his eyes to his daughter's face.

"Don't say that the cheque is not there, father!" Genevieve said, coming round to where he sat, and stroking his thin grey hair in a tender, loving way.

"Read the note, little one," the father said, handing it to her. It was a very brief note. If it were cruel, it was not elaborate cruelty. If it were hard and unseeing, the hardness was not prolonged. If it struck like a blow, the blow was quickly dealt.

"I have received your letter," Mr. Richmond wrote. "The pictures are very good, but the price is more than I expected. Will you take them back? I think you would be able to dispose of them."

Genevieve put her arm round her father's neck, and drew his face to hers and kissed him.

* * * *

The worst of the sickening shock was over when they began to speak of it.

"You will have noticed that Mr. Richmond has not mentioned his sister's name," Bartholomew said.

"Yes," replied Genevieve; "and I also remember that Miss Richmond did not allude to the pictures that day when she met Mr. Kirkoswald here. I do not think that she has alluded to them at all."

"What inference do you draw?"

"That there is not perfect confidence in this matter between the brother and sister."

"So I think; and so I fear."

"You fear?"

"Yes. Miss Richmond's pride alone would have saved us such a stroke as this."

In writing to Cecil Richmond Bartholomew had, of course, mentioned the price of the pictures. The view of Yarrell Croft was to be fifty guineas, the garden-scene seventy.

"But it is so little!" Genevieve had said.

"You would have put double that price upon them if you had sent them to London."

This was true; and the knowledge that it was true did much to relieve the keenness of the overwhelming blow that had fallen; and it did something toward raising a suspicion of complications underneath the affair that neither Noel Bartholomew nor his daughter might do more than suspect. Yet, as was natural, the man wearied himself with trying to arrive at some solution of this strange turn of events. He was altogether weary and heart-sick.

"I am quite incapable of discerning what it will be wisest to do now," he said. "I have never before had to contend with circumstances like this, with a nature like this. I am baffled utterly."

In the end he wrote again to Mr. Richmond, simply explaining that he could not expect to find a purchaser for pictures that were so entirely of the nature of portraiture. Few men would care to buy a matter-of-fact representation of another man's house, another man's grounds. He was sorry to seem disobliging, but he could not do this thing that was asked of him. Then, with a painful effort, he added, "My present circumstances do not permit of it. And as to reducing the price of the pictures, that would be virtually to admit that I had valued them too highly at first. You are probably aware how far this is from being the fact."

That was all. The letter was sent to the post, and then again Bartholomew and his daughter set themselves to wait with patience. A new quietness, a new yieldingness seemed to have come down upon the poor fate-torn artist. When the evening came he consented, without hesitation, to go down with his daughter to the music-room.

"I would go if it were only as a matter of gratitude, dear," he said, speaking as lightly and gaily as he might do. "Think of it—I I had been alone through all this! What should I have done?"

"I don't know what *you* would have done," replied Genevieve, stroking the thin nervous hand she held, and speaking with a responsive gaiety; "I don't know what you would have done, since you are a man. A woman would have opened her piano, and would have sung 'Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.'"

"And all the while her heart would have been breaking."

"Sir Walter Scott says that 'a woman's heart takes a long time o' breaking.'"

"So he does, but he is careful to make the addition, 'That's according to the stuff they're made o', sir.'"

"Then since mine is made of very strong stuff I will go and dress. . . . I shall be ready in ten minutes, my father."

* * * *

The wreaths were all in their places—ivy for friendship, laurel for ambition, with here and there a glowing red chrysanthemum, blushing because it must always say, "I love." There was some dark yew there also, and a spray or two of cypress. The soft lamplight had been streaming down some time when Noel Bartholomew and his daughter went into the music-room. Mrs. Caton was arranging the girls on the platform. She had taken the children under her especial protection, and had provided each little girl with a warm dark-red frock for the winter concert-evenings; whereupon Mrs. Damer had said that Mrs. Caton was growing quite sensible; and Miss Standen had added that she hoped sensibleness was like charity, and began at home.

These small amenities of speech in nowise interfered with the amenity of the general effect of things. Two or three more young ladies had been invited, who could sing pretty songs and wear pretty dresses. One of them looked like a tall straight daffodil, with its petals arranged as multitudinous frills. A little stout lady beside her had the appearance of a toilet pincushion, with her deep white flounce and underskirt of pale pink. Mrs.

Caton had besought everybody to look up their old evening dresses, and to put them on when they came to sing. She was quite sure the fisher-folk of Soulsgrif Bight would take it as a compliment. A belief in pleasing and effective colour was one of the chief articles of her social creed. It was an insult to your neighbourhood to wear a gown that the eye could not rest upon with pleasure, or soothing, or satisfaction. And Mrs. Caton was a consistent woman.

Genevieve went smiling up to the platform in her white serge dress. She had a double band of plain black velvet round her head, confining her yellow rippling hair after the manner seen on Greek coins. Mr. Severne had offered her his arm, and he went with her across the back of the platform to where George Kirkoswald stood talking to Wilfrid Stuart about some violin-music. George did not know that Genevieve had come. He was intending to walk a little way up the Bank when this last arrangement was made; and now here was a clear penetrating voice close beside him, saying, with a little quiver in it, "How do you do, Mr. Kirkoswald?"

He started visibly as he turned. "I have only been home two hours," he said, taking Genevieve's hand in his for a moment. He said the words as if he meant them for an apology; but none was needed now that he was there, looking into her eyes alone, trying to read at a glance the history of the days. There was nothing that was difficult of interpretation. Love can always be read, and faith, and joy—these being simple things and good. It is sorrow that is complex, and mean motive, and evil will.

The concert began with a trio, Mrs. Caton and Miss Damer at the piano, while Wilfrid Stuart played the violin. It was some music of Donizetti's—the overture to *Lucia di Lammermoor*—and it was being played very effectively, so the people thought who were listening, and who were capable of judging. They were not all listening. Genevieve was sitting on a chair, half hidden by the piano, thinking what a curious meeting it had been, meeting hands and meeting glances on a raised platform, with pink lights shining down, and green wreaths whispering fidelity. Agatha Damer was sitting on the other side of her, in a dress of willow-green embroidered with white silk daisies. George Kirkoswald stood behind, between the two chairs, carried away on the quivering notes of the violin, lifted into realms of resolute hoping, determined defying.* Quite unknown to himself his hand had grasped the back of

Genevieve's chair—he was grasping it as if he had caught and conquered his life's greatest enemy, overcome his last and most invincible difficulty.

The moment of imagined victory is often the moment of real defeat. George was still in the height of his rapt mood when the door of the music-room turned on its hinge. It was Miss Richmond who entered, moving gracefully forward to the concluding strains of the overture. There was no vacant seat in front, but Noel Bartholomew rose from his instantly. Félicie, who accompanied her mistress, retired to the farther end of the room.

There was no one there but was wondering what strange vagary had possessed Miss Richmond to come down from Yarrell Croft on a midwinter evening in order to be present at an entertainment which hardly pretended to be above the "penny-reading" class. She was dressed from head to foot in rich, costly furs, but the room being warm she threw her mantle aside, displaying a handsome violet-tinted dress adorned with lace and ribbons. Yet it was not her dress, but herself, that made a presence in the room—an oppressive presence for some, though she sat so quietly, and listened so attentively, resting her chin on her white hand, as she did everywhere, and leaning forward, with an apparent unconsciousness of herself, of her beauty, of her dress, that made her seem to be the most absolutely picturesque woman that ever breathed. Even Noel Bartholomew standing there at a little distance, said to himself, "If I could paint Miss Richmond as she sits at the present moment, I should win the applause of the world for the production of a new type of feminine beauty and character."

Doubtless such a picture would have been in a measure new. It is seldom that a woman is at once so beautiful, so strong, so varied, so capable of evil, so desirous of good, as Diana Richmond appeared to be as she sat there, listening to Mr. Severne as he sang *The Lost Chord*; to Agatha Damer when she sang *Forgive and Forget*; to Genevieve, who sang Schubert's *Adieu*. Wilfrid Stuart came in between with his violin; and Mrs. Caton swept the keys of the pianoforte with quite new force of execution since Miss Richmond was there to listen. It was well known in the neighbourhood that Miss Richmond was no musician; and say that how you will, you speak of the absence of a power not always fully understood. That the music in you is quite mute is much as if you said, "I have not learnt to speak the thing I should like to utter."

All the evening George Kirkoswald remained on the platform; he would not again desert his post, be the post ever so trifling. He stood with folded arms between the piano and the screen of red-berried holly, tall, erect, seeming as if he frowned more in thoughtfulness than in sadness, or perplexity. More than once he looked towards where Miss Richmond sat with her beautiful upturned face, and her white eyelids dropping over dark, inscrutable eyes. He felt that he had more strength within himself than he had had when he met those eyes before.

The concert came to an end at last, though the programme had not been a brief one. Noel Bartholomew came forward and shook hands with Miss Richmond, who thanked him with a quiet and intent graciousness for giving up his seat. That was the mood she was in—a quiet, graceful, courteous mood, that seemed all the quieter because no one could help divining the strong meanings and yearnings that were deliberately subdued and hidden underneath. They were only half-hidden. Every glance and gesture betrayed them. If she turned her head it was as if she cried out for sympathy.

The people were going out. Genevieve went with Mrs. Caton into the inner room to put on her hat and cloak. When George Kirkoswald came up to where Bartholomew stood listening to Miss Richmond, she was saying, "I am waiting for your daughter. She will accept a seat in the carriage this evening, it is so cold." Then she turned to George, holding out her pretty hand, "You will persuade Miss Bartholomew, will you not? Though it is so moonlight and so lovely the air is very chill."

Genevieve did not need much persuasion. There was a little of the old authoritativeness in George's glance. "You will accept Miss Richmond's kindness," he said, with quiet emphasis.

He went with them to the carriage. Félicie was there with rugs and shawls. The moon was shining down with its fullest, frostiest shining. Genevieve had taken her seat; Miss Richmond stood hesitating, with one foot on the step. She was looking upward; the soft light was on her face and in her wistful eyes.

"I had something to say," she began, speaking gently and slowly. "What was it? Why should people always have to put things into words? I wish one might be understood without words!"

"I wonder if I do understand?" Kirkoswald said. He could not speak plainly,

and Miss Richmond knew that he could not. Yet he felt her mood through his own. She was changing, relenting. She wished him to be happy; she wished to try to offer him recompense for the long, dull, aching misery that she had caused him. All this passed through his mind in a single flash of thought, but he could not utter it. Miss Richmond was getting into the carriage without making any sign that he could interpret. "I shall come over to Yarrell," he said. "I shall come purposely to see if you have remembered what it was that you wanted to say to me to-night."

The carriage went slowly up the cliff-side. Bartholomew and Kirkoswald followed, talking, as men will talk, of anything and everything so that it be not the thing nearest to them at the moment. Bartholomew could not help feeling both perplexed and disappointed. He had been so certain that the coming of Miss Richmond to Soulsgriff Bight had in some way been connected with the circumstances that were pressing so heavily upon himself. She had come to disclaim any influence over her brother—to decline to be responsible for him or for his actions: there were many side-motives that she might have had. It was not uncharacteristic of her to choose a place and time so singular for any communication that she might have to make. But when opportunity came she had taken no advantage of it. And Bartholomew knew that it was not for him to do so. Diana Richmond had had nothing to do with the transactions between her brother and himself.

And Miss Richmond made no mention of the matter during the drive home. Genevieve waited expectantly; she spoke of her father, of his work, but she did not succeed in eliciting any response that would have made it easy for her to go at once to the heart of this strange involution of things that was testing her father's strength so far. But before the carriage stopped at Netherbank, Genevieve was certain that Diana Richmond's impassiveness in the matter was a conscious and deliberate impassiveness.

"Miss Richmond knows it all," she said to her father next morning, as he sat there with the clear light shining down upon him, and upon the work that he could not touch. "There is something behind that we cannot see. But we shall see if we wait."

"Do you know what waiting means, child?"

"Yes; at least I think I do. And by way of preparing for the worst I have given Keturah a week's holiday."

There was no exclamation, no expostulatory remark. Bartholomew had arrived at the point when a man becomes aware that expostulation is idle, and exclamation frivolous. He accepted, with a keen pang, the idea that his daughter must light his kitchen fire, prepare his dinner, and sweep his room. The only thing that made the idea supportable was the thought of compensation. He had a theory that a time of sadness and trial is usually followed by a time of peace and satisfaction.

"I have only to think of George Herbert when I am trying to handle Keturah's broom in the morning," Genevieve said. "They were sitting in the firelight. The day had gone, and after much persuasion Keturah had gone too, but not without tears and protestations.

"You are thinking of Herbert's poem?" Bartholomew asked.

"Yes:—

'Who sweeps a room as for Thy law,
Makes that and the action fine.'

So I shall sweep conscientiously; and if I am awkward I shall think of Natalie Narishkin."

"And it will not be for long, dear."

"But you are not thinking that I am speaking of it because I mind it, father? Indeed you should know me better than that. No one enjoys new experiences and experiments more than I do; I enjoy them for their own sake. . . And there is more behind this," Genevieve added, with a change of tone.

"Yes, there is more behind," Bartholomew replied. "Through all this trial I have felt that it was a permission to taste a little of the cup of pain as it is mixed for others. Think of the people who all their life long live as we are living now—in fear, in uncertainty, and on the very verge of want. One finds the secret of such sorrow. It is not hunger, nor the dread of death by hunger. It is the continued mental anxiety, never lifted, never relaxed. . . . May God help but one such sufferer for my suffering and my prayer to-night," he added reverently, as a fresh gust of wind dashed a shower of sleety hail upon the window-pane.

* * * *

It was not the delicate, rarely-seen rime that whitened and brightened the world next morning, but the effect of the light showers of snow that had fallen during the frosty night was almost equally beautiful. If it were less mystic, more pronounced, it was also less evanescent.

Genevieve dressed herself in the chill twilight with a decided feeling of novelty and amusement. She would have no part to act

for her father's cheering and sympathy. An old tennis-apron was carefully pinned on. "I think I shall carry a duster in the pocket permanently," she said to herself, with a smile. Then, in a graver mood, she sat down to glance for a few moments over the pages of a book that was lying on the table:—

"O righteous Father, and ever to be praised, the hour is come that Thy servant is to be proved.

"O beloved Father, meet and right it is that in this hour Thy servant should suffer something for Thy sake.

"O Father, evermore to be honoured, the hour is come which from all eternity Thou didst foreknow should come; that for a short time Thy servant should outwardly be oppressed, but inwardly should ever live with Thee."

How small everything seemed when it was set in such a light as that! How trivial these crosses and labours were! She could only go down-stairs yearning to put her best strength into each moment as it came; to do whatever her hand found to do with all the might that was in her.

These were the words that went on echoing, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do." They seemed to be in the frosty air that was coming in at the open door. It was the orchard-door. Her father had gone down to the studio then! She would follow him at once. Doubtless he was attempting some deed that she must disallow—lighting the studio fire, perhaps, or cleaning the grate.

All the way down under the rugged snow-laden apple-trees Genevieve went, smiling and prematurely scolding. A young spruce-fir threw its strong, snowy arms across the doorway, yet Genevieve could see that the door was open. There was a little porch of trellis-work, with some dark, bright ivy clustering about it; and underneath . . . what was the meaning of the thing that she saw underneath?

What might it mean to see standing there, leaning back against the little porch, two large pictures in handsome brightly-gilded frames? One on either side they stood, only half under cover.

At the first glance Genevieve saw that they were the Yarell Croft pictures.

At the second glance she saw the hand that had painted them lying outstretched across the floor, the grey head that had conceived them lying upon the fallen arm. The face was downward . . . the dark, prostrate figure stirls . . .

But one cry—but one great, piercing cry went up through the silence—

"My father! my father! my father!
Would God I had died for thee!"

AMONG THE PEEBLESSHIRE HILLS:

BY THE EDITOR.

WE have all heard the saying of the man of Peebles, "I ha'e been to Paris, and I ken Peebles, and it's Peebles for pleeshure!" This verdict is somewhat different from that of Lord Cockburn, "As quiet as Peebles or the grave!" We agree with both conclusions. We can well understand the preference for Peebles over Paris entertained by the wearied soul on his return after an "excursion" to the brilliant French city. How utterly confounded must he have felt when he found himself launched into the whirl of "doing" endless galleries, churches, boulevards, museums, within the prescribed three days! What a night-mare impression must he have carried back of gilded restaurants with their crowd of garçons with cropped hair, and unintelligible jabber; of café-chantants, and of the ceaseless loss of money in an unknown coinage! And we can also understand Lord Cockburn's sense of the stupidity of the slumberous little town, in whose daily annals the chasing of a cat by a dog used to form an event.

But it is not of Peebles, but of the solitary Highlands of Peeblesshire that we mean to write; and we assert that for a nerve-bracing holiday, and for such enjoyment as springs from an abounding sense of renewed vigour in thew and sinew, there is nothing better than the wide freedom of such a pastoral region as is to be found there. It is no small advantage for one whose daily lot lies, as ours does, within the smoky atmosphere of Glasgow, to exchange the roar of commerce, by means of a two-hours' journey by rail, for the bleat of sheep and the scream of the curlew, and to breathe an atmosphere purified to an altitude of eight hundred feet above the sea. There is much "pleeshure" in this alone. People in London can doubtless enjoy exquisite excursions into the umbrageous quiet of Kent, or have a bath in fresh sea-air or sea-water at Brighton or Hastings. But such changes are not to be compared to the swift passage from the din of streets to those solitary sheep-walks. Not only do you look out on the ancient peace of "nature undefined," but you have also the advantage of getting among people who are living in a world whose interests are as different from yours as those of the dwellers in Shetland or the Faroe Islands. For we require change of mental as well as physical surroundings, and the stalwart shepherd tending his "hirsle"

or working his sagacious collies on the hill-side has nothing in common with merchant or manufacture.

This region has another advantage. It is almost unknown to tourists, and there is as yet scarcely "a villa" erected for summer visitors.

Far be it from me to give these Southern Highlands of Scotland any preference over the Northern, or, indeed, over any true mountain-land. It is only as humble, though respectable, members of the great confraternity which embraces the Alps and Himalayas, Ben Nevis and Snowdon, that I would claim some recognition for Broad Law and Culter Fell. It is in that part of Peeblesshire, where I assert the greatest amount of "pleeshure" can be had, that the chain of hills stretching across Scotland from St. Abb's Head to the seawall of Galloway attains its greatest altitude. There Broad Law, Dollar Law, and Culter Fell rise to heights of from 2,400 to 2,700 feet, and look down on green pastoral glens, watered by the upper reaches and tributaries of the Tweed and here and there edged with farm-lands.

The Southern Highlands are, indeed, quite different from our own Highlands, where Gaelic and Grandeur reign supreme. Here there is no varying outline of shattered peak and gloomy scaur, no jagged sky-line, no rocky precipice. The hills swell into bulky forms, majestic in their wavy massiveness. They are strong and dignified, with their broad folds sweeping up in graceful lines, like the billows of a mighty sea; but they are wanting in that rugged splendour of rock and corry which especially characterizes the Western Highlands. They accordingly present a tamer surface for the play of light and shade. The passing shadow, or spear-like shaft of sunlight, may wander across "Hope" or "Fell," and fine effects are produced by the changing tints of bracken or heather; but there is little of that wondrous intricacy and subtlety of colour which make Ben Venue and Glen Coe a study for the artist. There every tuft of heather fringing the projecting boulders becomes a lurking-place for delicate tints; each rocky face presents an edge to catch a clearer warmth, or to shelter a deeper shadow. The burns and glens of the two regions are also different. A true Highland burn runs in ceaseless waterfalls along a course sunk deep under overhanging cliffs and thickets of hazel

and birch. To climb its bed is to visit hiding-places of untold beauty, where ferns and ivies and grey roots and soft mosses, dappled with lights breaking through the roof of copse, surround the pools, into which the stream tumbles in foam. The burns in Peeblesshire, on the contrary, run in rapids, but have scarcely ever a fall. They are open streams with grassy banks. You can trace their "wan water" for miles without a break.

There is, indeed, something characteristic of the difference between Celt and Lowlander to be discovered in the contrasts which their respective hill-countries present. The north has all the strong mobility of feeling, the quick passion, "the love of loves, the hate of hates" which belong to its people. The ceaseless variety, the grace as well as stormy wildness of the Celtic mountains are wanting in the southern. There is a respectable but prosaic monotony of bigness about the latter not unlike the cautious nature of its people. Mr. Buckle could find here an illustration of his historical theory. The calculating manner in which the burns manage to get along without a tumble; the utilitarianism in which the hills lend their lower ground to turnips and potatoes, while they grow upon their slopes no useless brushwood nor exquisite clusters of natural birch or ancient pine, but are patched and blistered over with walled plantations of spindly larch, soon to be sold as railway sleepers: all this is in marked contrast to Highland habits of hill and glen. There is a chivalrous passion in the rapid flush with which the northern mountains on a sudden dress themselves in all the colours of the tartan, and as suddenly gloom into storm. There is nothing "douce" or utilitarian about them. They share the sentiments of Rob Roy rather than Bailie Nicol Jarvie as to the nature of trade value.

Yet the hills of Peeblesshire have their own grandeur, and the people have their own great merits. But these merits or demerits are not the merits or demerits of the Celt. There is an honest independence and a sturdy determination among them which if put to proof reveals the fire of the old Border spirit. I have also seldom met more intelligent and thoughtful men than some of the labourers and shepherds among these hills. But you can scarcely rouse the man of Peeblesshire into the use of any strong expression of emotion as you can rouse the Highlander. Describe to him the most grievous murder, and he will reply, "That was surely no verra wise-like!" If it is raining in torrents, he will tell you "It's rather saft." Contrast

this with an actual scene in an Highland steamer. As she approaches a certain pier a shock-headed drover rushes up to the bridge in violent haste and pushing himself on to the utmost verge of the paddle-box, which rises and falls with the lift of the sea, he shouts in Gaelic against the wind, and apparently addressing at large the audience ashore, "Is Red Murdoch there?" There is no answer, and he again yells, "Is Red Murrachy not there?" "No," replies a cautious voice, "Red Murdoch went away an hour ago." "Every curse be on Red Murrachy!" In an instant the shout had subsided, and, on inquiry, the cause of the outburst was found to be disappointment at not getting a "lift" home in Red Murrachy's cart! A respected minister, who is also a Peeblesshire laird, told me the following story illustrative of the matter-of-fact manner of the people. There was an old invalid man on Tweedside who was tended by a faithful Abigail. Like many frail persons he was always anticipating his own speedy demise. "I'm thinkin', Nancy," he said one day, "that it canna be lang noo. I feel as if this verra nicht the end wud cam." "Indeed, laird," said the attendant, "if it were the Lord's will it wad be real convenient, for the coo's gaen to calve, and I dinna weel see hoo I am to tend on ye baith!" This, however, can be matched, I am bound to say, by another story lately told to me, the scene of which lay in the Perthshire Highlands. The minister had gone to see a dying parishioner, and when he reached the cottage he found the family bathed in tears. "Is he worse?" he asked. "Oh, sir, he's just deein'," was the reply given in an agony of sorrow. Looking towards the "box-bed" where the sufferer lay, he was astonished to see two men bending over it. "What are they doing there?" "Eh, sir, they're just shaving him!" "Shaving him!" said the minister in amazement, "can they not let the poor man die in peace?" "It's far easier noo!" was the strange answer which mingled with the sobbing.

What days of joy are these when the first escape is made from town and when on the bright May-day we can fill our lungs with such air "as angels breathe," and when the first long stretch is taken up some of the great brown hills! The young lambs are then frisking over the close-nibbled grasses on the lea, and the glossy crows flash their wings as they tug some muscular worm from his lair. The Scotch firs, their branches glowing with a metallic lustre, stand grandly

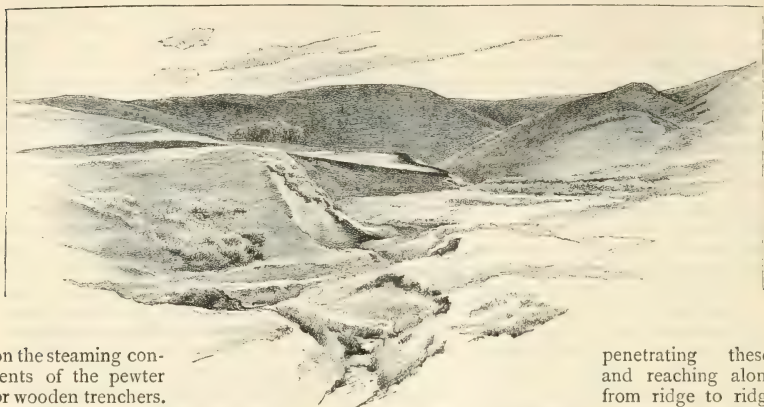
out against the blue sky, as we pass on to the higher slopes where the brackens are beginning to unfold the green fronds from their curled and shaggy stalks. And now we are joined by the screaming "whaup," as the curlew is here called, and by the plover, who sweeps down in circles to avert us from intruding on his brooding mate. Higher up, among the heather—still black as winter—we stir the "whirring gor-cock" into flight; and higher still we go, till the summit is reached, with inky peat-hags, and stiff bent, bleached with storm. Then how glorious is the view over the wide sea of hills, each one recalling some memory of former summers! There is Cardon, on whose crest we gathered bunches of coral-scarlet cloudberry; and there the long sweep of Broad Law, from whose kingly crest, carpeted with thick mosses of grey-green such as "High Art" might long to imitate, we had looked down on St. Mary's Loch, and across to Ettrick Forest, and to the Minchmuir (sacred to dear Dr. John Brown) and to the twin Eildons which gaze on Abbotsford. And there beside Broad Law towers that other height that overlooks Manor Water, with Sir Gordian's Kirk, and where nestles the veritable cottage of "The Black Dwarf." "He was a queer cross body," said an old gentleman who knew him when a boy, "and many a fright he gave me."

These scenes are ever varying in beauty with the change of season. For in autumn these same hillsides become a sea of blooming heather, which at every plunge of the foot sends up a honey-scented cloud of flower dust. And still later, their glory is not lessened when the first touch of frost has tinted the brackens into russet and yellow, which, mingled with the brown of the heath and the green of the rushes, produce effects rich as the colouring of a pheasant's breast. Then the rowans, too, are in their splendour, their scarlet clusters being even eclipsed by the marvellous hues of their leafage. Each tree becomes then a "burning bush" of pale flame and fiery red.

The charm of Tweedside is, however, the human interest which clings to every hill and glen. Poetry and prose, legend and history, lie scattered along its course. It is in some respects the home of the romance and chivalry of Scotland. We are carried a long way back as we look out on these heights, now clothed with heather, and recall the time when they formed part of the great Caledonian Forest and were the haunts of the deer and wild boar. If such authorities as Mr. Skene and Professor Veitch are to be followed

we are at the very centre of many of the Arthurian legends. Here the Cymri had urged their failing strength against Pict and Angle and Saxon. The Cymric names which still survive speak of the time when Welsh was the native language, and the "rings" or circular camps formed on the high places by the glens, bring us back to the period when the early Britons who had once felt the length of the Roman sword, watched the signals which betokened the approach of their new foes. Down there at Drummelzier, "where Powsail joins the Tweed," is the traditional grave of the wizard Merlin. Amid the tangled forests on these hills had he wandered half-crazed and half-inspired. And near this same Powsail had he met Kentigern—a marvellous meeting—the last of the old heathen prophets and the first preacher of the new faith!

The district is also thickly strewn with the ruins of a later but not less romantic time, when every little "laird" set up as a chief, and had his "Peel," or fortalice, from which he waged incessant warfare with his neighbours. In spite of the chivalry which romance rightly attributes to these daring Borderers, we cannot be too thankful for the exchange from feudal heroism to the rule of county police. Life must have been intolerable in those "good old" times. Standing near Merlin's grave we can count, within a radius of about two miles, the ruins of eight Peels, which were little better than nests of robbers. Drummelzier Castle, the nearest of them all, was the home of a family of the name of Tweedie, which spent its existence in assaulting its neighbours. The Records of the Privy Council contain repeated complaints against them, for "dinging with grievous strakes" this man, and "for cutting off the lugges" of that other. Indeed, the whole country side seems to have been alive with quarrel. Life in these square little towers must have been also as uncomfortable as it was insecure. Poets may draw fascinating pictures of the dining-halls, where the wassail-bowl was passed and the smoking venison was carved, but only persons who were all day in the open air, and who were blessed with nerveless frames, could have endured the close and foul atmosphere that must have prevailed in these small thick-walled and ill-lit chambers, their floors strewn with damp rushes, huge dogs growling and gnawing the bones that had been pitched to them, while master and servant, huntsman and cow-herd all gathered at the same long table, and let loose their ravenous appetites



on the steaming contents of the pewter or wooden trenchers.

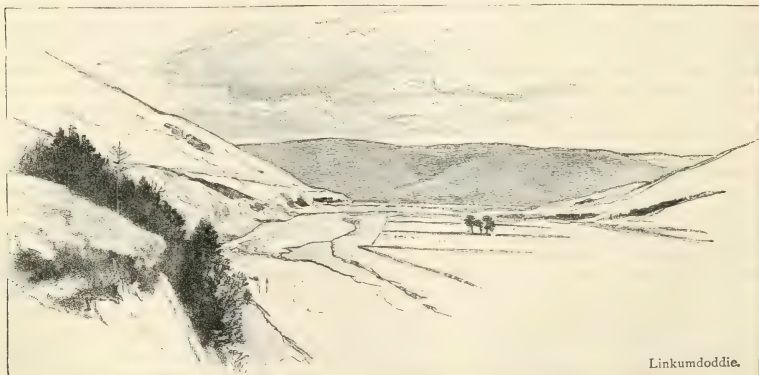
A walk up Tweedside from Drummelzier to Tweedsmuir, and then by Tala and Meggat Water to St. Mary's Loch, embraces some of the best scenery and the most interesting places in this part of the county, and we cannot do better than take it. The Tweed, more of a stream than a river, lies quite open throughout its course from Drummelzier to the mossy well, where it rises among the green hills above Moffat Dale. Scarcely a bush fringes its banks to catch the line of the angler. The hills that immediately enclose the valley are not always picturesque in colour or in form. The finest "bits" are to be found in the glens which open eastwards, and the grandest walks are to be enjoyed by

Logan Water.

penetrating these, and reaching along from ridge to ridge behind the wall of hill that looks down on Tweed. Yet it is the Tweed that carries with it the story of the land and its people. There is scarcely a glen or ancient house which has not its old ballad or story. As we pass Mossfennan we seem to hear the old story how—

"The king rode round the Merecleuch Head
Wi' spotted hounds and spaniels three,
Then lichted down at Mossfennan yett,
A little below the Logan Lee."

On the other side of the stream opens the picturesque Stanhope Glen, near whose head can be traced part of the "Catrail," or great dyke, built by the Picts as a defence against the Cymri of Strathclyde. About a mile farther up three trees on a flat field near the river



Linkumoddie.

mark the spot where stood Linkumdoddie, made famous in the immortal song of Burns :

"Willie Wastle dwalt on Tweed,
The spot they ca'd it Linkumdoddie."

We have tried in vain to discover whether there ever had been an actual Willie Wastle, or whether Burns, on some of his journeys to Dumfries, tickled by the funny name of the place, had created the picture of the weaver and his wife. But what a marvellous description is that of the wife ! It is quite a study in idiomatic, untranslatable Scotch :

"She's bow-hough'd, she's hein-shinn'd,
An' limpin' leg a hand-breed shorter;
She's twisted right, she's twisted left,
To balance fair in ilka quarter;
She has a lump upon her breast;
The twin o' that upon her shoulder;
Sic a wife as Willie had,
I wadna gie a button for her.

"Auld baudrans by the ingle sits
An' wi' her loof her face a-washin';
But Willie's wife is no sae trig,
She dights her grunzie wi' a hushion;
Her walie nieves like midden creels,
Her face wad 'fyle the Logan Water;
Sic a wife," &c.

Burns evidently knew the locality, for there is the "Logan Water," a trickling rivulet falling into Tweed from the fine open Logan Lea on the opposite side.

Another couple of miles brings us—past the spot where stood Chapel Kingledoors, built by the early missionary St. Cuthbert—to Polmood. The new house stands on the site of the famous old mansion of the Hunters. The ancient yew-trees in front are now the only survivors of that past—commemorated in the ballad of "Young Polmood," and which



Drummelzier.

Hogg has made the subject of one of his Border Tales—when the Scottish king came from Meggat Forest to hunt by Tweed. These yews are of an age which makes it possible that the handle of many a battle-axe may have been taken from them. They must also have seen the gathering of the horsemen in the early morning of June, when Murray, Prince Charlie's secretary, was arrested, as he was taking shelter in Polmood, whose mistress was his own sister. Murray, himself a Peeblesshire laird, is no honour to his county. No name became more execrated by the Jacobites than his, who saved his life by turning informer. The weird ballad "Murray and Cumberland's Descent into Hell," displays the intensity of this hatred.

Another turn of the road brings us to the

Crook Inn, the little hostelry where William Black ends "The Adventures of a Phaeton" with the climax of all good novels—an avowal of love and a happy engagement.

And now the upper reaches of the Tweed assume a new character. The heather disappears from the hills, and all is green and soft, fold behind fold and intensely pastoral. In the middle-foreground, not far from where the keep of the ancient Frizzels or Frasers of Oliver stood, there rises from the summit of a wooded knoll the pretty spire of the parish church of Tweedsmuir. It was a delight to worship there in the warm days of summer, when the stalwart shepherds, in rough, homespun clothes, with plaid on shoulder and crook in hand, gathered at the "kirk-yett," waiting till the last tinkle of the bell put an end to the "crack," shepherd greeting shep-

herd coming from distant cots in lonely glens. A more intelligent or sturdier congregation it would be difficult to find. Here they have given up the old custom of bringing their collies with them to church, as is still done in many similar parishes. Strange stories are told of the scenes which occur on such occasions in some of the churches among the Cheviots. It is related that when the late Principal Lee was preaching in a pastoral district he was surprised that none of his congregation rose when he pronounced the benediction. When he asked the reason he was informed that it was "tae cheat the dowgs; for when we used to stan' they made sic a yaff-yaffin' at the thocht that they were to get oot that we never stan' noo, just to keep them quate." Another story is related of how an old minister in the Cheviots used, when excited in the pulpit, to raise his voice to a loud half whimper, half whine. One day a shepherd had brought with him a young collie, who became so thrilled by the high note of the preacher that he also broke out in a quaver so like the other that the minister stopped short. "Put out that collie!" he said angrily. The shepherd, equally angry, seized the animal by the neck and, as he dragged him down the passage, sent back the growling retort at the pulpit, "It was yersel' begood (began) it!"

There is in the churchyard a stone with a touching inscription commemorating the death of one of the many Covenanters who belonged to this region. He was escaping from Claverhouse's dragoons, and flying for his life up a pass which leads out of the deep gorge a few miles off, called the "Devil's Beef Tub." When he reached the Col, being of weak chest, he became utterly exhausted and begged his companion to push on. In a few moments the dragoons had overtaken him and he was a dead man!

Here leaving Tweed, wandering up among the green hills, we turn aside up Tala Water, —to reach Meggat and so on to St. Mary's Loch. Tala, with its tributary the Gameshope, is perhaps the wildest and most picturesque of all the Peeblesshire glens. The sketch which is given, in our full-page picture, is taken near the opening of the true glen. The finer scenery is farther on, where the hills rise on the steepest angle at which it seems possible for soil to rest or sheep to graze, and where they consequently present a surface so wrinkled with sheep tracks as to resemble the wavelets, each following each, on a summer sea. At the head of the glen, where Tala Linn tumbles from rock to rock and from basin to

basin for about 250 feet, the Gameshope joins it, rising in its loch—

"The mist-filled urn that shimmering lies,
Dark grey amid the moors."

And here too the rough track winds up across the Col to the head of Meggat Water, that stretches down for some seven miles, wide, green, solitary, to Henderland and the quiet sheet of St. Mary's Loch. This was one of the royal forests, to which the kindly Stewarts used to come to hunt, staying at their lodge of Cramalt—that square tower still standing in its strength half-way down the glen. "Forest" was probably a true description of what the country then was. That it was full of game is witnessed by the record how James V., accompanied by many gentlemen, went "to Meggatland, in the quilk bounds was slaine at that tyme aughteine scoir of deir." Now it is one of the greenest and loneliest of valleys. The quiet of its hills is disturbed by no sound save the bleat of the sheep and the song of the stream. It is touched throughout with that feeling so marvellously expressed by Wordsworth in lines which give the very soul of the Border glens:—

"Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy."

Let no one pass through these glens without making the acquaintance of the shepherds. The herds' houses that are passed here and there, near the roaring burns, may seem humble enough, and the rosy bairns, that rush out at the doors amid the cackle of disturbed poultry, may be as shy as wild deer, but there is a hospitable frankness in the gude-wife, and when his natural reserve is overcome, there is a reflective intelligence discovered in the shepherd which makes it worth while knowing him. Never, except among the Bedouin tribes to the east of the Dead Sea, have I seen such specimens of open-air vigour as some of these shepherds present. Look at that tall fellow, supple and straight, his naturally sand-coloured hair and beard bleached into paler shades by exposure to wind and storm. Every lock is curled and knotted by the crisp breezes. Watch him as he strides up the hill with long steady pace, or bends over the scythe, and with mighty sweep mows the rushy meadows, and tell me if you do not envy that magnificent physique.

At the foot of Meggat, near the modern farmhouse of Henderland, there is a round plantation, which marks the site of Cockburn's

Castle. In the middle of the wood stands an old grave-stone, on which is engraven a sword, and, round the edge, the inscription runs, "Here lyes Perys Cockburn and his wife Marjorie." Let historical criticism say what it may, I prefer the traditional belief that this is the grave of that brave Borderer Cockburn whom the king hung, not without deceit, over the gate of his own castle. The most touching of all ballads is that which commemorates the sorrow of the widow when all alone she buried her lord and master.

"I sew'd his sheet, making my mane;
I watch'd his corpse, myself alane;
I watch'd his body night and day;
No living creature came that way.
I took his body on my back,
And whiles I gae'd and whiles I sat;
I digg'd a grave, and laid him in,
And happed him wi' the sod sae green.
But think na ye my heart was sair,
When I laid in the mou' his yellow hair;
O think na ye my heart war wae
When I turned aboot away to gae?
Nae livin' man I'll love again,
Since that my lovely knight is slain;
Wi' ae lock o' his yellow hair,
I'll charm my heart for ever mair."

And now our walk, as far as Peeblesshire is concerned, must end, for we here cross into Selkirkshire, and there is St. Mary's Loch and Yarrow, and the Loch o' the Lowes—centres all of poetry and song, which would require a volume to describe. The first time we took this walk we ended the day at the famous hostelry of Tibbie Shiels, the "howf" of Christopher North and Walter Scott and Lockhart, and of the immortal Ettrick Shepherd. Tibbie was then alive, and, though blind with age, was full of intelligence. It was curious to see how her mind moved more in that old past than the present. We were speaking to her about the Ettrick Shepherd's family, whom we had lately seen. "Ay," she replied, "young Maister Hogg sent me a copy o' his faither's works, and I thocht it real kind in him. Had it been Jeames himsel' I wadna hae thocht sae muckle about it, for I kent him that weel, but it was uncommon kind o' Maister Hogg."

IN THE GLEN.

THE fairy folk had frosted o'er the glen,
And set with jewels ev'ry blade of grass;
The snow lay drifted in the niches, when
A glory rarefied the crystal pass.
Two reeds that clung together by a pool,
Ice-bound were held apart, estranged and cool;
"How weak together!" said I, and my heart
Thought its own thought, and sighed, "How weak apart!"

HERMIONE.

MOHAMMEDAN MAHDIS.

By PROFESSOR W. ROBERTSON SMITH, LL.D.

FIRST PAPER.

DURING the last few months every one has been speaking of the Mahdi, but comparatively few, it is safe to say, have connected any precise idea with the title assumed by Sheikh Mohammed of Dongola, or have had before their minds in using that title the remarkable passages in the past history of Islam, which the name of Mahdi calls up to the Oriental student. And, singularly enough, uncertainty as to the true meaning of a word which is far from uncommon in Arabic authors has not been confined to persons ignorant of Arabic. For as the name of the Mahdi is written in ordinary Arabic books, that is without the points marking the vowels, it is possible to read and explain it in more than one way. A writer in the *Times*, who may be

safely identified with an Arabic scholar of most distinguished eminence, has recently proposed to speak, not of the Mahdi, but of the Muhdi, and interprets the word as meaning "the guide," the spiritual and inspired guide, that is, of the followers of Islam. It is well therefore to observe at the outset that it can be shown conclusively that this view, though supported by an eminent scholar, is certainly wrong. Without going into questions of grammar it is enough to say that the decision between the current pronunciation and that proposed in the *Times* can be made at once, if the word is found in verse, by the simple process of scansion. Now there are abundance of verses in which the Mahdi is spoken of, and they prove that

the current pronunciation is correct.* They prove, also, that the word is the passive participle of a verb meaning to guide, and the Mahdi therefore is not the guide of the faithful, but he who is himself guided by divine grace and inspiration. The simple meaning of the word being thus fixed, let us proceed to ask what history has to tell regarding the ideas which Moslems connect with the notion of the divinely-guided chief, and the influence which these ideas have long exercised on the populations of the Mohammedan world.

The notion of the Mahdi is no part of the original scheme of Mohammedanism. According to Mohammedan language, in which *the guidance* is a synonym for the revelation embodied in the Koran, the name of the *rightly-guided* ought strictly to mean one who is guided by the heavenly book. It might, therefore, be applied to any prophet, for the eternal and uncreated Koran, the Word of God in heaven, was the source from which all the prophets from Adam to Mohammed derived their revelation. Before Mohammed the number of prophets was enormous; Moslem tradition generally reckons them at 124,000. But none of these had any function that is not covered by the function of Mohammed, or anything to tell which is not summed up in the final and complete revelation given to him. Mohammed is the seal of the prophets, and his Koran is identified with the archetypal heavenly book, which was the source of all earlier revelation, and can never need to be supplemented by a new prophecy. According to Mohammedan doctrine, in its strictly orthodox form, the man who seeks divine guidance must look for it in the Koran. From the death of Mohammed onward to the day of judgment the God of Islam is as remote from contact with man as the god of philosophical deism, but while the deist seeks his knowledge of the distant God from reason the Moslem seeks it from the Koran.

Mohammed took his view of revelation from a very superficial acquaintance with Judaism and Christianity. The possession of sacred books appeared to him to be the characteristic advantage over paganism which these faiths possessed, and he desired to give to his own followers a revelation which should be to them what the Old and New Testaments were to the followers of Moses and Jesus. These books were the monuments of the work of the old prophets, and it never occurred to him that a new prophet could

have any other function than to frame a new book. He knew too little to understand that neither the seers of the Old Testament nor Jesus—for to Mohammed Jesus, too, is simply one of the prophets—had ever conceived their function to be to give to their followers such a code of faith and life as Islam has in the Koran. The prophets of the Old Testament looked on themselves as parts of a continual series of messengers from God to man; the relation of Israel to Jehovah did not depend on a finished book, but was an unbroken living and personal relation. When prophecy had ceased Israel began to live by a written code, the Pentateuchal law; but even under the law the Jews looked forward to a renewal of the prophetic succession, or to the coming of a Messianic age governed by a king inspired by the divine Spirit. And so, too, in Christianity, the gospel is a final revelation, not in the sense that it makes further intercourse between God and man unnecessary, but only because it raises that intercourse to its final and satisfactory form. The doctrine of the continual presence of the Spirit in the Church is as necessary a part of Christianity as the doctrine of the finished work of the Redeemer.

Thus when Mohammed copied from Judaism and Christianity the idea of a *book*, and thought that this book supplied all that religion required, he omitted the very elements in the earlier religions which gave them their enduring power to quicken and sustain the hearts of men. So long as Mohammed himself was in the midst of the Moslems, and God could be directly approached through him, the qualities of a living faith were present in Islam, and the baldness of its theoretical deism was not felt. When the prophet died the Moslems were left with an authoritative exposition of doctrine and of law, with a strong conviction of the truth of their religion and of its victorious destiny; but the living cord which connected the community of faith with its divine Sovereign had been snapped asunder, and was never to be renewed. The Moslems could neither look, like the Jews, for a continuance or a revival of prophecy, nor, like the Christians, could they feel that through the indwelling of the Spirit heaven still stood in personal contact with earth. A religion of this kind, in which God has departed from among men, and has only left His law behind, in which the supreme object of faith stands so far aloof that even the prayers addressed to Him are little more than formal praises, leaves one whole side of man's religious wants

* So in Abdo 'l-Wahid's "History of the Almohades" (by Dozy), 2nd edit., p. 135, last line but one, and again in a line of Sodeif quoted in Ahlwardt's "Elfachri," p. xlv.

untouched, and the historian may safely predict that if it lives and spreads over any great society of man, it will do so only by taking up elements that really belong to very different systems of faith.

The absence of any way of personal access to and contact with God, which makes Mohammedanism the barest and coldest of all religions, was not very much felt at first. On the one hand, the true Arab is singularly lacking in religious sensibility. No race of men, above the rank of savages, appears to feel the need for a religion so little as the Bedouins. The ultimate success of Mohammed himself had been much more political than religious. He was most truly a prophet before the flight to Medina; and then, when he spoke only in the power of his faith, from an intense conviction of the one moral government of the world and of the supreme reality of the day of judgment, he found few followers. At Medina a new sphere opened itself to him. He was called to speak in the name of God as a judge in the affairs of daily life. The lawless Arabs, too proud to yield to a human authority, were willing to submit to a divine sentence, which laid them under no humiliating sense of subjection to a brother man. The need for some supreme authority was clamant; yet no authority of merely human sanction could have secured obedience. Mohammed's enthusiasm was but one side of his character—the other, which became year by year the most prominent side, was a great practical shrewdness and much tact in dealing with men. Without these gifts the name of prophet would have served him little, with them it made him in a few years the real king of Arabia, with every regal power, but without the name and state of a king, which the Arabs had never long consented to endure. The success of the Moslem state created a faith and an enthusiasm which no spiritual arguments could have produced. Few men had believed in the preacher of Mecca, but all Arabia gathered round the Lord of Medina, and that not wholly by force or from fear, but in part at least in genuine conviction that a religion must be true which had produced such palpable and solid results.

The death of Mohammed imperilled for a moment the State, and therefore also the Faith of Islam. But the Moslem leaders were strong men, and held their course victoriously against a rebellion before which weaker chieftains would have sunk. And very soon the conquest of Syria, of Africa, and of Irak, the spoils of the Greeks and the Persians, the elevation of the Arab nation into the greatest

conquering power in the world, dissipated the last doubts of the half-converted tribes as to the truth of a religion which had given them even in this life rewards which their wildest imaginations had never pictured.

The period of prosperous conquest that followed on the death of Mohammed so fully satisfied every aspiration of the Arabs that it left them little time or inclination to think about the shortcomings of their new religion, even if they had had more disposition than they really possessed for looking seriously at the spiritual problems of life. A religion excellent for the battle-field Mohammed had certainly given them. Fatalism, which in a decaying state of society saps all effort, and produces a deathlike inactivity, has always proved a stimulus to the vigour of an active and warlike race. Great soldiers have commonly something of the fatalist. And in Mohammedanism fatalism was associated with the persuasion that death on the battle-field in the cause of Islam was the sure way of entrance to a heaven which embraced in its delights precisely the same sensual enjoyments as reward the victorious soldier after a successful campaign. To this it must be added that the religious observances of the Koran are closely allied to the forms of military discipline. They have the same precision, regularity, and simplicity as the rules of a camp. The armies of Islam then had little occasion to doubt that the prophet had given to them a true and perfect religion.

But the very successes of Islam soon exposed the new religion to fresh and more trying tests. The vast conquests of the Arabs had to be organized; the Arabs themselves, loaded with wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, raised in a short generation from the narrow life of the desert to dominion over the fairest regions of the East, had to learn the laws and habits of a wholly new life. The great Caliph Omar, who did so much for the consolidation of the new empire, strove hard to preserve among the conquerors the simple type of martial life which was most easily reconciled with the institutions he accepted as divine. But it was impossible in the long run to make the Moslems a mere army, or to preserve the primitive system which divided the rewards of victory between all soldiers of the true faith, and forbade the individual Moslem to acquire landed property in the conquered regions. The growth of a great empire brought with it the growth of social inequalities, the conflict of private interests, the struggles of private ambition. Very soon the Moslem world ceased to present the

spectacle of united and disciplined devotion to a great cause, of the equality of all the faithful under a divine law. There was nothing religious about the dominion of Islam except the enthusiasm which carried the Arabs on to victory or death; the empire, once conquered, became a prey to the most ordinary human ambition, not rendered more respectable by a hypocritical assumption of religious zeal. Old tribal feuds burned as fiercely as in the days of ignorance, the ancestral authority of ancient families proved stronger than the authority of religion, the lands of Islam were ravaged by contending factions, the kingdom of Allah and his prophet became the heritage of men who might claim indeed to be the successors of Mohammed, but were really sovereigns of the familiar and unchanging type of Eastern despotism. To the religious mind—and there were religious minds even among the Arabs—it was no longer possible to dwell with complacency on a society which professed to be the community of the true faith, but was really no more than a new oriental kingdom of the most worldly type.

One of the most interesting points in the history of early Mohammedanism is the rise of the Khawārij or Nonconformists, soldiers of the faith who felt that the new empire was forsaking the paths of a religious kingdom, who refused to be the subjects of a state religious only in name, and who strove with all the constancy and all the vehemence of English Puritanism to adhere to the ideal of the first days of militant Islam.

But if the Islam of the Caliphate was felt to be a failure even by Arabs, much less could it satisfy the ideals and aspirations of the subject races who were not themselves of Arab blood. The religion of the conquerors was accepted by vast numbers of the conquered, not only in the Semitic lands, where the process of fusion with the victorious race was comparatively easy, but in Africa and Persia, among races all whose ideas were diametrically opposed to those of Arabia, and whom the true-born Arabs despised and treated as slaves. The old faiths of these races had not strength enough to stand up against the enormous moral weight that was given by the first victories of Islam, and yet, though they accepted the Prophet and the Koran, it was quite impossible that these foreign and subject peoples should become in point of religion homogeneous with their conquerors. Orthodox Islam was a very different religion to the men whom it had made masters, and to the men whom it

had made slaves. The latter had become Mohammedans under the overpowering practical proofs that God was with the armies of Islam, but the Islam which they adopted perforce from their conquerors was not the same thing to them as to their victors. Their conversion might insure their admission to Paradise, but it did not make their lot upon earth less intolerable.

The oppressed nations, then, demanded something more from their religion than a law book whose precepts were daily set at naught, and a day of judgment which lay on the other side of the grave. If God has given his law upon earth, He surely means it to be executed on earth. The princes and rulers who neglect that law cannot be governors of God's appointment. And yet in the divine plan a righteous king is surely the necessary complement of a righteous law. Can the God who has given the one, have wholly neglected to provide the other?

Arguments such as these could not fail to suggest themselves to many who groaned under the reign of universal violence, and their natural outcome was the expectation of a Messiah to cure the corruptions of Islam. The doctrine of the Messiah among the Jews had, in fact, taken shape under very similar conditions. I here speak, let me explain, not of Messianic hopes in the larger sense, but of that very definite picture of a righteous and victorious king, reigning on earth, but reigning with divine might and wisdom, which is so fully drawn in the Jewish Apocalyptic literature. The Messianic hopes of the Jews in this limitation took form under the domination of Pharisaism, the religious system most closely allied to that of Mohammed. It was, indeed, from Pharisaism, and not from the Old Testament, that Mohammed took his notion of revelation, and probably also his doctrine of the resurrection and last judgment. In both systems there was the same attempt to build a living religion on a mere code of law, and both systems, therefore, were exposed to the same failure as soon as it became plain that the heads and rulers of the commonwealth cared nothing for the divine law. It was the failure of the Hasmonean princes to rule as servants of God and his Torah that threw back the Jews on the old prophetic ideal of the true king, and led them to reshape that ideal in a picture of the righteous and all-conquering Messiah. The failure of the Caliphs to reign as the true successors of the Prophet made room in like manner for the rise of Messianic ideas in Islam; but while the Jews found the materials

and the justification for these ideas in their own sacred books, the Moslem Messiah had to be borrowed from alien faiths, partly from Judaism, partly from the old ideas of the Persian race. The oldest and simplest form of these Messianic hopes appears to have been an expectation of the return of the Prophet Mohammed, which was preached in Egypt by a man of Jewish origin, Abdallah ibn Saba, as early as the Caliphate of Othman. Another old form of the doctrine, which an undoubtedly spurious tradition sought to base upon an utterance of Mohammed himself, accepted Jesus as the Messiah who should appear before the day of judgment to convert the Christians to Islam, destroy the Antichrist, and bring in a reign of universal prosperity. A minaret of the great mosque of Damascus has for many centuries been pointed out as the place where "Jesus the son of Mary" shall descend at the end of the world.

But the chief home of Messianic ideas was in Persia. Among the ancient Persians something of divinity had always attached to the person of the king; in fact they went so far as to hold an incarnation of the Godhead in the person of the reigning prince. To men trained in these ideas, the prophet-king of Medina was intelligible enough; but that he should die and leave only a law behind him, to be administered by sovereigns who were men like any other, was a view with which they could not fall in. The Persians, moreover, were strict legitimists, their king must reign in right of descent; and so in accepting the Prophet they not only demanded as the head of their religion a man of like prerogatives to Mohammed, but claimed that he must be of Mohammed's family, or at least of the house of Ali, the lieutenant of the Prophet's own choice. These views received a definite direction from the tragical fate of Mohammed's son-in-law Ali, and his grand-son Hosein. The life of Ali was little fitted to make him a national idol, but his death was more thought of than his life, and the Shia, or "party" of Ali, became the national party of the Persian race. According to the Shiites, the dignity of Imam, or head of the true faith, was inherent in the house of the Prophet and the line of Ali. Opinions differed as to the exact line of succession, as to which living member of that house was at any moment the true Imam and spiritual head of all Moslems; but in all branches of the Shia, the fundamental principle was the same, and in all there was a disposition, carried out in varying degrees, to elevate

Ali himself and the Imams, his successors, to more than human dignity, and to regard them as equipped with miraculous powers and as veritable representatives of God on earth.

The descendants of Ali were not unwilling to lend themselves to this belief whenever it seemed possible to aim, by the aid of Persian fanaticism, at overthrowing their rivals and seating themselves on the throne of empire. Countless rebellions took place in this way, and the descendants of the Prophet became a source of continual danger to the Omayyad and even to the Abbasid Caliphs. The natural result of this was that they were constantly suspected and often cruelly persecuted. Their sufferings served their cause better than any virtues could have done, and exalted them in the popular mind to the rank of saintly martyrs of supernatural merit. Their influence depended but little on their personal qualities. To the Persians the sheikhs of the house of Ali were the representatives of an idea which made hundreds of thousands of the warriors of Khorasan ready to shed their blood for a foreigner whom they had never seen.

Nay, such was the strength of this idea that at length it did not even require a real living person to attach itself to. It was not always possible to find an actual member of the house of Ali to represent the perilous dignity of the Imam. But the enthusiastic faith of the Persians was persuaded that the true Imam could never cease to exist, though he might be concealed from the eyes of men. In the darkest times God's sovereignty on earth was represented by the *Hidden Imam*, who in due time would appear to conduct his followers to victory and fill the world with righteousness.

The Hidden Imam of the Shia is the Shiite Mahdi, and both ideas appear for the first time in connection with a son of Ali, younger than the famous Hasan and Hosein, and known in history as Mohammed ibn al Hanafiya, or son of the Hanafite mother, to distinguish him from his brothers, the sons of Fatima, daughter of the Prophet. Like so many more of the Shiite heroes, Mohammed, the son of Ali, plays but a small part in actual history. He is described as a man of amiable but retiring character, beloved by the people, but little inclined to make political capital of his birth and reputation. But for a short time he was brought forward as the nominal head of the Shia movement by the ferocious and ambitious Mokhtar, one of the stormiest characters in the stormy

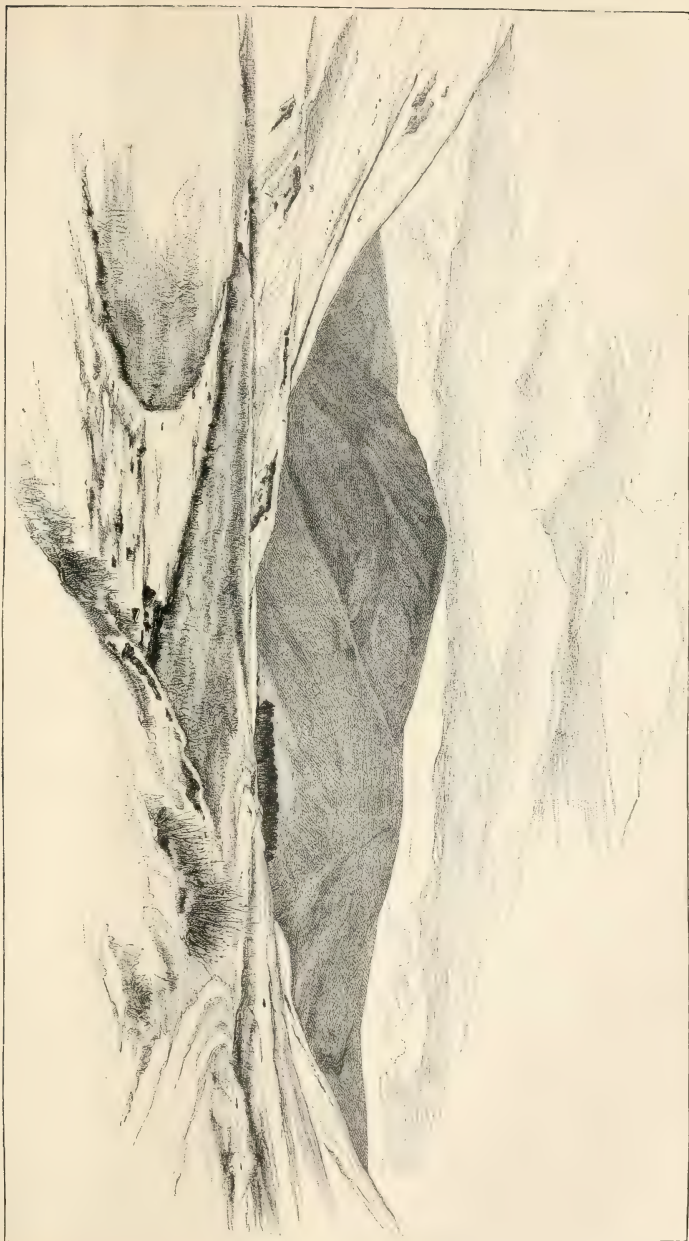
period that lies between the death of Moawiya and the re-establishment of the unity of the empire by Abdalmelik. Mokhtar, who had tried all parties, finally professed Shiite principles as those most likely to serve his ambition, proclaimed himself the avenger of the blood of Ali, and, by a combination of warlike ability and impudent jugglery addressed to the superstitions of his party, was for a short time at the head of a very formidable faction in Irak. It suited his schemes to proclaim Mohammed as prince of the faithful and to describe himself as his lieutenant, and the throne-name which he chose for his puppet was that of *the Mahdi*. Mohammed seems never to have much liked his association with Mokhtar, and on the fall of the latter he sank quietly into private life in the Hijaz, far from the battle-ground of his party. But many Shiites continued to hold that he alone knew and had handed down to his successors the true doctrine of the Imamate, while others refused to believe in his death and taught that he had only withdrawn to Mt. Radhwa, near Mecca, where he still lived, like Frederic Barbarossa in the German legend, guarded by a lion and a tiger, nourished by two springs flowing with water and honey, and biding the time when he should reappear to fill the world with righteousness.

The title of Al-Mahdi, given by Mokhtar to Mohammed ibn Hanafiya, appears to have been quite new, and it is very doubtful whether, on using it, he meant to ascribe to his puppet Imam the supernatural character which, in its later usage, the name implies. The poets of the Omayyad period seem to use the word as an epithet of the very worldly Caliphs of the time, who certainly put forth no pretensions analogous to those of the Shiite Imam. The executive head of a state which professed to be guarded by the divine word embodied in the Koran might quite well be called "the divinely-guided prince." It was presumably the growth of the legends about Mohammed ibn al Hanafiya that made the term Mahdi acquire a distinctly Messianic sense. In this sense it could hardly be used by any one save a pronounced Shiite. When the third Caliph of the house of Abbas took Al-Madhi as his throne-name, he was probably influenced by the Shiite connections of his family, which was supposed to have inherited by testament the rights of Ibn Hanafiya and leaned for a time to Shia views; but to the more orthodox Mohammedans this throne-name can only have appeared a pious title expressive of his submission to the divine law.

Among the Shiites themselves the doctrine of the Hidden Imam could not fully develop itself so long as there was a living and visible man of the house of Ali to look up to as the true Imam kept out of his rights by the false Caliphs. We have seen that the Shiites were not always at one as to the line of descent of the true Imam. But before the close of the ninth century all the leading divisions of the party had ceased to be able to point to a living and visible head, and the opinion of the great mass of Shiites in the present day is that the last true Imam was the twelfth in number, by name Mohammed, who disappeared mysteriously in the year 879. From this time the doctrine of the Hidden Imam became a necessary part of the Shiite faith, without which the sect could no longer continue to exist. Accordingly the Shiites who acknowledge twelve Imams give the name of Mahdi to the last of these, who according to the Persians is the Mohammed just mentioned, and it is he whom they look for to reappear as their Messiah.

Extravagant as the Shiite doctrine of the Imamate and the Mahdi must appear to a Western mind, we see clearly enough that, like all religious ideas which have played a considerable part in the world's history, it derived its strength from the fact that it did in its own fantastic way appeal to a real religious need of the human soul. In demanding a divine leader as well as a divine book the Shiites hit the weak point of Mohammed's system, a weak point which he himself had overlooked, and which indeed was not prominent so long as Islam had a living prophet as well as a sacred book. The cry for a divine leader was but one expression of the cry for a God nearer to man than the deism of Mohammed allowed. In one way or other the mass of Moslem populations have always striven to break through the rigid barrier which Mohammed set up between the human and the divine. It is this effort which on the one hand has filled Islam with magical superstitions and reintroduced something very like polytheism in the honours paid to saints, and on the other hand has based on the bare system of the Koran a totally incongruous structure of pantheistic mysticism such as we find among the Sufis.

Without some modification or some foreign supplement Mohammedanism seems scarcely able to exist, unless perhaps during a period of incessant holy wars. This is well seen in the example of the Wahhaby reformation, which was a serious and for a time most suc-



TALA GLEN.

cessful attempt to restore the original lineaments of pure Moslem deism. So long as it was a militant system, with the sword ever in its hand, Wahhabism did wonders. But it crumbled away into a wretched and hypocritical tyranny as soon as its warlike career was checked. Its influence has scarcely endured for a century, and it never had a real hold on any but its own soldiers.

Having thus traced the growth of the doctrine of the Mahdi as it forms part of the official theology of the Persian Shia, we must reserve for another month some account of the part which the same idea has played in the Western parts of Islam. We shall then be introduced to historical events of a much more stirring kind than anything in the present paper.

THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

Some Account of what has been done in Liverpool.

By J. F. COLLIER.

THERE are no means of comparing the charities of one great town with those of another, and therefore, in saying a few words about Liverpool charities in general, before referring to the special subject of this article, I am instituting no comparisons. But the Liverpool charities are numerous and well organized. To prevent waste in the cost of collection, the greater part of them allow their funds to be collected by the Central Relief Society. From the returns of this Society, it appears that it collects and distributes subscriptions to seventy-seven different charities, the amount being of late years in round numbers about £22,000 a year; of these seventy-seven charities, twenty were devoted entirely to children, including an infirmary, a convalescent home, orphanages, day nurseries, training ships, and other charities of a less important kind which are intended to smooth the lives of poor children and to make them better members of society. A great number of children of the poor in Liverpool are in fact taken charge of by societies of one sort or another, from the moment they are born in the lying-in hospital, to the time they leave the board or other schools and get employment for themselves.

The compulsory powers of the Education Act are in force in Liverpool, and therefore every child is supposed to go to school for some part of each day. If these powers were strictly carried into effect, it is difficult to believe that the condition of the miserable ill-fed and filthy half-naked children which now swarm in some of the streets could be as bad as it is. They could not be received into any school in that condition, and, if sent, inquiries would be made, and publicity would shame the parents in most cases into better treatment. It is a matter of common obser-

vation to people who have to do with elementary schools that the fact of sending a child to school has a good moral effect upon the parents; they do not like exposure, they do not like to see their children looking worse than those of their neighbours, and they make an effort where it is possible to do so, even at some sacrifice to themselves, to send their children better clothed and more cleanly than they would have been if they had simply remained in the street. But there is a class of men and women in all large towns, and notably in Liverpool, who cannot be reached by the school board, or, indeed, by any other beneficial agency. Their children's names are indeed generally on the roll of some school, but it is a mere matter of form. They cannot all be sent to truant schools, and owing to the objection to board schools by some religious denominations, the schools of those denominations become too full, and they are obliged to rely on a percentage of the scholars staying away, in order to keep the schools going at all; thus large numbers of children may be seen in the courts, alleys, and gutters of large towns whose parents are able to defy the school board.

Many of those parents have the vices of civilisation grafted on the habits of savages. Order, regularity, and cleanliness are odious to them; they believe in nothing but force, nothing but the policeman and the prospect of the prison influences them. They quarrel and fight amongst themselves, almost invariably drink, and spend their lives in alternate bouts of violent excitement and the lassitude consequent on it. Steady work is impossible under such circumstances, and indeed steady work, or steadiness of any kind, is most repugnant to their feelings. The children of

week have sent out their children to beg, while able-bodied men and women are to be found neglecting all work and compelling their children to support them by begging. In many cases the children are kept out till after midnight, as their parents have learned that the later the hour and the worse the weather, the larger the alms. Investigation has happily brought to light some cases of real distress in which it was possible to afford relief, but the greatest difficulty is experienced in cases of fraudulent and professional begging.

Appended to the report are a number of "specimen cases," illustrating the working of the Society; a few are quoted, as they bring home to the mind the real state of things the Society has to meet, and their mode of dealing with it, better than anything else.

CASE 19. A little lad of seven was subjected to various forms of ill-usage from his father, the mother being in prison for stealing; in this stealing she was associated with one of her sons, now committed to a Reformatory. This little fellow of seven would dare the dangers of sleeping out of doors rather than go home to such a father. The boy came to the Shelter swarming with vermin, and almost stupefied from ill-treatment, and when, after a time, he was taken back to his father by the Superintendent, the father refused to receive him, using at the same time very violent and blasphemous language. For this desertion the Guardians, at the instigation of the Society, prosecuted, and the man was sent to hard labour for fourteen days, but upon coming out of prison he fetched the boy from the workhouse and told him to go and beg "his own bit." The child did beg, but the Superintendent discovered him, brought him before the magistrate, and the boy is now committed to Beacon Lane Industrial School.

CASE 22. Boy of eight habitually selling papers at 10.30 at night and later. Visitation proved the case to be one of poverty, as the mother was a widow in bad health, with only 4s. from the parish, and left with five children to support. The ages are fourteen, nine, eight, and twins four. Being the widow of a seaman, application was made for help to the Seamen's Orphanage. The application resulted in a grant of 20s. per month. The gentleman who reported this case was so gratified with results that he became a subscriber, and promises to look after the boy.

CASE 28. A girl of nine was sent out with a starved baby, of eighteen months, to beg. The case was reported by us to the parish, with a view to prosecution, and was also visited personally. The parish would not prosecute, but our persistent efforts put a stop to the exposure of the child, and we were able to give the address to school board officers, who were wanting the people for payment of the girl's board at Park Lane Day Industrial School. The wretched, drunken mother, deaf to all our entreaties, persisted in sending this girl out to beg the wherewithal for drink. The girl and a companion attempted to rob a till at a public-house, both were charged before the magistrate, and both were committed to St. Anne's Industrial School, until sixteen years of age. The case is still followed up by the Ladies' Temperance Association.

CASE 29. Girl of nine, wild, uncared for, and untaught, came begging to the Shelter, case was visited and mother cautioned over and over again, but to no

purpose. From the dangerous practice of begging at night near the Sailors' Home, the poor girl took to stealing, was caught in the act, and our evidence, confirmed by the school board, being satisfactory to the magistrate, her career was stopped by committal to St. Anne's Industrial School. The squalor and drunkenness by which the case was surrounded was pitiable in the extreme.

CASE 94. A complete gutter child of seven was brought at midnight. She was frightened when put into a bath, and very much astonished to see her hard black hands become white under the influence of soap and water. Her mother was dead, her father had deserted her, her sisters and brothers had drifted away, and she just dropped into the houses of neighbours for her bite of food. If a neighbour would let her lie on the floor, well and good, if not, closets or cellars had to do. She was admitted to Shaw Street Emigration Home.

From the foregoing it will be seen that the Society is earnest and active in its work, that it has important co-operators, and that in a great many cases it has been instrumental in removing children from horrible surroundings and lives of pain, dirt, and hopelessness, to the better atmosphere of "Homes" and schools and emigration; but that is not the only way in which it has worked. The very fact that their way of life and their mode of treating their families is looked into has a great moral effect upon the thriftless poor. Where apparent neglect is only the result of poverty they get sympathy and assistance from kind people, who are only too glad to do a little which will break down the barrier between the well-to-do and the poor. It is quite touching to hear of the patience with which the interference and remonstrances of the Society are in most cases received. Poor people with a number of children lead very helpless, hopeless, bewildered lives; they live from day to day; illness or the caprice of an employer may bring them almost to starvation any day. They are glad of any sympathy, and when they see a well-dressed lady or man at their door they know it means help in some shape.

What may be the result of the Society's work in the future, what is to be done when Reformatories and industrial schools are full, whether the people will consent to be taxed because parents will not do their duty, whether this Society's proceedings form a step towards socialism—these are considerations which I will not deal with now. If the Society goes on in the way in which it has begun it can hardly fail to bring comparative happiness to many a miserable child, and do a public service by assisting the wild young outcasts of our streets to become better members of the community.

THE SALMON.

Its Natural and Economic History.

By JAMES G. BERTRAM, AUTHOR OF THE "HARVEST OF THE SEA," ETC.

FIRST PAPER.

NO fish has bulked so largely in literature or law as the salmon. At least one substantial volume, many pamphlets, several Acts of Parliament, and a hundred Blue-books have been devoted to "the venison of the waters." As for papers in magazines treating of fish of the salmon kind, their name is legion; while in the newspapers of the period, for one article devoted to the herring—important as it is from a commercial and scientific point of view—at least a dozen have been devoted to the salmon. The reason of this, as it has been often explained, is that, according to the popular saying, what is the property of everybody belongs in reality to nobody. The herring is so plentiful that we can at all times procure one for a penny, and occasionally even for less. But the salmon is a fish of value. Taking the marketable stock overhead, each individual salmon requires a pound to purchase, while in seasons of scarcity it costs about five times that sum. A fine clean-run *Salmo salar*, pound weight for pound weight, is worth more money than a prime South Down sheep. It is not long since a choice salmon of the river Tay, weighing 63 lbs., was sold by a London fish salesman, for his Perthshire customer, at three shillings per pound weight: that, let it be noted, was the wholesale price and gave a good return. By way of comparison, it may here be stated, that for the nine guineas obtained for that fish, three most excellent sheep might have been purchased, which when ready for sale would have yielded about 200 lbs. of excellent mutton. At the retail prices charged by fish merchants in London, the salmon under notice would probably be sold at not less than five shillings a pound weight.

For more than sixty years the salmon has formed a never-ceasing theme of controversy. Constantly watched from its cradle to its grave, every step in its adventurous life has been carefully noted and chronicled. The ova have been again and again nursed into life under the observant eyes of persons accustomed to the solution of problems in natural history. The "par" controversy has been settled to the satisfaction of all but a few persons who are determined neither to believe what they might any day see with their own eyes, or through the eyes of people

not less observant, and probably more intelligent, than themselves. The little par—now known to be the young of the *Salmo salar*—was at one time thought by many persons to be a distinct fish. That idea has been difficult to uproot, although Mr. Shaw, a gamekeeper in the employment of the Duke of Buccleuch, long ago demonstrated the problem from both ends of the question, by some ingenious experiments. First of all he showed that par were young salmon; but that fact being hotly disputed, he then proved his case in another way by showing that the salmon was the parent of the par. In spite, however, of the labours of Mr. Shaw, a good many stubborn people would not be convinced, and declined to believe that a par becomes a smolt, and that a smolt grows into a salmon.

The par controversy, whilst it raged, possessed many features of interest. It seemed passing strange that the par, which was thought to be an inhabitant of our salmon streams all the year round, should ever attain the dimensions of a salmon. "It is impossible," was the general chorus, "because any fish which becomes a salmon must, first of all, visit the sea." The smolt, it was freely admitted, becomes "a fish"—to use a Tweedside definition—as it is furnished with scales, and is known to possess that instinct which leads it to the sea; but the par, being without scales, and never being known (so it was supposed) to quit the quiet waters in which it had been nursed into life, was dogmatically claimed to be a par, and nothing but a par. When, however, the facts of par-life were mastered, and it had been demonstrated that the tiny fish in question ultimately became transformed, that the marks it bore came in due time to be covered with scales, and was just then as good a smolt as any other in the water, some persons who wisely accepted the discovery wondered how it was they had previously failed to notice the fact; whilst others shook their wiser heads and declared it was not so, and could never be so, and that a par was nothing but a par, and would certainly remain a par for all time to come.

It was not till a salmon nursery had been set a-going at Stormontfield, on the river Tay, which is *par excellence* the salmon river

of Scotland, that the par problem was, day by day, solved before all the world. It is a somewhat interesting feature of the natural history of most fishes that it is possible to breed them under artificial conditions. What has been designated by the French "pisciculture" is an art as ancient as civilisation. In China, thousands of years ago, the ova of different fishes were collected from the streams of that country and laid carefully in ponds and other places to hatch and grow, till the fish became fit for use as food. This practice still continues. In these latter days the eggs of fish have been directly exuded from the animals, and have been nursed into life with the most complete success. Nothing is easier. Let a female salmon be captured just as she is on the eve of spawning, and let her be deprived of her ova by a slight pressure: let a male fish be taken under similar circumstances and be similarly treated; let its milt be then carefully mixed with the eggs of the female. After all this has been accomplished let the fecundated ova be placed in some gently moving water well protected from their numerous enemies, and the result will be that in about a hundred and twenty days, according to temperature, the young salmon will burst the fragile walls of their prison and grow into table-fish, should they have the chance given them of so long life.

The salmon nursery at Stormontfield—which, by the way, is now being discontinued in favour of another place—was not, however, instituted for the precise purpose of solving the problems by which the natural history of the salmon was beset, but rather with the intention of adding to the powers of production of the great stream. How far it has aided in the way of increasing the salmon population of the Tay has never been exactly determined. For a period of a quarter of a century thousands of well-grown smolts have been annually reared at Stormontfield, while the rental of the river has in that time grown apace, but whether from the wise legislation which now governs the salmon rivers or the aid afforded by the nursery at Stormontfield we cannot say. The rental of the stream has, however, so increased that it is now more than double what it was at the beginning of the experiment.

At the Stormontfield salmon nursery the old question of whether or not a par was in reality a smolt in the first phase of its growth, was speedily settled in the affirmative. Not only so, but other discoveries of equal importance in the earlier stages of the natural history of the fish were made. It was

found, for instance, that one half only of a brood of young salmon became smolts at the end of one year from the date at which they were hatched, the other moiety of the brood remaining in the condition of par for another year! This is a feature of salmon growth of which no explanation can be offered. That *it certainly is so*, is about all we can say. The two divisions of fish are in no way different from each other, they consist of males and females indiscriminately. Nor has this curious system of migration any connection with the size of the fish which have been artificially spawned for behoof of the nursery. It may, however, render the progress of the par plainer to the reader if we indicate the dates at which the various changes take place. Say, then, that the fecundated ova are laid down in the boxes at Stormontfield about the beginning of December; the eggs will be hatched before the middle of March, and the young fish will be known as par, and all of them will remain in the par stage of their life for a period of twelve months. By the end of that time one half of the brood will have become covered with scales and imbued with the migratory instinct. Day after day they will exhibit their eagerness to visit the salt-water by leaping out of the ponds; the other moiety of the brood will, however, evince no desire for any change, but remain quietly in the par stage for another year. Meantime we shall assume that the smolts have been liberated and allowed to find their way to "ocean's green domain," in which it is said they grow with such rapidity as to become grilse of large dimensions before their remaining brothers and sisters have yet been invested with that armour of scales which is held to be the insignia of the smolt.

In 1863 what appeared to be careful experiments were made in order to ascertain the ratio of salmon growth. During the course of the inquiry some extraordinary results were arrived at, and, as the fish were marked by careful men, there is no reason to throw doubt on the facts then reported by Mr. Robert Buist, the superintendent of the Tay fisheries, and Peter Marshall, the intendant of the ponds. These facts were, that a marked smolt about the size of a man's finger had between the 24th of May and the 16th of August attained to a weight of 9 lbs.; other fish weighing respectively 5 lbs., 3½ lbs., and 7 lbs. were also taken. These salmon were without the dead fin, of which the smolts taken for experiment had been deprived, so that when captured they might be readily

identified. The number of smolts marked, however, was only sixty-four, a very small number indeed when the mortality which attends salmon life comes to be considered. Those who have studied the salmon as an object of natural history are inclined to throw doubt on these experiments, just because they think it an impossibility that so many as four fish out of the sixty-four which were marked could be captured; "that number means about seven in the hundred," they say, "and no such percentage of young salmon ever live to revisit their native waters." The mortality attendant on salmon-life, especially in the case of the young fish, has always been understood to be very high; some experts, indeed, have calculated it at a rate which does not give more than 2 per cent. of surviving marketable fish, and in view of such calculations the results of Mr. Buist's experiments seem not a little remarkable. They are not, however, without corroboration, for others who have made experiments in salmon growth have obtained similar evidence of the rapid rate at which the smolt increases in size and weight. The growth of the grilse and the salmon have, also, at various times been tested by various intelligent persons, and the bulk of evidence tends to show that all these fish grow at a very rapid rate.

It is difficult to determine the age of

any particular salmon. As has already been related, one half of a brood does not commence to grow till they are two years old, at which time, the other half of the same hatching, and from the same parents, may be salmon of goodly size, and of considerable money value. Various estimates have been made of the ages of salmon, but taking the mean weights of the experiments, in which we have the greatest confidence, we are inclined to set down the average rate of growth as being not less than 6 lbs. per annum, and in rivers which are not overcrowded, and in which food is plentiful, it may be two or three pounds more. One fact of salmon economy should always be kept in mind; viz. that a given expanse of water will only feed and breed a given number of fish. When there are too many they will be light and lean; when too few, they will become large and heavy. The salmon, as well as most other fish, are wonderfully fruitful, and have been endowed with the power of multiplying their kind by tens of thousands. In the case of the salmon (*Salmo salar*) a female weighing 25 lbs. will probably yield as many as 20,000 eggs. Few of these eggs yield fish, and of the fish that do see the light of day only a very small percentage ever become productive, eggs and young being constantly preyed upon by a legion of enemies.

PRINCESS ALICE.

BY PROFESSOR TAYLOR, D.D., ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS.

IN its English garb, this book* is a tribute of affection to the memory of a sister, by the illustrious lady, the translator of the Memoir which gives narrative connection to the letters. It is also, on the part of the Queen, one of many proofs of confidence in the loyalty and attachment of her people, and affords an additional and welcome insight into the attractions and charm of the domestic life, of which the Prince Consort was so much the centre and source. It justly counts on the deep and lasting affection in which the memory of the Princess is held by all classes of her countrymen. Although many years have since elapsed, it is remembered how she stood by the Queen in her bereavement, and how almost everything was then due to the extraordinary fortitude and devotion of the girl Princess.

The letters, which are thus given to the English-speaking world, were written after her marriage to His Royal Highness, Prince Louis of Hesse, and date from her adopted country.

Her establishment at Darmstadt was arranged on an unpretending scale. The house itself was inconveniently small. But it was with the resolution to make light of difficulties, and to adapt herself cheerfully to her surroundings, that the Princess entered her new home. Early hours, method, and strict economy prevailed from the outset. "We get up at seven, with candles, every morning." In summer, the hour was six. Breakfast followed at eight, luncheon at twelve, and dinner at four; the intervals being so occupied that not a moment of the day was wasted. Soon, a larger house was felt to be necessary, and was built, as much as possible, in accordance with English ideas. Her English house,

* "Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, Princess of Great Britain and Ireland" (London: John Murray).

as it was affectionately regarded, continued to be her home during the subsequent years of her too brief career. It was a source of much comfort, and the occasion of great additional labour and anxiety; for with enlarged accommodation, social duties hitherto impossible became imperative, and entailed increased expenditure.

Frank disclosures show that the family life bore a strong resemblance, in its thrifty ways and expedients, and also in its embarrassments and restraints, to that of other well-regulated households of lower degree. These discomforts, however, were borne with alacrity, and without detracting from her ideal of life. It was part of that ideal, that her home ways should be entirely free from various petty deceptions of which society is tolerant, and that she should be true woman and mother, irrespective of all considerations of rank and conventional usage. Reality, simplicity, and naturalness were, accordingly, characteristics of her domestic rule. What was itself right, wise, loving to do, she strove to do; it might be, to take her children out to walk, to give them lessons, to make their dresses, or, at a pinch, to act as nurse. "You will be amused when I tell you that old Amelung is coming to sleep with baby, and take charge of him; but she is too old and out of practice to be able to wash and dress him, morning and evening besides, so I do that, and it is of course a great assistance to all my being able to do it, and I don't mind the trouble." She was sustained in this course by the counsel and loving gifts that continued to reach her, from her old home. Frequent visits to it, on the invitation of the Queen, were, indeed, a much-needed restorative, and were hailed with inexpressible delight. She loved Germany, was proud of its people, and appreciated their noble qualities; but the home to which her heart instinctively and with ever-increasing fondness turned, was the "dear, dear home" of her childhood and youth. There was always a touch of home-sickness "after dear England, Balmoral, and all at home."

This independence was an application of principles, which she had acquired in youth, and which told her that social distinctions had no intrinsic merit. She considered the lot of private individuals to be, on the whole, the best. She was not enamoured of what she terms "the cold circle of court people," and was thankful that her husband did not wear a crown. "I feel so entirely as you do, on the difference of rank, and how all important it is for princes and princesses to

know that they are nothing better nor above others, save through their own merit." In this spirit she sought to educate her children. "I strive, to bring them up totally free from pride of their position, which is *nothing* save what their personal worth can make it." What she dreaded most for them was, not physical, but moral evil. Her constant endeavour was that they should "take nothing but the recollection of love and happiness from their home with them into the world's fight;" and in the close, personal relations in which she stood to her children, she realised the important fact, that children educate their parents. Owing to the same truthfulness and breadth of nature, her relation also to her servants was marked by an entire absence of superciliousness. It was altogether so just, as to be true alike to their common humanity and the difference in their position. They were treated at all times with unaffected consideration; as friends, if worthy of friendship, and in the event of sickness or distress, with heartfelt solicitude. They and their children, some fifty in all, were annually assembled to share with the royal children the gifts of the Christmas-tree, on that brightest of German festivals; and poor Jäger, who fell ill and died in the service, had a tree to himself, in his own room, shortly before his death. The faithful servant was regarded as, in reality, a friend, and the loss of such an one was more felt than that of many a relation who was scarcely known.

Noted in childhood for her quick sympathy and considerateness, she had grown into a woman, capable of extraordinary self-denial and devotion to duty, with many resources of organization. These qualities were, for the first time, fully developed by the events of the wars of 1866, and 1870-1, which subjected her somewhat anxious and nervous temperament to the severest strain. To one constituted as the Princess was, beneficent action was a necessity. As became her youth and inexperience, her first efforts were tentative. But within little more than a year after her marriage, she visited the Town Hospital, with a settled purpose in view, and had become patroness of a ladies' institution, which had for its object to lend out linen to poor, respectable women, during their confinement. How deep her interest was in its success, her account of a visit to one of these poor women will show: "At length, through a dirty court-yard, up a dark ladder into one little room, where lay in one bed the poor woman and her baby; in the room four other children, the husband, two



PRINCESS ALICE.

(From a portrait, by permission of the Queen.)

other beds, and a stove. But it did not smell bad, nor was it dirty. I sent Christa down with the children, then with the husband cooked something for the woman; arranged her bed a little, took the baby for her, bathed its eyes—for they were so bad, poor little thing!—and did odds and ends for her.”

Another year had barely elapsed, before she had put herself at the head of a movement to provide a special asylum for idiots. The money difficulty in the way was formidable, but was surmounted by the introduction of the peculiarly English expedient of a bazaar, which, thanks to the Princess's personal influence and tact, turned out to be a success, on what was probably uncongenial soil.

The internecine character of the war of 1866, between Prussia and the States of the German Confederation, made itself fully felt in the Grand-Ducal family circle—Prince Louis and his brother, Prince Henry, being engaged on opposite sides. While it was still impending, the Princess records, with a fitful gleam of playfulness, which her fears belied, how she bought a travelling bag for her husband, on the principle that to carry an umbrella will keep off the rain! In spite of the precaution, midsummer found her in the midst of preparations, almost distracted by the character of the conflict, “brother against brother, and friend against friend,” and the endless demands for linen, rags, lint, and

other necessities of sanguinary strife. How nearly it touched herself, personally, may be understood from the fact, that three days after the birth of one of her children, her husband had gone into action at Aschaffenburg, on the Main, whence the guns could be heard at Darmstadt. One result of the war was the formation of the "Ladies' Union," with the Princess as President. Its main object was to train nurses, and to supply them, wherever nursing was required, among all classes during peace, and to the army in war. The membership rose in two years to 2,500. It was characteristic of the Princess, that in this case, as in that of the Asylum for Idiots, membership was quite irrespective of creed. Her belief was, that the impulses and principles which are common to mankind, constituted the right basis of societies which were formed for the service of humanity, in the widest sense; and in this belief she persevered. About the same time, she initiated an important movement for the encouragement of female industry, with the result that a saleroom, "The Alice Bazaar," for the sale of articles of needlework, &c., became a permanent institution.

Preparations for the Franco-German war of 1870—1 only partially suspended these efforts, which by that time had borne fruit, that was gratefully appreciated, in the trained nurses who were available when the war broke out. The times were such as taxed her strength to the utmost, while they wrung her feelings, by a constant sense of dread and a succession of indescribably painful scenes. She was aware that her husband, and many other much-loved relatives and friends were constantly under fire, in the tremendous battles by which the war was signalised, and she describes herself as living, "in fear and trembling, from one battle to another." In reality, her energy and fortitude, as well as public spirit and devotion, were almost incredible. Day after day, trains were bringing up their freight of disabled soldiery. The hospitals and ambulances were crowded, and the very air smelt of wounds. Muffled drums, accompanying the dead to their last resting-places, filled the night with dismal sounds. Privation and heart-rending sorrow and distress abounded. Wounded soldiers, despairing widows, destitute wives and orphans seemed to increase without end, and appealed for help. Throughout the whole of this terrible time, her hand and presence were everywhere, extemporising and superintending means of relief. She

visited the hospitals daily, made her palace the headquarters of committees of aid, and converted part of it into a depot of necessities for the sick and wounded. But bravely as she bore up under all, the miseries of war had entered into her soul. Pronouncing it to be "the greatest scourge this world knows," her prayer was that she might not live to see such a war again. Determined, doubtless, by the dire effects and course of this war, her powers of organization took practical shape, in three distinct institutions: the "Alice Hospital," a training school and home for nurses; the "Alice Society for the Education and Employment of Women," supplemented temporarily by the "Alice Lyceum," which attempted, chiefly by means of lectures, to give a scientific culture to women; and an "Orphan Asylum." The alleviation of suffering of all kinds, to which she seemed, by a signal providence, from an early age, to be specially destined, and the improvement of the condition of the poor were now, and continued to be, the main object for which she lived.

Within the space of six years she had lived through two wars, in which all the interests most dear to her were deeply involved. During the whole of that period her family circle had remained intact. In 1873, the first break took place, in the innermost circle of her love, when little Prince Fritz, while playing almost in his mother's sight and presence, fell out of window, and was killed. The trials through which she passed in 1878 are in the recollection of all, when her husband and five of her children were laid down with diphtheria, and when she herself, after nursing all, and losing one, succumbed to the same fatal malady. With so chequered an experience, it is not surprising that she had learned to look with a chastened spirit on all that this life has to offer. Intensely happy in her home life, there was a vein of pensiveness in her happiness. As time advanced, her estimate of life grew more and more serious, until she habitually regarded it as a short and solemn space of time, meant for work and not for pleasure, where labours and duties were ever to be kept in view. Her language on this point is often very striking, lofty and earnest in tone, and betokening intense conviction. And yet, as a life of incessant, practical goodness and usefulness proves, there was, in this view, nothing morbid.

The key to her character and the nature of her work and history are really to be found, in the strength of the personal ties that bound

her, in filial affection, to the Prince Consort, her father. The impression made by his death was indelible. Nothing can be more touching than the constant, tender, almost passionate love, with which she turns in these letters, to her surviving parent; now seeming to cling to her for protection and rest, and again, to be herself exerting strength, to comfort and sustain the widowed Mother and Queen. But in respect of the Prince Consort, her filial love had been transfigured by death, and was become a kind of governing, spiritual force. The 14th December, 1861, became the central date in her history, just as he himself had become almost the central fact of her existence. It formed the watershed of her experience. The "good old times" ran down from this point on the further side, while on this side, the current of life had ever since been overshadowed by that first and greatest sorrow. Nor did the anniversary of the day ever return without awakening the deepest emotions. Her yearning for him was akin to home-sickness. With him, everything came to be associated. Her idea of his life, as a sacrifice to duty, was the example which she strove, through daily tasks and trials, to follow. She had no stronger aspiration than to be worthier such a father; and the older she grew, the more perfect became his image. In the moment of dissolution his was her latest thought, his name, "Papa," the last word on her lips. He was thus a sacred presence seldom absent from her thoughts, whom any one of a thousand circumstances, a picture or a piece of music could recall, the guide and protector of her career, whose influence was the stimulus to noble effort, and incentive to duty. He was, in reality, the living impulse in her education, in her sense of duty, and, next to her faith in Christ, even in her religion; for in him she comprehended how to die was gain, how it was gain for one so pure and good to be taken away from witnessing evil. Thus, her intellectual development proceeded largely from moral and emotional sources—the strongest root of all being this personal tie or attachment. She whom great public sacrifices, such as were incurred in the Crimean war, moved only as others, was almost transformed into another being, by the loss of One whose personality had become an essential part, indeed the centre, of her life. Nor was this all. He was for her, a real link with the spiritual world, between the present and

the future; practically a pledge of a future, a mighty support of faith, and a substantial guarantee for religion itself. Once, indeed, she essayed, it would appear, a purely intellectual excursus into the domains of speculative theology, under the direction of Strauss, the celebrated neologian and litterateur. But the agnostic fabric which she reared in the course of it, was shattered by the first great reality of experience with which it came into collision—the mysterious instincts of the mother in her own heart, brooding over the untimely death of her son. It was probably the only instance in which she was untrue to that practical side of her nature, where her chief strength lay. It was merely an incident, however, and was succeeded by a stiller, deeper and stronger faith—the faith of her childhood, if possible more childlike, simple, and full of trust, as the fruit of trial and inward struggle.

As time went on, the future became more intensely real. It rendered the sorrow and struggle of life endurable. Natural laws and phenomena suggested its brighter skies, and inculcated contentment and hope. "The future world seems so like a real home, for there are so many dear ones to meet again." "Each year brings us nearer to the Wiedersehen (reunion with the dead)." A living trust in God was, indeed, the stay and strength of her life.

The book eschews politics. It was perhaps unavoidable that it should be pervaded by an undertone of sadness. The turning point in the Princess's life was a great sorrow and irreparable loss. Earnestness itself, she lived through great and critical times, and had her full share of trial and bereavements.

It deals mainly with the practical and domestic side of her life. There were, however, other aspects. Its contents show that her feeling for nature was true and keen, that she delighted in art, and that her taste for reading was always kept up. Lectures, concerts, and dramatic representations profitably beguiled the evenings of anxious and laborious day. Altogether it presents us with the picture of a noble-minded, brave-hearted woman, who knew how to combine naturalness, simplicity, and true human feeling with princely station, and who performed its arduous duties, under trying circumstances, with infinite grace, courage, and self-denial.



LIFE AND LETTERS BY THE SEA-SIDE.

By "SHIRLEY."

II.—SUMMER SADNESS.



I DO not think we can do any very good work—work involving really hard thinking—during summer. There is a bucolic lassitude that affects the mind as well as the body in the leafy month of June. June and December, to be sure, have been very much alike of late years—any balance for the better being perhaps in favour of the latter. But what I mean is that when the thermometer is over 70° intellectual labour becomes a burden, and the result is not for

edification. Nothing worth preserving has been written anywhere in Africa that I know of. Has any *magnum opus* been produced in the vicinity of the Equator? The great religions no doubt have been brought to us from the East; but fervent heat is not incompatible with a certain mystical fervour. Islamism and Buddhism are like ostrich eggs which the sun and the desert sand hatch between them. The temperate zone, in short, has been the mother of whatever is immortal in mind. We say that one race has richer intellectual endowments than another; what we really mean is that it belongs to a latitude and longitude where mental exercise is possible, and perhaps enjoyable. To speak of exertion, indeed, under any circumstances as being enjoyable, opens up, however, another burning question. Some of us, I am afraid, incline to believe that indolence is natural to men, and that it was the normal condition of our race in that golden age to which we look back with regret. The hurry-scurry of our present life is certainly forced and un-

natural. To the Englishman to whom Sport, whether on the cricket-ground or in the hunting-field, among the Alps or along the river bank, has become a second nature, the unreasonableness of violent exercise is not so immediately apparent as it is to the Italian or the Frenchman. "The mysteries of woods and rivers"—which to our ancestors meant all that a deer forest, a grouse moor, a salmon pool, or a sea-trout loch means to us—appealed to the Teutonic imagination with peculiar force. The Saxon passion for the chase is possibly indeed to be attributed to the exacting conditions of a northern climate, where cold and darkness must be *defied*, and the stock of caloric needed for comfort requires to be constantly replenished. But that labour *as such* has anything to recommend it is a quite obvious misunderstanding. The original Paradise of our race was a place of rest, from which our first parents were driven into a world against which the curse of labour had been pronounced—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." And a place of rest likewise is the Paradise to which each of us looks forward.

"There's a rest that remains for the people of God,
And I've had troubles enough for one,"

as Robert Browning sings.

These are the sort of reflections that naturally occur to a writer of books in the warm July weather which we are now enjoying for a brief spell after a sad month of wind and rain. The portable easy-chair has been placed under the spreading branches of a walnut-tree which has stood where it stands for the last three hundred years. A pile of books are scattered about on the grass, and a bulky manuscript lies upon the gipsy table. But it is no good—we resolutely refuse to put the pen in the ink-bottle.

A few weeks ago the inquiries we are making into the character and motives of one of the few really great men of whom

no special biography has been written, were full of interest; somehow, since the thermometer approached 80° in the shade the virtue has gone out of them. What's Hecuba to us, or we to Hecuba?

"Leave us alone! Time driveth onward fast
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Leave us alone! What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?"

It is a matter of immense moment to retain as we grow old a varied hold upon life. When we have entered the fifties we get, as it were, a new horizon. The comparative values are so completely altered that a fresh currency is needed. What used to seem solid ground becomes phantasmal—the stuff of which dreams are made. The uprooting

of old associations and early limitations is often a perilous process. "Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas." If we would not lapse into sheer cynicism it is very necessary that we should keep some of our illusions. When we find the walls of the universe, as we



esteemed them, melting into thin air at every turn, a sense of immense uncertainty and insecurity assails us. Our confidence is shaken—as in a city riddled by earthquake. Whether it is better for us or worse (as creatures accountable to a Supreme Judge whose verdict will be given hereafter—under quite other conditions) I do not stay to inquire; I am looking at the matter only from the homely standpoint of the merely mundane critic. But there can be no doubt that the man of fifty or sixty, whose attention is concentrated with eager curiosity upon any inquiry, however microscopical or whimsical, is the man who, during what remains of life, will extract most positive good out of it. It has been said that whoever has no knowledge of whist is laying up for himself a miserable old age. This is only putting the fact with a somewhat truculent directness. The man who allows his interests to drop away from him when he begins to feel that he has taken the downward turn (which leads inevitably to—

what we know) will be in very much the same predicament as the man who allowed his friends to drop away from him when he fancied that he would not need them any more. We can hardly make new friends after middle life, nor can we strike out new lines of work or enjoyment. There are elderly people I meet every day who excite a gentle ripple of laughter among the younger members of our society when they begin to discourse upon what is known as their favourite fad. For my own part (though some of them are ten years older than I am) I cannot look at them without envy. These hale old gentlemen are *so* fresh!—age does not wither them nor custom stale. Unfortunately the rest of the quotation is inapplicable—their “infinite

variety” being confined to one foible apiece. Jones’s craze (as the youngsters irreverently term it) is genealogy;—there is only one break in the chain which takes his family back in a direct line to an early Welsh king, and this he is always on the very point of supplying. Poor old fellow, he will go down to his grave without finding the missing link, and probably without learning that it is well for him that he does not find it. His occupation gone, life would become utterly colourless. Brown has no personal ambition to gratify, but he cherishes a highly abstract theory about the necessary connection between a *comes* and a *comitatus*, and he has gone through half the manuscripts in the Register House and the British Museum to prove that the single adverse decision (it is unfortunately



dead against him) might be explained away, if we could only recover certain documents which were certainly destroyed (if they ever existed) not less than three centuries ago. These are our genealogists; but we have our archaeologists, our ornithologists, our entomologists, our horticulturists—all as brisk and cheery as boys. Ever to seek and never to find—the quest still retaining its attraction—*that*, I take it, is about as good a definition of human happiness as it is possible to hazard. Dear, dusty, dried-up mummies! I figure you to myself sometimes under the similitude of the lusty lover on Keats’s imperishable urn:—

“Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Tho’ winning near the goal—yet do not grieve;
She cannot fade, tho’ thou hast not thy bliss.
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!”

I trust, therefore, that my unconquerable disinclination to proceed with my own special

piece of work at this moment is to be attributed only to the heat, and not to any permanent alienation. It will all come right by-and-by, let us hope—with the fall of the leaf, and the first snug blaze in the parlour of a frosty evening; though, to be sure, a scrap of fire in the grate, summer and winter all the year round, never comes amiss now. Are the summers really colder; or is it only that as we grow old we need more warmth to drive the chill out of our bones? There are some men whose conversation as surely drifts to a fixed point as the needle turns to the pole. The roads may vary, but the goal is still the same—the attraction which forces them to repeat once more *that* anecdote which we know by heart, or to fight *that* battle over again which has been fought so often before, being apparently irresistible. We may

smile ruefully at the Doctor's threadbare Joe Millers, or at the Colonel's everlasting charge with Sir Charles; but how many of us begin to feel that we too are getting into the rut! My thoughts to-day, as on many other days—try as hard as I can to resist the weakness—*will* turn to the cheerlessness of old age, *will* insist on regarding it from the dismal side. It is not merely that the vigour, the elasticity, the romance of life are gone, but that the mellow wisdom, the wise charity, the wide sympathies which we had been led to understand would accompany advanced age, have failed to show themselves. Long experience has *not* attained to somewhat of prophetic strain. On the contrary, the soul all round is thinner and more arid than it was, while the picturesque lights and shadows of the dawning fancy are merged in one cheerless and unnoticeable grey. The sunset of the soul wears none of the pageantry which lights up the sunset sky. There are exceptions no doubt, and we may admit that the tender sagacity and gentleness of touch of William Thackeray and Charles Lamb and Arthur Helps and John Brown are long in being learned—'tis a second nature scarcely quite formed till the hair is grey, and the brow furrowed. But these are the exceptions, and the gradual exhaustion of the soil of the mind—I do not speak of any absolute failure of intellectual faculty—it is negative rather than positive decay to which I allude—the incapacity to receive impressions which were once vivid and vital—is one of those hard facts of human life which would be universally admitted, if there were any sincerity in our literature.

Such feelings as these, it may be said, are out of place at this happy and peaceful season. It may be so; but I some-

times fancy that the conventional associations with the seasons are curiously misplaced. There is something *inquisitorial* about the searching blaze of summer.

It is like the fierce light which beats about the throne, striking pitilessly into the dark corners and obscure recesses of the conscience.

Heine saw the young Spring-God—I quoted the passage the other day—radiant, adorable, standing on the summit of an Alp.

A lovely picture! Yet many of us who will not own that we are cursed by any over-morbid sensibilities, find ourselves willing, nay, eager, to delay his coming. One would put a drag on every month of the waning year if one could. Winter may be grim and inclement; but it does not take us to task, does not require us to examine ourselves, does not mark a new departure as the spring does. The opening buds are the saddest moralists, the severest critics. To the very young, indeed, they may whisper of a good time coming, but to the old they speak of the departed year. The 25th of March used to be the first day of the year, and it had a real and not a merely arbitrary claim to the distinction. The old year had truly passed away, and a new one was being ushered in. Under our present classification there is an awkward interregnum. The old year dies in December, but the new year makes no sign till long after the 1st of January. That is why the spring is sad: it is a true Anniversary, reminding us with painful distinctness of duties unfulfilled, of work unfinished, of ambitions more or less modest ungratified. The 25th of March is the great annual Day of Reckoning, when we are called before the inner tribunal to render

our account up to date. We speak to the way-side flowers of our love, and to the fading leaves



of our ambition. So Mr. Ruskin says. For the russet leaves of autumn I would, for my part, be inclined to substitute the firstlings of the spring—the violet, the wood-sorrel, the anemone. Here is another year visibly dead and gone, and we are no farther on than we were at its birth. It is no wonder that a sort of hopelessness should take possession of the man who feels at fifty that he can do no better than he has done, and that every new year now must diminish the vigour of mind and body.

If we had done the best possible—had written prose like Thackeray, poetry like Tennyson, had been as brilliant as Huxley or as profound as Hamilton—I am not sure that the feelings with which we should regard our past life would be sensibly different. With the exception of one or two complacent Philistines, there are few men, however nominally successful, who do not feel that they have failed. It is not success that makes the retrospect tolerable; it is sympathy, charity, love—call it what we choose—the sentiment that has raised us above ourselves, and enabled us now and again to sink the “Ego” out of sight. Absolute success, in a world such as ours, is not within the reach of any one; the Lord Chancellor has come no nearer to it than you or I. He may have earned a bigger wage; but that is all—with a little trumpery notoriety thrown in, by way of seasoning. The something in the world amiss, which we hope will be righted by-and-by, curses all our efforts after completeness. The material on which we work is faulty. But, as I have said, the nearest approach to success (in the sense in which I use the word) is attained by him who, in the lines of Coleridge, “loveth best all things both

great and small.” The naturalist who, by patient sympathy, is able to win the confidence of the shy creatures of the woods and fields, has gained—I don’t say a purer happiness, but—a more intimate relation to something solid and durable in the universe, than the great scholar, the great lawyer, the great philosopher, to say nothing of the frothy poet and the flashy rhetorician. The treasure thus gathered is not perishable; it has been laid away where moth and rust do not corrupt, and thieves do not break through and steal; and if, like Rossetti’s Blessed Damozel,

we are ever permitted, from an outpost of the heavenly city, to look back upon our modest earth, we shall find that this is the cord which joins the two, a cord whose strands are woven out of the tender and unselfish emotions of the soul:—

“And so the whole
round earth is
every way
Bound by gold
chains about the
feet of God.”

The *Midsummer Night’s Dream* is a fairy legend through which the moonlight streams; but along with its exquisite fool-

ing it shows at every turn a deep and penetrating insight into actual life.

“For never anything can come amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it,”

is one of those sweet and noble sentences which are so entirely characteristic of the sweet and noble and liberal-minded Shakespeare. Dutiful, simple, and unselfish service—the service of the humblest love—shines out of the past as nothing else shines. All else passes away, but this grows brighter and brighter as the years slip past us into the irrevocable past. I remember an old Highland lady, very plain in her looks, very provincial in her manners, very shabby in her dress, very narrow and obsolete in her religious fashions, but now around



whose head in memory an aureole gleams, as in a Raphael picture of Saint or Madonna, because of this simpleness of love. She was waited upon by an old retainer of the house, who, except that he had had little or no "schooling," was just his mistress's marrow—as true, as simple, as intrinsically loyal. Ungainly gestures, absurd little tricks of manner, a fantastic theology, are clean wiped out of the retrospect; but this unselfish fidelity, this tender faithfulness is indelible. You remember, I dare say, our brilliant Lady Teazle? Beautiful as the day, as clever and brightly audacious a little woman as ever breathed, yet because she was entirely and constitutionally *self-seeking*, the mere memory of her already grows fainter than a dream. For the one is pinchbeck, the other true metal, which time cannot corrode.

The day is nearly over, and the birds in our narrow glen are singing their Evensong. The Woodland Vespers are as pure as any that ascend to heaven, and I should feel it a greater compliment to be on good terms with these feathered minstrels than with a good many of my fellow-creatures. The exquisite croon of the wood-pigeon is better than the best of old ballads. It is a note that must have been learnt before envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness first visited our planet. The pitiful plaint of the curlew is the wail of a lost spirit; but the coo of the cushat, in its pure and confident tenderness, is even yet not unmeet for Paradise. Then there are two or three timid water-hens among the sedges by the burn-side, who are now nearly tame, and with whom I hope to cultivate a still closer intimacy when they have got their little ones fairly started in life. They have had a

hard fight to bring them up so far. There were eight to begin with—downy little brats, black as coal, with great patches of red on their prodigious bills. They insisted on leaving the nest before they were well out of the shell, and got stuck in holes and washed away by *spates*, so that their numbers were quickly reduced. To see the old ones rushing into the water, fishing up weeds and insects, and feeding the little mites on the bank, was one of the prettiest sights imaginable. And to add to his worries, the male bird had forthwith to

begin the construction in mid-stream of a new nest for the reception of the youngsters—a work which ought to have been completed at an earlier date, I suspect, and before the little ones had been allowed to get scattered about a bad world where unmerciful rats and felonious magpies abound. Now the owl begins to declaim from the ivy (the poet must have had a singularly unmusical ear who first formulated that weird expostulation into



the conventional "Tuwhit, tuwhoo")—why or wherefore who can tell? Does he hoot the impostor and the charlatan, or, like our popular assemblies, is his unmusical protest directed against those only who are honest enough to speak the truth? "What song the Sirens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture." But the Bohemia of the woods and fields is still almost a *terra incognita* to us, and we have as little real communion with these "poor relations" who have been placed on our own special planet as if they occupied Arcturus or Orion. There must be a mistake somewhere.

SUNDAY READINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

AUGUST 3RD.

Read Proverbs viii. 12, to end, St. John xiv. 15, to end.

WE have been taught since childhood to express our belief not only in God the Father Almighty and in Jesus Christ His only begotten Son, our Lord, but also in the Holy Ghost. Nevertheless, there is perhaps no truth of equal importance which is so commonly overlooked as that we are now living under the dispensation of the Holy Spirit. The Fatherhood of God and the redemption by Christ occupy central places in the teaching of the Church and in the conscious apprehension of Christian people; but there is not an equally vivid realisation of the presence and power of the Holy Ghost.

This may appear the more wonderful when we recall the position which the gift of the Holy Spirit occupies in Scripture. For the outpouring of the Holy Ghost was the subject of prophecy in the Old Testament, and that He would baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire, was the distinctive feature of the ministry of Christ, as proclaimed by John the Baptist. So valuable was this gift of the Holy Ghost that our Lord said it was expedient that He Himself should depart in order that the Comforter might come. The coming of the Holy Ghost was at once the sign and the result of His own ascension and glorification. The Acts of the Apostles may be regarded as the very gospel of the Holy Ghost, for it is the glowing narrative of His power and presence in the Church. The Apostolic Church was recognised as being the Temple of the Holy Ghost. Through the acknowledged influence of the Spirit were the varied ministries of the Church appointed, and the apostles were sent forth to one country and forbidden of the Holy Ghost to enter another. The graces and gifts of the Spirit were the visible adornment of all believers. The all-conquering force, the sanctity and enthusiasm which possessed these men and women, and made them mighty to the pulling down of strongholds, proceeded from the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. This was "the unspeakable gift" for which they rendered continual thanksgiving. The gospel which was preached was effectual because it was preached "with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven," and "in demonstration of the Spirit and in power." When we thus touch, however

briefly, on some of the salient features of the New Testament dispensation, we must acknowledge that the abiding presence and influence of the Holy Ghost were recognised, honoured, and depended upon in an infinitely greater degree than we find them in the Church of the present day. The confession, "I believe in the Holy Ghost," which has frequently such little practical meaning for us, was then a central and vitalising truth. It inspired faith, hope, courage, and was the rich treasury from which the believers were furnished with all good thoughts, words, and works.

So great is the contrast between the faith of the early and modern Church that many Christian people now scarcely believe that as the Father is a Person and the Son is a Person so the Holy Ghost is a Person. There are, indeed, many passages in Scripture where the phrase, "Spirit" or "Spirit of God," signifies little more than an element of character. As we speak of the spirit of meekness or the spirit of freedom or of science, so in such cases the term "Spirit of God" or "Spirit of Christ" may be justly interpreted as meaning the character of God or of Christ as reflected in the human soul. There are also many metaphorical passages in which the spirit of wisdom is pictured as "crying aloud," and as "being from everlasting," or where love is set forth as acting or suffering, rejoicing or sorrowing. And founding on such usages some persons practically deny the personality of the Holy Ghost, and understand by the Spirit of God or of Christ no more than the influences of the divine character in man.

But we cannot read the New Testament or study the history of the Church of God without feeling that this is a most dangerous misunderstanding. There we find the Holy Ghost set forth, not as an effect but as an agent, not as kind of character, but as He Who produces the character. So markedly is this the case that mistake seems impossible. It was thus that in the most solemn hour of His life, during His last words to His disciples, Christ spoke not of spiritual qualities, but of One whom He would send from the Father; Who was to receive from Christ and give to them; Who was to abide with them; Who was to be a convincer, not a conviction; a quickener, and not a life. So was it that we find His promise historically ful-

filled. The works and teaching of Christ's life were all completed when the disciples met in the upper room in Jerusalem on the morning of Pentecost. Whatever moral influence His truth or His life might of themselves convey, was already present. Yet for many days subsequent to the ascension of Christ the disciples waited without either preaching or labouring. The world required the proclamation of the good news. Why did they remain idle? They had all the information they required, and yet not one of them broke the silence which had been imposed on them. They were tarrying for the promised outpouring of the Holy Ghost; and as if for ever to confound the error of those who might deny His distinct agency and personality, suddenly He came, and eye and ear and spiritual changes of the most graphic and decided nature witnessed to the power of this living and divine Agent. It came, like the rushing of a mighty wind, loud and strong, while no tempest blew, till the room was filled with sound, and then the eye beheld the visible image of His presence on every disciple, and lo! all of them were changed men. Here was surely more than the waking of a new affection. It was the presence and power of Him who is the Lord and Giver of light, life, and conviction.

We are also possessed of evidence which is earlier than any gospel or epistle. The Sacrament of Baptism is older than either, and the Formula of Baptism which has come from the lips of Christ, and has been in use probably since Pentecost, so conjoins the Holy Ghost with the Father and Son, that into Him as into the Father and Son, every believer is baptized.

We cannot enlarge further on the grounds on which our faith in the personality of the Holy Ghost rests. We but touch on the evidence in order to enforce the practical conclusion that we should pray for the Holy Ghost, realise more constantly His presence and power in the Church, and rejoice in the infinite possibilities of all victory and sanctity for ourselves and for all men, of which His presence is the pledge.

AUGUST 10TH.

Read Joel ii. 28, to end, Acts i. 1-14.

We touched last Lord's Day on the question of the personality of the Holy Ghost, and alluded to the marvellous occurrence at Pentecost, when the disciples received "the unspeakable gift" which had been pro-

mised by Christ. "Ye shall receive power." He promised, not new truth or new information, but such power as would give life, light, and sanctity, with all the consequent energy and influence which marked the change from what the disciples had been before Pentecost, as mere scholars and timid followers, into what they became afterwards, as the heroic apostles of the faith.

They had previously possessed all that we might have thought necessary for their mission. They had been with Christ during His whole ministry. Their ears had listened to His parables, and had caught each accent, as truth after truth fell freshly from His lips. Their eyes had beheld Him in many scenes of humiliation and of glory. They had seen "His agony and bloody sweat, His Cross and passion." They had been witnesses of His resurrection and ascension. They had learned from His own lips the meaning of His sufferings, for had not their "hearts burned within them as He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself?" They had been the subjects of His personal training. He had checked the fiery zeal of St. James and St. John, had taught the rash St. Peter his own weakness, and had delivered the hesitating St. Thomas from his doubts. What did they require more? They believed in Christ, they loved Christ, and were intimately acquainted with all the facts and doctrines of His life, death, and resurrection. What lacked they yet?

They needed *power*. The comparison has more than once been made to the change which takes place when the spark of fire develops the power that thunders from the gun. The black powder seems harmless as common dust, and the iron cannon and bolt of steel are in themselves silent and cold. But the touch of fire develops that mysterious element we call "power," so that earth and heaven are shaken by its discharge. So, too, was it at Pentecost. All the materials were there prepared, the work of Christ was finished, and the truth, and the men to proclaim the truth, were ready. But it required the baptism of fire to develop power, and to change these weak men into the impassioned and victorious evangelists who were to convert the world. Whatever marvellous signs may have accompanied that outpouring of the Spirit, whatever exceptional gifts, like those of speaking with tongues or the working of miracles, may have been vouchsafed, yet the central and characteristic endowment was spiritual power—embracing the life, conviction, night, and enthusiasm which trans-

formed the believers into conquerors of the world.

And it is this gift of spiritual power through the Holy Ghost that the Church requires now above all other gifts. It is not so much increased instruction that is needed as new life; not new dogmas, but deeper conviction. No Church system can itself supply our wants. We have been long enough engaged in disputes as to the best ecclesiastical machinery or the most authoritative form of government and of worship. These disputes have helped us but little in the strife against the evil of the world and of our own hearts. When all is done that dogma or ecclesiasticism can of themselves accomplish we are made only the more conscious of the need of what no external arrangements can secure—the power of the Holy Ghost, to flash conviction, to inspire devotion, to elevate and sanctify the aims, and to give us living men who shall be witnesses everywhere for the love and self-sacrifice of their Lord. It is this gift of power which we also need chiefly for our own hearts, so that the good seed which has been sown there since childhood may take root and grow, and that convictions which are now feeble may become all-mastering. Christian service can be a joy only when it is the effect of a love that has been vitalised into supremacy over the lower affections and passions.

And if the gift of the Spirit is our great need, so is the power of the Holy Ghost our great hope. When all seems cold, dead, and ineffectual; when much seems doing and but little accomplished; when Churches appear moving in an orbit which touches not the actual wants and sufferings of society; when missionary progress looks slow and hesitating; then how good is it simply to look up to God and to pray for the Holy Ghost. What happened at Pentecost can be repeated even now, and through the inspiration of divine life a new era may dawn on the world. The breath of life which changes barren winter into spring, and thrills all nature with a pulse of fruitful energy, is but a type of that higher life which He promises to bestow on them who seek Him. It is well that we should be taught our own weakness if it leads us the more completely to wait upon Him who is the Giver of all life and power and victory.

AUGUST 17TH.

Read Psalm xxvii., and 1 Cor. ii.

It is the office of the Holy Spirit to impart spiritual life. We are all familiar with the

manner in which our Lord describes this as a new birth, or a being "born from above." This new life brings with it admission into a range of higher affinities and interests than belong to the natural life of man. Our Lord distinguishes the natural and spiritual when He says, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit." And St. Paul lays such emphasis on it that he draws a striking parallel. For even as the lower animals are excluded by their nature from entering into the kingdom of human interest, with its intellectual and moral enjoyments, and must possess the nature of man before they can understand "the things of a man;" so he asserts there is no entrance into the kingdom of God except through the Spirit of God. It was thus that Christ met the question of Nicodemus. The kingdom of God was there incarnated in what Christ was. But to enter into that mind of Christ, so as to understand His glory, Nicodemus must share the life of Christ. He must be "born from above."

The teaching of Scripture on this subject is consistent and unhesitating. The higher life cannot be attained by any culture of the natural life, or evolved out of merely human elements. It is imparted, not developed. As all physical life is derived from life, so the life of God cannot be produced from the natural life of man. It is "from above."

Our own experience may teach us the same truth. For if to enter the kingdom of God is to come under the influence of "the things of God," to appreciate their glory and share their power; if it is to see sin in some degree as God sees it; to love as He loves; and, in short, to be in fellowship with His mind, then no one who knows society will for a moment assert that this is common or natural. A brief acquaintance with human beings will satisfy the most sceptical that while every man ought to be in sympathy with the right, and to love and obey God, very few are convinced either of sin or of righteousness. "We ought to love the highest when we see it," but we do not love God. And when we turn our examination in upon ourselves we find further confirmation of what Scripture declares. We cannot by any effort of will reach the life of love and holiness as it is in Christ. If any one doubts this, the best proof will be discovered in making a practical attempt. To all such I would reply, "Try it. Try to love God with all your heart, and your neighbour as yourself, and to attain to that ideal which was in

Christ!" The endeavour will teach you as nothing else can, your need of that mysterious gift of life.

I will not, however, enlarge on this doctrine I would rather seek to remove some misunderstandings regarding it.

There is a way, not uncommon, of representing this truth, which makes it repulsive, invests it with terror, and is often associated with much fanaticism. The glorious saying of Christ, "Ye must be born from above," instead of being regarded as the very hope of humanity, is then degraded into a threat, and made even an instrument of despair. The infinite good-will of God is converted into a shocking and arbitrary fatalism.

(1.) There are those who so teach this doctrine as to destroy human responsibility—leading to the objection that if this life is the gift of God no one can be blamed for not possessing it. To this it may be replied, that while mystery surrounds the beginning of all life, and while there is a sense in which in every instance, physical as well as moral, life may be regarded as the gift of God, yet there are conditions on which it depends both for its commencement and growth, which are within our power. The farmer who casts seed into the ground has no power to quicken that seed. He but submits the seed to the conditions under which God's law promises to bestow life, and leaves it there. The husbandman who grafts the branch into the tree conforms to the conditions necessary for the reproduction of life in a new form. It is similar in things spiritual. We can never get spiritual life by arguing or thinking about it. But in this, as in the instances quoted, we must be "fellow-workers together with God." So it was that when Nicodemus asked Christ, "How can these things be?" He did not proceed to a disquisition on regeneration, but preached the gospel of God's love. In other words, He brought Nicodemus under those influences through which spiritual life is imparted. It is parallel to that other statement, "To them that received Him, to them gave He power to become sons of God." We must get into the right soil, be willing to come out of the darkness into the light, and yield ourselves to the love and grace of God. These are the conditions of spiritual life and growth. There never yet was an instance of a man being condemned for not having life, who was willing to receive that life. For God is far more anxious to bless us than we are to be blessed. His spirit is daily striving with us. But "this is the condemnation, that

light is come into the world, and men love darkness rather than light because their deeds are evil." "Ye will not come unto me, that ye might have life."

(2.) We must also separate this truth from the fanatical use made of it by those who insist on every regenerate person knowing the day or hour when they were changed, or who require that a certain experience be passed through before true life can be reached. This is foolish. A man may be conscious that he is alive, though he cannot tell either the date or manner of his birth. And the one question of importance is, whether we are alive or dead to the love and claims of God. If I have a firm belief in the reality of sudden conversion, I have as firm a belief in spiritual life being in many cases imperceptible in its commencement. Christian baptism is a witness to this.

(3.) Others object to the whole doctrine of regeneration as casting dishonour on human nature. No doubt there have been those who have indulged in most exaggerated and false representations of the "natural man," founded generally on a misuse of some of St. Paul's arguments. We must recognise every good gift of human love and genius as from God. But it appears to me that the most encouraging of all statements and the most ennobling hope of humanity is that word of Christ, "Ye must be born from above." It would be a lowering of our humanity had He said, "God has no higher purpose for you than that you should remain as you are. Your destiny can never go beyond the culture of your present powers. Be happy, and congratulate yourselves on the high platform of intelligence you have reached!" It seems surely to be infinitely more hopeful and a greater honouring of humanity to say, "You must share the very life of God, and advance for ever in likeness to the All-Holy One. I insist on your becoming like myself, and entering into fellowship with the Divine." A boundless possibility of growth is thus opened up when God is made the "all in all" of our future. And we must remember that the "must be" from the lips of Christ includes a "may be" to every man. He would not reveal the law except it were possible to obey it. For every command of God is practically a promise. And when He says, "Ye must be born again," He implicitly assumes that one and all of those for whom He died may be "born from above," and share for ever the life of the spirits of the just made perfect, yea, the very life of Christ.

AUGUST 24TH.

Read Isaiah vi., and 1 Peter i. 13, to end.

The result of spiritual life and light upon character is holiness. Holiness is more than morality. Every holy man is moral, but the moral man is not necessarily a holy man. There is implied in holiness the knowledge and love of God, and thereby conformity to what God is. The seraphim who cry, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!" are filled with adoring wonder as they gaze on the glory of Him with Whom there is no darkness. Through that adoring gaze they themselves become holy; and all creatures who spiritually apprehend what God is, and enter into fellowship with Him, rise into a higher range than is embraced by the term morality. They become God-like. And so it is that the measure of spiritual attainment is Divine perfection. "Be ye holy, for I am holy." "Be ye perfect, as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

Holiness is thus the great end and purpose of redemption, for it is the restoration of man to God.

That is a narrow and ignorant representation of the truth which regards holiness as being merely an evidence of our justification. It is rather the very purpose of justification. Mental and bodily activity are undoubtedly a sign of life, but they are worth more than that. They are of the nature of life. And this reducing of holiness to an evidence of salvation is one of those evil fruits of that selfish theology which makes personal security the chief blessing of religion. True religion, like sound health, should make us forget self and the signs and symptoms of our being spiritually alive. Holiness, as springing from the love of God and conformity to His character, must be always more occupied with God than with its own feelings about Him.

And it is our spiritual blindness which prevents us seeing the grandeur of the divine purpose that is involved in the statement, "This is the will of God, even your sanctification." When we consider it thoughtfully we shall perceive that if holiness is the very glory of God, then the most loving purpose of God towards humanity is that we should become like Himself. When we gaze on the material world we discover nothing which is not perfect, according to its place and order. The starry heavens in their majestic obedience to law; the lily of the field more splendid than Solomon; every season fulfilling its functions; every organism

in its marvellous mechanism—all are perfect of their kind. Can we then imagine that the will of God in reference to the greatest of all His creatures should be imperfection? Is it possible that while order reigns in the physical universe, it should be God's will that confusion should be the destiny of the moral world? We should therefore rejoice in finding that not only is perfection put before us in Scripture, but that the standard which is set forth for man as redeemed in Christ, is God Himself. We may say it with all reverence that it is like Him whose name is love, to insist on nothing less than that we should be like Himself, holy as He is holy. And there is something, also, indicative of the greatness of man in the possible fulfilment of such a purpose. For while all material things attain their perfection in unconscious obedience to laws that have been imposed from without, it is not so with man. An appeal is made to his will, and the end involved in his sanctification is the free choice of the good for its own sake, and the sharing of the very thoughts and joy of Him who is the Alpha and Omega of all perfection.

But the very greatness of such a destiny may seem discouraging to us who are conscious of nothing but imperfection! Such ends may well appear too high for their attainment by men encompassed as we are by failure and weakness. We must not, however, forget that there are degrees of perfection; and that while we shall never reach that height of divine glory which must for all eternity be the subject of our aspiration, that yet there is such a thing as perfect seeking as well as perfect achievement. There is a perfection for the germ as well as for the mature tree, for the bud as well as for the fruit. Between the dead and the living there is a difference of kind; but, between childhood and age there is but a difference of growth. There may be a perfect meeting of the mind of God in the first cry, "Have mercy upon me, a sinner," as well as in the triumphant note of victory, "I have finished my course." St. Paul says, "as many of you as be perfect be of this mind," when he had been describing how, although "he had not attained nor was already perfect," that one thing he did, "leaving the things that are behind," he pressed towards the mark. And St. John could say, "Now are we the sons of God," although he was compelled to add, "it doth not yet appear what we shall be."

And we may derive encouragement from

realising that "it is the will of God" that we should be holy. For then in all our desires after better things and in all our struggles against evil we are in harmony with His will. We are on His side, as it were, and He is on ours. We may, therefore, have confidence that He who thus wills our good is able to sustain us in our endeavour after its attainment.

AUGUST 31ST.

Read Joshua i. 1-3, and Philipians iii. 7-15.

To those who deal merely with the letter of the New Testament, without actually living the Christian life, there must often appear considerable confusion, if not contradiction of statement. At one time we are represented as saved by faith without works, and again told that faith without works is dead; now it is as if we could do nothing, and again as if all depended on ourselves; now it would appear as if we were already saved, again as if we had to work out our own salvation. But in real life both aspects of these different truths are harmonized.

Any one accustomed to the language of grace might meet St. Paul's exhortation to "work out our own salvation" with the assertion that salvation has been already finished in Christ. And in one sense it has, for in His life and death we have the ground and substance of salvation. In Him we have complete forgiveness, and in His mind and spirit we have that kind of life in the attaining of which lies life eternal. Nothing can be added by us to either of these. And yet it is equally true that we have to "work out our own salvation." For he who apprehends the grace of Christ finds that it is but the first touching of the "unsearchable riches" which must become his. He is like the Israelites who, when they had gained the Land of Promise, had yet "to arise and possess themselves of it in its length and breadth." With the liveliest apprehension of the glory and fulness of Christ there must also come the lowliest sense of personal imperfection, and the necessity for anxiety and watchful progress.

But St. Paul does more than exhort us to work out our own salvation. He gives us a reason for our doing so, which apparently runs counter to the idea of it being our work at all when he tells us that it is "God that worketh in us to will and to do of His good pleasure." He speaks very boldly, there is no fine fencing of the case as between God's

sovereignty and the freedom of man's will. While one school of theology would put emphasis on the one clause which speaks of God, and another school on the clause which speaks of man, St. Paul unites them both, making the power of God the very reason for the earnest acting of man.

(1.) He thus gives us a lesson in humility, inculcating that sense of dependence which is the true source of strength. "When I am weak, then am I strong," was his own experience. When he was most cast upon God he gained his greatest triumph. Self-will he found weakness, while in the obedience which follows rather than leads he discovered guidance to duty and power to fulfil it.

(2.) He also gives us infinite encouragement amid many perplexities. There are two spheres of Christian duty—an inner and an outer. The one refers to will, the other to action, and the former is more difficult than the latter. "To do" is comparatively easy. We can "give our goods to feed the poor, and our body to be burned," and yet may all the while be conscious of the contrast between the external act and that inner world of motive which we cannot by any volition bring into harmony with the love and will of God. The hardest of all questions is how this unseen world of personal feeling is to be put right. Now, St. Paul meets this difficulty when he tells us that God works in us to will aright as well as to act aright, and that we need not therefore be discouraged as if everything lay upon ourselves alone. And when he adds that God does this of "His good pleasure," he does not mean caprice. There can be nothing arbitrary with God, who is the author of law and order. It is not as if it were said, "Work as you may, it will only come to be in the end as it was first ordained of God," thus making us mere things instead of voluntary beings. Quite otherwise is the encouraging truth here given us. For it is God's good pleasure that we should be saved—and it is His desire to "perfect that which concerns us." Everything is thus put on a firm foundation. For no command could be more disheartening than to be told to work out our salvation for ourselves. All is changed when we know that God works in us and with us. It is with the knowledge that God works with him that the husbandman casts his seed into the ground and waits with confidence for the harvest. And it is not as being alone but as fellow-workers together with God, that we can give ourselves to the

greater task of our own salvation, and feel strong even when facing the terrible problems of our inner life, when we are assured that it is His good pleasure to work in us to

will as well as to do. We may thus possess the right motives for which we long, while we fulfil the outward actions to which duty directs us.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

By SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAP. XXV.—LADY THWAITE'S LAST PRANK.

SPRING had come, with violets and fadills adorning the anniversary of the time when Sir William Thwaite had taken possession of Whitehills.

Iris Compton had been spending the morning with Lucy Acton at the Rectory, had remained to luncheon, and was walking back alone to Lambford. She had always been fond of country walks, like most healthy, happy English girls, but after she had grown up Lady Fernor laid certain restrictions on her grand-daughter. Unless she had Lucy Acton or some other companion with her, Iris must be content to confine her expeditions to the park, or the Lambford woods, or the home farm.

Latterly Iris had been only too willing to comply with the obligation. The truth was she had an almost morbid terror of meeting Sir William or Lady Thwaite, as she heard of them now, when they had become the scandal of the parish. "I should feel as if I must die of shame if I saw him as they say he is often to be seen now. And what if she were to come up and speak to me? I could not refuse to answer, and what should I say?"

This day showed an exception to Iris's usual habits, for Lucy Acton had been unexpectedly prevented from bearing her friend company on the road between the Rectory and Lambford. However, the way did not lead past any of the Whitehills gates, and the afternoon was perhaps the least likely time for awkward encounters. Still Iris quickened her pace in the slight spring mist which was beginning to descend upon the pastures, with their daisies and marsh-marigolds, their colts and lambs. But though the mist might strike human beings as lending a touch of dimness and sadness to the spring landscape, it did not so much as subdue the larks carolling in the hazy air, or the rooks hovering over the equally hazy earth.

Iris started a little, scolding herself for her folly, when she saw a man's figure turn the

corner of the hedge-row—on which, as in autumn, thousands of floating gossamers were softening the sharp outlines of the boughs. The man was walking steadily along on his proper business, no doubt. He was a biggish fellow, young and active by his gait, carrying nothing save a whip in the hand, with which he was carelessly cutting at the hedge. As he drew near Iris, she recognised that he was a groom from some of the neighbouring country houses, apparently going an errand on foot.

Iris did not look at the man again till he left the footpath to make way for her. Then some intangible peculiarity in the air and gait of the young man in buskins, with the dark frock-coat and the cockade on his hat, caused her to look up suddenly in his face, while her heart began to throb violently.

The man was seeking to push past Iris, while at the same time he pulled out a handkerchief, and buried his face in it, as if in preparation for a sneeze or cough. The movement did not conceal the poppy-red which rose and burnt through the brown skin of the cheeks up to the rim of the hat, or stifle a noise of sobbing, or giggling, or both, that had become audible.

Iris had not a moment left to think that one of the meetings she dreaded had come to pass, but so oddly and incomprehensibly that natural instinct got the victory. She caught the retreating figure by the arm and clutched it. If the person thus stopped had exerted any force, the interruption could have easily been brought to an end; but something stayed the strong, rough arm, and after the slightest struggle its owner stood motionless, while Iris cried out in her trouble, "Honor! Lady Thwaite! why are you in this absurd dress? What are you going to do? Surely this is the height of indiscretion."

"What do it matter to you how I dress, Miss Compton?" Honor tried to answer with hard defiance. "You ain't a friend of mine. You would not own me or come nigh me. What does it signify to you whether I'm mad or not? Let me go."



"Surely this is the height of indiscretion."

"No; since we have met, not till you tell me where you are going in this outrageous guise; whether Sir William—your husband knows," gasped Iris.

"What business have you or any other woman to come 'atween me and my husband? to seek to know our affairs? No, miss, I'm obliged to you for desiring to satisfy your curiosity, but if you don't take off your hand I'll be forced to free myself, and I don't want to hurt you."

"I know you don't," said Iris, pressing close to the desperate woman, instead of drawing away from her. "You were fond of me, long ago. We were both fond of each other, if we had been suffered to grow up

friends. You came to me with your little presents—I was thinking of one last night, bunches of dry sea-grapes, that I might put them into my fire and hear them go off like a succession of small shots—don't you remember? They were all given for such a little service. I, a child, was amazed at your generosity. Oh! Lady Thwaite, it is not curiosity; it is not even a spirit of interference; but, indeed, you don't know, you can't guess, what people will think and say if they see you like this."

"I don't care what they say; let 'em. I am sorry—a little—that you should think bad of me, but for the rest of the world they may think and say what they please," said

Honor scornfully, in spite of a little softening to begin with, as she switched the hedge with the whip in her disengaged hand.

"But Sir William will care. Men—the best of them—cannot stand harm said of the women who are near and dear to them," pleaded Iris.

"You seem to know," said Lady Thwaite, taking refuge in insolence, and tossing her head till she had nearly lost her chimney-pot hat. "But I've always said I ain't any man's slave, and what is more, I ain't going to be. I don't believe he minds; and what right have he to meddle when I don't set eyes upon him for nigh a week at a time, because he is living in one ale-house or another, sitting swilling ale or brandy with all the low raff he can find to drink with him at his expense, making a sot of hisself worse than a brute beast? What do you think of that, Miss Compton, in a man as boasted of your acquaintance once on a day?"

"I think it is the saddest, most terrible story I have ever known," said Iris, with a shudder and eyes full of grief and horror. "But will it mend the wrong for you to be so reckless?"

"I ain't doing anything so far amiss," asserted Lady Thwaite sullenly; "I have only helped myself to Bill Rogers's best suit for a change and a bit of a lark in my dull life. Being a lady—even when a woman can do as she likes, and ain't yoked to a gentleman, or bothered by gentlefolks' notice—don't turn out the fun it promised. Life at Hawley Scrub were a deal livelier and fuller of things happening. Bill won't heed my making free with his clothes—even his best groom's suit; he ain't an unfriendly chap, except that he's stuck up with solemn notions of duty, and full of starch of manners, and nonsense. If it had been anybody save you, miss, I would have challenged him or her to deny that I set off a groom's livery," insisted Lady Thwaite, with a jaunty pose of her fine figure and handsome face. "I'm cock-sure you never would have knowed me from a man, if summat had not possessed you to stare right into my face. It ain't the first time I've guised in men's clothes, though I did it for a purpose then, and I did not try it on in broad daylight before. Women has done it sometimes, Miss Compton, you know, and run off to sea or to the wars before the trick was discovered; but there ain't no such luck in store for me, and this ain't the right rig, or a very good fit neither. Bill ain't my build, I'm nearer Will's."

She stopped abruptly. She had been run-

ning on in flippan't chatter, while Iris stood looking at her in piteous wonder. Now when the truant turned her head aside, Iris spoke again still more firmly. "I believe you are wearing this coat to-day for a purpose, Lady Thwaite. It cannot be a good purpose. I beseech you to stop before it is too late."

"There ain't no use in stopping," said Honor doggedly. "You cannot prevent me doing my will. But I'll tell you the truth of my own accord, since you seem to care what becomes of me, which others as might, don't no longer. He's been at home and asleep all the morning, and he'll get up as cross as a bear afore he goes off again. But I've stole a march upon him," with a shade of triumph and cunning in her tone. "He forgot hisself the last time we had words—which were no farther gone than late last night, and swore he would lock me up if I went near Guild's folk again. It were Satan reproving sin, after the company he has been keeping. I will see every Guild—man and woman if I like, for the sake of one as bore the name and worshipped the ground I trod on, instead of taking me up and casting me down, and being ashamed of me like a stuck-up fine gentleman, for all he pretended to be one of the people. I was afraid he might be about by this time and see me from his winder, or the terrace, and give chase, and demean hisself to lift his hand to a woman, though I don't take no pride in belonging to the weaker sex. I ain't entitled to. I'm as strong as most men, but Will is more than my match. So I borrowed Bill's toggery without leave, and now I am bound either for Guild's cottage, where they'll take me in however I like to come, and make me as bad as theirselves I dare say—but they will not look down on me; or maybe I'll go to Hawley Scrub, as the fancy takes me. I were always a fanciful lass, if you'll believe me. Father's from home over at Birkett; but the pond's there where Will and me first set eyes on each other, after I had drawed him out. It will take me in too, never fear, and make no words about it, and there will be none to pull me out. What do you say to that, Miss Compton?" with a more desperate gleam in her grey eyes.

"I say 'never,' Honor," cried Iris, tightening her clasp on the woman with the heaving breast under the man's coat. "What! you have still some feeling for your husband, I believe you love him in your inmost soul, and you would lay *that* on him—his and your shame, with a separation worse than if you

were dead? Or you would fling your death at his door and bring the crime of murder to sit on his pillow. I would rather suffer the cruellest injury, I would sooner die a thousand innocent deaths in obedience to God's summons, than rush into His presence uncalled for and unprepared. Oh! woman, how could you think for an instant of doing such wrong?"

Honor flinched at the cry, her flashing eyes fell, her hand shook, she writhed uneasily in Iris's hold. "Don't be so hard on me, Miss Compton," she protested; "I ain't given to thinking. I was wild with him and myself, and I just did the first thing that came into my head. But I didn't mean to hurt him like that. What can I do? It is past help now," she said with returning recklessness. "I'll go my ways where nobody will ever find me, and nobody will know whether I'm dead or alive, and, what's more, nobody will care, unless it may be father, in a sort."

"That is not true," said Iris. "I should care; Sir William would care most of all. He did care for you and chose you and went out of his place to marry you. I need not fear to offend you by saying it, for everybody knows it, you among the rest, and it should soften instead of hardening your heart, and make you proud instead of angry. I dare say you have tried him, though you might not always know it or mean it, and he has tried you. But though there is strife between you and miserable wrong and trouble, there is not the worst so that neither can forgive and forget—so that you may not go back to him and both think better of it and be happy yet," pleaded Iris, with the great tenderness and charity which have in them something of the divine.

Lady Thwaite's heart melted in its perversity, and it was with a groan she said, flinging down the whip and striking her hands together, "I can't—I can't. Happiness ain't for him and me. I daren't face him like this; he's mad now when he's roused. I put on Bill Rogers's clothes half for a lark, half to finish our misery somehow. You do be good and kind, but I have seen how you looked when you knowed me. You belong to the gentlefolks, and Will is part gentleman in spite of hisself. I can tell now how he'll take it. I'll not witness his hate and disgust—that is what it has come to—neither will I ax him to forgive me; it ain't in me. I can't go back."

"Yes, you can; for his sake if not for your own. It is his and your last chance; I am sure of it. I will go back with you. I am

not frightened for his anger. We are not far from Whitehills, and I shall still get home to Lambford without keeping grandmamma waiting."

The brave soul made a hasty little practical calculation, which was by no means uncalled for.

Lady Thwaite was still more shaken in her mind by Miss Compton's magnanimous offer. Little as Honor knew, she was sensible, not only that Iris Compton was in the deepest earnest, but that she must feel convinced the fate, for life and death, of two of her fellow mortals hung in the balance, before she made the proposal.

"It would make a sight of difference," Honor allowed hesitatingly, "if the likes of you showed you didn't mind being seen with me, in what was either a poor bit of a frolic, or a fit of moon-struck madness, I can't rightly tell which it were myself. If you did me the honour—I know it is an honour, though I ben't mannerly—of bearing me company, and calling at Whitehills, he might change his tune, for I know he thought a deal of you, though you gave him the sack—served him right," exclaimed Honor hotly. "What call had he to even hisself to you, who weren't his price at no hand? He were like me and my folk—he could tell that when he came to his senses; and he never let your name pass his lips save once after he drew up with me. But it do seem mean like to let you, as is a real lady, lower yourself for them that ain't worth it."

Lady Thwaite still hung back, her better nature reasserting itself.

"Never mind me; I am not lowering myself; and you are worth—every human creature is worth, oh! how infinitely more in God's sight!" urged Iris, fearing the loss of the advantage she had gained. "Come, Lady Thwaite," she went on, as if she were impatient to go, "we have no time to spare. You can understand that I must not keep Lady Fermor waiting dinner."

"And you are in a mighty haste in case anybody should come along the road and light on we two, and me in a man's clothes," said Lady Thwaite a little sarcastically, even while she turned and walked with a curious mixture of affront, humility, and pettishness beside Iris.

"I confess I am," said Iris frankly; and her candour was another point in favour of her suit.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, miss," said Lady Thwaite more briskly, when they had gone a little way. "If my master ain't about,

we'll go round by one of them side doors, or by one of them ground-floor winders, as is often left open handy, and I'll slip in, and nobody will be the wiser. If Bill have missed his best clothes, he won't peach on me, I know, and I'll promise you afore we part, Miss Compton, I'll not go a-larking no more. I'll try, as sure as death I'll try, to stay more at home, though a great empty house, and a man brought home like a log or a bull of Bashan, ain't much of an inducement to keep house, which I weren't used to, and didn't pretend to; and he knowed it before he married me. But I'll not provoke him more than I can help, and maybe he'll grow steadier with the summer, and the fishing, and the shooting season all coming on."

"I hope it with all my heart," said Iris fervently; but she stopped short at the same time, and stood with her fine little head held up. "If I go with you, Lady Thwaite, you shan't steal into your husband's house, by a back door or an open window, like a thief or a dog. You'll go in by the principal entrance and the hall, in the most open way; and you'll walk straight to Sir William if he is at home. I shall be at your elbow to bear you out in your tale, or to speak for you, if you won't or can't do it for yourself. It is not much you will have to say. 'I went out on a foolish frolic because I was very unhappy, too unhappy to know well what I was about; but I soon found how silly and wrong I had been. I have come back at once to tell you all about it, if you will listen to me, and to ask you to pardon me, for we all need pardon, erring as we do every hour of our lives.' Surely that is not very hard to say?"

Honor bit her lips, and plucked at the buttons on her coat, but she made no farther opposition.

The strange couple walked quickly in the direction of Whitehills. They were fortunate in meeting few wayfarers; none recognised Lady Thwaite in her masquerade. Of those who guessed Iris's identity nobody was disengaged or sharp enough to think it odd that Miss Compton should walk with a groom behind her. For Honor fell a pace or two back when the first two-legged animal came in sight, and determinedly kept the second rank till they both reached their destination.

CHAPTER XXVI.—BEAUTY AT THE FEET OF THE BEAST.

It was thus that Iris entered the great gates of Whitehills again. She was under too severe a strain, too far carried out of herself, to notice, as Colonel Bell and his companions

had been quick to observe, the gradual but sure growth of dilapidation, of indifference and neglect, which would soon amount to declared war against every manifestation of the orderly and beautiful. In the whole history of Whitehills, stretching back to the Norman invasion, a more apparently ill-matched pair never drew near the manor-house—the slender gentlewoman with the child-like, flower-like face, in her quiet grey serge walking-dress, the vision of whom, including her perfect womanly kindness, had once burst like a revelation on Sir William, and the groom, who looked so odd and incongruous from the moment he drew back and drooped his head with something of a hang-dog air.

The hall door stood open, Iris went in and paused for her companion to take the lead. "You must show the way in your own house, Lady Thwaite."

Thus spurred on, however gently, Honor started forward with a muttered, "As I'm in for it, the sooner it's over the better." She made a dash through a side passage and turned the handle of a closed door. It was that of the comfortless, unhomely room which she had made the living room of herself and her husband.

Iris had no time or power to make comparisons. Yet she received a general impression of the shabbiness and sluttishness of the room, contrasted as it was in the background of her imagination with the spacious width and gentle breeding of the entrance hall, the library, and the drawing-room with its broad and deep lights and shadows, its Sir Joshuas, its Flemish carved chimney-piece.

Sir William was sitting loling and smoking over the unremoved relics of a meal which had been breakfast and dinner in one. His features were swollen and blurred, his fine eyes like burnt-out fires; yet he did not look so much bloated, as ghastly with the fierce pursuit of fiery oblivion and an untimely end. He stared in a puzzled, stupid way at the semblance of Bill Rogers, who was not Bill; but who else he was Sir William could not at the moment tell; and when he looked past the groom and recognised Iris Compton standing there, he started to his feet, pulled the pipe from his mouth and stared wildly, with a recoil like that of a man who sees a visitant from another world and cannot bear the unnatural contact, but is ready to cry as of old, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man."

Then Iris spoke for Lady Thwaite almost word for word as she had dictated, except that she had to say one sentence on her own

behalf, to account for her presence there: "I have come with Lady Thwaite, Sir William; I trust you will forgive the intrusion;" as she spoke she caught Honor again by the sleeve and, letting her hand slip down, clasped in her slim white fingers the brown fist already clenched in swelling mortification and rising wrath.

His brow grew black, as full intelligence returned to him. "Did she—that creature aping a man—dare to ask you to plead for her?" he growled out.

"No, Sir William. I met your wife by chance, I knew her even in that absurd dress and hailed her. She and I were old friends. I begged her to give up a foolish, it might be a fatal, adventure—I offered to go back with her and speak to you. It was all my doing," said Iris steadily.

"Then, Miss Compton," he cried, flinging out his hand as if to part the two, "you are nigh as idiotic as she is. Why don't Lady Fermor take care of you, since you can't look after yourself? Do you know what that woman there has been doing, and what sort she is, when you stand there clasping hands with her? Do you know what this house has grown to? What I am? What I was before I ever saw you? a low dog of a drunken, riotous soldier under sentence of the lash like the brute I was and am."

Iris became as pale as death, but she did not move. It was Lady Thwaite who snatched her hand away and darted forward, crying out, "Will, you shall never belie and shame yourself in my hearing, and I not contradict you, look on me as you may. What although the pig-headed fools wanted to lash you, it was them as were the brutes and not you." She was without her hat, and her abundant hair, which had been tucked up in its crown, had fallen down, her cheeks were flushed, her eyes sparkling, her white teeth showing. She looked no longer like the mockery of a man, but like a beautiful wild Amazon. Before he knew what she was about, she had thrown herself upon his neck and dragged down his collar. "See, Miss Compton, if that ain't the scar of a brave soldier as fought his country's battles, and deserved more from her than he ever got. And there is the mark of a bullet wound in his breast as took a close shave of his lungs, and of another sword-cut across his arm which he had when he was carrying out wounded men under fire. Though the authorities had done what they wanted, and scored his young back with base lashes, I

know you'll never think they could have scored out them honourable marks, as he'll bear to the day of his death."

"Hold off, Honor—shut up, woman; what have you to do with me and my scratches?" said Sir William hoarsely as he shook himself free, but the voice was less strident, the action less violent. There was relenting in his impatience and confusion in his face.

"Yes, I know," said Iris, and though her voice shook the tone was yet clear and sweet. "Whatever you two have come through, or done, however low you have been brought, he has been a gallant soldier, a brave and true man, and you are a generous woman. Oh! then, then, why will you die?" she broke down a little, and in spite of herself the tears began to stream from her eyes, so that she put up her hands to hide them.

"Don't, miss, don't," implored Lady Thwaite.

"For mercy's sake don't, Miss Compton," besought Sir William. "She ought not to have brought you here. She does not always know what she is doing, poor wretch, any more than I do myself. We must get you out of this here at once. Don't cry for the like of us."

"And what though I cried my eyes out?" protested Iris indignantly and despairingly, letting her hands fall from her wet face. "What would it matter? a poor, weak, selfish girl like me? Do you not believe I would do anything—anything in the world, that I would kneel down to you and beg you to suffer yourselves to be saved, if that would do any good? But to think that the wisdom of all the ages has come down to enlighten us, and the blood of the Holiest has been shed to purify us, and we may have God if we will and heaven for the asking, and we will not! We may rise above our dull, miserable selves, and our evil companions and sin-stained dwellings to the home and the company of our Maker and Father and Saviour, and of the angels and all the just and gentle who ever breathed and struggled and conquered before us. But we turn our backs and choose to sink into even deeper defilement, till we perish here, whatever divine pity may do for us yonder. Oh! it is pitiable, terrible! God have mercy on our horrible ingratitude, stubbornness, and unbelief." She stood wringing her hands in the bitterness of her heart, associating herself with her hearers, reproaching herself as if she were the greatest sinner of all.

Lady Thwaite drew aside, touched, tamed, trembling a little as if she were under the in-

fluence of a half-comprehended spell. But Sir William was shaken to the very centre of his moral being. He too stood silent for a few seconds opposite Iris, with his head bent, his arms hanging down and the sweat drops gathering on his forehead. Then he spoke low but distinctly in spite of the thrill and vibration of great agitation.

"Miss Compton, I gave a promise to my sister Jen, the bravest, faithfulest woman that ever lived, save one like her. My sister was but a poor woman who had done for me all my life. She was lying on her dying bed, dying of her last hard fight to serve me. She asked but one favour which I was fain to grant, that I should never again touch the drink which took away my wits. You know what my word has been worth, but if you will take it at its lowest value, I'll give it once more, and God help me to keep it. I am aware of what I am saying and doing, and I know that I have fallen back to the mouth of the pit, that I have raised anew a devil and clothed it with my very flesh so that it can thirst and crave, and madden and sicken me, to loose my grip. But if there is any of the man left in me, if God has not forsaken me utterly, I'll rise and throttle my enemy, thinking of your tears and prayers."

"Think of something a whole earth and heaven higher," she cried; "think of Him on the blood-stained cross, and of the God-Man on the great white throne."

"I was taught the story when I was a little chap by Jen," he said. "I was not bred an ignorant heathen, the more guilt and shame to me. But, Miss Compton, a saint may help a sinner to read between the lines of his Bible and understand his Maker's ways, so the thought of you may help me. As for poor Honor there, she was never a woman given over to drink as I have been. If I led you to think it of her I deceived you unknowingly. My head is in a whirl and I was never a speechifier—not great at words even when my heart was in my mouth. I want you to hear me say before her that I believe I have had little patience with her from the beginning. I am sure I was mortal hard upon her after I took to drink again."

"That's enough, Will, more than enough," cried Honor passionately. "I hate to hear you accusing of yourself—I won't have it—you may do it to me but not to another, and you know I ain't all that I should be myself, I ain't good as gold like her there—every inch of her."

"Then we must clear her out of this the first thing, that will be better than blessing

her for entering our doors," he said, leaving the room.

The moment Iris's errand was done and the strain on her relaxed, though she was convinced she had acted rightly, and felt humbly thankful that she had done it, she began to realise the awkwardness of the situation, standing in that room, beside the strange woman shrinking now in the man's clothes she had borrowed, even without the account to be rendered to Lady Fermor which stared Iris in the face all the time. She was sensible Sir William was right, and that she should be gone.

Lady Thwaite would have asked Iris to take some refreshment, but the hostess did not know how to make the request, at such a time to such a guest. With a quick perception of the difficulty, Iris went to the table, took up a biscuit, and began to eat. "I had luncheon at the Rectory, but I am too late for afternoon tea at home. No, thanks; you must not get fresh tea or coffee for me, Lady Thwaite; this biscuit will do perfectly. I must go at once, to be in time for dinner."

In the meantime the spring mist had so condensed as to be falling down in drizzling rain.

"I don't mind it, I assure you," Iris asserted. "I have an umbrella; I am accustomed to be out in wet weather, and it does not hurt me. We are quite near." She hardly knew what she was saying.

Sir William came back at that moment to tell her he had ordered the carriage, and Bill Rogers would see her home. He did not offer her either his escort or his wife's. When it came to the mention of Bill, whom she had personified, Lady Thwaite had just enough perception to turn scarlet, and make a quick retreat to avoid meeting her double, in her husband's and Miss Compton's presence; or lest any of the other servants should catch a glimpse of her ladyship in her odd garments before their master and the first "real lady" who had crossed the threshold since its mistress came to Whitehills.

Sir William went with Iris to the hall-door. "Miss Compton," he said, "whatever may come of this, it ain't words that can make a fit acknowledgment for what you've sought to do to-day; words are idle. Only God can reward you, though He may well have forsaken me, and He may not listen even when I call down blessings on your head."

"God never forsakes," she said. "A mother may forget her child, but He will not forsake. God bless you and Honor, your wife, Sir William."

He hesitated whether to leave Bill as beyond comparison the worthier of the two men, to put her into the carriage, but she ended the doubt, which she had not guessed, by holding out her hand to Sir William.

She drove away in the clouding-over afternoon, as she had disappeared in the gathering darkness on the first evening that he had heard of her existence—the polar star of his life, which had come so near and yet gone so far from him.

Something of the glory of self-forgetfulness and self-sacrifice was still kindling up Iris's little face, though it blanched visibly every moment before the anticipated encounter with Lady Fermor; something of the glow of that noblest enthusiasm which for the time breaks down social barriers was yet bracing her nerves and warming her heart, when she alighted before the hall-door at Lambford, and stood a moment to thank Bill. "You are William, our little housemaid's brother," she said brightly. "Jenny is a good girl and a good servant, and so I am sure are you. Such servants are beyond price. Let me thank you again, and say how sorry I am for bringing you out and getting you wet."

Bill louted low like an ancient squire. "You have nothing to thank me for, miss," he managed to say. "It would have been a rare pleasure to sit on the box, with such as you inside, though it had been raining cats and dogs, which it is only a spring shower that don't hurt a bit. But if I might make bold and take the liberty, I would thank you, miss, and so would everybody as cares for as good a master as ever lived, and nobody's enemy but his own, to this day; and a mistress that ain't anything like right-down wicious, bless you, only restless and full of jibbing and bolting, because she weren't ever broken in or trained to go in harness. If you will forgive me, miss, for saying so much, since Jenny has told me the kind young lady you are, you may care to hear what a comfort it is to a stupid block as ain't much good, to find the likes of you showing mercy and holding out your hand to his betters."

Iris did not preach what she would not practise. She carried the head that was beginning to ache, and the heart to flutter, and the little white face where they would meet no pity from Lady Fermor.

The old woman, in her shawls and wraps, was already in the dining-room, sitting at the head of the table, though the second dinner-bell had not rung. She had been fuming over Iris's unusually prolonged absence, and had stolen a march upon her in order to con-

vict her of being too late. Lady Fermor was in an additional wrath with the cook for not having the dinner ready before the appointed hour. "Good heavens, child! where have you been?" she demanded angrily. "I thought you had run away, and upon my word you look like it; only," she added cynically, "when the members of our family run away they are not like the lost halfpenny—they never come back again."

"I am very sorry I have made you anxious, grandmamma. I am glad you have not waited for me," began Iris a little breathlessly.

"If you think I was anxious about your white kitten's face you are very much mistaken. I was only anxious for our credit, which, being brittle ware, needs to be carefully handled. No, I have not waited for you; why should I? But where have you been dawdling? Out with it. A lad would have spoken at once, and though he had been at more mischief, at least it would have been in manly scrapes, not wretched girlish trifling and pottering."

"I was at Whitehills."

"At Whitehills! Are you crazy?" cried Lady Fermor incredulously.

"No. I went there with Lady Thwaite."

"Lady Thwaite! What! has she returned? I thought she was still in Rome. And what the dickens did she mean by carrying you there? To cloak her own hypocrisy and greed in going into low company. Of course, I should have forbidden it if anybody had thought it worth while to ask my leave. It was the height of impertinence in Lady Thwaite to take you anywhere without getting my consent. Iris, you are even sillier and more stupid than I could have imagined you. I must bestir myself in my old age and tie you to my apron-string."

"I was not with that Lady Thwaite," said Iris, with dry lips; "not with your Lady Thwaite, Sir John's widow; she has not come home that I know of. I was with Sir William's wife."

"Girl!" exclaimed Lady Fermor, striking the table with her closed hand, and said no more.

"Grandmamma, I could not help it. I met her as I was coming home from the Rectory. I knew her though she was in man's clothes—I am sorry to say—in her groom's clothes. I had to stop her. She admitted two things—she was going to the Guilds—I don't know if you remember them; they are the worst family in the parish, and I had just heard the Actons say that the very worst Guild of all, the man Sir William Thwaite

threatens to bring before the justices, has been boasting in the village that he could get Lady Thwaite to come to him at any place, at any hour, by a wag of his finger, because she was once to have married his brother Hughie, and because she has set herself against her husband. She was either going to the Guilds to compromise herself beyond redemption, or she would have drowned herself in the pond at Hawley Scrub. I could not walk past and let her go on. You know I could not, if it was possible for me to help her. I got her to return home with me, and I think that she and Sir William have made up their quarrel, and may do better yet. He sent the carriage home with me. That is all."

"All! I should say it was," gasped Lady Fermor in one of the furies which were restrained perforce, and were so much more terrible for their restraint, because they contended with the weakness of age, and made her look like a devil-possessed mummy gnashing her teeth, but unable to do more. "How dare you come to me with such a vile story? What had you to do with these people, unless, indeed, you were at the bottom of all this mischief and misery? Like the wilful, insolent chit you were, you drove the fellow to a low barbarian of a wife and to drink. You lost your one chance; you made me the laughing-stock of the neighbourhood, and I bore it without lifting my hand to strike you, or turning you from my doors. As if that were not enough, and too much, for my poor patience, you go and make friends with this creature of the highways and hedges. You are not deterred from meeting her, like the disgrace to her sex that she is, in man's clothes. And where any other girl of your rank who made any pretence to delicacy—to common decency, would have felt shocked, or pretended it, at least, and would have crossed to the other side of the road, and looked in the air or on the ground till the woman passed by, you chose to be hail-fellow well-met with her." Lady Fermor paused for a moment exhausted.

Iris tried to strike in, "I knew her when I was a little girl. It was very foolish and wrong of her to put on men's clothes. I was shocked; but Nanny Hollis once wore her younger brother's clothes, and walked through the village with Maudie. Mr. Hollis was not told, but her mother did nothing save laugh, and you only called Nanny a pickle of a girl," Iris ventured wistfully to remind her grandmother.

"Nanny Hollis was not a married woman, and her brother's clothes were different from

a groom's," said Lady Fermor truly enough in her sternness. "I hope you are not such an utter imbecile as to fail to see that there is one law for a family like the Hollises and another for the scum of the earth. But you didn't rush off and hide your face; you turned and went with the depraved gipsy to the wretched man whom she had inveigled, who had wanted you, whom you had sent to his ruin."

"It was to save her and him from the last sin and misery," urged Iris, forgetting the prohibition to cast pearls before swine. "If I had anything to do with their wretchedness, I was the more bound to aid them."

"Child, I sometimes wonder whether you have been sent to torment me before my time, whether you speak and act simply for the purpose of exasperating me, or whether it is all done out of pure fatuousness of mind. I can tell you that you have enough to do to look after yourself, without inviting all the vagabonds and blackguards in the country to hang on by your skirts. Do you know what the thing that pious puritans and ninnies call 'a good name,' means? Do you know what it is worth in the eyes of the fools and hypocrites of this world? Are you aware that you have come into the world with a smirched shred of a name, in spite of your airs and scruples—though you seem to have cast aside the last of your detestable goody-goodness? Why, the women of your family who lived before you, and were as strong drink to your milk and water, played away your good name before you were born. I have told you it was not to be trifled with, and that it was little I could do for you or your mother before you—so little that, though she was a harmless fool, I was fain to dispose of her to the first scamp, with the show of a good rental, who would take her off my hands."

"Oh! grandmamma, for mercy's sake don't say such things," implored Iris, putting her hands upon her ears.

But the old woman caught the hands and pulled them down. "Ask Tom Mildmay's wife what she thinks of you, and whether she would invite you to pay her a visit *en famille*, though her boys are still in petticoats and her girls in short frocks and pinafores. Was it for such a one—whose name is as shaky as a tottering tree, whose fame has been breathed upon, though she herself may creep about as if she were begging folks' pardon, and getting up good deeds—to go within a mile of Sir William Thwaite, with his raddy beggar wife, and their disreputable house and doings? Mrs. Hollis—even Nanny and Maudie, might

go for their amusement, and laugh themselves out of the adventure. Mrs. Acton and the girl Lucy, or any other clergyman's wife and daughter, might hand in tracts—it is their business—wipe the dust from their feet and nothing be thought or said. But for you, girl! even I can hardly believe that you went from any other motive than a secret hankering after the miserable fellow you thought fit to reject last year. There, that is the bell at last. It ought to have rung half an hour ago, and I'll pay out Fordham and the rest for it. I'm old, and Fermor is a wreck, but I am not come to the pass of being either neglected or bullied by my servants, or, for that matter, by my grand-daughter. You may stay upstairs and have your dinner sent to you. Your company gives me little pleasure at any time, and I am not forced to bear it when you have made it intolerable to me. If starving on bread and water would be likely to do you any good, you may be sure I should try it, but I know to my cost the conceit and self-assurance of young people in this generation, and that if you have not stout stomachs, you have the capacity of mules for sticking to your point. I don't mean to give you the consolation of making yourself a martyr at my expense. Besides, I'm a good grandmother, Miss Compton," with another snarl under an ugly grin, "I don't wish to set servants and people talking of you, so long as I can prevent it, for when all is said and done, I dare say you will go the way of those who came before you. It is in the blood."

With this hideous, scornful prophecy, Iris, too crushed and aghast almost to be sensible of her deliverance, was at liberty to flee from her accuser.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE ANGEL OF DEATH SMITES TWICE.

WHILE Sir William Thwaite was still under the constraining influence of Iris Compton's appeal, a thought struck him. "Why should we not leave this place, my lass?" he said, addressing Honor, while the two sat together, hot with excitement, yet shivering with momentary re-action, physically wretched and uncomfortable, shy, affronted, neither united nor disunited, on the evening of the day that Iris had been to Whitehills. "Why should we not get rid of Whitehills?" He looked round him with more of loathing disgust than sad yearning—the last was for the woods and fields, the blue horizon which had grown familiar to him, the far-reaching, yet often pale, dim sky. "It's little good we've been and done here. We'll go to some new land,

such as I've read of, as rude as its colonists, we'll break it and ourselves in together. We'll hold it against the wild beasts and the wild men, till we've tamed them and ourselves, which is like to be the harder job," he ended with a heavy sigh.

"Oh! shall we, Will?" cried Honor, with the first cry of real joy and eagerness which she had uttered for many a day. "That will be grand—a life worth living. That will be a thousand times better than shooting and hooking harmless beasts and birds and fishes here. I had a notion of the kind when father and I were going to 'Merica—an out-of-the-way bit, I think they called Kansas. But father's nigh done, and young Abe and me, we didn't sort together over well when he was at home. I doubted he would not care for the hills and plains and woods; he would mind a deal more trying his luck at the diggings, or even at the cards which Eastwich folk play in houses like this, and in hovels like ours at Hawley Scrub, you know, Will, from the time the players can hold the pasteboard. But I'll work and dig, and plant and build, as well as shoot with you, and be your fit mate. I can kindle a fire and boil a kettle, and bake and roast, and wash and dry, and rough-darn for you, and you'll want nought else out there. We'll leave books and fine manners behind us."

"So be it," he said, after an instant's pause, while he looked a little drearily into the fire.

"And you'll never more regret them, Will," she pressed him with hungry eyes, "you'll never fret after them, or think it would have been better if you had knowed how to keep still an idle gentleman among fine gentlemen and ladies in England? You might have done it without crossing the seas, without setting your hand to work or going out with your gun to fill the pot and keep you and me from starving."

"It will be for you to keep me from fretting, Honor," he tried to say more lightly, "to make me feel that what is best, to teach me, as I'm sure you will, that I could never do without you," and she was satisfied for the moment.

So it soon came to be roughly understood that Sir William had pulled up sufficiently to decree that the saturnalia should come to an end, so far as the place was concerned, at least. Sir William would have sold Whitehills, had it been in his power; as it was, the house was to be let. He and Lady Thwaite were going away—not to the Continent to retrench, not to German baths to drink mineral waters, not to Monte Carlo to play—but to

the wilds of America, in company with old Abe Smith, where the whole party would doubtless soon sink into the gulphs of oblivion provided for the lower class of sinners. And if the couple did not send home an heir in the course of years, Whitehills would pass into the Court of Chancery, to be stranded there till a fresh sprout, refined or rude, from the family tree of the Thwaites could spring up.

Sir William had severed himself from the squirearchy some time before, so that their interest in him had begun to die out, after the first burst of reprobation, though they still felt a concern for Whitehills, which he was not going to carry away with him. Besides, the attention of the neighbourhood was drawn to another quarter at the time, by the additional news that old Lord Fermor was dying at last. He had been far longer dead to the world than Sir William Thwaite had been, but the peer had this claim, that he had been one of themselves from first to last, and that his career fifty years before had been notably before a greater public—not much to its edification. Neither was it to the edification of Eastham that so many stories of him were revived as he lay on his death-bed, and even found their way into the newspapers again, until poor Iris Compton dreaded to cut one open, and looked fearfully at the first words of every local paragraph. She had a distressed consciousness that her neighbours of every degree pushed certain journals out of sight whenever she happened to come across the papers—in the village post-office, thrown down on a carriage cushion, spread out on a Knotley shop counter.

Lady Fermor had always been her husband's head nurse in his serious attacks of illness, and she continued punctual in her attendance on him till death released her from her post. For the last day and night she never quitted his bedroom. Iris was not permitted to enter, but all who came and went from the semi-darkness and the muffled sounds, into daylight and natural noise, appeared with disturbed or scared faces. Even Soames, in her reticence and composure, broke down a little, and murmured she wondered Lady Fermor could stand it. She did not think she herself could—not though it were for a pension—Soames's one idea of a bribe.

The incident leaked out from other sources that Lord Fermor, who was pronounced unconscious, while he retained his powers of speech had been calling for his wife, with hardly an interval of silence, throughout his

protracted death-struggle. Sometimes he spoke in a voice of piteous entreaty, sometimes of abject terror, sometimes of hoarse reproach, sometimes of sharp summons. But however the tones might vary, there was never an alteration in the name, it was always that of his master spirit, his temptress, the curse of his life.

She kept answering in her loud, bold voice. At first she said, "I'm here, Fermor," as if she would rouse him to the fact of her presence. Then she cried, "I'm coming, I'm coming, Fermor." At last she fell into, "I'll follow, never doubt, I'll follow, Fermor," with a kind of fierce impatience and determination ringing out in reply to the feeble call. When all was still, Lady Fermor came down-stairs with a face almost as pinched and grey as the face in the room above, but making no other sign.

Iris looked at her grandmother with generous, tender longing. Could the stout heart have gone through the awful ordeal without being melted? Would not the aged new-made widow suffer a word of sympathy from one of her last descendants, the sole descendant of him who was gone?

The Rector, who had been waiting in the house, had followed Lady Fermor down-stairs. He advanced and said, "My dear and venerable friend, our dear departed friend has left us full of years," he had almost added "and full of honours," but stopped in time, a little awkwardly. "He has been long spared to us, we must not refuse to give him up, though our human hearts may bleed. We look to you—the greatest sufferer of us all—for an example of fortitude. Dear Lady Fermor, he is not lost but gone before. You must not give way."

She looked at the speaker, with the self-command that had never faltered, and a supercilious expression, as if she were tempted to say, "Don't I know all that already? Can't I tell beforehand what you and your cloth are prepared to whisper into my ear?" But when she opened her mouth it was to make another remark. "When my lord was at his best, he was a man, and not a milk-sop," she said, with emphasis. Then she went on in a lower key, "It would have been better for him to have been taken away before he became a burden to himself and others." With the next breath she observed briskly to her speechless coadjutor, "Come, we have a great deal of business on our hands. I sent last night for Metcalfe," naming the family lawyer. "Has he come or written? Tom Mildmay—I beg his pardon—the present

Lord Fermor, must be telegraphed for. The funeral arrangements ought to be made immediately."

The dowager Lady Fermor gave no thought to rest or seclusion. The world had always ranked with her, if not before, certainly immediately after, the flesh and the devil. The world was of signal importance to her still, and she had been fond of business in her prime. Even in its grimmest aspect, and under the burden of her years, she looked to it for solace and abstraction.

"She must miss and mourn for him in her own way," Iris said to herself slowly. She was not wanted in the busy days which followed. She wandered away by herself, or sat seeking to recall the few kindnesses her grandfather had shown her. With a little hesitation, lest her grandmother should object to the gentle tribute, Iris gathered and arranged the flowers which were to lie on his bed and on his coffin, as the last dutiful service she could render him.

Lady Fermor would not be persuaded to remain away from the funeral. She tottered on Iris's arm by choice from the mourning coach to the church, and then to the mouth of the vault to look down with dry eyes on Lord Fermor's final resting-place, in the niche next to that in which her own worn-out body would soon lie.

At the reading of the will, when Iris was again present with her grandmother, it was found, as most of those interested were previously aware, that by the agreement with Tom Mildmay, Lambford was still secured to Lady Fermor as a residence during the few years she could survive. In addition to her furniture Lord Fermor bequeathed to his widow the remnant of the fortune which was at his disposal, apart from the entailed estates. The bequest was practically unconditional, for the slight mention of his grand-daughter Iris's name, though it was coupled with a recommendation, still left the succession entirely a matter of Lady Fermor's will and pleasure. She had caused it to be written that the testator devised such and such property for her use during her life-time, and on her death for the use of their grand-daughter, Iris Elizabeth Compton, or to be disposed of in any other way which Lady Fermor should see fit.

Iris was thus left dependent on her grandmother. The girl had never conceived of any other disposal of Lord Fermor's means, than that he had executed. Brought up under the sole control of Lady Fermor, accustomed to her precedence in everything,

it appeared but natural and right that to her should continue the sovereign power.

Later in the afternoon of the funeral day, not only the new Lord Fermor but the new dowager continued still closeted with business men lingering over trifles which were pronounced of moment, and which held a fascination both for the heir and his natural enemy with whom he was too prudent a man to quarrel, preferring to maintain towards her his old attitude of cold politeness and armed neutrality. Iris sat alone in the drawing-room amidst the pompous space and tarnished gorgeousness which seemed to mock at the narrow bounds of a coffin and the most glittering tinsel that could deck a coffin lid. She was at the farthest window, to which she most frequently retreated. She was yielding herself up to that sense of the emptiness of the dwelling, and the hollowness of life itself, which is apt to haunt any sensitive imaginative mind, in a household from which its dead has been taken away to be buried out of sight, even when there has been no anguish of spirit in the rending of near ties. Then one of the servants came to her with a message. A lady had been inquiring several times that day at the nearest lodge, which was a short distance from the house. She had been asking for Miss Compton in reference to the possibility of seeing her. The lady was at the lodge now, waiting till Miss Compton should be told.

Iris thought of Lucy and her affectionate sympathy. The lodge-keeper was a stranger, who had taken service at Lambford only the other day. He and his wife might not recognise the Rector's daughter; and no doubt it was from reluctance to intrude at such a time, that even Lucy had not come on to the house.

Iris looked at her watch—there was time enough to spare before the first dinner bell rang, even if Lady Fermor did not eat her dinner, for once, in her dressing-room. She ran up for her hat and jacket and hurried to the lodge. It was a wild windy day, during which showers of hail had repeatedly pelted down the petals of the wild cherry blossom and scattered them about the walks. A blast came scurrying along faster than Iris walked, so that she could only distinguish a tall figure, surely taller than Lucy, standing looking out for her at the lodge-house door. The figure stepped forward to meet Iris. It was not Lucy Acton, it was Lady Thwaite.

Iris felt vexed and troubled. On this day of all days she would least like to annoy Lady Fermor. This was not a time and

place for Lady Thwaite to appear, when Iris could no more invite her up to the house than she could have bidden Sir William attend the recent funeral. It was something, however, that her ladyship was dressed with much greater propriety than on the last occasion when Iris had seen her. In fact, Lady Thwaite was clad more in accordance with the station to which Sir William had raised her, than Iris had yet known her to be. Honor wore a fur-lined travelling cloak wrapped round her to protect her from the driving wind and hail, and she had on a fur cap to match, which sheltered her head and became her. But, after all, the most suitable dress could not do much to qualify an unauthorised and undesirable visit.

"You do not care to see me, Miss Compton," cried Lady Thwaite, speaking first, "but I could not go without one more look at you."

"Are you going so soon?" answered Iris, startled. "I thought you were not to sail till next month, when the season would be more advanced, and you might depend on better weather."

"Father and I are getting too weary," said Lady Thwaite, with a little smile; "besides, one can never tell how many more opportunities there may be. I thought there might be a likelier chance of seeing you this afternoon than later, when other great folks be come to comfort you, and when Lady Fermor is able to take her ride in her carriage again."

"Perhaps," said Iris, doubtfully; then she said more readily, in the goodness of her heart, "It was kind of you to wish to bid me good-bye, and I am sure you will not be offended if I cannot stay long talking to you. You know poor Lord Fermor was only buried this morning, and I must not fret Lady Fermor to-day by being out of the way, should she want me."

"No, to be sure," Honor admitted frankly. "But, my sakes! how tied up you are, and what a little delicate creature—if you will forgive me for saying so—you do look in your black. You are not much above my shoulder if we were to measure, miss."

"I believe it without measuring," said Iris with a faint smile; "more than that, as I am not very little—I am as tall as Miss Acton, for instance—you must be a big woman, big and strong, fit to face and conquer the world."

"Ah! but it was you as faced and conquered me and Will, when I durst not have done it to him, not though he is my master. Now, weren't that strange? a delicate, dainty young

lady as couldn't shoulder or fire a gun, not to save your life, but you could face the wild beastesses which he said him and me were when the drink were in him and the rove on me!"

"It was not I," said Iris; "it was the good that was deep down in your own hearts; it was the spirit of goodness striving with your spirits. If I helped you by a word or a look that is my great reward. Oh! Lady Thwaite, see that good overcomes. Fight and pray for yourself and your husband, and may God bless and prosper you in the land to which you are going."

"That's a kind wish, Miss Compton, and I'm main indebted to you for it and for all that went before it," said Honor less restlessly and flightily, in a more subdued, earnest tone. "Surely I'll do my best, if—if he comes to me of his own free will, if he shows me beyond mistake that there is none as is like me to him, none—not even an angel from heaven as can come between us two." And again, with one of the quick revulsions natural to her moods, the craving for supremacy, the exacting tyranny of a proud and passionate temper flashed from her grey eyes.

"Sir William has gone to you; he has shown you that already," said Iris a little wearily, as she remembered with self-reproach afterwards. "Don't play with your newly-found peace; don't be captious and plague your husband with idle suspicions. I cannot tell—I am speaking from what I imagine and what I have read, but I believe if you would keep a man you must trust him." She was in haste to get back. "Good-bye, Honor; I will not say farewell, for although we shall be far apart, there is no saying but that we may meet again."

Iris did not know how far she would be, in time to come, from this early friend and late claimant on her pity and charity. The girl could not guess under what different conditions the two would meet again, as she hurried home, feeling that on this day she ought not to be abroad, ought not to be engaged in the most innocent unpremeditated interview of which her grandmother would disapprove. It seemed to her as if Honor Thwaite and her husband were melting away from her view, fast sinking beneath the horizon, gone together for their new chance and their united struggle in a fresh country, while she remained forlorn, standing by her colours, facing Lady Fermor and the world.

Under the circumstances, Iris heard nothing from the world without, of Lady Thwaite and Sir William for the next ten days, when

an appalling piece of intelligence startled and shocked her.

On the very morning following Lady Thwaite's visit to Iris, Sir William, to his unbounded surprise, dismay and anger, found his wife's place vacant and herself gone without leave. She had left a letter for him primitively queer in caligraphy, orthography, and syntax generally, still queerer in sense, but eminently characteristic of the wayward woman :—

“DEAR WILL THWAITE,—By the time this retches you and finds you all well, father and me, we will have sailed for 'Merica. We, leastways I, for father did no more than I bid he, 'ave stolen a march on you and are starting in the small 'ours so as train may retch Liverpool in time for us to sale in a himmigrant vessel as is to leve old England a month before the vessell in which you was to take our births. The reson why, Will, is that I wishes to leave you free to make your chice anew. I am sensible as our marrage do not have ansered so far, and I have been a truble and a burden to you—druv you back to the wild curses of your youth. All that may be ended, I hop so, with all my hart for your sake, still more than for my own ; but I 'ave made up my mind, Will Thwaite, you shall not be forced to keep to your bond. If you prefers to stay on at Whitehills without the cumbrance I have been to you, if you would lick to go back to the ranks of the fine laddies and genlemen as you're entitled to walk in, this here is to say you can and welcome. Even though I had not done you enuff harm already, I am not the womman to hold a man against the grain. But, Will, if you do care, the rod is before you as before me. You have not to do, but to come on in the next ship, as us spoke on, and father and me will be awaiting of you at New York. I can take caire of myself, as you know, and father, too, both ; so no more at present, and I am your servant to command or your loving wife as you will.

HONOR THWAITE.”

Sir William Thwaite was not a meek man by nature. Events had left him full of honest compunction and desire to amend his ways, no doubt, but he was also sore, worried, and irritable.

He took great umbrage at this last very inconvenient and unseemly freak of Honor's. He did not distrust her word or even her motive, but her plea of offering him the freedom which was not hers to give, and of

testing his love, did not touch him, as it might have appealed to his heart had there been more of true love than of mere kindness and pity for her there. He fell back on the charge of deceit and falsehood which he had been forced to bring against her from the first. She had promised to do her best, she had been elated and filled with sanguine anticipations of the wilds of Western America, and what had her good intentions and extravagant hopes come to ? He predicted it would be always thus, she would be wrong-headed, perverse and crafty, if not treacherous, to the close of the chapter.

But he would circumvent her, if possible. She was not fit to take care of herself. Abe was no proper protector for his daughter and another man's wife. She had taken away enough money for two steerage berths, which would throw her into company the least capable of restraining and shielding her, while he did not believe she had sufficient means for the maintenance of herself and her father on landing.

Sir William set off, within an hour of getting his wife's letter, in pursuit of her. He hoped to arrive in Liverpool before the emigrant ship had sailed, to go on board of her the first thing, and intercept the fugitives. He would either induce his wife to return and wait for the vessel on which he had originally fixed, or he would insist on taking his passage in her ship, and sailing with her and her father.

When Sir William arrived, he found not only that the ship was out of the Mersey, but that the pilot had returned, and there was no hope of his overtaking her. Indeed, she had gone even before Lady Thwaite arrived, but her ladyship had been equal to the occasion, and was so resolute in her purpose that she had hired a boat and followed in time to be taken on board when the pilot was dismissed. There was no good in rushing to Ireland, for the ship was not to touch there. Much displeased and disheartened, Sir William stayed on for a time at the first railway hotel he had entered. He made inquiries about the next vessel to sail for America, and settled to go with a screw steamer in the course of the following week, without returning to Whitehills to show “his diminished face” there. He would leave all the concluding arrangements, as to the letting of the house, and the supplying him from time to time with funds, to Mr. Mills, and he would write and summon Bill Rogers, who was to be his fellow voyager.

The weather was now fine, even balmy for the season, the equinoctial gales had blown

by. Sir William had not so much as the sardonic satisfaction of reflecting that Honor in her first experience of sea sickness might be ruining her wilfulness in giving him the slip—she had hardly ever been ill in her life before—and that subdued by circumstances she might miss him, and repent of her rash separation from him.

The forsaken husband was loitering about the docks, when he became aware of a certain ferment and stir among the dockyard labourers. He heard fragments of seafaring talk; one old man said to another, "There a' been nothin' like it, Ben, sin' the last runnin' down off the Kent coast, or the sinkin' of the *Princess Alice* in the Thames."

"Took her right in the waist, Joe," answered his mate, "and clipped her there so that her were not only stove in, but parted midship and went down in two bits, one after t'other like two stones. There weren't no time to sing out for help, even if t'other vessel hadn't sailed on, as fast as she could run, and never looked behind her. Not more than a couple of boats could be got down, and they do say nine-tenths of the whole lot of them poor people are in Davy's locker by this time."

"Right of sea-way, do you say? That ain't a question will be tackled in our day, Joe, not till lords and ladies and princes and princesses 'ave had their turn of clusterin' like bees about the gangway with their screams horful, as them that a' heerd do tell. Bless ee! What do the sinking of an immigrant ship or two, 'cause of want of rule of right of sea-way, make to the Lords and Commons?"

Sir William stood as if nailed to the spot, with his heart failing him for fear of what had befallen his mate, unhappy voyagers. He could make out the talk to refer to a collision of ships at sea, with great loss of life. On inquiry he learnt a few more details: that right of way, which may be even more fatally neglected or misunderstood on water than on land, had been disregarded or blundered over once again. Two vessels—the one foreign the other an English emigrant ship—had run foul of each other in a fog off the Welsh coast. The foreigner had drawn off little injured, and sailed away like a cowardly depredator and wanton murderer. The emigrant ship had suddenly parted midships, settled, and sunk, before more than a couple of boats could be lowered and put off. Of a great living freight sailing along without a dream of danger—no storm in the sky, no heaving, tossing sea, neither rocks nor breakers

ahead, the mother country still in sight—the mass had perished.

The words "emigrant ship" caused Sir William to clench his teeth to keep in a cry. The name? There was no doubt of it. The name was that of the vessel in which his wife and her father had sailed. But still there was a glimmer of hope. Two boat-loads of passengers had escaped. Boats from other ships on the same course might have picked up such of the shipwrecked men and women as could swim, or keep themselves afloat for a space, in a sea "as calm as a pond." Nay, it was reported that some persons in the emigrant ship at the moment of collision had leapt on board the other vessel, which had taken itself off.

There was no printed list as yet of the passengers saved, but it would be published as soon as authentic intelligence could be procured; and there would be no difficulty in reaching the little village on the Welsh coast, the nearest point to the scene of the accident.

Sir William made one in a terror-stricken, half-despairing little crowd of relations and friends. Scarcely recovered from the pang of temporary parting, they hurried in hot haste to the locality of the disaster to ascertain if the parting had been for ever in this world, and to exchange the passing pang for the weeping, which would not be comforted, for those who were not.

The tale conveyed to Liverpool was found substantially correct. There was still great uncertainty with regard to the fate of individuals; but the many bodies already washed on shore served not merely as grievous confirmation to the heavy loss of life, but bore melancholy testimony to the final chapter in the history of not a few men and women.

Sir William received his answer in the first ghastly row of corpses he inspected. It came to him in the spectacle of a drowned young woman of fine physique, with a marriage ring on the third finger of one brown hand. She had on a dark dress, with which had been worn a bright-coloured neckerchief still knotted about the throat. The rich colour had been washed out of the cheeks and lips, the grey eyes looked up without speculation in their congealed depths. But there was no disfiguring mark on the still face, and there was eternal peace in the breast which heaved no longer. He had followed her full of justifiable anger, but there was no room for anger or for anything save immeasurable sorrow when he overtook her. Of what use had been the splendid strength

which had not preserved the brave life for a little hour? She had saved another from a more dangerous pond than that pond-like sea, but she could not save herself. Why had he not been at hand to repay the life she had given back to him? Was it always to be thus in his history, that the women who saved him were to suffer and die as their part in the salvation?

Old Abe's body was not to be found, and without waiting to search for it, Sir William did indeed carry home his wife to Whitehills, but it was in her coffin. There was a great talk, much scandal, and some pity excited by her untimely end. There was a funeral at Whitehills to which some of Sir William's neighbours and social equals—among them Mr. Hollis—came uninvited, and to which he himself bade those of the Quarry men who had been Honor's relations and friends. But though the widower, silent and stern in his suffering, ordered that the late Lady Thwaite's remaining kindred and former associates should return with him to the house and have refreshments set before them, he himself did not eat or drink with them, and he took his last leave of his guests on the threshold.

"You were no true friends to Lady Thwaite," he said coldly; "she owned it at the last. You know she quitted the country without saying good-bye to one of you. You are no friends of mine that I should ever seek to see you again—still I have had you here to-day, because blood is thicker than water, and because, admitting my own misdoings, I bear no ill-will to you. And if you can point out at any time a way in which I can really help you, I will do it, for her sake who was a link between us, since she, my wife, counted kin with you."

The Quarry folk departed, discomfited and affronted. They wanted none of his help, or his sauce either. What was he to come

it over them with his taunts and lectures? they blustered amongst themselves. They supposed they were not to have another blow out when old Abe's carcase cast up. He was to be buried like a dog. But they would not suffer it. They would bury old Abe like one of themselves, and drink themselves blind in his honour, to shame the turn-coat squire, with his wet and his dry bouts, his sinning and repenting.

But in spite of Sir William's efforts and offers of reward the remains of old Abe never "cast up," so as to be disposed of honourably or dishonourably. He either slept as quietly as many another at the bottom of the sea, or his un-identified body filled a pauper's grave, or it was just possible he escaped, and vanished into obscurity. He had the secretiveness, love of mystery, intrigue, and sensation, the restlessness and fitfulness inherited from an ancient migratory, predatory race. He had transmitted some of these traits to his daughter, intermingled with the headstrong impulses of a warmer, more faithful heart, and a more generous temper, a union more perilous than the tendencies taken singly.

If Abe did survive the destruction of the *Geoffrey Hudson*, his dislike of being looked after, cared for, or, as he would have considered, shelved, and perhaps his apprehension of Sir William's anger, because Abe had abetted his daughter and furthered the scheme which had cost her life, prevented the old man from ever reporting himself to his son-in-law, and claiming his assistance. Like a waif, or the wild, hairy creature of the woods, which the little ex-gamekeeper had first appeared to the master on whom he had preyed, Abe drifted away into oblivion, replaced, as his predecessors the squatters had been, by more reasonable and steadier sons of the soil.

BANNOCKBURN.

I HEARD beneath my feet the sharp clear ring
Of grinding rail and wheel,
I felt, as on we sped with rush and swing,
The carriage sway and reel.

Outside, the metals on the other track
Like two thin lights were seen;
Ahead, the signals, in a ground of black,
Glimmer'd red, white, and green.

I saw from windows, as if hung in air,
'Mid handles gleaming white,

Pointsmen that clutch'd and drew the levers there,
And set the points aright.

At times from out the dark there roar'd and crash'd
With sudden whistle blast
An engine, and a gleaming head-light flash'd
A moment, then shot past;

But not until I saw, as in a land
Misty with whirling steam,
Driver and stoker on the foot-plate stand
Ghostlike, as in a dream.

Then all my thoughts began to wander out
To meet the march of time,
With all his triumphs poets rave about
And prophesy in rhyme:

The higher man, the broader laws to be;
The life of larger powers,
A furlong farther from the moaning sea
Of what to-day is ours.

Till, fraught with wonder at such Atlas-toil,
Wherever I might turn,
A voice said, "We are passing sacred soil,
The Field of Bannockburn."

"The Field of Bannockburn," that name to me
Came like a spell of might,
I rose and put the window down, to see
That glorious spot by night.

Ahead, the dark, as in a sudden breeze,
Went swaying up and down;
Behind, but faint and dim, by twos and threes,
The lights of Stirling town.

To right and left I shot an eager glance;
A heavy, murky wall
Rose up, and spread a drear and cold expanse
Of darkness over all:

Not over all; for, when the stoker drew
The furnace doors apart,
A shaft of light rose upward, and shot through
The clouds like some huge dart.

Then I drew back, but as I took my seat
My former dream was gone;
The iron music underneath my feet
Sang with another tone.

The roar of wheel on rail had now become
One long continuous tread
Of thirty thousand men by trump and drum
To battle sternly led.

The engine's whistle was the trumpet shout,
The mighty battle cry,
Calling on men to sternly face about,
And for their country die.

My blood was up. I saw the standard shake
Its folds upon the breeze,
And men from out the heavy columns break
And fall upon their knees.

I saw the glitter of an axe on high,
And keen to overwhelm,
Flash like a sudden bolt from out the sky,
And crush a shining helm;

A war-steed rearing with his nostrils burst,
And eye-balls gleaming white,
Rush from beneath his falling rider, first
Fruit of the coming fight;

Then rolling onward full of death and doom,
A flood of chivalry,
Led on by streaming flags that rose like spume
Shook from a roaring sea;

A billowy sea of steeds and riders grim
Mail'd to the very lips—
Each one the bearer of some doom, like him
In the Apocalypse.

A sound of cutting hoofs that mar and smite
The turf; a long deep roar,
As if a muffled ocean smote by night
Upon an unseen shore!

From right to left with trumpet blast and blare,
A gleam of English steel
Sweeping on thirty thousand Scotchmen there,
On fire from head to heel!

On, on they came. At last they reach the pits,
A quiver and a shock
Breaks through the front rank, as a river splits
Upon a stubborn rock.

Then with one shout that quiver'd with its wrath
Our Scottish lions leapt,
And, like a torrent from its mountain path,
Down on the foe they swept.

A clash of sword and spear, of shield on shield,
The flash of eye to eye,
Wherein was but one thought, to keep the field,
Or losing it to die!

So went the storm of battle fever red
From thinning rank to rank;
The careless earth beneath the heaps of dead
Their life-blood slowly drank.

A waver through the English hosts, and then,
Like some retreating sea,
They fled and, fleeing, left their heaps of slain,
And Scotland once more free.

Hark! that long shout from thousands as they yearn
To make their hearts as one,
That shout has made this Field of Bannockburn
Another Marathon!

I wake up from my dream. I hear no more
The battle-shout prevail,
Nor underneath my feet the rush and roar
Of wheels upon the rail.

Far other music now is mine again;
The battle clangours cease,
With all the wiser years that proffer men
The white results of peace.

For lo! I hear on either side of me
The busy tramp of feet,
And, like a lower lane of stars, I see
The lights of Princes Street.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.



"All the way she went by the dark marishes."

BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA.

BY M. LINSKILL, AUTHOR OF "HAGAR," "ROBERT HOLT'S ILLUSION," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX. — "VICTORIOUS IN A STRIFE WHERE ONCE HE FAILED."

"Formerly
He turned his face upon me quick enough
If I said 'father.' Now, I might cry loud."

E. B. BROWNING.

DO people, when they lose their presence of mind, *always* do the thing that they ought not to have done? May not a serviceable instinct take the place of the lost mind? Surely the impulses that come of a life-long habit of right feeling, sensible thinking, cannot always be wrong when called in at a crisis. It seems probable that many a one who gets credit for presence of mind in an emergency might be willing to confess that mind had nothing to do with the matter at all. A shock, a stun, scattered senses, a passionate desire to be doing something—that is all that can be remembered, though the people praise you ever so loudly.

Genevieve Bartholomew remembered nothing afterwards but the sight of the dark, still form lying on the studio floor between the returned pictures.

Though she forgot all else she could never forget that. She did not know that she had called to her father in despairing, beseeching tones, imploring him to speak; that she had tried to lift the grey head from the floor, that finding herself unable to do more than that, she had placed it on a cushion, and had covered the still prostrate figure with rugs. This was all done in the first moment of distraction and terror. Then the girl went flying through the orchard, and away up the snow-covered field-paths to Hunsgarth Hags, just as she had dressed herself for her morning's work; she had not stayed even to snatch a hat or shawl. But the keen frosty air had no chillness in it; the sun rising silently upon the earth had no beauty. The whole world had only one vision—a vision of a dark figure lying lifeless, and left alone.

Her hands were clasped: she was praying passionately and audibly as she went upward. But her voice ceased presently. When she reached the Hags she could not speak at all. She could only stand there, white, breathless, stricken with horror, and pointing downward toward Netherbank.

"It is your father?" Dorothy Craven said, taking the girl's half-frozen hand. "I'll be ready in a minute."

XXV—41

"Come—come now! . . . And your boy, Hanson, he will go for a doctor. . . . Come, oh, come now!"

They went down together, Miss Craven and Genevieve, running, hurrying breathlessly across the fields. Old Joseph Craven came to the brow of the hill. "Eh, but it's her," he said, smiling in his gentle, unmeaning way. "It's her wi' the bonny gold hair. She sudn't ha' come out wi' that bonny hair when the snaw's all white upon Langbarugh Moor."

No change had passed upon the prostrate man—none that could be discerned by a glance; but Genevieve perceived, with an intense thrill of joy, that the pulse gave faint signs of a faint vitality. She chafed the thin hands tenderly, and bathed the helpless head. Dorothy had brought some brandy, and she set herself to administer it with a slow and cautious persistency that had its reward at last. The grey, weary eyes unclosed, the ashen lips parted—there was a moment of recompense for many moments of ill.

Full life came back slowly. Privation had told upon the man's strength more than he himself knew. But by-and-by, when Genevieve had lighted the fire and drawn the sofa forward, he was able to reach it. He was lying there when Dr. Armitage came; Dorothy had gone up to look after things in the cottage. The two pictures had been put away out of sight; the studio had been made to look tidy and cheerful, to seem warm and comfortable. There was not much, save the look on Genevieve Bartholomew's face, to give extraneous evidence as to the stun and agony that the morning had brought.

Dr. Armitage was a man whom it was good to have near you in such a moment. Mrs. Caton was in the habit of saying that he was the most unprofessional professional man she had ever seen. This may be conceded so far as his manner went. Though you had stood by a dozen sick-beds with him, you did not associate him with the sickness, or with the gloom, but rather with all alleviating things—the smiles, the small pleasantries, the newest bit of lively news, the first hope he had given you, the last laugh he had had over your too fearful despondency. If he had been with you in a dark moment, you only remembered his skill, his quiet strength, his unflinching sympathy.

He was a tall, grey-haired man, with a look of out-door life upon his russet cheek. He

had met Genevieve many a time by the bedsides of the poor people of Murk-Marishes; and he came into the studio with the air of an old friend.

"Good morning, Miss Bartholomew," he said, shaking hands heartily, and making the most of his opportunity for reading her face. "I'm rather sorry to have a patient at Netherbank. I suppose you are finding that you are hardly yet acclimatised. Certainly this cold weather is very trying."

Then he sat down with a careless swing in one of the uncomfortable antique chairs near the sofa. Bartholomew was sitting up, leaning forward in a tired, weary way. "I feel very much ashamed of myself," he said smiling, and looking more wan for the smile. "To think of my having brought you out here at this time of day!"

It was a perplexing case for a doctor; and one that required careful thought before any satisfactory diagnosis could be arrived at. The prostration of strength was only too evident; and the fact that there had been a sudden mental shock was evident also—this Bartholomew himself confessed, as he felt bound to do; while Genevieve sat by him, holding his hand, and trying to keep back the slow, hot tears that came to her relief.

"It will all come out, I am afraid," the artist said with quivering lips. "I would keep it quiet if I could; but the man who brought the pictures back, and put them down at my door this morning, will hardly keep such a matter secret. I fancy he was a Thurkeld Abbas man."

"Did he say anything, father?" Genevieve asked with white lips, and eyes that yet looked through a mist of tears.

"Yes, dear; he had a message, a brief message to give. 'Mr. Richmond's compliments, an' he's sent them pictur's back.' That was all the man said, but he looked more. I shall not soon forget his look. If ever man was ashamed of his errand, he was ashamed. There was another man in the lane below, I think; indeed there must have been. The pictures are too large to have been brought even from the village by one man. . . . But I cannot tell. I was feeling faint. I had not slept all night; and I had come down here to see if the air would revive me. I had only just come when I heard a knock at the door. The pictures were standing there, and the man with them. That is all I remember. It was a kind of climax, I suppose, the insult and the humiliation coming after long anxiety. . . . But it is over now. I shall be all right in an hour or two."

"Say a day or two, or a week or two," said Dr. Armitage. "I am not given to saying things likely to depress people, but I want you to take care of yourself a little, that is all. I shall look to Miss Bartholomew for help if I have to enforce obedience."

"You do not mean to say that if I can work, I may not?"

"I mean to say that you may not work, that you may not think, and that you must take an abundance of extra nourishment. . . I shall speak to Miss Bartholomew about that before I go."

Dr. Armitage made no comment concerning the confidences that had been made to him. Comment was not in his way. He was not a silent man, but he was capable of silence, especially if anything impressed him. If he were impressed now, he did not say so, but he sat with a certain look on his face which spoke very eloquently of private opinions. This thing that he had heard was not all new to him: it was new to no one in the neighbourhood of Murk-Marishes, and he was not sorry to see and hear the painful truth for himself. He knew that he had stepped as it were into the very middle of a piece of tragic circumstance, but he asked no questions as to the beginning, and he could wait for the end. It was enough for him that he was in possession of the facts as they stood at present.

"It is the insult, the humiliation," the artist had said; but Dr. Armitage made his own additions to this. To him, as to all other doctors, many questions not medical were presented for consideration; and though no man could be less given to interference, he was not a man to put aside an obvious duty because it happened not to be, strictly speaking, a professional duty. It appeared to him that such a one was before him now.

"You will understand me," he said to Genevieve as she went with him up the orchard. "I do not desire to know anything more than I know already. But it seems to me, that placed as you are at present, I ought to try to be of some use to you. I mention it to you rather than to your father because he must not be harassed. Keep him from thinking of this affair as much as possible."

"You are not alarmed for him now?" Genevieve asked, with a sudden new anxiety coming into her eyes, a sudden flush of fear spreading over her white face.

There was a perceptible pause.

"I think it only my duty to say to you that the attack of this morning has been of a

more critical nature than I admitted while speaking to your father. . . I do not say this to alarm you; but to impress upon you the fact that he will require to be careful. He ought to have absolute rest from anxiety. As soon as he is fit for work I shall encourage him to begin at once, and it may be that he will throw off all this much more easily than I think. So I repeat, don't be alarmed, and spare him all the mental disquietude he may be spared. . . . Now you will understand more clearly why it is that I want you to have some help. And since I have no time to spare, pardon my brevity. Would you like to have Mr. Kirkoswald's advice in this matter? If so I will ride round that way; or would you prefer that I should call at the Rectory as I pass, and ask Canon Gabriel to come over?"

A quick blush that was more of pain than of maiden shame surged over Genevieve's cheek.

"It will be easier for you to call at the Rectory," she said in quiet, indifferent tones.

The doctor smiled, then he said "good-bye" in his hearty, cheery fashion, and rode off, thinking it pitiful that a woman so young, so beautiful, so regal-looking, should be buried in such a place as that, and buried under such a weight of sorrow too. "If I were Kirkoswald she shouldn't stay there another week," he said to himself. "But after all, the rumour that mentions the two names in a breath may be only an idle one. Rumour has been very busy about Netherbank of late. The picture affair is an odd one, but easy to be seen through. It is no question of price—the idea is absurd. Think of young Richmond caring for fifty guineas more or less! It is only too evident that the paintings don't give satisfaction—and poor Bartholomew can't be expected to see that, much less to admit it. . . . I wonder what he'll do? The most dignified thing would be to put the pictures into the fire, and never mention them again. I should like to see them first though."

So the doctor was thinking as he went down between the white, sparkling hedgerows. Genevieve had stopped for a moment in the kitchen to speak to Miss Craven, who was going home. "I must go," she said; "I've left the milk stannin' in the pails, I hadn't even got it siled. But I'll be back afore long. An' Keturah'll be here afore I get down again."

"You have sent for her?"

"Of course I've sent for her. I've sent Hanson, an' he'll fetch some groceries an' things back with him, an' leave 'em here as

he passes. He doesn't know but what you've sent for 'em, so don't you say 'at you didn't. An' what are you cryin' for? It'll be all right." Then Dorothy laughed, but the tears came into her own eyes as she did so.

"It's allus the poor 'at helps the poor," she said, clasping Genevieve's proffered hand. "You've done me many a good turn afore to-day, an' I make no doubt but you'll do me many another. Not 'at I'm doin' aught now with an eye to what you'll do when you're mistress o' Usselby Hall."

"Oh! don't say that, Miss Craven, don't even think it, please," the girl begged. She was crimsoning through her tears; her lips were tremulous. "Perhaps it will never be. I do not think it will ever be. But I will not forget—I will never forget that you have been my friend when I had no other."

Then she went swiftly down the orchard again. The sun was shining clearly now; diamonds were dropping from the apple-boughs, the red rose-hips were gleaming through the white snow; the birds went fluttering timidly away out of the ivy that was upon the little porch. In the open doorway her father was standing.

The girl's heart leapt and bounded with a great joy.

"Oh, I am glad! I am very glad; but is it wise, father?" she said, going up to him, putting her two hands on his shoulders, and holding up her smiling, trembling lips to be kissed. "You are to obey—you are to obey me: Dr. Armitage says so. And I order a sofa, with cushions, and the new novel that Mr. Kirkoswald brought, and the cups of tea that are going to be brought by-and-by. Oh, come in, come in; and let us be glad together, and happy together. . . Try to look happier, my father!"

It was not simple unhappiness, simple despondency that was written on Bartholomew's face; and Genevieve was quick to perceive that it was not. There was a new look there, a deeper gravity, a deeper quiet.

And in his heart there was a feeling that his studio where the two pictures stood was a room where some dead thing was lying.

"Is there a fire in the sitting-room?" he asked.

"Yes," Genevieve replied. "There is a good fire. Miss Craven has made it. And there is your easy-chair; and Prince Camaralzaman is singing as if he had some special reason for singing. You will go there? It will be better. . . Shall I lock the studio door?"

"Yes, dear; lock it, please; and put the blinds down."

CHAPTER L.—WORDS WHICH LIFT UP ONE
CORNER OF THE VEIL.

"The Divine charity, of which the Cup of the Communion is the emblem, belongs to the whole Church. To recover that Holy Cup, that real Life-blood of the Redeemer, is a quest worthy of all the chivalry of our time, worthy of all the courage of Lancelot, worthy of all the purity of Galahad."

DEAN STANLEY.

THEY went up the orchard together, the father's pale thin hand within the daughter's arm. Some of Genevieve's doves were wheeling about over the apple boughs; the two white ones were cooing on the window-sill. Within there was a yellow rose-tree in bloom; it had only one rose, but that was something in late November; and the sunshine upon its creamy petals seemed to crown it for reward.

They sat down by the fire; Genevieve on a footstool at her father's feet, her head resting upon his knee. It was a time to be silent; but the silence was eloquent in its sympathy, its comfort, its perfect understanding.

Relief from a great strain, a great and sudden shock, is happiness in itself. That one may be at peace is matter for a gratitude that is almost rapture.

Presently Keturah came. There was a tear glistening in her round surprised eyes; but she glistened it quickly away because Joe Hanson was there with Miss Craven's butter-basket full of packages; and also because Canon Gabriel was coming along the pathway through the field. The old man seemed paler and more fragile than ever as he entered the little sitting-room where Bartholomew sat holding his chill hands to the fire.

"I shall leave you to entertain each other," Genevieve said. "I am going to make some beef tea. Then I shall come and expect to be entertained in recognition of my services. . . . Father, you will not let Canon Gabriel miss my chattering tongue!"

"Then don't stay long enough to be missed, dear," said the artist, speaking as if it were a pain to him to miss her at all. He looked up at the Canon as the door closed, and the Canon understood the look.

"The wind is tempered for you, my friend," the old man said, seating himself opposite to Bartholomew.

"Yes: but the wind is a little rough," said the younger man. Then, after a pause, he added, "Tell me how much you know about its roughness?"

"How much I know! Well, you remember how much I knew when we spoke of this matter before—was it a fortnight ago? . . . I have heard nothing further until

this morning, until Dr. Armitage poured his indignation into my ears."

"He was indignant? . . . Sorrow is not all sorrow. The man who has but the sympathy of one friend is not left without assurance."

"You can feel that? Then one need not sorrow for you as one sorrows for those who have no hope. . . . All the same, this trial must have its own keenness."

"It seemed to have until this morning."

"And since?"

Bartholomew paused before he replied. He was recalling the events that had happened to him since daylight had spread across the frosty skies.

"Since the stroke fell, I have not for one moment recognised the weight of it," he said.

"I had no time to recognise it before unconsciousness came down; and since that I have had no inclination to dwell upon it. . . . Genevieve is feeling it far more than I am. Feeling seems almost dead within me at present; but it is not so with her. She is enduring at the highest point of endurance. If you can say one word to help her, then, for Heaven's sake, say it before you go."

Almost as he spoke Genevieve came in, bringing a little china tray with a china cup full of beef tea.

"Was there ever anything so dainty?" she said, kneeling on one knee, and turning the tray so that the morsels of dry toast should lie under her father's hand. . . .

"And now I am going to talk to Canon Gabriel," she added, seating herself on her own little chair in front of the fire. She still had her tennis-apron on with its embroidered spray of clematis all across it. Her cap had been thrown aside some time during the morning. She leaned her head back against the chair; her lips quivered, her eyes closed wearily; then the tears began to drop slowly over her face. They would not be kept back any longer now.

They were quite silent tears; and seeing that they were tears of relief the Canon made no effort to check them. He took Genevieve's hand in his, and stroked it gently and tenderly as he would have stroked the hand of a sick child.

"It has all been so strange!" she said presently, speaking out of the middle of her own *résumé* of things. "It has been so unexpected, so unaccountable, so unforgivable!"

"Unforgivable?" the Canon repeated, lifting his fine spiritual face with a look of surprise. "Are you finding yourself unable to forgive?"

"Yes;" said the girl, seeming as if the question had roused her to a newer and more passionate pain. "Yes: I must tell the truth, it will do me good to tell the truth, since it hurts me to keep it. I am feeling full of unforgiveness, full of bitterness, full of resentment. They have been so hard, these people. There was the long silence, the refusal to answer my father's letters, though he wrote so quietly, so patiently; that was an insult that was difficult to bear; nay, it was more than that, it was an oppression. They could not know that we wanted the money to buy bread; but they must have known that my father did not paint pictures to amuse himself. And now this last blow, this worst wrong, this worst injustice, could they have done it in a more cruel and stinging way? . . . The deed was theirs, the stroke that laid my father low; but it is not their mercy that has brought him back to life, not their goodness that gave him back to me. Can I ever forget? Can I ever forgive? . . . But help me, help me if you can; for it is such a misery as I have never known, this hardness that is in me, this indignation, this ceaseless sense of embittered feeling. Thoughts pass through my brain that I dare not look at, dare not acknowledge even to myself. . . . Deliver me from them; deliver me if you can. Say something to make me feel as if I could forgive!"

"You want to forgive, then?" the old man asked, speaking very quietly.

"Yes," the girl said, clasping her hands, trying to keep back a fresh flow of tears. "Yes; I do want to forgive them. I would if I could. And I want to do it now before the sense of wrong wears itself out. There is no virtue in the forgiveness that comes of forgetfulness."

"Then it is because you know forgiveness to be a duty that you desire to arrive at it?"

"It is only partly that," Genevieve said. "But, of course, I believe that it is a duty. I have always thought that forgiveness of a person who had grievously and deliberately injured another, and had never repented of the injury, was the hardest duty the Christian creed demands."

"And you know my opinion, that it is as it were the very core and centre of practical Christianity?"

"Yes: I have not forgotten the day in Soulsgrif Bight. All this morning the words have been ringing in my ears, '*The love that taketh not account of evil.*' But let me speak the truth, let me confess that I am not

only taking account of evil, I am overcome of it."

"Let me speak, dear," Bartholomew interposed. He was sitting listening quietly, his clasped hands resting upon the arm of his chair. "Let me speak. I think, being a little excited, you are disposed to exaggerate your ill-feeling. Let me ask one question. If it were in your power to do any injury to either Mr. Richmond or to his sister, would you do it? Take time to reply."

"Would I injure them?" Genevieve exclaimed, taking no time at all. "No; certainly. You knew that, my father, before you asked. Unforgiveness does not mean a desire for revenge. If any opportunity for doing them a kindness were to come in my way, I should probably be even more anxious to do it than if they had never hurt us or pained us at all. Sometimes I think that persistent revenge is dying out from among human passions. It seems to belong to Greek literature."

"I fear that is taking too favourable a view of matters," said the Canon. "I am afraid that with the uncultivated, the isolated, revenge may still acquire power enough to become a monomania."

Bartholomew looked at him intently as he spoke. Was there any hidden meaning bearing upon present events underlying the Canon's words? Did he remember the remarks he had made months ago concerning the conflicting passions and emotions written on the face of the Judas, remarks made even while discerning an unintended likeness in the features and expression of the face on the canvas? "It is like Miss Richmond!" Mr. Severne had said; and no one had contradicted him.

"Perhaps you are right," Genevieve said, answering Canon Gabriel. "But you will believe that I am not revengeful, that I have no desire to see my father's wrongs avenged in any way."

"What do you desire?" asked the Canon.

"What is your highest and strongest wish?"

"My highest wish of all is that Miss Richmond, or Mr. Richmond, or both of them together, might come down and say, 'We are sorry for all this pain.'"

"And what excuse, what motive would you wish them to urge for having caused the pain?" asked Bartholomew.

"I would wish them to tell the truth, whatever the truth may be. If all is as I suspect, Miss Richmond would say, being in a regretful and human mood, 'I have come down to explain, to tell you that my brother

gave these commissions thoughtlessly, that our silence was the result of an habitual carelessness about small things that do not concern ourselves; that not understanding the value of works of art, and considering the price of the pictures to be above their worth, we returned them, not dreaming for a moment that it would really matter to Mr. Bartholomew whether we kept them or not; and that now we have discovered that our carelessness and aloofness has caused you distress, we are anxious to make such atonement as we may.' . . . There! you have my highest notion of the good that could come out of all this evil."

"And from that time there would be no more unforgiveness?"

"There would be no more unforgiveness. There would be comprehension, with a high admiration on my part for the man or woman who could confess to having erred in understanding."

"Then my advice," said the Canon, "is simply this, that you should suppose that the Richmonds would do all that you dream might be done if their human culture had been such as to lead them to the conception of it. For my own part I have little but pity for them in this matter, supposing it all to be as you say; and I think it very probable that your suppositions may be correct. They are not so low down in the scale of humanity, but they must feel a great deal more than they seem to feel. I pity them, the uneasy remorse they must have, that they will certainly have when they hear of your father's illness; the consciousness of an essential vulgarity in their deed; the utter unsatisfactoriness of such a victory as they probably imagine themselves to have gained. Pitying them, I could only pray for them, as one prays for all those who despitefully use one. Try that—prayer for them. Pray not only that you may be enabled to forgive them, but that you may see the result of your prayers for their welfare in their continued prosperity, their continued safety, their increased happiness, their additional peace. Pray for their worldly good first; then for their higher good. It is not impossible in the providence of God that you should be permitted to see the outcome of prayers made from such a motive as yours would be. That once discerned you will no longer find yourself praying for power to forgive."

Even as the old man spoke it seemed as if the wild waves of intolerant impulse were stilled a little. It was easier to think kindly of the people who had caused all this suffer-

ing; easier to believe that her father might come out from it unhurt, perhaps even with no smell of fire upon his garment.

"It is always so," said the Canon, in answer to some remark of Genevieve's. "It is always so. Christ speaking to His disciples spoke of two conditions on which their prayers should be answered. His followers were to have faith, and they were to forgive."

"*And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any.*"

"And we all of us have the feeling within ourselves that when we are at peace with the world it is far easier to enter into the peace that is between God and our own souls—that *is*, or *may be*—it is never broken by Him."

"But I did not come only to try to comfort you with words," the old man went on, not hesitating, not speaking with difficulty, but with a beautiful ease and tranquillity of manner. "I came to try to help, if help may be. I need hardly ask you to let me try, if you consider that my friendship entitles me to the privilege. . . . In the first place, do you not think that I might call upon the Richmonds, and either explain, or ask them to explain? I propose this at a venture, not knowing what you may be wishing or intending to do."

"I have had no time to intend anything yet," replied Bartholomew. "But I could hardly bear that any friend of mine should go to Yarrell in my name, and entreat the Richmonds to take the pictures now. . . . No, that could never be. . . . Besides, there is another reason," he continued. Then he stopped. He could not say that he did not dare to think of one so aged, so frail, so sensitive, exposing himself to the excitement and annoyance of such an interview as that would probably be. If any one went to Yarrell Croft, it should be Kirkoswald, who was stronger, more astute, and would be better able to meet the Richmonds on their own ground."

Perhaps the Canon misunderstood the sudden pause, the silence; he did not urge his offer of help. "If there is anything I can do you will not hesitate to ask me," he said. "And since that matter is disposed of, I will pass on to the next. Have you sold the Judas, the original head, I mean?"

"No," said Bartholomew, smiling. "One does not expect to sell pictures in Murk-Marishes. Besides, that was only a study."

"But as you know, a most masterly study. I have felt motions of covetousness since the first moment I saw it. Am I asking too much in asking you to let me have it?"

"Certainly I will let you have it if you have taken a fancy to it. . . . You must leave it a little while though, till I get the head of the figure finished. I mean to finish it now."

There was a little friendly difference about the price ; but the Canon knew the value of his purchase too well to take it at Bartholomew's own inadequate appraisal. Of course the artist understood the old man's motive in buying it just now ; but the Canon did not divine to the full all that his small act meant. Genevieve knew, and Dorothy Craven knew, and perhaps Keturah might guess, since there was no more any need for anxiety concerning the daily bread. It was as if a great weight had been lifted off from every heart under the roof of the thatched cottage ; a weight that no man nor woman may appreciate until they have staggered along under it for weary days, and wearier nights ; until they have learnt that a failing pulse means a failing hope, a failing enterprise, a failure of the very desire for life itself. But the lesson once learnt is not forgotten, and the human being who has it in remembrance looks out over God's world with eyes that see farther and penetrate deeper, than the eyes of the man whose worst earthly trial is the incompetency of his cook. Some knowledge is power, and some knowledge is light, and there is a knowledge that is as purifying as fire from off the altar.

CHAPTER LI.—"LET JOY BREAK WITH THE STORM."

"O sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood,
Be sometimes lovely, like a bride,
And put thy harsher moods aside
If thou wilt have me wise and good."

In Memoriam.

THAT same November afternoon closed in darkly and heavily ; a wide band of gleaming light stretched right across the outer sea-edge ; the sullen curtain above dropped its fringe into the silver. There was light shining somewhere—there is always light somewhere, be the day ever so dark where one sits drooping for the need of sun.

Though there was no sunshine at Netherbank Genevieve was not drooping. She was sitting beside her father. The Prince was silent on his perch. The snow was thawing fast away ; great waterdrops were trickling down from the eaves, making the ivy-leaves and the bare brown stems of the honey-suckle quiver under the heavy dropping. The sound of the gurglings and babblings of the tiny runlets came even to the fireside of the little room in the stubble-field.

"It is really like living in a tent," Genevieve said, breaking in upon the long quiet. People do not care to talk who have only just come through the storm. The rush of the tempest is still in their ears, with the sound of the wind that had swept them on to the rocks of fateful circumstance. They are glad to sit by safe fires, to brood in silence upon the danger overpast.

To Noel Bartholomew it seemed already as if the events of the morning had happened weeks ago. The anxiety had gone from his face, the nervous apprehensiveness from his manner. What apprehensiveness was left to him now was for his daughter. Had the pain passed from his soul only to fall into hers ? Her little irrelevant remarks did not deceive him. Her care to put on a pretty dress, to arrange a dainty tea-table did not confuse his perception of things. The physiognomy of sorrow is unmistakable to eyes trained by sorrow ; and you shall not need to tell your tale to one acquainted with grief.

All the afternoon he had thought only of her, of that hope that was half a dread that he had had concerning her in the spring ; that had been deferred so strangely all through the summer ; and now was apparently passing out of all recognition as a distinct idea. He had not understood ; he had only once asked his daughter if there was anything that he might understand ; and her reply had for the moment almost satisfied him. It was not so long ago, only a few weeks since she had said, "Silence is not congenial to me ; but I would rather keep silence in this instance ; and you may trust *him* too. I know that you may trust him."

That day also had been put farther back for Bartholomew by the stress and strain of intervening circumstance. His own feeling in the matter, his perfect trust, his perfect patience, was half-forgotten. What if after all he had to go, to leave his child friendless, penniless, and alone ? What then ? . . . There was a great silence in the man's heart, the silence of an inexpressible anguish.

Even as he endured it he was watching her as she moved about the room ; placing the lamp on the bracket between the windows, lifting the yellow rose-tree to the table, drawing the curtains, arranging the tea-cups, stirring the fire into a blaze. The great grey cloud curtain was descending now, dashing in wild rain-drops upon the window pane ; the chill wind was coming gustily up from the sea. It was the sort of night when people awake afresh to appreciation of their

comforts, their protections, their alleviations. However unsatisfactory their surroundings may be at other times they become satisfactory by such sharp contrast as memory, inspired by rough elements, can present to most people on occasion.

"What a dismal night for those who are compelled to be out!" Genevieve was saying. Her eye had fallen upon the little *Viking*. Was poor Ailsie out? Was she there wandering up and down among the rough, dark stones, where the white foam was breaking? There also, there was trouble, and up at Hunsgarth Haggis there was trouble. Dorothy Craven's face had gone back to the old thinness and paleness that it had worn before that gleam of brightness had struck her path; and though she made no complaint Genevieve knew that hope was dead or dying within her. Had George Kirkoswald forgotten Miss Craven?

Had he forgotten other things? What was he thinking? How was he bearing now? Was he still weary of endurance, was he still feeling weary of long silence, long restraint? "If you are weary, then I am not weary," Genevieve had said, only a few weeks before. "Could she say the same thing now?" she asked herself, and the answer was, "No, if he ask me now I must say *I am weary*, I am very weary, and my heart cries out unceasingly that you would put an end to its weariness."

She had not seen George since the evening of the concert. It was only four days, but it was long enough for surprise, for pain—a pain that had been felt through all the other sorrows that had come thronging into the days. It was worse to bear because he had been so kind, so full of tenderness on that evening. All the strong passionate love within her had gathered itself up to meet the renewed shows of love in him. She had a feeling of coming good, coming joy. Her soul had borne itself receptively. She had waited for a shower of blessing; but instead there had been a very hailstorm of trials and wrongs and consequent sufferings. But the one help, the one countenance that would have given support above all others had been wanting, and it was little wonder that all the other pain was understruck by emptiness and aching.

She had had no time to brood over these things in silence; and it was well that she had not. But there was time enough for a yearning between the pouring out of cups of tea, for a cry of unsatisfied love while arranging the cushions of her father's chair, and

stooping to stroke the grey tired head that seemed to be bowed with a new pathos every time she looked at it. She had put his cup of tea on her own little table by his side; the rain was still rattling wildly on the window-pane; mingled with its dashing there was a sound of quick footsteps, of a sharp, decided knocking; Keturah's voice was answering George Kirkoswald.

He came in, seeming now as always, to fill the narrow room, to fill it with strength, and power, and protection against all harm and ill. It was impossible that any shadow of doubt, of distrust, of displeasure should linger in his presence. Some strong and fine individuality in the man attested the moral purity and rarity of the atmosphere about him. There was a distressed surprise on his face this evening; and the lines in his forehead and about his mouth were eloquent of the working of some fervid and absorbing emotion.

He hardly spoke in his surprise. Bartholomew's lip quivered humorously under his grey moustache. "And when she came back the dog was a-laughing," he said, offering his hand to Kirkoswald's strong warm grasp. "That is a quotation from the antique mythological poem known as 'Mother Hubbard.'"

"So I perceive," said Kirkoswald. "And you are equal to quotation?" he asked, looking into the grey stricken face before him, seeing there evidence enough that the tale that had been told to him by Dr. Armitage had not been overcharged with colour.

"Have you dined? Will you have a cup of tea?" Genevieve asked, looking up with a pale pink colour flitting across her cheek, and the bright light of a new gladness in her eyes.

"I had my dinner at one o'clock," George said. "I dined in the refreshment-room at York Station. I shall be very glad of a cup of tea if you will give me one."

"You have been to York again?" Bartholomew asked.

"Yes: I went there three days ago, the day after the concert. Poor Warburton has had a relapse," said George. He did not add that Mrs. Warburton had telegraphed a little prematurely in her fright and concern. Her husband had spoken so warmly of his friend that her first thought had turned toward him in a moment of sudden dread and perplexity. She had begged to be forgiven. She was in a strange place, strange to her; and she felt lonely and unnerved when her husband was ill. "I am happy when I only know that

you are on your way to us," she had said with a tear of thankfulness in her eyes.

"Then you have not been to Usselby yet?" said Bartholomew.

"No: I have not been home," George replied, going to the table for the cup of tea that Genevieve was pouring out for him. "I met Armitage at Gorthwaite Station, he was on his way to Market-Studley. He told me to tell you that it might be afternoon tomorrow before he found his way to Netherbank."

There was a pause, Genevieve was sitting in her own low chair with the firelight on her face; her hand was on the arm of her father's chair.

"I suppose Dr. Armitage would tell you more than that?" she said, looking up at George, with the recollection of the storm and terror of the morning in her eyes, and speaking with a pathetic vibration in her voice.

"Yes," replied Kirkoswald, the look of compression coming back to his lips swiftly, and the lines on his forehead drawing themselves together in a way that was curious to see. "Yes; he told me more than that; he told me all that a discreet doctor might tell even to his patient's closest friend. He had evidently made up his mind how much he might say, and how much he must leave unsaid; and no indiscretion of mine tempted him beyond his line. I dare say I didn't use as much judgment in putting my questions as I might have done. I was too—too much surprised."

"You will find yourself more at liberty here," said Bartholomew, looking up quietly, openly. "There is nothing in this matter that need be kept secret from you."

And nothing was kept secret, nothing but the terribleness of the strain of, actual want, the long-continued insufficiency of food, and the distressing pressure caused by a few small debts. All else was laid open, disclosed without exaggeration, without bitterness, but with every expression of a keen surprise, a still keener perplexity.

"It is the absence of motive, or rather the obscurity of motive, that exercises me," said Noel Bartholomew.

"Every one who knows the story will explain it for himself," interposed Genevieve. "And the general explanation will be that the pictures have not given satisfaction."

"Will it be considered a satisfactory way of expressing dissatisfaction, the sending of the pictures back again without a word of previous warning?" asked Bartholomew, "the sending a man to put them down at the

painter's door before the day had fairly broken?"

The depth of Noel Bartholomew's suffering, the intensity of the anguish he was enduring and hiding, had not betrayed itself before. It was betrayed now, not in the words used in asking these questions, but in the tone of unutterable cruciation in which he spoke.

He leaned his head back against his chair, pallid, exhausted. Was that terrible unconsciousness coming down upon him again? Genevieve rose to her feet, and put her arm about the tired, trouble-stricken head. Then she pressed her pale lips upon the hot aching forehead.

"It cannot happen again, my father," she said, in low soft tones. "It is over, and other things are over, and we shall see, believe me, my father, we shall see a long light and peace for this strife and darkness. Believe, believe that we shall yet see compensation."

Kirkoswald sat silently, silently thinking, silently wondering. His own temperament was poetic, and therefore artistic in a sense, enabling him to comprehend where some would have been confounded. He knew well enough that the brain that expends itself in search of beauty, in search of the last expression and effect of beauty, will have no life left wherewith to live the common life, the life of endurance of human hardness, of human shortsightedness, of human greed, of human self-seeking. It was not incomprehensible to him that this man should be unable to meet an amount of insolence, of humiliation, that a commoner man would have passed by with a smile of contempt. It was not incomprehensible to him, though he did not know the worst, that this blow should have struck straight to the root of life itself. Perhaps he comprehended it all too plainly for his peace of mind. Not that he was thinking of his peace of mind then; on the contrary his resolution was leading him into the thick of the strife.

His time had come, his time for action, for strong determination, for a fight that could but end in freedom, be the fray ever so dark and desperate, so he said to himself as he sat there thinking.

"You will know that I am at your service," he said presently, "and you will know that my words are not idle words. Action in this matter is unavoidable now, in the name of the common rights of humanity it is unavoidable. . . . Forgive me for saying, perhaps prematurely, that action is my duty as well as my privilege."

There was another pause. "I think I agree with you that some movement is desirable," said Bartholomew, who had recovered himself, and was leaning forward with his hands clasped in the old way on the arm of his chair. "I had resolved upon some step. I thought of you first; then I thought of Montacute, the lawyer at Thurkeld Abbas. You will know him? Years ago we were friends in a certain sense. I know him to be an upright man."

"As upright as a pillar of granite, and as hard."

"Is that your view of him? It was never mine," said the artist. "I thought him human above all the lawyers I had ever known. I have a firm impression that in this matter he would deal humanly."

"What could he do?"

Bartholomew smiled. "I know no more than a child what he could do. But I know that if skill or knowledge could avail, these things would not be wanting. Do you know Montacute at all? He used to amaze me. I always thought of him as a man who could twine an Act of Parliament round his little finger with a smile. But it would have had to be a very bad act. A right cause was safe in his hands always."

Kirkoswald did not reply at once. After a time he said, "Perhaps I do not know the man as you know him. Our affairs have always been in the hands of Waterland of Market-Studley; and, of course, I have left them there. Once or twice Mr. Montacute has had to do with matters of ours that were involved, as legal matters always are involved, and I have never known aught of him but the uprightness you speak of. All the same, he impressed me as having an immense and intense inflexibility."

"Uprightness must always be inflexible."

"True! And, of course, you neither desire nor require deviation. All you want is justice, or rather equity, but the latter is more difficult of obtainment than the former."

The poor artist closed his eyes wearily. He would have been glad if he might have closed them altogether upon this irksome entanglement, the first entanglement of the kind that he had ever known. For him all discord had a taint of lowliness, an element of commonness, of coarseness. It seemed as if this thing were entering into his inner life, making havoc there. He was but wanting justice, yet if he got it, would it not seem as a kind of revenge, a kind of victory that would be more humiliating than any failure? Oh, how weary he was of it all! And here was

this strong unwearied man begging with kind earnestness that he might take the burden, that he might fight the battle.

"You shall do as you will," he said, at last, in answer to a plea of Kirkoswald's. Genevieve had gone out to speak to Keturah about some supper for her father; the two men went on talking, planning. Bartholomew was a little anxious about the quiet conducting of the matter. When Genevieve came back again, pale, yet smiling, looking up with sweet tired eyes, George was saying—

"Trust me, what I do, I will do quietly. I hope I shall be able to come down to-morrow evening, and tell you that the affair is settled one way or another. Don't think about it now; if you can, put it away, or if you must think of it, think of it as some one else's affair, something with which you have no concern."

To himself he added, "And when that is settled there will be another matter to be settled." He looked up with the thought, the resolution in his eyes; and Genevieve understood it, or thought that she understood. He was saying again to her, as he had said to her father, "Trust me," and he was silently adding, "Trust me for more than this, for more than a small effort to help a friend. Trust me through the silence, trust me through the darkness, trust me for life, trust me for love. I will not fail you."

And plainly as a look could answer, the look in Genevieve's deep dark eyes said, "I know, I know certainly that you will not fail me."

All the evening George Kirkoswald lingered there by the cottage fireside. He liked the brightness, the pleasantness, the warm poetic human life.

"I always think this is the most homelike home I know," he said, looking round upon the well-filled bookshelves, the pale coral-tinted walls, the pretty bright chintzes, the few ornaments, the many evidences of artistic instincts and occupations. Genevieve had on a dark warm-tinted dress which made her look fairer than ever; and her lovely shining hair seemed to light up the place where she sat. Kirkoswald could almost see the tired look fading away from her face. The sunniness came back to her spirit; the little quick, bright sayings that he loved so much to hear fell from her lips as they had been used to do. It was as if months of dreariness and weariness had been blotted out in the sudden warmth of this new and unspoken understanding.

Even Bartholomew felt and understood

something of it; the influence came to him as an alleviation. If the morning had been dark, surely the evening was bright and good; surely it held a promise of brightness and goodness to come.

It was like listening to music, to something that had opened with crashing chords, and wild clanging dissonances. Then when the brain was wearied, and the ear deafened and pained to the uttermost, all had changed.

Here was a sweet fire-side song; a few bars of a restful, mystic harmony that soothed like a wind-harp, and had power to uplift as well as to tranquillise. The parting words were said to this accompaniment.

When Kirkoswald had gone the music fell a little, the strain had loneliness in it, the last cadence dropped into the moaning wind, and went sighing across the rain-swept fields sadly, tremblingly.

CHAPTER LII.—“THUS I ENTERED, AND THUS I GO.”

“Bear up, my soul, a little longer yet,
A little longer to thy purpose cling.”
WORSLEY'S *Odyssey*.

GEORGE KIRKOSWALD looked very resolute as he walked over the corner of Langbarough Moor that frowned darkly between Usselby Hall and Yarrell Croft. It was the day after the day that had been so sadly eventful at Netherbank. The rain was over. There was a sunny grey-white mist lying upon the Marishes. Beyond there was a grey sea, with dark-hulled ships moving north and south.

To his dismay, George saw that there were two or three carriages drawn up in the yard at the back of Yarrell Croft. “There are people there, then,” he said to himself somewhat impatiently. Nevertheless, he went in. The big drawing-room was hot; it was half-full of people who had come over to luncheon. They were talking, laughing. Diana was in a new mood. Her colour rose when George went in, and a quick, pleased light shot into her eyes.

“Now I call this provoking,” she said. “If I had asked you to come you would have declined. Don't take the trouble to be polite; but since you are here, sit down, and try to be sociable for once. Do you know that you are getting a dreadful character for unsociableness?”

All this was rather terrible to George.

“I think, then, that it will be only honest to say that I came on business,” he replied, looking very intently into Miss Richmond's face, and speaking so that his admission could be distinctly heard. A curious little

pause in the general conversation followed, compelling him to add, “But don't let me intrude either my business or myself. I will come again. Will it suit you if I come to-morrow about this time?”

“It will suit me well; eminently well. After so much pleasure—I may even call it dissipation—at Yarrell, to-morrow will be a day of dulness, of unendurable reaction. Come to-morrow by all means. Only let me say, I don't believe in your business. Our possessions don't touch. There is Birkkrigg Beck between. Are you going to propose a division of the beck? or of the stones at the bottom of it?”

“I will not go into the question to-day,” George said. He was a little amazed at Miss Richmond's unusual mood. Had she mistaken his errand? Had she guessed it rightly? It would have been only natural if she had guessed it; and if so, if this were the cause of the strange change in her, what was underlying her conduct towards Bartholomew—her conduct, George said to himself always, never dreaming of referring any decisive motive to the well-dressed and well-contented young man who was teaching bagatelle to three pretty frilled and flounced girls in the recess by the window. George watched him wonderingly, and somewhat compassionately. “It was not Cecil's doing, that act of yesterday morning,” he said to himself as he sat listening to Mrs. Aylmer's advanced views on feminine suffrage. He listened patiently for awhile; then, hoping that he had done all that was required of him, he went away.

He was in considerable perplexity as he went; his disappointment was not his only.

Should he go down to Netherbank for the purpose of explaining that an untoward chance had hindered him from fulfilling his intentions? It seemed hardly worth while to risk the producing of a depressing effect when, in all probability, he would be able to go down on the following evening with relief on his lips, and satisfaction. He would have been glad enough to go down, so glad that he looked for selfishness in his desires, and seemed to find it. Since he could take down with him nothing to put an end to any pain, or any sore feeling, then why need he go at all? He would wait. Waiting was difficult; so surely it would be right and wise.

He was in a different mood when he entered the drawing-room at Yarrell on the following afternoon; and Miss Richmond was in another mood also. He was prepared for a sterner strife, a more prolonged effort, than he had

at first anticipated. Thinking over things in the silence of the night he had come certainly to the conclusion that Diana Richmond was prepared for conflict of some kind.

As was natural to her, she had in the first instance considered her dress carefully, not considering what would be the proper thing for a woman approaching middle age to wear in her own house as a morning dress. Such an idea would be the last likely to occur to her. It was not that she was ignorant—this by no means; but she was defiant, and had a passion for effective colour. This afternoon she wore a dress of richly tinted Indian silk, relieved by masses of dark, changeable velvet. There was some fine old lace round the throat, and an enamelled cross fastened it in front. Her beautiful hands were half-covered with jewels.

Kirkoswald was tolerably free from personal vanity, but he could hardly help feeling as he entered the room that his shabby loose grey coat was of the nature of a solecism. Miss Richmond was sitting there in her low chair with a mass of white lace arranged carelessly upon it, so that her dark head was thrown into relief; her eyes had a heightened brilliancy, her cheeks a touch of colour. Though it was so early, he could hardly help the feeling that she had been waiting for him, expecting him.

His task might have seemed even more difficult than it did seem, if he had known how long she had been waiting for this present moment. She had just been saying to herself, "I have waited for it for years. I have desired it passionately."

The usual greetings were said, the usual remarks made on the changeableness of the weather. Diana all the while was watching George carefully, admiring the look of resoluteness on his face; there was resoluteness even in the way he sat on his chair. She smiled a little as she watched.

"I shall begin to believe in your business, after all," she said presently. She spoke with the studied deliberateness she always used, so that no word of hers ever seemed to be said with too great ease or lightness.

"I think you can hardly refuse to believe in it, either in the existence of it or in the importance of it," George replied. Then he added in a more conciliatory tone, "Indeed, I am sure you will not refuse to consider the matter. You know something of it already, of course. I am speaking of the two pictures that Mr. Bartholomew has painted for your brother."

The changes that passed over Diana's

face were very slight. Her eyelids drooped a little, as if she would see Kirkoswald's face more clearly; her under lip was drawn in. Presently she leaned forward, resting her fine oval chin on her white hand.

"I thought the matter had brought you here," she said. "I knew that yesterday . . . How was it that Mr. Bartholomew could not come himself?"

"He could hardly have done that. Pardon me, but your own perception will enable you to see why he could not come on such an errand, even supposing that he had been well enough to do so. You will have heard of his illness?"

"I heard yesterday that he was ill. I heard this morning that he was walking in the field near his house."

"Probably. All the same, the attack was a serious one. Dr. Armitage is of opinion that had Bartholomew been alone at the time he would not have recovered."

"Poor man! . . . What was the cause of it?" asked Miss Richmond, using an inexpressiveness of tone and manner that was admirable under the circumstances.

Kirkoswald paused. How could he explain to a nature like this the depth, the intensity of the suffering endured by a man endowed as Bartholomew was endowed, with a temperament of such hyper-sensitiveness, that an idle or unthinking word would lower his mental tone for days? How could he make her to see the intimate connection between such a man and his work; a connection so close that the mere careless mention of anything he had done would sting him like a cut with a fine lash? The difficulty of the task seemed insuperable.

"Since you ask me what was the cause of his illness, I must, of course, believe that you do not even guess. . . . It was the return of the pictures in a manner so unexpected, so inconsiderate, that struck him the blow from which he has not yet recovered, from which he may never quite recover."

There was a noticeable pause before Miss Richmond smiled. She did, however, smile, and incredulously.

"How tragic!" she said at last.

George compressed his lips, and succeeded in his effort to be silent.

"What is that quotation one often sees?" Diana said; "something like—

'What great events from little causes spring!'

It used to be in one of my lesson-books."

"Does this seem to you a little cause?"

"Eminently little."

"The whole matter seems to you a small one?"

Diana smiled again. "You have lost none of your old diplomatic talent," she said. Then a change toward something of hardness, of defiance, crept into the curves about her mouth, and she added: "The matter is small in one way; ask any one whether they would not consider the incident a trifling one in the life of a man like Noel Bartholomew. But it is not small in another way . . ."

Miss Richmond paused here. Her eyes seemed to fill with a deeper darkness, her lips to meet with a fuller strength. Her utterance was more than ever deliberate, studied, inexpressive.

"It is not a small matter to me to feel that advantage has been taken of my brother's inexperience," she said, watching Kirkoswald through her half-closed eyes with a curious intentness.

George started in his chair visibly. A dark colour spread over his face, a light like flame shot from his eyes.

"You believe that? You believe that of *him*—of Noel Bartholomew? Are you . . ."

"Am I mad? Well, no; I think not. It seems to me that it is because I am so sane that I refuse to be imposed upon."

"Then it *is* the price? I would not believe it; I could not, since the pictures seemed to me to be worth so much more than the price asked. Even to myself I have insisted that you did not consider them to be satisfactory. That is what every one is considering."

"And you are afraid that his reputation will suffer?"

"Not for a moment. Such reputation as he has will not be touched by any experience he may happen to have at Murk-Marishes."

"That is precisely what I said to Cecil . . . By the way, let me take the opportunity of explaining that whatever blame there may be in the matter is mine, not my brother's. He is a fool in such things. He acted foolishly in the first instance, in giving any commission whatever, and, though he does not admit it, I am fully convinced that the commissions were extorted by means of undue influence, or rather undue pressure. Cecil does not admit this, as I have said, but neither does he deny it, and on these two facts, undue pressure and exorbitant price, I shall take my stand. And let me say plainly, it will save time—I mean to fight the battle to the end."

George was silent a moment. The colour

had gone out of his face; even his lips were pale.

"It will help to enliven a winter at Yarrell Croft," he said, knowing that he sent his small arrow to the white.

"It will," Diana replied. "I was dreading the tedium of the next four months."

"And nothing will move you, nothing will touch you—not even Dr. Armitage's declaration that another such shock might be fatal?"

"That sounds very commonplace."

Again Kirkoswald was silenced by hardness, elusiveness, impassibility. He broke the silence presently.

"Before I pass on to another matter," he said, "there are one or two small points that I should be glad to have explained. May I ask why you have not made some of these objections sooner—for instance, when the first picture was finished? You saw the size of it; you must have had some idea of the value of it. Why did you not speak then?"

Diana smiled. "This is new," she said. "It is a long time since I have been put through such a catechism as this."

"You are not bound to answer my questions if you find them inconvenient."

"Thank you; then we will let the matter drop."

"You wish it? You will not think of the pain you are causing? You will not even consent to any compromise?"

"Not now. . . . Since you know so much of the Bartholomews and their affairs, you will be aware that my brother wrote, endeavouring to effect a compromise?"

"Hardly that! I beg your pardon, but I believe that the letter was simply a request that Mr. Bartholomew would take the pictures back, and try to dispose of them."

"That was an opening, of course," said Diana.

"Then it should have been more straightforward."

"A quality you do not lack."

"Thank you; I seem to need it at present."

"I do not dislike it," said Miss Richmond languidly. "But you spoke of another matter. Will you not bring your straightforwardness to bear upon that?"

"You anticipate it, of course," said George, feeling as if he were entering upon a mere formality that admitted of neither desire nor fear. "It concerns the letter you wrote to me a few months ago, after you had discovered that an engagement existed between Miss Bartholomew and myself."

"An engagement! . . . This is interesting. May I congratulate you?"

"It would give me extreme pleasure to feel that you could do so sincerely," George said, wondering, half-hoping, betraying himself needlessly.

Diana laughed, a long, low, rippling laugh that had something almost like enchantment in it. Yet it was sufficiently disillusionising.

"I perceive," he said. "Forgive the mistake."

"One might forgive you anything; you are so credulous, so easily imposed upon. You are just what you always were."

As Miss Richmond spoke she took out from a fold of her dress a small morocco case, opened it, and looked at it awhile intently. Then she looked up at George again.

"And yet you are altered in appearance," she said, coolly comparing the portrait in her hand with the original. "You are much older-looking; you are darker, you are less handsome. In these things you have lost. What is it that you have gained?"

"A friend might hope, wisdom."

"A friend! Yes, probably. I suppose you will hardly count me amongst your friends?"

"Then it is because you place yourself outside," said George, feeling that there was truth in the thing he said. Even as he sat there he knew that he sat in the presence of a strong nature with all its best strength perverted, turned aside from all that was human and womanly, poisoned by vanity, warped by selfishness, paralyzed by one experience, the experience of an enervating, and blinding, and hardening prosperity. That there was humanity underneath, if it might but be reached, he was persuaded even yet. But he knew too well that he might never reach it; perhaps no merely human influence might avail. Still, it was not as if he confronted a stone, a thing that had no heart or soul. Then there would have been no hope. A remote and half-dead hope was better than none.

"You have given me credit for straightforwardness," he said; "let me continue to deserve it. I have failed in one errand that brought me here, and the failure is very hard to bear—very hard, and very painful, when I think of the possible consequence. But it must pass, it seems, since nothing that I have urged has availed. . . . My other motive for coming, as I have said, concerns the letter you wrote to me. I have erred; I have been unwise in that I took note of it at all. I do not wish to be rude, but I am feeling conscience-stricken as regards another

just now. At the same time I trust I am capable of consideration for you. Will you be equally considerate toward me? Will you return to me the portrait you were looking at just now, with another that I think you have, and my letters? It is not too much to ask under the circumstances. It would have shown greater wisdom had I come to you long ago; I am bitterly conscious of that. But now that I have come, you will hardly refuse me. And, of course, you will understand that it is not the portraits I care for, nor even the satisfaction of receiving my letters, but all that your act of returning these things will include."

"You would then feel quite free?" Miss Richmond asked quietly.

"I should feel quite free, and I should feel that you had withdrawn the threats you used."

"Those threats disturbed you?"

George's heart sank within him.

"They could hardly do less than that," he said with a smile that was not quite free from bitterness.

There was another pause. Miss Richmond turned her head a little, so that she looked into the fire. The expression on her face was the expression of a woman quiet, pleased, gratified. It was hardly a smile that was playing about her lips; but it was certainly a look of placid, pleasurable expectancy.

"It seems a very small thing, this that you ask," she said, musingly.

"It is very small."

"And yet it implies so much!"

"What exactly does it imply to you?"

George asked, as if with a new grasp on the matter.

Diana smiled, a smile that showed full appreciation of the import of the question. Then the smile died from her face quite suddenly.

"I do not know all that it might imply," she said. "Life is so complicated. Nothing turns as one would wish it to turn. Things have the very contrary effect to that one intends them to have."

"There is much truth in that," George replied, imagining again that he had perceived some tone of relenting in her voice. "The only safeguard one has is to live one's own life as simply as may be; and not to dare to try the effect of design upon the events of other lives."

Diana looked up at George musingly.

"The old habit!" she said. "Preaching at me, and preaching impossibilities. But tell me what you meant just now when you

said that you repented not having come sooner? What difference can it have made to you, since you admit that you are engaged to Miss Bartholomew?"

George hesitated a moment. Let the issue of this interview be as it might there should be explanation between himself and Genevieve that evening; and before he slept Bartholomew himself should be told all. This being firmly settled it could hardly be very necessary for him to be guarded in this conversation with Miss Richmond. Perhaps frankness might have an influence that caution would fail to have; and frankness was always easy; while caution in the exactly right degree was often an extremely difficult thing.

So it was that George Kirkoswald came to tell the story of the past six months of silence, of suffering, of suspense, to Diana Richmond. He hardly mentioned Genevieve's name. "It has been as if no word had ever been said between us," George declared, "and I have left her to judge of my conduct as she chose, knowing that she could never judge uncharitably of any human being."

Miss Richmond listened very quietly, very attentively. Was there any compunction in her at all when George told her of the shock, the stun, that her letter had given him, coming as it had done, into the day that was to have been one of the happiest days of his life? Did she perceive any desire to be honourable, to be patient, to do well and wisely in his long restraint, his long waiting for some light to show him the next step onward? "I have seen so many lives, so many causes wrecked by impatience," he continued, "that I set myself at all costs to wait, to do nothing that I should afterwards repent of having done. But as I have said, I repent now of the thing that has seemed to me a virtue. You remember that day when I spoke to you in Soulsgriff Bight? I should have come to you again at a more suitable moment. . . . But regret is idle now. I have only to ask you to withdraw the letter you wrote to me, and to return mine. I think you will not refuse me now."

Diana looked up with one of her most inexpressive looks on her face.

"And if I do refuse?" she said.

"Then I must tell you clearly and plainly that it will make no difference in my deed. I shall explain everything to Miss Bartholomew, and to her father, and abide by the result."

With an exquisite grace of movement Miss

Richmond rose and crossed the room. There was a davenport near the window which she unlocked, taking from it a packet of letters. Her diamond rings flashed, her dress rustled imposingly as she came back. George saw at a glance that they were his own letters that she had in her hand. He had prevailed. He sat down again quite silent in his relief, his satisfaction.

Another brief moment, and his emotion rose up tremulously. Miss Richmond had taken out two letters from the rest, and unfolded them. To his great dismay she began reading some passages aloud.

"Believe me, my own queen, when I say that my love for you is as changeless as my love of life itself, and far more sweet to me," she read in low, soft tones. "The days when I do not see you are dead, empty, divided days. When I am with you, holding your hand in mine, feeling secure of 'the crown and comfort of my life, your favour,' then, and then only, do I live any real life. Apart from you I have no vitality. All my old interests are dead, utterly dead. I cannot even take up the old books; if I do I find nothing in them. Do what I may—

"Only I discern
Infinite passion, and the pain
Of finite hearts that yearn,"

Kirkoswald's pale lips parted:—

"Will you not spare me?" he asked hoarsely. "This can do no good."

"I only wished to remind you that I have some ground to stand upon," said Miss Richmond, speaking in the same gentle tones.

"And you mean to stand upon it?"

"I do."

Kirkoswald rose to his feet. "Then it will be better that I should say no more. . . . But let me ask you one thing. Will you tell me what is your motive for all this? I do not deceive myself for one moment by supposing that you still care for me."

"Then it will hardly trouble you if I tell you that I never did really care for you. I did not always know it; but I know it now."

"Then, why, why since you never cared for me enough to have suffered yourself from any deed of mine, why should you take pleasure in making me suffer? I cannot understand it. What is your motive? What do you wish to do? What do you wish me to do?"

"I wish you to go and explain to Miss Bartholomew."

"Then assuredly you will have your wish!" said George, offering his hand, and saying "good day" with something that it would

be an understatement to call decision of manner.

* * * * *

Miss Richmond remained standing for a moment or two after Kirkoswald had left the house. Her white hands were clasped lightly, her eyes half-closed, her brows knitted as if in perplexity. This was an expression seen on her face but rarely. Diana Richmond was seldom perplexed.

"So far I am foiled again," she said, speaking half-aloud. "Are they fools, all of them, that they will not see?" . . . Then, while she still stood quietly there, the drawing-room door was thrown wide open again. A tall, white, fur-clad figure entered with a fine grace of bearing and movement; and bringing an element of some strong half-spiritual emotion into the atmosphere. "Miss Bartholomew," said Kendle, in his most pompous manner. Then he closed the door. The two women were left facing each other, greeting each other with smiles, and quiet, graceful courtesies.

CHAPTER LIII.—"AND TO MAKE IDOLS, AND TO FIND THEM CLAY."

"Yet God thee save, and mayst thou have
A lady to thy mind;
More woman-proud and half as true
As one thou leav'st behind!
And God me take with Him to dwell—
For Him I cannot love too well,
As I have loved my kind."

MRS. BROWNING.

THE quietness at Netherbank had not been broken during the two days that had passed since George Kirkoswald's offer of intervention. When the evening of the next day closed in, the day on which George had found the drawing-room at Yarrell full of people, Noel Bartholomew had betrayed a little expectancy, a little eagerness. Genevieve had opened the piano; she had filled the big china bowl with fresh green moss, scarlet holly-berries, pale gold chestnut-leaves. There were some ferns in a tall vase; some rare engravings on the small table-casel. A friend of Genevieve's, Mrs. Winterford, had sent her some photographs from Venice, they had only come by post that morning; and they were lying on the table, waiting to be talked over, admired. . . . Was it because no one came to admire them that the evening seemed so long, and that the quiet of it grew to be oppressive?

"I hope Mrs. Warburton has not telegraphed for Mr. Kirkoswald again," Genevieve said, gathering up the engravings and putting them back into the portfolio. The remembrance of the previous evening was in

her eyes, it had been there all day, filling them with the glad, tender light of hope; it lay under the white lids like a shadow now. It was after nine o'clock. There was no longer any probability that George would come down from Usselby. The old look of weariness had taken the place of the expectancy that had been visible on Bartholomew's face all the afternoon.

"No," he said, in answer to Genevieve's remarks, "no, it is not that. It is nothing so painless as that. He is delaying to come, because coming can only be painful. I wish he knew that I am prepared!"

Next morning brought a little hopefulness, as morning almost always does; but as the day wore on it died down again, dying into perplexity, into some inevitable soreness of heart. It was nothing to Kirkoswald; at any rate, it was very little. The man was busied with his own affairs; his free, fine outdoor life lifted him up above the small strains and stresses of ordinary existence. It was not to be expected of him that he could understand that great and sudden quietness which had come down into the little sitting-room at the mere offer he had made. . . . Then all at once Bartholomew turned round upon himself with blame and contempt and self-reproach. He was undeserving of that last and best good, a true, unswerving, and loyal friend.

The night had been a sleepless one for him; his heavy eyes, his wan thin face, told of an ever-increasing sleeplessness. And sleep during the day was impossible to him; nevertheless, he consented to go and lie down for awhile, if Genevieve would be obedient, and consent to go for a walk. Then if Kirkoswald came, or Dr. Armitage, Bartholomew would be there to receive them.

Genevieve went out reluctantly. It was just after their early dinner. The day was cold and uninviting; the land looked dreary; the long reedy marsh stretched darkly away round the curve of the upland. She had put on her long paletot of warm white fur, and her little oval white fur hat, yet she could hardly help shivering at first as she met the keen breeze that was coming up from the north, sweeping over the bent and broken sedges that were grouped so gracefully together in the standing pools. A few lean startled yearlings looked up with wondering brown eyes as she passed; the water-wagtails went skimming about. A blackbird was thrusting his yellow bill into a tempting scarlet rose-hip.

Genevieve had less mind than usual for

these things to-day. The worn hopelessness of her father's face haunted her as she went by field and farm; the wrong, the oppression he was enduring came back upon her with an almost overwhelming sense of its strangeness, its incomprehensibility. A dozen words, if they might but be spoken, would at least make things straight and plain. If circumstance remained hard and bitter, it would surely be better to bear, being understood. Then a great desire came upon her strongly and suddenly. She was not so far from Birk-rigg Gill now. Why should she not pass through it, go up to Yarrell Croft, and speak with Miss Richmond face to face about this unprecedented thing herself?

The girl stood still a moment, turning from white to crimson in the working of her own strong emotion. She remembered that George Kirkoswald had undertaken to act as mediator; but it was not impossible that he had failed, as her father feared? "I can find out if he has failed, or if he has succeeded; and either way I can do no harm by calling," Genevieve said to herself. "I am not afraid of Miss Richmond; she has always been courteous to me; sometimes she has been kind; and, though I do not understand her, I have always felt as if I wanted to understand her. I will go now. I will certainly go. It may be that I shall say nothing when I get there; but I will go and find if there is anything to be said."

Her purpose gathered strength as she went on; and her impulse seemed no longer an impulse, but a sane and sensible measure, which she ought to have thought of much sooner. It seemed to her eminently probable that ten minutes of simple and kindly and straightforward conversation would explain everything, bring everything to a peaceful and satisfactory conclusion.

So it was that less than a quarter of an hour after George Kirkoswald had left the drawing-room at Yarrell Croft, Genevieve Bartholomew entered, with her strong purpose, her yearning human loving-kindness, written plainly on her face. Miss Richmond's eyes were radiant with the unexpected satisfaction.

"This is really kind of you, to come so far to see me on such a dull day," she said, with quiet cordiality. "Come nearer to the fire; take the chair that George has just left. . . . You would meet him?" she said, with studied indifference. "He has just gone."

"Mr. Kirkoswald! No; I did not meet him," Genevieve said, changing colour, in spite of all effort. Then she paused awhile. When she spoke again there was a new calm-

ness on her face. "Let me be candid, since you thank me for coming," she said. "Perhaps if I had met Mr. Kirkoswald I should not have come. I think his errand and mine would be the same."

"His errand!" Miss Richmond exclaimed, looking up as if she were rather at a loss. "Oh! you are alluding to the little affair between your father and Cecil." Then with an exquisite turn of her shapely head, Miss Richmond let her eye fall upon the velvet-covered table that was between Miss Bartholomew and herself. Genevieve's eye naturally followed hers. The morocco case, with George Kirkoswald's photograph, was lying there open; the letter that Diana had read aloud was open also, and close to Genevieve. The merest glance at that distinctive handwriting was enough. Two small heaps of letters were carelessly spread out behind.

"Do you think that a good likeness?" Miss Richmond said, handing the case to Genevieve. It was a little foreign case, with pockets for cartes-de-visite.

"I do not know if it is good," Genevieve said simply. There was a mist before her eyes. It was not the mist of tears, and it passed away in a moment or two. "I hardly know if it is good," she repeated. "It seems to have been taken some time ago, when Mr. Kirkoswald was young."

"When he was young!" exclaimed Miss Richmond, laughing a low, cool, deliberate laugh. "Oh, that *is* good! I must tell him that! . . . It was only taken a month after we were engaged. There are two others in the pocket that he had taken afterwards in Paris. I do not like them. You can look at them if you care to do so. I never care to look at photographs myself. They either tell one nothing, or something that is not true. If I had seen George's photographs before I saw himself I should never have cared for him. There is such a look of sternness, one might almost call it hardness, about his mouth when it comes to be photographed; and a certain expression, half-disdainful, half what I call consequential, that he undoubtedly has sometimes, but very seldom. Why should it always come out in a photograph?"

Was Miss Richmond soliloquising in mercy, in malevolence, in utter indifference? Genevieve did not know. Had something struck her, wounded her, taken her strength? Was she blinded? Had some sudden madness touched her brain, filling her soul with a sickening, crushing, cruel delusion?

She rose to her feet, white, pallid as the garment she wore. Her great dark violet

eyes were dilated till they seemed as if they saw nothing. She stood there tall, and still, and stricken.

"It is true, this you say?" she asked, speaking in a strange, quiet, yet bewildered undertone.

Miss Richmond rose too; for the moment she was half-alarmed, and she stood there asking herself what was the worst, the utmost thing she had said. . . . That utmost thing was true, true to the last letter; and she said so, regretfully, as if the thing gave her pain in the utterance.

Genevieve grasped the back of her chair. She was still standing, still pale and motionless. She had no power to move. She was not thinking; she was only trying to stand strong and firm for the moment, without losing consciousness, without betraying herself. She hardly knew that her wide beautiful eyes were slowly filling with tears; she made no effort to check them. Her lip quivered with the word that came.

"You know that I am hurt?" she said, in a simple, child-like way, speaking as if in the sudden stun she were moved to turn for sympathy to the hand that had dealt the blow.

Miss Richmond made no reply. She, too, was pale, and there was a look of controlled disquietude on her face. The strife of good and ill was strong within her at that moment. She had been prepared for the infliction of pain when the moment came, but not for such a manifestation of pain as this.

Genevieve was still standing before her, the tears still in her eyes, as if the chill of her heart had frozen them there for ever.

She was looking through her tears, beyond them, beyond the purple hills that bounded the horizon. Was she trying to look beyond and behind this hour that had so surely struck its darkness through the hours to be?

"I must go now," she said, turning to Miss Richmond, and speaking as one who comes slowly back again to a life that has been suspended, "I must go to my father."

She went out almost silently, hardly knowing the way she took. The great gates clanged into their places again; some sheep were bleating rather piteously on the moorland above. A big brown retriever came out from among the bushes, and looked up into the sad human eyes that were passing by as if he divined all the sadness, and all its meaning; but the girl took no notice of him. She noted nothing. She went hurrying on.

Five minutes after she had left the drawing-room at Yarrell, Miss Richmond sent

Kendle out to find her, to bring her back; he was to desire her earnestly to come back for a moment or two. But Kendle was unable to overtake Miss Bartholomew. The man imagined that she had gone by the moor; but she was nowhere on the upland. She had gone homeward as she had come, by the dead, dark, marshy reeds.

All the way she went by the dark marishes. The wintry twilight was coming down quickly, icily. A lurid crimson flush was fading in the west. The trees stood still, the withered drooping sedges were still; the birds were silent. One great pale star stood shining in the lonely heavens.

Presently she came to a road that crossed her path, a road that led down from Usselby into Soulsgrif Bight. Once, not so long ago, she had been passing through the marsh in the early morning, singing as she went out of the gladness, the lightness, the fullness of her heart, making for herself a little tune to the words that were ringing in her ears:—

"I must not scorn myself, he loves me still;
Let no one dream but that he loves me still."

Surely it was but yesterday! She had been singing aloud, freely, gladly, unrestrainedly. Then, suddenly, at the turn of the road she had met a tall, stern figure close at hand. He had heard, that was evident; and the gay glad song of assurance had turned to a silent and painful blush of maiden shame.

Surely it was but yesterday! And now? . . . Now the girl stood by a stunted black-thorn bush and held it so that the thorns passed into her hand till the pain was greater than she could bear. So she kept back the tears that would have betrayed her soul's anguish to her father.

Then, again, she went rapidly on by the dim ways; and as she went there came to her, like an echo from afar, some words that Canon Gabriel had spoken one evening to the people in the music-room at Soulsgrif Bight. He had been speaking of St. Peter, of his attempt to walk on the waves to his Master, walking as on the earth till he had looked round upon the wild waters that were raging on every side. Then his faith had failed. Had he looked steadfastly at the Master only, he had never felt himself beginning to sink.

It was so in many a crisis, the Canon had gone on to say in simple words. A man's sole chance of outliving the storm might lie in his ability to look above and beyond the terrible stress of it. . . . The truth, the help of this came mercifully just now when it was

wanted. She would not look, she would not think, not yet, not till strength came for looking and thinking. . . . Would it ever come? A chill sighing gust of wind came up from the sea through the gathering darkness; it went away up to the moor carrying with it a half-uttered cry, "Will it ever come? Will it ever come? Will there ever again be any life to be lived with desire for life's continuance?"

She reached the stile at Netherbank at last. Mr. Severne was just coming away from the cottage. He stopped for a moment, half-surprised, wholly pleased.

"I beg pardon, but I don't think you ought to be out so late on these cold evenings," he said, when his greeting was done, speaking kindly, tenderly as a brother might.

"Do you care?" Genevieve replied, speaking in strange new tones, tones that were a little excited, a little wild. "Do you care, do you still care? I wonder that you should care so long. But, perhaps, it is only seeming, only mockery. I could understand that. I cannot understand in any other way."

Mr. Severne could hardly see her face in the darkness; but he could not fail to recognise some change, some development of life's fitful fever. Was it her father's trouble that was trying her thus?

"What makes you suspect me of insincerity?" he asked, speaking gently, yet breathing more quickly under the intensity of his own emotion.

"I don't suspect you more than others. I don't suspect anybody. It is not suspicion; it is knowledge, new knowledge of the world, of life, of all things—the good glad life that I have so delighted in, the beautiful world that I have loved so keenly. Oh! try to see it—try to see it for what it is! Believe certainly that it—

*'Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help from pain.'*

But, there, I am preaching to you, when you should be preaching to me. Come and preach to me, but not to-morrow, not for a

long time; not for a long, long time. Then come and say something to help me, come and say anything you will."

She discerned the change in Mr. Severne's voice when he spoke again, the intonation of disappointment.

"I am not to come to Netherbank at present?" he asked.

"Come in the morning," Genevieve said, still speaking as if she hardly knew the thing she uttered. "Come and try to make me good as you are; help me to bear trouble as you bear it. Be my brother, and be very wise, and be very patient, and be good to me—oh! be good to me! There is no one else, my father must not know. There is no one else who may see me weak, and wilful, and overpowered in the fight as you may."

There was a pause. A good many thoughts were passing through Mr. Severne's brain; and if there was effort in the next remark he made, there was for him no irrelevancy.

"Perhaps I ought to have told you before that Mr. Kirkoswald is with your father," he said, as if the remembrance had just struck him.

"He is there now? Good-bye, then. And come again when you care to come. And when you come, be true! be true! If the world may have one true thing in it, oh! be true!"

Genevieve went swiftly across the stubble-field. There were lights in the cottage windows; the ivy dropped in long clustering sprays; the birds flew out tremulously. The one lonely star was still shining; an unspoken cry went far beyond it, a cry for help in the sore strife—only for help that she might not fail, help that she might be strong for the moment, help that she might not betray herself in the presence of him who had betrayed her life's whole faith, its utmost trust, its last bound and possibility of love. "Help for a little while!" she said, "and then, then I will lie still. All my life long I shall need only to be still . . . still between dawn and dark, still between dark and dawn . . . nothing can break the stillness."

VILLAGE WEDDING BELLS.

RING on, ring on, ye wedding bells!
There's a duty rests with you;
The joy you make is a joy that tells
Of hearts that are brave and true.

The times are hard for simple folk;
They're oft in stormy weather;

But a man and wife must pull through life,
And breast the waves together.

One side of life is dark as night;
The other is clear as day.
In doing right you keep to the light,
And the dark will pass away.

Though times be hard for simple folk,
And we mourn the ills of fate,
The rule for man is, do what he can,
He must learn to work and wait.

Behind the cloud's a silver light,
A joy for the faithful heart.
Then plight your troth by a solemn oath,
To be true till death do part.

It's not in vain the wedding bells
Ring joy on the wedding day ;
Though the battle's nigh, yet hopes are high,
And hearts are merry and gay.

Ring on, ring on, ye wedding bells !
There's a duty rests with you ;
The joy you make is a joy that tells
Of hearts that are brave and true.

JOHN HUNT.



A HOLIDAY AFLOAT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

I HAD long heard of the house-boat, and had once seen it (as you see it here, my readers, in a sketch done by a girl little older than many of you, but already a notable English artist). It lies, summer after summer, moored in a tiny bay on our river Thames ; and twice it had been offered to me for a week's occupation by its kindly owner, but I never was able to go. When at last I found I could go, I was as ready to "jump for joy" —had that feat been possible at my age—as any of you young people. To live in a house-boat on the broad river, with a safe barricade of water between you and the outside world—to fish out of your parlour door, and if you wanted to wash your hands, to let down jugs with a string from your bedroom window ;

moreover, to have unlimited sunrises and sunsets, to sleep with the "lap-lap" of a flowing stream in your ears, to waken with the songs of birds from the trees of the shore—what could be more delightful? Nothing, except perhaps "camping out" under the stars, which might also be a trifle damp and uncomfortable.

No dampness here. More than comfort—actual beauty. When I went down to look at it, in early spring, and the kind owner showed it with pride—pardonable pride—I found the house-boat adorned with Walter Crane's drawings and William Morris's furniture, perfectly æsthetic in its decorations, and as convenient as a well-appointed yacht. Also, there was a feeling about it, as if



Our Arrival.

the possessor loved it, and loved to make people happy in it. There were mottoes from Shakspeare, Shelley, Keats, Milton, in every room, and pictures on every wall, besides the perpetual pictures outside—a gallery of ever-changing loveliness.

I came home enthusiastic, and immediately set about choosing "a lot of girls," as many as the boat would hold, to share it. Only girls; any elderly person, except the inevitable one, myself, would, we agreed, have spoiled all. I did not choose my girls for outside qualities, though some of them were pretty enough too—but for good temper, good sense, and a cheerful spirit, determined to make the best of everything; and face the worst—if necessary. These were the qualities I looked for—and found.

I shall not paint their portraits nor tell their names, except to mention the curious fact that three out of the six were *Katherines*. We had, therefore, to distinguish them as Kitty, Kath, and Katie, the latter being our little maid-of-all-work—our coachman's daughter. The other three were the artist, whose name is public property, and two girls, specially mine, whom I shall designate as Meum and Tuum. All were between fifteen and twenty-five—happy age! and all still walked "in maiden meditation fancy free," so we had not a man among us! Except our sole

protector, Katie's father, whom I shall call Adam, after Shakspeare's Adam in *As you like it*, whom he resembles in everything but age.

Six girls afloat! And very much afloat they were, swimming like ducks—no, let us say swans—on a sea of sunshiny felicity. As we drove from our last railway station—

Maidenhead—our open omnibus, filled with bright-faced girls, seemed quite to interest the inhabitants. Reaching the open country, that lovely Thames valley which all English artists know, our ringing laughter at every small joke startled the still July afternoon, and made the birds dart quickly out of the hedgerows. Such hedgerows, full of wild briar roses, pink and deep red, honeysuckle, traveller's joy, and dozens of other flowers.

"There it is! There is the house-boat!" cried Kitty, who had seen it before, having been with me when we investigated it domestically.

"Hurrah! we have nearly reached it—our 'appy 'ome," exclaimed Meum and Tuum, standing up in the carriage together. Two of the Katherines followed their example; indeed we should have looked a most ill-behaved party, only fortunately there was no one to see us, except one labourer lazily sitting on a mowing machine which was slowly cutting down all the pride of the



Our Departure.

flowery meadow through which we drove to the river side.

There she lay, the *Pinafore*, and beside her the *Bib*, a little boat, which was to be our sole link with the outside world. In it sat the owner, who had patiently awaited us there two hours, and whose portrait I should like to paint, if only to show you a bachelor—an old bachelor you girls would call him—who has neither grown selfish nor cynical, who knows how to use his money without abusing it, and who does use a good part of it, in making other people happy.

The *Pinafore* is his hobby. He built it on the top of a barge, under his own directions, and from his own design. It consists of a saloon at one end, combination kitchen and dining-room at the other, and four cabins between, with two berths in each. A real little house, and well might we call it our happy home—for a week.

Our host showed us all over it once more, pointed out every possible arrangement for our comfort, partook of a hasty cup of tea, and then drove back in our empty omnibus Londonwards, deeply commiserated by us whom he left behind in his little Paradise.

The first meal! Its liveliness was only equalled by the celerity with which it disappeared. And then came several important questions.

"Business before pleasure! Choose your room-mates, girls, and then arrange your rooms. It is the fashion on board the *Pinafore* to do everything for yourselves. When all is ready we will take a row in the sunset, and then come back to bed."

Which would have been a pleasant business, if some of them had had to sleep in beds of their own making!

"Ma'am," said Katie, who was beside me when I peeped into one cabin, which was one confused heap, "hadn't I better do the rooms? The young ladies don't quite understand it."

Katie, the best of little housemaids, was heartily thanked, and her offer accepted. "But, girls, remember it is for the first and last time. After to-night you must learn to do your rooms yourselves."

So we threw overboard the practical for the poetical, and, like Hiawatha, went sailing towards the sunset in dreamy delight.

What a sunset it was! The river with its flowery banks, rushy islands, and tree-fringed back-waters, was dyed all colours, according to the changing colour of the sky. Such green mounds of trees, dark woods on either side! everything full of rich summer

life, from the stately pair of swans sailing about, with their six grey cygnets after them, to the water-hen scuttling among the reeds, the willow-wren singing among the bushes, and the wary rat darting into his hole as we passed. All was beauty and peace.

"The cares that infest the day
Did fold their tents, like the Arabs,
And silently steal away."

My five girls could all handle an oar, and how they did enjoy their row! The two youngest took it by turns, and at least succeeded in "catching crabs" with much dexterity and hilarity.

On and on, till we were stopped by a lock—the three evils of the Thames are locks, weirs, and lashers. So we turned, and let ourselves drift back with the current. Now and then we "hugged" the bank, and gathered thence a huge handful of purple loosestrife, blue and white bugloss, meadow-sweet, forget-me-not; or we floated over great beds of water-lilies, yellow or white, which grew on a quiet little back-water, where we nearly got stranded in a shoal and pierced with a snag. But "a miss is as good as a mile," said we, and were more careful another time.

The sun had long set, and the moon was setting—the young moon, like a silver boat—when we re-entered our "happy home" for supper and bed; the second speedily following the first, for various excellent reasons, one being that the supper-table was required for Adam's couch. He had his choice whether to sleep on it or under it, and preferred the latter as being "more like a four-poster." Adam is by nature almost as silent as his horses, but his few remarks, terse, dry, and shrewd, often pass into family proverbs.

So all the *Pinafore's* crew sank into repose, except one, who has an occasional bad habit of lying awake "till the day breaks and the shadows flee away." How gloriously it did break, that dawn on the Thames! and how strange were the river sounds—the chirping of birds and the lowing of cattle mingling with other mysterious noises, afterwards discovered to be the tapping of swans' beaks against the barge, and the water-rats careering about underneath it. Nevertheless at last sleep came, and with it the power to face and enjoy another new day.

A holiday is never the worse when there runs through it a stratum—a very thin stratum—of work. So the two working-bees, author and artist, decided to be put ashore after breakfast and left under two trees, with their several tasks, while the others enjoyed

themselves, till dinner-time, when we expected friends who were to row about ten miles to spend the day with us.

Dinner reminds me of our domestic commissariat—which, considering that food for eight or ten hungry people does not grow on every bush, was important. Groceries and other stores we brought with us, but bread, milk, butter, fruit, and vegetables, we had to get from the inn opposite, which also sent us our meat ready-cooked, it being impossible to roast a joint on board the *Pinafore*. Fresh water too we had to get from the inn pump—river water not being wholesome for drinking. Great fun were those endless journeys, for we were all thirsty souls, and all, even Adam, teetotallers. The amount of water and milk we got through was such that some one suggested it would save trouble to fetch the cow on board. The kindly landlady bade us “gather our fruit for ourselves,” so we often brought home a boat-load of valuable food—potatoes, peas, crisp lettuces pulled up by the roots and eaten as rabbits eat them; also raspberries, cherries, and currants. It was almost as good as shooting or fishing one's dinner. And, by-the-bye, the sight of the fish jumping up round the boat brought the saddest look to Adam's amiable countenance.

“If I had but a rod and line, ma'am, I'd catch them for dinner.”

And very nasty they might have been—river fish generally are—yet politeness would have obliged us to eat them, so perhaps all was for the best.

After a mirthful day our guests departed, and, to rest their arms, my five girls decided to stretch their legs and take a walk on shore. “Let's have a race,” said the biggest and the most beautiful. As she tucked up her skirts she looked a real Atalanta. The second in height, and only a trifle less in grace and activity, did the same, and off they started, up what seemed a solitary road, when lo! suddenly appeared two young Oxford men, book in hand! What they thought of the apparition of these two fair athletes, and the three other girls behind, all of whom collapsed suddenly into decorum, will never be known. But I doubt if they read much for the next ten minutes.

The race thus stopped, we thought we would go into the village churchyard, where two old men were soberly making hay of the grass cut over the graves. Thence we passed into a quiet wood, and finally came home—hungry, as usual—to supper, and so concluded our second day.

No, not concluded. About eleven P.M.

happened a most dramatic incident. A sudden and violent bump caused the *Pinafore* to shake from stem to stern, and woke us all up. Some declared they heard a voice exclaim, “Halló, Bill! where are you going to?” and others vowed they heard a great rattling at what we entitled our “front door.” Adam was vehemently called, and he and his mistress, in rather hasty toilettes, carefully examined every corner; but all was safe. Then we looked out, in case there had been an accident, but nothing could be seen, the river flowed on, empty, dark, and still. I entered the cabin where five maidens, all in nocturnal white, stood congregated together in a group, not unlike the daughters of Niobe, and took their evidence. However, as the mystery, whatever it was, could not be solved, we all went to bed. And Adam having, with his usual cautious fidelity, poked into every place that a thief, or even a fly could enter, made the brief remark, “Pirates,” and retired again to his—table.

The only result of this remarkable episode was that about eight the next morning, finding a solemn silence in the cabins instead of the usual tremendous chatter, I went to look at my girls, and found them all five lying fast asleep, “like tops.” As it was a pelting wet morning, with the wind blowing after a fashion which required all one's imagination to make believe that our dwelling was quite steady, this infringement of my Mede-and-Persian rule—eight o'clock breakfast—was less important. But I said remorselessly, “This must never happen again.” Nor did it.

Their laziness lost my girls the great excitement of the day. A sudden outcry from Adam of “The boat! the boat!” revealed the alarming sight of our little *Bib* having got unmoored, drifting away calmly at her own sweet will down stream! For a moment Adam looked as if he intended to swim after her, then changed his mind and halloed with all his strength. Female voices joined the chorus. At first we were in despair, for at this hour, and on such a wet morning, there was not a soul to be seen at the hotel garden or ferry. A last agonising shout we made, and then saw a man rush out, evidently thinking somebody was drowning. He caught the position—and the boat, which in another minute or two would have drifted past, and brought her back to us in triumph.

After this we settled down, thankful that things were no worse—except a dreary down-pour and a wind that rattled every door and window of our frail dwelling. The girls' countenances fell.

Now, though the happiest days of my life are spent among young people, I have always found that a certain amount of law and order is as good for them as for myself, else we get demoralised. So instead of hanging about and moaning, wondering when it would clear up, and if it didn't clear up what we should do, I set everybody to do something. Two cleaned the bedrooms and exulted over the dust they swept away, another wrote home letters, and a fourth gave us delightful music on the harmonium. The artist had, of course, her own proper work, the result of which you here behold. And when about noon the sky cleared, and grew into a lovely July day, breezy and bright, with white clouds careering about, we felt we had earned our felicity.

Still it was too stormy to row much, so we investigated the shore on either side. First the Abbey, beside which was the hotel and its farmyard, splendid hay-stacks almost touching the ancient ruins, which date from the time of King John; then, after the important interval of tea, came a long walk on the opposite bank, where, protected from the wind by three umbrellas, the party sat admiring the scene, and themselves making a charming picture *not* painted at present. And lastly, as if to reward our cheerful patience, after sunset the wind sank, and in the clear west, in the midst of a brilliant twilight, sat the crescent moon.

"We must have another row!" and so we had, until twilight melted into dark.

The third morning came, and by eight o'clock the house-boat was as noisy as a magpie's nest. We had arranged for a long expedition, with a boatman who knew each lock, weir, lasher—every danger on the river, and leaving to him all the care of the voyage, were determined to enjoy ourselves solely.

Our morning row was delightful, but brief, since the girls and the boat had to sit for their portraits, as they here appear, the young artist having afterwards done herself—from memory—sitting in the bow. But we had scarcely reached home when there came the most awful downpour. I had warned them of this, reading in the *Times* that a "depression" was travelling over from America—all our bad weather does come from America—but of course they didn't believe it. Even now, though the sky was a leaden grey, and the river, too, bubbling all over with the sheets of rain which pelted on our flat roof, and our "front garden" and "back garden"—as we called the two ends of the barge, used, one as a scullery, the other as a drawing-room—

were soaking with wet, my five girls would hardly believe in their hard lot.

"It must, it will clear!" persisted they, but it did not clear for six mortal hours. We soon ceased to lament, and rejoiced that we were safe under cover. We made the best of our afternoon—we read, we drew, we played games; then we took to music, and sang, or tried to sing, some catches and rounds. Finally our eldest gave us Mendelssohn on the little harmonium, and our youngest, in her clear, fresh, pathetic voice, sang us Schubert's songs from *Wilhelm Meister*, till a boat-load of soaked, white-jacketed youths was seen to stop under the opposite bank, listening to the Lurlei-like strains. (N.B.—I hope it did not cause their deaths from rheumatic fever.)

But the worst times come to an end if you can only wait long enough, and by seven P.M. we looked out on a cloudless sky and a shining river. Ere we started for another sunset row Adam said briefly, "There's fish for supper, ma'am." He too had utilised the wet day, and behold! a dozen small dace, caught by some fishing tackle he had borrowed, were swimming in a bucket, alike indifferent to the hook they had swallowed and the prospect of being speedily fried. But Adam's pride in his piscatory exploit was a little lessened an hour after, when we found him, with mingled laughter and anxiety, gazing after a majestic swan, which had swallowed the baited hook and then swam away, carrying rod and line after him. It took a long chase to recover both, but they were recovered; and so, we concluded, was the swan, for he reappeared shortly after as lively as ever, and ate the food we threw out to him with his usual dignity and grace. These swans, of whom our artist has taken some portraits, are the pride and ornament of the Thames. They belong to the Thames Conservancy Corporation, and no one is allowed to molest or destroy them. They sail about like kings and queens, followed by their families, and are petted and fed and admired till they become quite tame. They used to gather round our boat and eat out of the girls' hands, and their graceful motions were a delight to behold.

The last day had now come, at least our last whole day—Friday. We resolved to make the most of it, by going up the river in the forenoon and down it in the afternoon, taking with us a frugal meal of bread and butter, milk, and cherries, also the towing rope, in case rowing up stream should be too difficult and too long a business. There is a towing-path all the way along the

Thames, at one side or other, and we used often to see a young man, or even a girl, or sometimes both, amicably harnessed together, pulling along a whole boatful of people with the greatest ease. We thought the towing, if necessary, would be great fun for the after-dinner row.

Our morning row was a failure, being much too "genteel." The river flowed between civilised shores, dotted with splendid villas. Its banks were elegantly boarded in for promenades, its very boat-houses were palatial residences. No osiers, rushes, and lovely water plants; the very water-lilies looked

cultivated. We agreed that our own bit of river was much the best, and that not a single house-boat—we passed half-a-dozen at least—was half so pretty or so commodious as our *Pinafore*. Content and hungry, we came back to it, determined to eat our dinner in ten minutes, and be off again; but fate intervened.

"Listen! that's surely thunder! And how black the river looks! It is bubbling, too, all over! Hark!"

Crash, crash, and down came the rain, regular thunder rain, continuing without a moment's pause for three hours. Drenched



The *Bib* and its Crew.

boat-loads of unlucky pleasure-seekers kept passing our windows, struggling for the hospitable inn opposite.

"Still, yesterday evening was lovely; to-night may be the same," said the girls, determined to keep up their spirits. And when at last the rain did actually cease, and a bit of blue sky appeared—"enough to make a cat a jacket"—they set to work baling out and drying the boat, protesting the while that the occupation was "delightful."

Fortune favours the brave. It was seven o'clock before we were able to start; but that last row was the loveliest we had. Such a sunset! such views! of osier beds, and

islands of tall rushes, and masses of woodland, and smooth, green parks with huge century-old trees, and noisy weirs, and dark, silent locks! We had now grown fearless, or desperate, and determined to go through two locks. Some of us, I think, would have liked to go right on to London! drifting contentedly down the rapid stream. But motherly wisdom, seeing the sun fast sinking and the twilight darkening, insisted on turning homewards, and was obeyed.

Only once, when the crimson sunset reflected in the river from behind a fringe of low trees, made a picture too lovely to resist, our artist implored to be "dropped," as was

her habit; which being impossible at that hour, we compromised by "lying to" for half an hour, while she painted, or tried to paint, in the dim light. We sang a quantity of old songs, duets and glees. In the pauses the cornrake put in his note from the shore, and one or two other birds awakened up with a sleepy chirp; then all sank into silence, and there were only the quiet river and the quiet sky, up which the crescent moon was sailing, brighter and brighter. I think, however long my girls may live, and whatever vicissitudes they may go through, they will never forget that night.

It was not evening but actual night, when we reached our "appy 'ome." Adam was anxiously watching. We had his little daughter on board with us.

"Did you think anything had happened—that we were all drowned?"

"Yes, ma'am, I did," said he briefly.

Poor Adam, shut up in his floating prison, had evidently not spent the happiest of evenings, but we had; and—it was our last.

About eleven or so, when the magpie's nest had all sunk into silence, I saw the loveliest moon-set. The large bright crescent close upon the horizon shone in a cloudless western sky, and was reflected in the river, with a gulf of darkness between. After watching it for several minutes, determined to see the last of it, I went back into my cabin, and took up a book—"Essays" by Miss Thackeray. One "On Friendship" interested and touched me so much that I read it to the end, then started up and rushed to the window. It was too late. My moon had set! Only a faint circle of light in the sky, and another fainter still on the river, showed where she had been.

I went back to bed, a little sad at heart and vexed with myself for having missed the lovely sight by about a minute, after having sat up on purpose to watch it. Too late, too late! Why cannot one always do, not only the right thing, but at the right time?

My girls had apparently discovered this secret. Long before even I was stirring, though old birds are usually early birds, I heard a great clatter and chatter in the parlour or saloon. It was our two "little ones," broom in hand, with their dresses tucked up, cleaning and sweeping, throwing about tea leaves, taking up rugs, dusting tables and chairs, washing china, and in short fairly turning the house, or house-boat, out of windows. The delighted laughter with which they watched the dirt and débris sail down the river, a floating island of rubbish, was quite infectious.

"No, no, we can't eat any breakfast till we have done our work. We are determined to leave the parlour as clean and beautiful as we found it."

With which noble sentiment I entirely coincided.

After breakfast there were the cabins to be put in order, and all the packing to be done. It was eleven before we felt free to enjoy ourselves, and then the sky looked so threatening that I protested against the long expedition which had been planned. Suppose it rained—in fact it had rained a little—and we all got wet through and had to start for our long railway journey without any possibility of drying ourselves. So, in deference to the prudent mother, who never denied them anything she could help, the good girls cheerfully gave up their expedition, and we spent a delightful hour or two in paddling about close at home and gathering water-lilies.

This last proceeding was not so easy as it looked. Water-lilies have such thick strong stalks, and grow in such deep water, that in plucking them one is apt to overbalance the boat, especially if fully laden. We had to land half of our crew on an osier island, while the others floated about, guiding themselves with the boat-hook, and cautiously grasping at the dazzling white blossoms and plate-like leaves which covered the surface of the water for many yards. A risky proceeding it always is—gathering water-lilies; but when gathered, what a handful—nay, armful—of beauty and perfume they are!

We got back not a minute too soon; and had scarcely sat down to dinner, our last dinner—at which we laughed much, perhaps to keep our spirits up—when flash! crack! the storm was upon us—and a more fearful thunderstorm I never saw. The river was one boiling sheet of splashing rain; the clouds were black as night; between them and the water the forked lightning danced; and once, when after a loud clap of thunder, a column of white smoke burst out from the wood opposite, we felt sure the bolt had fallen.

For two whole hours the storm raged; and then, just as we were wondering if the carriage would venture to come for us, and how we should accomplish our seven miles' drive without being drenched to the skin, the rain ceased, the blue sky appeared, and the world looked, as the world feels after the thunderstorm in Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony.

And so, with contented, thankful hearts, although a little melancholy, and with the very tune of the reapers' thanksgiving song

out of the said symphony ringing in our ears, we left our sweet little house-boat and our beautiful Thames and went our several ways homeward.

"We may never in all our lives have such another week," said one of the girls mournfully.

Which is very possible; but, ought we not to be glad that we ever had it at all?

HOW WE FIND OUT THE SHAPE AND SIZE OF THE EARTH.

By PROFESSOR A. H. GREEN.

A KNOWLEDGE of the real shape of the earth on which we dwell was reached only by slow degrees. Men very soon got an inkling that the earth was in some way or other round. The "round world" of the Psalmist, and the views held on this subject by the Greeks of the Homeric age show how prevalent the notion had become at a very early date. It is a notion that naturally suggests itself when we cast our eyes across the sea from the top of a ship's mast or over a broad plain from a lofty summit, for the space visible to us is always bounded by a circle.

But the roundness that was at first assigned to the earth was very different from that which it really possesses. The portion of the sea that we see from a mast-head looks like a round flat plate, and men, who had not yet learned to distrust the evidence of their senses, naturally came to the conclusion that the earth as a whole had the same shape. Guided wholly by sense, and not yet trained to abstract reasoning, they overlooked the fact that a large round plate would look circular to an eye placed above it only if the spectator were near its centre. Or if this had occurred to them, the objection carried no weight, because each man never moving far from home and feeling the great importance which the country he belonged to possessed for himself, was firmly convinced that that country occupied the commanding position of the centre certainly of the world, probably of the universe at large.

The hackneyed proof that the earth is not flat is now taught in every Board school, and nowadays when ships put out straight to sea with hulls rising high above the water and towering masts, it may be verified by every visitor to a seaport town. But in the days when as a rule the sailor hugged the coast fearing to lose sight of land, and low-masted galleys were the rule, there were not so many opportunities of noting that a vessel did not go out of sight all at once, but that the hull disappeared first, then the yards, and that the top of the mast remained visible after these had vanished and was lost to view last of all.

Still it must occasionally have happened that the home-sick voyager, when he spied at last the temple perched on the top of a lofty cliff which furnished the land-mark he had so often strained his eyes to descry, was struck by the fact that the roof came into sight before the basement, and that the whole was full in view long before he could distinguish the town below in which his home lay.

Thus men came to realise that the earth was not a round plate but a round ball. When this conclusion was first arrived at we do not know, but the fact was accepted as generally in the time of Plato as in our own day; perhaps even more generally, for we have no record of a Greek sceptic who was prepared to stake a large sum that a crucial experiment would prove the earth to be flat, and made difficulties about paying when he lost his wager. But there was yet more to be learnt before the earth's figure could be finally settled. There are many kinds of round balls, cricket balls and foot balls for instance. A cricket ball is a sphere, that is, every point on its surface is at the same distance from a point within it called its centre, the constant distance being called the radius. This would not be true of most foot balls, probably of none after a hard-fought match.

Now the fact that the line which bounds our view at sea, the *horizon* as it is called, is a circle not at one or two places but everywhere, points to the conclusion that the earth is much nearer a cricket ball than a foot ball in shape. For take a well-made cricket ball and a glass funnel big enough for the ball to lie in it; hold the ball in the hand and place the funnel upon it. The funnel will touch the ball all round; and if we suppose an eye placed at the summit of the cone of the funnel, it would evidently see the part of the ball inside the line along which the funnel touched the ball, and would not see any part of the ball outside this line. This line is the horizon for an eye in such a position. Smear a little paint on the inside of the funnel and again apply it to the ball, the paint will make a mark along the line of

contact, and this mark will be a circle. And it will be a circle *to whatever part of the ball the funnel be applied*. If we were to make the same experiment with a foot ball it is quite clear that we should require different shaped funnels for different parts of the ball: we might get circular horizons on some parts, but not all over: some of our horizons would be oval, and others of very irregular curved shapes. Now it can be proved by geometry that there is only one surface which will give circular horizons *all over* when treated in this way, and that surface is a sphere.

The fact then that the horizon is circular as far as the eye can judge *everywhere on the earth*, shows that the earth is spherical or very nearly spherical in shape. Of course we cannot pretend to say that the horizon is an exact circle, and therefore the earth may not be an exact sphere; but the horizon is certainly not very far from being a circle, and hence we cannot be very far out if we assume the earth to be a sphere.

And now how big is this sphere? To explain how it is measured, I must use language savouring of "the mathematics," and therefore calculated to terrify the ordinary reader. But, gentle reader, lay aside, I beg, any fear that you may feel on this head. You would be much insulted if I hinted that you could not do a sum in Addition or Subtraction; you might perhaps take it ill if I doubted your mastery of the "Rule of Three;" well, the amount of mathematics I must inflict on you is very little worse than Addition and Subtraction, and is certainly not so formidable as many a sum in "Double Rule of Three."

First we shall have to deal with two kinds of quantities, lines and angles. Lines present no difficulty; they are measured in miles, feet, inches, and so on. Angles, though not so familiar, are measured quite as simply. Suppose the edge of your watch face was divided into 360 equal parts instead of into 60, and that each part was called a degree: suppose both hands at XII: in 5 minutes' time the minute hand will have passed over 30 of the divisions or through 30 degrees, and we simply say that the angle between the two positions of the minute hand contains, or is, 30 degrees; the corresponding angle at 20 minutes past 12 is 120 degrees, and so on. Each degree is further subdivided into 60 equal parts called minutes.

Now for a little bit more of these formidable mathematics. Draw on a sheet of paper a triangle, and put A, B, C at the three corners: this triangle has three sides, and three angles; we call the angle between the lines B A and

C A shortly B A C, putting the letter A, where the two bounding lines B A, C A meet, *in the middle*. Now suppose A, B, C are three towns, and we want to find out how far they are apart. We can walk from B to C and measure the distance with a tape, but there are broad rivers which prevent us walking from B to A and from C to A. For all that we can find the distance between the towns.

We have a large brass circle the edge of

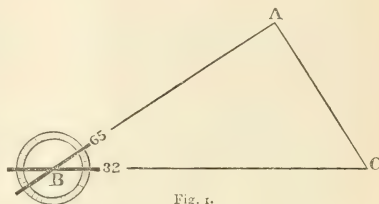


Fig. 1.

which is divided into 360 degrees: a telescope moves round on a pivot placed at the centre of the circle. We stand at B (Fig. 1) and direct the telescope to C, and note which division of the circle it covers, say the 32nd: we turn the telescope round till we can see A through it; it now covers the 65th division. We have turned the telescope through 33 degrees, and this is the size of the angle C B A. We then go to C, and in the same way measure the angle B C A.

We now know the length of the side B C, and the size of the two angles C B A, B C A. We can now, *merely by doing a sum*, find the lengths of A B, and A C. What that sum is the curious reader may learn from works on Trigonometry; if he has no leaning that way, he must take the statement on faith. He must also be prepared to believe that we can in this way determine the distances B A, B C much more exactly than by measuring them with a tape. Next suppose that D, E, and F (Fig. 2) are other towns, and that we measure in exactly the same way as before the size of the angles A C D, C A D. We have found the length of A C, and by doing exactly the same kind of sum as before, we can find the lengths of A D and D C. By making the same kind of observation at A and D we can find the lengths of A E and D E; and by carrying our instrument to D and E, we can find the lengths of E F and D F. So we may go on till we have determined the lengths of the sides of a network of triangles reaching over any extent of country. We call the process a "Trigonometrical Survey."

Calculations of a similar nature will enable us to determine the length of a long straight line C M running in any direction, say due north and south, across the network. Note that, to do this, we have had to use our

measuring tape *only once*, viz. to measure the distance from B to C; all the rest has been done by measuring angles and doing sums. There is a great advantage in this, for it is extremely difficult to measure the length of a line exactly with a tape; angles on the other hand can be measured with great accuracy, and of course we can insure that the sums shall be worked correctly.

The line B C with which we start is called a "base line," and though it is not

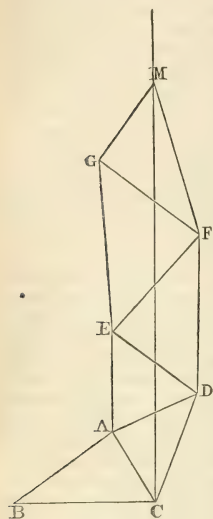


Fig. 2.

obvious at first sight why it should be so, the accurate measurement of this base line is about the most difficult part of the whole operation. What shall we measure with? A tape? It will stretch. A wooden rod? It will warp. A metal rod? It will be longer on a hot than on a cold day. These and many other difficulties present themselves, but by proper precautions they can be got over. The accuracy with which base lines can be measured and the whole of the work carried out can be tested in various ways, of which the following is an example. In the Trigonometrical Survey of Great Britain several base lines were measured, one on Hounslow Heath was about five miles long, and another measured on the flat sandy margin of Lough Foyle was nearly eight miles long. Starting from the base on Hounslow Heath the network of triangles was carried northwards over England, thrown across the Irish Sea, and continued over Ireland up to Lough Foyle, and the measured base there was made a side of the last triangle. Step by step the lengths of the sides of the successive triangles were

worked out, and if the observations had been accurately made and the sums correctly worked, the answer to the last sum ought to be the length of the Lough Foyle base. This answer differed from the measured length only by as near as may be two and a half inches. Do not we use a similar check every day when we want to learn what our expenses have been? Railway fare, cab hire, what we spent in this shop and what in that, we try to recollect, and add the amounts together. To be sure we have overlooked no item, we count the money in our pocket and subtract it from what we had when we started. As far as the writer's experience goes, the two figures seldom agree anything like so closely as the calculated and measured lengths of the Lough Foyle base. Checks of this kind are constantly applied during the progress of the survey, and thereby any errors of observation or calculation are detected and the highest accuracy is insured.

In order to bridge over the Irish Sea the observation of angles had to be made on hills high enough to be visible from one another across the water. By means of a mirror on one hilltop the light of the sun is flashed across to another hilltop, and the aerial triangles are bounded by rays of light which shoot across from the mirror on one summit into the telescope on the other. Snowdon and Precelly in Wales, Scafell in England, Slieve Donard and some high points on the Wicklow Mountains in Ireland were among the stations used for this purpose. The side of one triangle reaching from Scafell to Slieve Donard was 111 miles long.

In this way then we can determine the length of a long straight line on the earth's surface. But we cannot girdle the whole of the earth with a chain of triangles, and we must now inquire how knowing the length of a long line on the surface enables us to find out the size of the earth. A little bit more mathematics will be necessary. Suppose the line we have determined runs north and south and that A and B are its extremities, and that O (Fig. 3) is the centre of the earth. If we could ascertain in any way the size of the angle A O B, we could find the length of A O by doing a very easy sum, we should simply have to divide the length of A B by the number of degrees in A O B, and multiply the result by $53\frac{1}{6}$.

But this does not seem to bring us much nearer to a result, for how are we to find out the size of the angle A O B? In this way it may be done. Let S be a star, draw the

lines A S, B S, and draw O A, O B upwards to C and D: then it is known that

The number of degrees in the two angles A O B and A S B equals the number of degrees in the two angles C A S and D B S.*

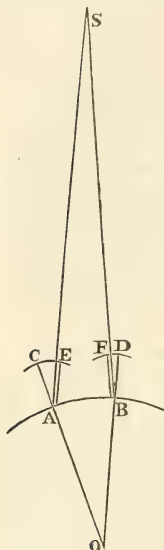


Fig. 3.

though still measurable. If the room be 17 feet across, the length of the strings is about 800 times the distance between the pins, and it would require a very carefully constructed instrument to measure the angle between them. But AS is many thousand million times A B. How inconceivably minute then must the angle ASB be! Really it is many times smaller than the smallest angle that we can measure with our best instruments. We may therefore leave the angle altogether out of our calculations, and this amounts to saying that

The number of degrees in the angle A O B is equal to the number of degrees in the two angles C A S and D B S.

We shall know then the size of A O B, if we can find the size of C A S and D B S.

Things now begin to look more hopeful; instead of an angle whose point lies at the earth's centre, we have to deal with two

angles whose points lie on the surface. And these angles can be easily measured. If I hang a plumb line C A over A, it will point straight to O. I can also take a telescope A E, turning round a pivot at A, and turn it till it points straight to the star. The angle between the plumb line and the telescope can then be measured on a circular ring C E, whose centre is at A and which is divided into degrees. The line A C points to the spot in the heavens directly over our head, and this is called the Zenith: hence the angle C A E is called the "Zenith distance" of the star S. We have supposed A B to run from north to south, and hence the angles C A S, D B S are measured when the star is due north or due south of us. In such a case these angles are called "meridian* zenith distances."

All we have to do then is to measure the meridian zenith distances of the same star at A and B: add together the number of degrees in these two angles; divide A B by their sum† and multiply the quotient by 53¹/₃. The answer is the radius of the earth.

In this way we find out that the distance from the centre to the surface of the earth is not far from 4,000 miles. We shall find it useful to recollect that if A B is a mile, the angle A O B is nearly one minute.

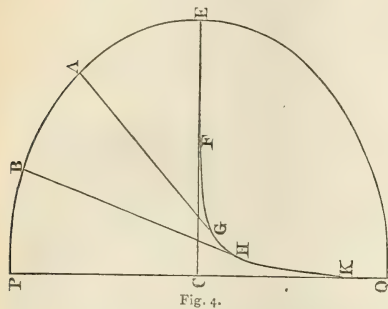
We have been going on all along on the supposition that the earth is exactly a sphere. If this be the case, it will not matter where A B is taken on the surface. Wherever our measurements are made, whether near the poles, near the equator, or at intermediate spots, if A B is a mile, the sum, or difference as the case may be, of the meridian zenith distances of the star at A and at B will always be the same, nearly one minute. It will be worth while to check our assumption by seeing if this is the case; when trial is made, it is found that it does make a difference in what part of the earth's surface A B lies. We measure the meridian zenith distance of a star at A; we then walk southwards till we reach a spot B, where the meridian zenith distance of the same star is one minute less, or one minute greater, as the case may be, than at A. We find, if we are near the pole, that the distance between A and B is greater than a mile; if we are near the equator, that it is less than a mile. The earth is not an exact sphere, and a line on its surface running direct from pole to pole is not an exact circle. We could roughly represent

* If S lies to the right of B D or the left of A C, we must read the difference between the number of degrees in C A S and the number of degrees in D B S.

* Meridian, mid-day, because the sun is due south at twelve o'clock.

† Or by their difference, if S lies to the right of B D or the left of A C.

the shape of this line by supposing it is to be made of a number of little pieces of different circles joined together. The circles of which each piece formed a part would all have radii of different lengths and different centres, and the radii of the different circles would grow shorter as we passed from



either pole to the equator. In Fig. 4 the radii of the circles which form the little bits of the surface at E, A, B, P would be E F, A G, B H, and P K; F, G, H and K being their centres, and all the centres would be on the dotted curve F G H K. More careful calculation proves that the line from pole to pole approaches still more closely in shape to the half of an oval-shaped curve called an ellipse, whose shape is shown in Fig. 4 by P B A E Q. If C is the centre, P one pole, E a point on the equator, C P is called the polar radius or axis, and its length is 3,949 miles; C E is the equatorial radius and its length is 3,962 miles.* The poles are therefore 13 miles nearer than the equator to the earth's centre.

So much for the shape of a line running over the earth's surface direct from pole to pole. The next point is to determine the shape of a line, like the equator, running all round the earth from east to west. By methods very similar to that already described it is found that these lines are exact circles. If the earth were sawed in two, the saw being held parallel to the equator, it would not matter where the cut was made, it would always be a circle.

This being so, we can form a surface such as that of the earth by taking half-ellipse P E Q and turning it round its shortest diameter P Q; for every line running from

pole to pole will be an ellipse, and, since all points such as B, A, E describe circles, all lines running round it from east to west will be circles. Such a surface is called in Geometry an Oblate Spheroid of Revolution, the word "oblate" denoting that it is flattened at the poles.

It must be mentioned that the latest calculations seem to point to the conclusion that the equator is not a perfect circle but is itself an ellipse. There is, however, very much uncertainty at present on this point; and even if the result should turn out to be correct, the equator differs very little indeed from a circle, for its longest diameter would be only about one-third of a mile longer than the shortest diameter, and one-third of a mile in 4,000 miles does not amount to much.

One more point must be noticed and we have done. The earth we have been speaking of differs in one respect from the actual earth on which we live. It is an earth in which every valley and all the deep basins in which the oceans lie have been exalted and every mountain and hill has been laid low. But the difference between this ideal earth and the earth as it is, is far less than would at first appear. The surface of the solid part would be some mile and three-quarters below the present sea level, and it would be covered by an ocean of a uniform depth of about a mile; the differences in shape then between the actual and ideal earth are altogether insignificant when compared with the radius of 4,000 miles.

On paper all this looks, at least I hope I have succeeded in making it look, very simple, but it is quite otherwise in practice. A part, only a very small part, of the difficulties which present themselves at the very outset in measuring a base line has been hinted at. The whole process is thickly beset with difficulties of a similar character, difficulties arising from the imperfect construction of instruments, from the habitual practice which instruments have of getting out of adjustment, from the mistakes which all observers are liable to make, and a host of suchlike sources, and this necessitates an elaborate system of checks and the employment of the most tedious mathematical calculations so as to eliminate as far as possible every error. The marvellous accuracy which is attained at last is proved both by the close agreement which obtains between the results of independent calculations, and also by the fact that other methods totally different from that described here lead to almost exactly the same conclusion as to the shape of the earth.

* The reader must carefully bear in mind that the difference between the equatorial and polar radii is very much exaggerated in the figure. If the curve had been drawn in the true proportions, it could not have been distinguished by the eye from a circle.



REST.

By MINNIE AMES.

LOVE came floating o'er the waters of life's calm untroubled sea,
Flashing in the morning sunlight ; " Rise," He said, " and follow me."
" Lord," I cried, " the flowers thou gavest, they are claiming all my care.
Love, I cannot rise and leave them, never flowers were half so fair."

Then the decoy freshness vanished, and the fierce unpitied heat
Smote upon my tender blossoms ; laid them dying at my feet.
Love came near me, in the shadows of the evening, cold and grey,
" Let the dead their own dead bury. Rise," He said, " and come away."

" Lord," I cried, " yet still there lingers the rich perfume of their breath.
Though my flowers were fair in living, they are sweeter still in death."
And the evening shadows deepened to the blackness of the night,
And, the darkness gently piercing, came a ray of Love's own light.

"Lord," I cried, "oh, take my blossoms, take my weariness and pain ;
Take my loneliness and longing, only give me peace again."
Then He drew me—oh, how gently—to the shelter of His breast.
"Child," He said, "I take thy sorrow ; thou shalt have thy perfect rest."

Still, I have it, passing onward through a scene, each step more fair ;
All my joy in Him is springing, all my gladness He doth share.
And though gently, days unfolding sometimes pain and sorrow bring,
Yet the Hand, that gives them to me, first doth rob them of their sting.



THE ISLE OF SPICY BREEZES.

BY HENRY W. LUCY.

WE sighted Ceylon early in the morning, and throughout a summer day, with the sea like glass and the sky sapphire, we skirted the island, passing poor Point de Galle, now shorn of its glory, and making for Colombo, which within the past two years has inherited the advantage and distinction of being the port of call for the P. and O. steamers. Passengers familiar with Bishop Heber's hymn went sniffing about in search of the "Spicy breezes that blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle," and were evidently disappointed at not realising the dream of early infancy. But the Bishop knew what he was writing about, and the spicy breezes are due to no effort of the imagination or exigency of rhyme. Captain Atkinson, of the *Verona*, tells me he has sniffed the spicy breezes when steaming fifty miles off the island. It all depends upon the state of the weather in Ceylon and the direction of the wind.

Point de Galle was abandoned as a port of call because it lies exposed to the ocean, and with the south-west monsoon is too lively a

place for vessels lying at anchor, still less for those taking in cargo. There is a break-water at Colombo which, though it seems to lie low, answers for order and affords safe and convenient anchorage to the largest steamers. We landed in the early morning, Adam's Peak, forty miles off, shining in clear outline against the golden sky, through which the sun was rising.

We crossed the harbour in a catamaran, a kind of gondola of which the Cingalese have obtained the monopoly, and are likely to keep it. The craft consists, to begin with, of the log of a tree roughly hollowed out. On this is built a structure of pole and canvas, which is in no part broader than two feet, and tapers to the ends, which are on the average 20 feet apart. It is clear that a boat on this plan would not float, a difficulty triumphantly overcome by attaching to it, by two arched poles 10 or 12 feet long, a heavy spar, which floats on the water. This balances the catamaran and makes it seaworthy in moderately fine weather. Should the catamaran be

caught in a stiff breeze, the proceedings of the captain and crew are simple and efficacious. If it is what they call a "two-piecey-man breeze," two men climb over the arched poles and, descending on to the spar, sit there, regardless of the raging sea. If it is a "three-piecey-man breeze," the requirements of the occasion are uncomplainingly met. In a big catamaran, with large sail hoisted, scudding before the monsoon, as many as nine men have been counted holding on to the spar, apparently half the time under water.

Our boatmen, favoured by quiet weather, sat one in the bow and the other in the stern, and rapidly paddled us ashore. They were fine-looking fellows, with a full measure of the national love of jewellery and gay clothes. Both had massive ear-rings, apparently of gold, and one wore a silver bracelet on his wrist.

All the people in Ceylon, from babes just "feeling their feet" to old men and women, their steps tottering on the brink of the grave, wear gold and silver ornaments. They even invent new places for carrying them, and it is no uncommon thing to see a Cingalese belle with the top of her ears covered with gold plate or wire, a large pair of rings pendant from the lobes of the ear, a gold or silver circlet round her hair, her nose adorned with rings, bracelets on her wrists, rings on her fingers, and silver plates on her toes. This is the perfection of adornment; but in one or other of the fashions, or in several of them, the Cingalese woman, of whatever station in life, is set forth. I saw running out of a house a sturdy little boy two years of age who had nothing on but a silver key fastened round his waist by a girdle of silver wire. The men take their pleasure less expensively. They delight in gold ear-rings and rings, but beyond this are content to entrust the recommendation of their personal appearance to a fine tortoise-shell comb of circular shape, set on the crown of their heads, with the ends towards the forehead. The men evidently pride themselves on their hair, which is generally drawn back from their forehead and tied in a neat knot at the back. As they wear earrings, and not always whiskers or moustache, it is not easy at first sight to distinguish man from woman.

The funereal gharry does not make its appearance at Colombo, the public being served by a conveyance something like a dog-cart on four wheels, with an awning, indispensable protection against the tropical sun. They are very cheap. I had one for three hours, for

which I was charged two rupees, a little over three shillings, and was overwhelmed with thanks for a trifling and evidently unexpected *pourboire*. The horses are poor creatures, the real draught animal of Ceylon being a plump and well-shaped little bullock. These are yoked singly or in pairs to light waggons roofed with dried palm-leaves, and can upon occasion get up quite a respectable trot. They are artistically branded, characters being stamped all over their sides. It is pretty to see a crawler—a light, palm-thatched waggon, drawn by a pictorial bullock, driven by a man in a red turban and white robes—hailed by a native, who gets in behind, sits on the floor, with his feet dangling down, and is trotted off.

Bishop Heber's well-known description of Ceylon as a place—

"Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile,"

is open to criticism on both assertions. There is much in Colombo which does not please, the town for the most part being squalid, dirty, and ill kept, the streets flanked by hovels, comparison with which is to be found only in the south-west of Ireland. On the other hand, both men and women, particularly the latter, are strikingly handsome. It is not only their flashing black eyes, their well-shaped faces, or their graceful drapery that please the eye. They have the rarer gift of graceful carriage. A Ceylon girl walks like a young empress, if empresses are particularly good walkers. I use the simile in despair, since I do not know anything in common Western life that equals or approaches the manner of the commonest Ceylon woman in moving about the streets. It is the custom in the island to engage women as street-sweepers, and in the matter of what Mr. Turveydrop called deportment, it is a liberal education to watch one of them swaying the long, flexible brush of bamboo twigs.

Both men and women chew the betel-nut, which incidentally serves the purpose attained by other means by young girls in Japan, giving a red tint to their lips, an effect in some cases by no means unbecoming. In the country districts the men wear nothing but a pair of earrings and a narrow loin cloth. Taken in conjunction with the tall palms, leafless for 20 or 30 feet, and then breaking out into a tuft of green leaves, they realise, with gratifying fidelity, the picture on the cover of the *Juvenile Missionary Magazine*. In towns, and near them, men dress generally in a single robe, thrown about them with infinite grace. One colour

frequently recurring in the gay procession was a dead gold, which, set against the tawny flesh and the straight, lithe figure, was a constant refreshment to the eye.

The first thing people do on arriving at Colombo is to take the train for Kandy; for which slight Colombo may find consolation in the reflection that if Kandy were the point of arrival visitors would rush off to the railway-station to catch the earliest train for Colombo. There is nothing particular to see at Kandy, certainly nothing more than at Colombo, unless it be the Botanical Gardens. But the journey through the country is well worth taking, and affords a convenient opportunity of seeing the island. This is not marred by any undue rapidity on the part of the train, which takes four hours and a quarter to do the seventy-two miles. It should be added that the gradient is for half the way very steep, clambering the hills, and presenting a splendid view of the country. I suppose Ceylon is green all the year round. Certainly nothing could surpass its verdure in mid December. At Kandy rain falls on about two hundred days in the year, the annual rainfall being 85 inches. This is a bountiful supply; but the peculiar good fortune of Ceylon is that it is pretty equally divided throughout the year. Unlike India, the island knows no alternations of wet or dry seasons, with the earth green for so many months and bare brown for so many more. In October and November the north-east monsoon is blowing, and in June, when the south-west monsoon is taking its turn, the rains are heaviest. The dry season, such as it is, happens in February and March. But even then the earth is at no distant intervals refreshed with genial showers.

Ceylon, like some other members of the colonial family, has seen better days. For some years past its coffee crop has been unremunerative, and it is said many of the plantations are heavily mortgaged. This year the hearts of the planters are cheered by brighter results. There is more coffee, but prices are low, and on the whole planters are inclined with increased assiduity to extend the growth of the cinchona. This tree, from whose bark quinine is made, was only a few years ago introduced into the island, and great things are looked for from it. Tea is still steadily grown, and holds its high place in the market. Rice is another product, of which there are abundant signs on the journey from Colombo to Kandy. The hillsides for miles, far as the eye can reach, are carved out in terraces, on whose level the rice is sown. The water

running down from the upper hills is dexterously trapped, and abundantly supplies each step of the terrace, an immense boon to the planter.

As the train slowly mounts the steep ascent, on the level height of which stands the capital of the old Kandian kings, the view grows in beauty, sometimes closely verging on grandeur. Below, a great dip in the circle of hills, is the green valley, with the water on the rice fields glistening in the sun. Beyond is a range of hills, ever varying in shape as the train creeps higher; and all the way, sometimes within reach of hand, is a tropical wood, rich with cocoanut and banana-trees, glowing with the blood-red hibiscus, fair with countless wild flowers, and cool with fern-clad rocks, down which musically trickles the bountiful water.

Kandy is a pretty town, with its white roads, its green foliage, its flowers, its lake, and its sentinel guard of mountains. In the native quarter, though the streets are broader, the houses and shops are not much better than in Colombo. Anything in the shape of four walls and a roof will do for the Cingalese to live in. The look of the streets is further damaged by the widely-spread appearance of shut-up tenements. When the Cingalese family go forth to their daily work they put up a shutter in the place where the door ought to be, and all that is needful is done. There being no windows to the houses, a row, when thus shut up, looks like an agglomeration of deserted sheds.

The artisans of Kandy turn out some simple brass-work and a curious kind of pottery. These are soon examined, and Kandy, from a tourist's point of view, lives chiefly on the beauty of its Botanic Gardens. These are situated in the suburb called Peradeniya, and are reached by a drive of nearly four miles along the high-road to Colombo. We drove out early in the morning, long before the sun was in full blaze. We met a long stream of men and women hurrying into town carrying baskets of vegetables and fruit and bundles of packets. The principal industry on the long stretch of road appears to be the barbers'. There was a barber's shop at every few hundred yards, a low shed, in which a man was squatted on the floor beside the implements of his art awaiting custom—sometimes, with better luck, actually engaged on a job. The process is a little peculiar. Artist and subject squat on the ground face to face and knee to knee, the artist pulling the subject's head about as his convenience may require. As frequently as not the Cingalese does not

squat on the ground, but, stooping down, hangs his weight on his knees with only his feet on the ground. I saw two acquaintances meet on the high-road. After an interchange of salutation they both sank down in this position, and, putting up their umbrellas, prepared for a morning's gossip.

Kandy being the principal object of attraction for the British and American tourist, has suffered the consequent demoralisation of the floating inhabitants. Boys and men hang about the door of the hotel in search of any odd job that shall look like work and bring in annas. Another art, brought to curiously high perfection, is that of mutually helping each other to prey upon the foreigner. Being told that a small boy hanging about the hotel was a useful guide, well up in botany and arboriculture, I engaged him for the day, and at once discovered that he was utterly useless.

"What's that?" I asked him, pointing to a curious white flower.

"A kind of flower," he replied with perfect confidence, and brimming over with self-satisfaction at coming out successfully from an early test.

"What's that?" I asked a little later, indicating an unfamiliar member of the palm family.

"A kind of tree," he promptly answered.

One of his minor triumphs was to point out what he called "a banyan tree," meaning a banyan; and once, when we heard a familiar whistle and roar, he, with a wave of his hand towards the passing object, said, "A train." All of which made us glad we had taken a guide.

He accompanied us to Lady Horton's Walk, and had not gone many paces when we were joined by another youth, whom our guide genially introduced, and who accompanied us on the walk, confirming the younger one as to this being "a kind of flower" and that "a kind of tree." When we got back to the hotel our budding courier said, with a patronising wave of the hand, "You give him something?" I said I would do so with great pleasure, and consulted him as to the precise amount, explaining that I had meant to present him with a rupee for himself, and expressing my appreciation of his generosity in desiring to share it with his companion. Hereupon the youth's advocacy of his friend's claim abruptly cooled, and I heard nothing more on the subject. Something better still happened on driving to the station. The coachman drove off without waiting for his fare. Presently, when we were seated in the carriage,

he sent a friend for his fare, and the friend *asked for something for himself for conveying the money!*

The Botanic Gardens cover nearly a hundred and fifty acres of land, and stand fifteen hundred feet above the sea. The climate is admirably suited for garden cultivation, being hot, moist, and very equable. I learn from Dr. Trimen, the director, that the mean annual temperature is about 77°, April and May being the hottest and December the coldest months. The gardens were established sixty years ago, being partly formed out of a royal park attached to the palace of the kings of Kandy. They are beautifully situated, lying within a loop of the river, musically named Mahaweli, which surrounds them on all sides, except the south, where they are bounded by the high-road. We took our guide with us, but the little impostor was stopped at the gates, as he knew he would be. This is done on the principle of division of plunder. The attendants within the gardens have the perquisite of showing strangers round, and brook no rival near the throne. It is a nuisance, greatly marring the pleasure of strolling through the gardens, for one cannot take a turn without being accosted by one of these men wanting to sell a handbook, to "show the fernery," or presenting a flower or specimen of fruit, with a too obvious eye for annas.

The gardens are, however, quite good enough to compensate for petty annoyances of this kind. Whilst rare specimens of tree and plant are lovingly cultivated, the original beauty of the ground, its undulating sweep, and in some spots its virgin jungle, are left undisturbed. Always there is the flowing river, with the view caught here and there of the satinwood bridge that crosses it like a network of gossamer. Following the various walks there are found nearly all the choice trees of the tropics. Within view of the gateway is a magnificent group of palms, planted more than forty years ago, containing within its area all the native species and many specimens of foreign lands. Here is the talipot, the aloe of palms, which flowers but once and then dies. Continuing the round of the gardens we come upon the palm of Central America, from the leaves of which the Panama hat is made. Here is the upas-tree of Java with considerably more than three branches, and none of them cut down. Here is a magnificent clump of bamboo, spreading outward at the top like a bouquet. If any one cares to sit out a long

summer day they may see these grow at the rate of a foot in twenty-four hours—half an inch per hour.

On the left of the pathway are three mighty trunks, dead to themselves, but living outside with what looks, at a short distance, like masses of ivy, but is a flowering creeper, gemmed with a pale violet blossom. Here is the indiarubber-tree and importations from Perak which yield gutta-percha. Here, their branches almost intermingling, are the Himalayan cypress, the pencil-cedar of Bermuda, the Norfolk Island pine, and the champak of India, sacred in the eyes of the faithful. Here is the coco-de-mer, the Columbus of tree-fruit, which, found floating on the India Ocean or washed up on the shores of Ceylon, was for two centuries a mystery to man, till its home was found among the least known islands of the Seychelles group. The growth of the tree is as slow as its offspring is adventurous, putting forth a single leaf a year, and so taking something like an eternity to reach its normal height of a hundred feet. Here is the candle-tree of Central America, with its fruit hanging down like tallow-dips ten to the pound.

Here is a banyan-tree, whose branches cast a shadow two hundred feet in diameter. Here is the Ceylon ironwood-tree, beautiful in life with its sweet-scented flowers, its leaves, born blood-red growing into green above and white below, and in its death useful for household purposes. Here is a tree local to Ceylon, whose leaves serve with cabinet-makers the purposes of sand-paper; and here—the glory of the gardens—is a long avenue of palms, whose stems run up, round and smooth as if turned by a lathe, and are suddenly crowned at the top with a coronet of fan-like leaves.

Everywhere there are flowers and sweet scent, and here and there, up trees of dark green foliage, one comes upon boys beating with sticks at branches, from which fall fruit, the colour of peaches, and something similar in size and shape. As they fall they split, disclosing the dark brown nutmeg bound in the scarlet meshes of the mace. Many of these plants and trees are to be seen carefully nourished under glass at Kew; but they look infinitely better at home in the clear atmosphere and under the sunny skies of the tropics.

THE "STATE SOCIALISTS."

THIS title is somewhat misleading; for those to whom it is applied, and who cheerfully accept the appellation, are so far from being Socialists, in the ordinary sense of the word, that the name Defenders of Society on Church and State Principles would convey a more correct idea of their aims and purposes to English readers. Properly speaking they are Conservative would-be saviours of society, who see no other means of escape from the present social dilemma, but in a firm alliance between Crown and Altar for the purpose of regenerating society. Huber, described in a former paper (*GOOD WORDS*, December, 1882), the Privy Councillor Wagener, and Rudolf Meyer, the well-known historian of the "fourth estate" (by which he means the working classes), had formed at one time the triumvirate of religious Conservatives, who thus tried to "save the Republic." The Court chaplain Stöcker and Pastor Todt may be regarded as the clerical representatives of the same party.

In 1878 Wagener published a pamphlet, not under his own name, on the solution of the social question "from the practical standpoint of an experienced statesman." It contains the fundamental doctrines of the party,

and a few extracts from it will be all the more interesting from the fact that the writer is, or was, a *persona grata* with the German Chancellor.

Modern Socialism, according to Wagener, is the third act of "that great European tragedy of fate," the French revolution. The leading idea of that revolutionary movement all along has been to extend the possession of liberty and property. Nothing can avert the coming catastrophe but timely reforms like those in England, where social politics in favour of the working classes have prevented the latter from regarding society and the State as their natural enemies. The monarchy of the future to be strong must be rooted in the heart of the people. Such was the policy of great Prussian rulers like Frederick II. and statesmen like Stein. A strong "social kingdom" alone can save society; for a powerful government can afford holding itself aloof from petty interests, and thus becomes the natural protector of the weak and poor. Royalty in France fell because of its alliance with the doomed nobility. Modern Royalism, leaning for its support on cotton lords and speculating baronets, will fare no better, for its fate is linked to an industrial aristocracy, the fall of which, too, is certain.

At present, indeed, socialistic schemes appear in the form of nebular theories, where the obscurity often serves the purpose of veiling deep designs for the "liquidation of society." What is wanted is a department of labour, appointed as part of a powerful administration. Such a department of government would treat the social question as urgent, and prepare an independent programme to deal with it thoroughly and energetically. It would collect trustworthy and impartial inquiries into the natural capacities and requirements of the labour power of the country, and bring about a proper adjustment in the relationship between capital and labour.

In the meantime its province would be to insure the protection of health and security against accidents for the employed, the limitation of Sunday labour and the employment of women and children in factories, the appointment of factory inspectors, the fixing of a normal day of labour, the establishment of conciliation courts, and the resuscitation and modern adaptation of the ancient guild system. As only the State has the power for effecting such sweeping changes, those who would promote them are properly called State Socialists.

This form of State Socialism, or, as it is sometimes called, "Royal Socialism," was, at the time, not only approved of in highest quarters, but also acted upon, and in this lies the chief interest of the movement.

Side by side with this "Royal Socialism," or Socialistic Cæsarism, we have a kind of Christian Socialist Clericalism, which finds its expression in the speeches and pamphlets of the Court chaplain Stöcker, and in the more solid works of Pastor Todt. The history of this clerical section of the Conservative Socialist party, which was soon divided into two streams, one of which has been lost since in the sand, is rather interesting, and the information here given is taken entirely from original documents obtained by the present writer from the parties concerned. It materially helps us to follow up the history of Christian Socialism to the present day. Of Todt's principal work we shall speak later on. Here it is sufficient to remark that, owing to its appearance at a time when the Socialist craze in Germany was at its height, it naturally found many readers among religious people. The author was appealed to by his sympathizers to found a society to carry his theory into practice. He accepted the invitation and addressed himself to Stöcker, whom he had previously known, and who at that time was staying with the Emperor at Gastein,

as Court chaplain. Stöcker expressed his willingness to join and even to feel his way with the Court, but this was not easy. An association was formed and soon gained adherents in "Christian circles." It called itself the "Central Union for Social Reform on a Religious Constitutional Monarchical basis." It sent forth an appeal to the clergy, reminding them that the hour had come for the Church to bestir itself to meet the social crisis with the spiritual weapons at its command, as an Evangelical body. Two fundamental principles are laid down in the programme, one indicating the duties of the State, the other those of the Church.

1. That thorough reforms have become necessary in order to inspire the enfranchised masses with confidence towards the Government.

2. That the solution of the social question is impossible without the co-operation of the moral and religious factors, and the Church's recognition of the just demands of the fourth estate (the working men).

The appeal met with a ready response, and for a time all went on smoothly. Soon, however, an incident occurred which had a damaging effect on the further development of the movement. A certain Grüneberg, who afterwards proved to be an impostor, but gave himself out as a converted social democrat, prevailed on Stöcker to hold a public discussion in which he, Grüneberg, was to confront his former colleagues in open controversy. The meeting was convened, not without some misgivings on the part of the promoters, when Grüneberg's utter incapacity to meet the arguments of the social democrats turned it into a fiasco, though Stöcker came to the rescue. Most, the opponent whom Grüneberg had thus ineffectually confronted, expressed his willingness to meet more competent antagonists, and other public meetings were arranged accordingly. The result of this was the collection of a small band of labourers round Stöcker, and it was felt desirable with this nucleus to found a "Christian Social Labour Party," distinct from, but in full sympathy with, the original association. The latter continued to address itself to the ruling classes, the former to the labour population of Berlin. But Todt and his friends felt themselves much hampered in their efforts by the prejudice created against their body by the incident referred to, which brought the Christian Socialists generally into discredit. Stöcker resigned accordingly in May, 1878, and notified his action publicly, and after that the two societies for a time existed side

by side, practically represented by the same organ, the *State Socialist*.

The law against the Socialists had a discouraging effect on the efforts of Todt's party. His book was denounced by the Chancellor in the Diet. Stöcker, indeed, was characterized on that occasion by the same authority as a "terrible" person. But we imagine the popularity of the Court chaplain has not permanently suffered in consequence. Even the Christian Social Labour party seems to have found favour in the eyes of the Great Chancellor and his Royal Master, for its deputation, headed by Stöcker himself, has been graciously received on the occasion of the Emperor's birthday since.

The *Christian Socialist*, like many similar publications, has had ill fortune from the beginning. After a season of prolonged suffering from intellectual and financial depletion it expired in March, 1882, in the fifth year of its existence. The following are its dying words:

"The committee find it necessary to discontinue the *State Socialist* at the close of this quarter, as the further development of the Christian social movement requires other instruments for its propaganda."

It has been succeeded by the *Christian Social Correspondence*, the new organ of the party for "agitatorial purposes." At the same time a change has taken place in the external organization of the Christian social party. Its two branches have merged into one "Central Association for Christian Social Reform," with Stöcker and Professor Adolf Wagner for its Presidents. At a late general meeting of this society Todt is reported to have said, that now Prince Bismarck had taken in hand the economic measures demanded by the society their work was nearly over.

Having given a rapid sketch of the history of the movement we may now proceed to give a short account of what may be called the two collateral branches, of the Christian social movement.

The object of Todt's volume is to state in an unprejudiced form the principles of Socialism generally, and German Socialism in particular; to compare the principles of the social democratic party with those of the New Testament, and after stating the social principles contained in the latter, to gather from them the respective duties of society, the State, and the Church, in the settlement of the social question. Socialism, he says, is the "Effort to reconcile, by the establishment of a new social and economic order of things,

the keenly felt contradiction between the actual condition of society, and the social ideal as conceived by certain sections of the community."

He partly admits that, from the Christian standpoint, the existence of this contradiction must be acknowledged, so that "every active Christian, sincere in his belief, must have a vein of socialism in him; whilst every socialist, however ill disposed towards positive Christianity and the Church, bears about him unconsciously something of the principles of Christianity."

The practical objects of modern Socialism are reduced under three heads by Todt:—*Republicanism*, as affecting the State; *Communism*, as affecting social economy; and *Atheism*, as touching religion.

We may pass over the first and last, the former being a subject unsuitable for these pages, the latter being naturally excluded from consideration in a paper on Christian Socialism.

The communistic idea, says Todt, which underlies all socialistic schemes, takes for granted that much evil exists in our present social arrangements; that its root is *selfishness* and its remedy the opposite of selfishness, *i.e. solidarity* of human interests. This statement, he remarks, is quite consistent with gospel teaching. In fact the social constitution of the early Christian Church rested on such a common basis, although the communism of the primitive Christians was only partial and purely voluntary, the result of individual enthusiasm as opposed to the retention of individual rights of property. The expansion of the communistic idea implies two leading principles and their consequences:—1. The triad liberty, equality, and fraternity. 2. The transformation of private ownership in land and the instruments of production into collective property. From these follow:—3. The demand for associative, or co-operative production, which would have for its results—4. The abolition of the wages system in favour of a more complete enjoyment of the results of labour by the labourer, and with it—5. The removal of the evils complained of, and the consummation of human happiness.

Todt, like Charles Kingsley and others, has no difficulty in showing that liberty, equality, and fraternity, are ideas not only reconcilable with, but the outcome of, the Christian idea, though, as he shows, not always practically realised in Christian society. He also shows that the institution of private property in some of its abuses was objected to

often enough in the mediæval Church and by some of the early reformers, and adds that it originates in heathen egotism and finds its sanctions in Roman rather than Germanic Christian law.

But the compulsory abolition of the one system in favour of the other finds no encouragement whatever in the pages of the New Testament. If an "associative" community with collective property, and on co-operative principles, is possible at all, it must be one where the Christian principle of self-denial is paramount, not otherwise. But this must be voluntary.

Still, he maintains, something has to be done in the meantime by way of protecting the weak, and it is the duty of the State to watch over the welfare of those classes who cannot improve and develop unaided. The Church more especially must be on the alert. Passive inaction, timid indifference, and want of tactical skill in dealing with the social question, he complains, have been the characteristic faults of Evangelical Churchmen. Hence the electoral successes of Socialists in Protestant districts. Henceforth by direct and indirect efforts in improving the condition of the working classes, by insisting on the duties of the rich to regard property as a committed trust, and opposing the corroding tendencies of an ungodly and self-indulgent Mammonism in both, the Church must help in repairing social disorders. Hence the importance of an effective propaganda for the diffusion of Christian social ideas.

Agitation in the ranks of clerical officialism is not a common phenomenon. But the Christian social party of Germany has produced an agitator of this description in the person of the Court chaplain Stöcker.

Stöcker has many enemies and also many warm friends and admirers, and it is natural that he should be overmuch praised by the one, or blamed too severely by the other. He is called the "Tartuffe in social politics" by the former, and the "Pearl of the German people" by the latter; but a well-known writer on social subjects who has full personal knowledge of the man, and whose official position is a security for his unbiassed judgment, assures us that Stöcker is deserving of high esteem, and would be far more useful and effective as a social reformer if he was not a Protestant clergyman; for it is one of the misfortunes of Germany that her Protestant clergy have scarcely any social influence. There is no doubt, however, on this point, that Stöcker has the right qualifications for a public orator. His inflammatory speeches

are listened to with enthusiasm by his own party, and his pamphlets, short, pithy, and direct, command general attention. With a demagogue's readiness Stöcker popularizes the social politics and humanitarian theories of Wagener and Todt, without adding anything materially of his own. Latterly he has gained upon the Berlin public by his anti-Semitic agitation, whilst his fulminations against the Bourgeoisie and the Liberal press gain for him the sympathies of the Conservative party, by whose influence he obtained a place in the House of Representatives. The Christian social party under his leadership count now seven thousand members, most of whom reside in Berlin. We have read and re-read a very large number of Stöcker's speeches, with a view to get a clear idea of his social views, but cannot help being disappointed with the absence of clear and defined statements. Stöcker never gets beyond vague generalities and rhetorical phrases, appeals to patriotism, bursts of religious enthusiasm, and demands for social reforms introduced by State authority, without troubling himself much as to the manner in which they can be practically accomplished.

Instead, therefore, of giving a detailed account of Stöcker's opinions, we prefer passing on to the last of the Christian Socialists to be mentioned, the friend and latterly the fellow-worker of Stöcker, Adolf Wagner, the learned Professor of Political Economy in the University of Berlin. Wagner is what few of the Christian Socialists whom we have been considering claim to be, a recognised master in the science of Political Economy. As a young man of twenty-three, he had already sufficiently distinguished himself to receive a call as Professor of Political Economy in the newly-founded Academy of Commerce in Vienna. The celebrated Roscher reckons him among the best experts of Germany in matters of finance and banking, and his published works, as well as his previous successes as a teacher in several German universities, have gained for him a well-earned fame. Moreover, Wagner is a politician of note, and his eloquence and learning have all along vigorously supported the several attempts of Prince Bismarck to introduce economic measures, such as the reform of taxation, the tobacco monopoly, and general compulsory insurance for the good of the working classes. It is not Wagner's fault if they have failed in consequence of party manœuvres and other causes which we need not dwell upon here. In Wagner's suggestions for social reform we

have something more than humanitarian aspirations and vague statements. We have the recondite utterances of the economist, and with him Christian Socialism enters into what may be termed the scientific stage, and comes within the range of practical social politics.

In a speech published ten years ago, before a mixed assembly of churchmen in the Royal Garrison Church of Berlin, Wagner formulated forcibly and fearlessly his opinions on this subject. Endorsing some of the socialistic criticisms on the evils of competition, and giving a partial and guarded support to some of the demands for State help, he concludes by saying that the true remedy for the present social discontent lies in voluntary concessions on the part of the privileged classes rather than in changes enforced by authority. On the other hand, he is opposed to the system of *laissez faire*, *laissez aller*, and the extravagant notions of the Manchester school on this head. His criticism is mainly directed against the tendency of regarding the *present* state of things as *necessary* according to natural laws, instead of dwelling on the state of things as it *ought to be* according to a higher moral law. According to the

ethical aspect of economic laws property is regarded in the light of a trust rather than an absolute possession, and self-indulgent luxury of the few at the expense of the many is a wrong done to society. Wagner condemns severely the irresponsible abuse of the rights of property in land when the unearned increment of value only ministers to private advantage. He notes the dangerous tendency of our times towards increasing the gulf between wealth and poverty, which intensifies class antagonisms. He laments the alarming accumulation of large capital without corresponding benefit to those who are mainly instrumental in creating it. He shows how it becomes more and more difficult for the wage-earning classes to raise themselves, and how they of all sections of

society draw the least advantage from progress in the technical arts.

There are three ways for ameliorating their condition, he says, the *reactionary*, the *radical*, and the *reformatory* methods. He rejects the former two in favour of the last. "Reform," he says, "is neither subversive, nor stagnant, nor retrogressive;" *i.e.* in other words it is progressive without being revolutionary. He examines the various projects we have already mentioned for improving mankind, and after showing their advantages and disadvantages comes to speak of his own specific proposals. Among them may be mentioned:—

A. The establishment of independent productive associations, not supported by the State, but enjoying legal protection. He would also extend the principle of co-operation to some branches of the public service as an experiment and example.

B. He points out the desirability of:

(1) Raising the normal price of labour, not by authority, as is sometimes demanded by State Socialists, but through the instrumentality of labour boards and arbitration courts, fixing a fair day's wage for a fair day's work.

(2) Compulsory insurance until, as in the case of compulsory education, the benefits

of the system are appreciated by the masses of the population. As it would extend over all classes, the burden on the poor would be comparatively light.

(3) Factory laws for sanitary protection of labourers, specially women and children.

(4) Reduction of the cost of articles of consumption by means of distributive stores.

(5) The intellectual, moral, and religious elevation of the lower orders.

(6) The partial abolition of indirect taxation, the levying of progressive income tax and succession duties, and other similar legislative measures introduced voluntarily by the ruling classes to conciliate those below, and thus by a *caritative system*—a term first introduced into text books on Political Economy by Wagner—to secure social peace.



Pastor Todt.

"The lesson taught by history throughout," he remarks justly enough, "is this, that by means of such timely reforms social revolutions may be averted. If by such sacrifices of the wealthy it is possible to ease the shoulders of the poor no time ought to be lost in making the attempt." "I am clear on this head," he concludes, "that I have not suggested what may be called a *solution* of the social question. Such a solution, in the proper sense of the word, is impossible. Poverty and wretchedness, need and penury, competency and affluence, these differences of fortune will always coexist side by side in

the world independently of real merits and personal faults. But it is our duty to *lessen* the resulting evils and existing inequalities to the best of our power. This is possible to a very large extent. When we shall have accomplished this, then we shall have done what it was our bounden duty to perform. Thus much may be expected of us, neither less nor more."

With these words of truth and soberness of the latest, if not the last and certainly not the least of Christian Socialists, we may appropriately bring this paper to a close.

M. KAUFMANN.

THE SALMON.

Its Natural and Economic History.

SECOND PAPER.

IN our first paper we spoke of the salmon as an object of natural history, we shall now say something about it as an article of commerce. Excluding parrs and smolts, we may assume each salmon to weigh an average of 20 lbs. and to be of the value of one pound sterling. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the salmon has been long a fish of great commercial importance. To be in possession of an acre or two of water on a good salmon river means a few hundreds a year. The assessed rental of the river Tay will probably this year amount to £22,000, a sum which represents the capture of a large number of fish. Most of the "commercial fisheries," that is, places where the salmon are taken by means of nets, are annually put up to auction, and one or two of the stations on the Tay are worth from one to three thousand pounds per annum. To provide a rental of £22,000 it is necessary to capture every year sixty-five or seventy thousand fish in order to pay the cost of fishing, the sum agreed upon for rental, and the interest on the cost of fishing gear, as well as to admit of the lessees obtaining a profit for their own labours and intelligence. Salmon fishing is at all times a lottery. When the rental is being fixed it cannot be known whether the fish will be plentiful or scarce. If the supply is short the engagements of the lessee, even with very high prices, may not be met by the take of the season; if, on the other hand, the supply proves a plentiful one, the markets become glutted, the prices fall, and the profits of the lessees are diminished.

The chief mode of capturing salmon is by means of a net and coble. The net is piled on the stern, and as the little boat is rowed

out the net falls into the water. The men work the boat out and in, in semicircular fashion. Sometimes a long tow-rope is used, and the nets are hauled in by the fishermen, and their contents abstracted. The fish, being killed and weighed, are then packed and dispatched by the first train to their destination, which is chiefly, so far as Scottish salmon are concerned, the great market of Billingsgate. Salmon are caught in various other ways, there being still on some parts of the coasts what are called stake-nets, and other fixed nets as well. Angling for salmon is also indulged in at every opportunity. In Scotland there are various arrangements made by which anglers, "for a consideration," can obtain leave to kill all they can. On Loch Tay, one of the most picturesque sheets of water to be found in Scotland, salmon-fishing begins on the 5th of February, and continues till about the end of May. The hotel-keepers arrange the terms of fishing, the cost being considerable. The dues for a boat are at the rate of £5 a week, besides the wages of two boatmen.

The economy of a salmon river deserves attention. The stream forms but a highway for the fish from the sea to the breeding-beds, and from the breeding-beds to the sea. It is in the smaller tributaries which feed the larger river that the fish find their procreant cradle, and it is sufficiently obvious that if there were no breeding-grounds there would be no salmon. It is not a little remarkable, however, that the men who afford to the salmon "redds" for their ova and a safe nursery for their young, seldom obtain any greater reward than the "honour of the

thing." The men who own the commercial waters, which are much nearer the sea than the breeding-waters, get nearly all the fish. Let us take as an example the river Tay, which takes its rise in Loch Tay, which, again, is fed by the Dochart, a river which flows out of the loch of that name, under the shadow of the mighty Ben More. The Tay is fed by a countless number of tributaries, most of which are above the Bridge of Perth; but the more valuable commercial fishing-stations are situated below the fair city, and thus it comes to pass that the men who may be said to contribute the fish to the river seldom or ever see them again after they have left their breeding-beds. Even a fair share of the angling is in some seasons denied to them, for it occasionally occurs that the salmon cannot reach the head-waters of a fishing district till the annual close-time has arrived.

On the river Tay there are, or, at any rate, there were two years ago, a hundred and thirty-two commercial fishing stations, employing about a hundred and eighty nets. These fisheries, it may be explained, are not all worked continuously, as several of them are in the hands of one "tacksman;" whilst it is useless to fish at one or two of them except on Monday morning, by which time the fish have worked their way pretty far up the river. Several hundred men—as many as seven hundred it has been calculated—find employment during the fishing season on the Tay, thirty persons being sometimes employed at one station. The wages must therefore amount to a considerable sum, although the fishing only lasts for, let us say, twenty-six weeks. If the wages paid be taken at the average of 12s. a week including "fish money," it will be seen that the total amount expended will be considerably over £10,000 for the period of the fishery. Fishing for salmon on the Tay, which we continue to take as an illustrative river, is throughout competitive, each fishing station, to use a homely phrase, being worked "on its own hook." If the fishing system were to be changed to that of co-operation the wages would not exceed a third of the amount now paid, because the capture of the salmon could be effected at three or four stations, and, speaking in the interests of the salmon lairds, no more fish need then be taken than would find at once a ready sale. A shilling telegram would indicate the state of the markets, and if these were overstocked, then the labours of capture might cease for a period. The river could be more intelligently fished

than is the case at present, when each lessee secures every fish that he can find, in order to prevent its passing into the nets of his neighbours; and the incomes derived per annum for a period extending, say over twelve years, could be taken as a basis on which to award shares; the proprietors of angling water and those who afford to the fish their procreant cradle could be liberally dealt with, whilst the questions of poaching and pollution could be still more effectually battled with.

Apropos of salmon poaching and salmon poachers, there are few who know the number of fish thus killed. It was calculated by Mr. Russel, author of "The Salmon," that on the Tweed alone, probably twenty thousand salmon fall a prey to the poachers during the close time. The most pitiful circumstance of salmon poaching lies in the fact, that the season selected by the poachers in which to engage in their unlawful occupation, is the very period during which these fish are of greatest value. A salmon is certainly never more valuable than when it is about to fulfil the grandest instinct of its nature, namely, the multiplication of its kind. Much sympathy is from time to time evinced for the poaching fraternity. The writer does not share in it; the poacher, as a rule, is a pitiful scoundrel who makes a "trade" of poaching. One could have a degree of sympathy for a man who captured a salmon or shot a hare for behoof of a hungry family; but none for the professional poacher, who sends the produce of his night's work to market. There are hereditary poachers all along Tweed side, men and boys, and even women, whose fathers, grandfathers and great-grandfathers were fond of "a fish." The writer can recollect a time when nearly every family within hail of the river had a kippered salmon or two in store for winter use. At one period, poaching was a pastime, and "burning the water" was the form in which it was usually indulged, the lairds themselves, if not taking a part in the play, winking at the sin on the part of their servants and tenants. Now poaching is a "profession," and, in our view, a loathsome one.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact in the economy of our salmon rivers, that the mortality which has resulted from the "salmon disease" has not in any way decreased the stock of saleable salmon. Although, in all likelihood, over a hundred thousand fish have fallen a prey to the epidemic of *Saprolegnia Ferax*, yet the market supplies instead of having diminished have increased, the

season 1883 having been the most fruitful we have experienced in the course of the last dozen years, whilst the present season, so far as it has gone, looks as if it would be nearly as fruitful. In the face of "the disease" the Tay rent-roll has been considerably improved. It is just possible, however, as a large number of the salmon which had to be destroyed were spawning fish, that the takes of next year may be sensibly diminished, as the ova of the last four or five seasons will only then be arriving at the maturity of table fish. Were all the eggs deposited by the breeding salmon to hatch out, and all the fish to live and thrive, a score of twenty-five pound fish would yield as many eggs as would suffice to stock the Tay, which it has been computed yields from fifty to eighty thousand salmon every year, and contains in its waters, according to the calculations of experts, something like a quarter of a million of fish, ranging in weight from five or six ounces to fifty pounds.

In England, the privileges of salmon fishers are more extensively recognised, the river as a rule being open to all comers who choose to provide themselves with the authority of a license to fish, either by means of nets or rods. But salmon in English rivers is a comparatively scarce fish, and although there are over a hundred and twenty streams south of the Border, which yield or should yield bountiful supplies of salmon, the total quantity makes really no great show, when compared with the yield of our Scottish rivers, not to speak of the supply which is contributed by the seas and waters of the Emerald Isle—estimated by the Irish fishery inspectors at over half a million sterling per annum. No official statistics of the salmon catch of the United Kingdom are taken, but judging so far as we can by the quantities of fish sent to market, the annual value of the salmon caught in the seas and rivers of this country cannot be less than one million sterling per annum.

JAMES G. BERTRAM.

MOHAMMEDAN MAHDIS.

By PROFESSOR W. ROBERTSON SMITH, LL.D.

SECOND PAPER.

WE have seen in the last paper how the belief in the Mahdi or Hidden Imam first sprang up among the Iranian Shia, in a form which is still part of Persian religion. We are now to look at the way in which the notion of the Mahdi influenced other parts of the Mohammedan world.

The Shiite doctrines, viewed as a whole, presented so many extravagances repulsive to any race that was out of sympathy with Persian thought, and the Shiites themselves displayed so much fierce bigotry and national intolerance, that the partisans of Ali never had any real chance of bringing the whole Moslem world to their side. Their greatest victory was the overthrow of the Omayyads in favour of the Abbasids, who, though not descendants of Ali, were of the near kin of the Prophet, and were supposed to have inherited by testament the sacred rights of the descendants of Mohammed ibn al Hanafiya. But when they came to the throne the Abbasids found it necessary to break with the Shia if they were not to lose their influence over the rest of Islam, and they soon became as bitter foes of the house of Ali as their predecessors had been.

But while Shiite views in their integrity could not find universal acceptance, the

Messianic doctrine of the Hidden Imam was well calculated to exercise a widespread influence. Towards the close of the ninth century, at the time when this doctrine had taken full shape, the internal disorders of the empire and the miseries of its subjects had reached a pitch which made men everywhere despair of existing institutions, and look with eagerness for the hope of a supernatural deliverer. The doctrine of the Mahdi, though Shiite in origin, might be easily put in a shape not too closely dependent on Shiite principles, and it was not very difficult to persuade men that the Prophet himself had foretold the coming of a righteous leader to bring in the Moslem millennium.

It is difficult, and often impossible, to trace the hidden channels by which such a belief as this spreads through Eastern countries. Oriental despotism leaves no room for public life and gives no freedom to public opinion, but it is powerless to suppress the secret propagation of revolutionary ideas. An Eastern revolution gives no sign till it is on the point of breaking out; but the total absence of visible movements of discontent is never a proof that society is not permeated in all directions by the emissaries of a secret propaganda and leavened with the most revolu-

tionary ideas. A state of things in which all popular movements must be ripened under ground is extremely favourable to the operations of the subtle, plausible, persistent intriguers who are never lacking in Oriental countries. The wildest doctrines, the most visionary schemes find credence and support where they have never to stand the test of open discussion, but are passed on from man to man with all the attractive mystery of secret initiation, and can be recommended to each disciple by precisely that argument which is most likely to affect him. Above all, it is possible that in this underhand way a movement may acquire great and victorious force, without, so to speak, having anything whatever behind it. When the armies of Khorasan were sweeping the Omayyads before them, the Abbasids, in whose name they fought, were living an obscure life in a remote corner of Syria. The victory was gained before they had once presented themselves to their soldiers, and those who fought for them did not, for the most part, know so much as the names of the men whom they were about to raise to the greatest throne in the world. All this was accomplished by secret emissaries, by a long-continued propaganda, which had adroitly contrived to make Ibrahim the Imam and his family a centre round which all the religious and political fanaticism of the Persians could gather. If so much could be done in the name of an obscure house, which had no more than a most fanciful claim to the sympathies of the Shia, there was no reason why a sufficiently adroit and unscrupulous band of intriguers might not do as much in the name of a mere fiction, in the name of the Hidden Imam.

The first to conceive this bold idea was a Persian from Susiana, Abdallah al Kaddah, the son of Maimun. Abdallah was a man of scholarly attainments, by profession an oculist, and at the same time an accomplished juggler—a useful power to an intriguer in the credulous East. He belonged to the Ismaili branch of the Shia, but at heart he was an absolute Nihilist, without faith in God or man, and knowing no other laws of action than hatred of Arab rule, and the principle that it was the privilege of the man of knowledge and insight to befool and enslave the ignorant. The Ismailians in his time had no longer a visible head, but the doctrine of the Hidden Imam, which he defended with persuasive arguments, was precisely adapted to his deep-laid plans. But it was not enough for him to be head of a Shiite party. His schemes demanded the formation of a great secret

society, which should gradually undermine the whole empire, and prepare a general revolution and the overthrow of Islam. This society was organized in nine successive grades of initiation. Those who had only the lower grades were allowed to believe in the Mahdi or Hidden Imam, the hope of whose coming was the best lever to work on the common people. But apt disciples were gradually prepared to reject the Koran altogether, and finally they were led on, in a most cunningly-devised progress, to esteem all religions alike and devote themselves consciously to the task of bringing the sovereignty of the world into the hands of the true philosophers, who could free themselves from adherence to those religious forms which, in every nation, had meaning and use only for the blinded crowd.

By this series of stages Abdallah was able to gather into his society men of all ranks and opinions. His best helpers were Zoroastrians, philosophic freethinkers, dualists, and others already hostile to Islam; but he could use emissaries of every stage, and when these days, as they were called, addressed themselves to the common people they were accustomed to wear an aspect of ascetic piety, and preach nothing more profound than the hope of a coming redeemer. Abdallah knew that his work could not be ripe in his own lifetime, but he left behind him on his death a son, Ahmed, who succeeded him as Grand Master of the order, and the work still went on. In Ahmed's days the society had its first great success. A day sent to labour among the oppressed and despised peasantry of Babylonia converted a whole village, and what was of more consequence, found in one of the peasants a leader, Hamdan-Karmat, whom he could trust with its deepest secrets, and whose capacity won the whole district to the cause. In due time Hamdan himself became the great day of the region. He acquired unbounded influence, succeeded in arming his followers, and at length proclaimed a communistic system, freedom from all the burdens of prayer and fasting, and the right of the peasantry to rise and plunder their masters. The secret society had developed into the organization of a formidable peasant war. The movement spread far beyond Babylonia; the Caliphs were powerless before it. For two centuries the dreaded Carmathians were the scourge of the East; they pillaged Mecca, and bore away the black stone, hoping thereby to give the Moslem faith its death-blow, and throughout Syria, Irak, and Arabia nothing was able to stand before them.

But this was but one part of the success of

the great plans of Abdallah al Kaddah. The missionaries, or dāys, were at work in the West as well as in the East, and one of them, who betook himself to the Berber tribe of Ketama, in the province of Constantine, and began by teaching their children to read, acquired an absolute influence over the simple race; then he declared himself a follower of Ali, and called them to battle in the name of his cause, promising them all the good things of time and eternity. The war was a successful one; the throne of the Aghlabite sovereigns of North Africa was overthrown, and the Grand Master of the Ismailian society, a descendant of Abdallah, was called to the head of the victorious movement, and proclaimed Caliph under the title of the Mahdi. To justify his dignity he concealed his real descent, and claimed to be sprung from Ali and his wife Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet, and hence the dynasty which owed its origin to the far-reaching schemes of the obscure oculist and juggler is known in history by the name of the Fatimite Caliphate. The first seat of empire was at Mahdiya, on the Tunisian coast. Sixty years later Egypt was conquered, and the capital removed to Cairo, where the power of the Fatimites was not wholly extinct till near the close of the twelfth century. In its highest prime the empire extended as far as the Euphrates; the Carmathians acknowledged the Fatimite Caliph, and paid him tribute, and in the year 1058 the Fatimite Mostansir was even for a moment proclaimed at Baghdad.

The rise of the Fatimite empire is the most singular example which history presents of the power of religious fanaticism directed by conscious and unblushing imposture. The Grand Masters of the Ismailians were deceivers, not enthusiasts, and when they had reached the throne they still played the same double part. In Mahdiya or in Cairo they appeared sincere though not orthodox Mohammedans, yet all the time they were secretly encouraging the communistic Carmathians in enterprises directed against the very existence of Islam. The surprising thing is that this career of profound duplicity was successfully carried on from generation to generation. The bubble never burst, but the religious empire of the Mahdi simply passed by degrees into an ordinary Oriental despotism, and fell by the usual process of decay which ultimately saps every Eastern dynasty. It may well be doubted whether the East is so much changed as to render it impossible—apart from European interference—for similar schemes to succeed even in our

own day. Those who know Islam best are least disposed to set a limit to the possibilities of its slumbering forces, or to dogmatise as to the real character of movements of which we can observe only the most superficial aspects.

One generalisation, however, may safely be made on an observation of the whole course of the history of Islam. In the Mohammedan East every great popular movement is quite certain to present itself as a religious movement. The chaotic state of all society, and the total absence alike of popular national institutions and of fixed hereditary distinctions of rank, make religious organization the only possible means of uniting large masses of men in the pursuit of a common aim. Individual tribes or local communities have their own local patriotism; but a wider union is impossible except on religious grounds, and can acquire political importance only by the aid of religious enthusiasm. The political ideas of Islam are all religious, and in their original form are thoroughly democratic. The actual government of the countries of Islam, on the contrary, has been almost from the first absolute despotism, and so the rallying cry against an oppressive despotism has always been that the existing government is a godless government, which has forsaken the laws of true religion. The revolutionary leaders must, therefore, present themselves as zealous for the true faith and the sacred law. They can acquire reputation with the people only by presenting themselves as pious men, with an insight into the divine ordinances, and they can provide a revolutionary organization only by making themselves the heads of a religious society. Such a society forms, in able hands, the best vehicle for a secret propaganda, and the most effective organization for a movement which can at any moment assume a directly political form.

This being so, it is not surprising that the belief in the coming Mahdi has supplied for many centuries what may be almost called the stereotyped form of popular risings among Mohammedan nations, and that the history of the Fatimite empire has been often repeated on a smaller scale. Every influential religious personage has temptations to play a political rôle, and every political adventurer who cannot hope to rise in the common path of court intrigue or military usurpation must necessarily clothe his ambition in the disguise of religion. The attempts of would-be prophets and Messiahs have little success against a strong central government, but to a weak

Oriental government they have always been a serious danger. And since the idea of the Mahdi has long ceased to be confined to the Shia, and has a great hold of all parts of the Moslem world, false Messiahs have risen throughout the length and breadth of Islam.

Nowhere, however, have religious revolutions been more frequent or formidable than in North Africa, whose fierce tribes are peculiarly susceptible to religious influences, and are always much under the control of holy men. The part which the holy sheikhs, morâbitin or marabouts, played in the conflict of Algeria with France is known to every one; it is perhaps less well known that it is the same word, corrupted in another way in Spanish mouths, which gave its name to the great empire of the Almoravides, which held Morocco and Spain in the eleventh century of our era. But for our present purpose we must be content to look at only one of the religious revolutions of North Africa, and may choose the case of the origin of the empire of the Almohades, who succeeded the Almoravide dynasty, and furnished some of the greatest princes of Moslem Spain.

The Mahdi of the Almohades was a Berber of the tribe of Masmuda, in the mountains of Morocco, by name Mohammed ibn Tumert. In his youth he was noted for piety and a love for study. His piety was of the superstitious Berber type; no man lighted so many candles before the shrines; and as he grew up he was occupied with astrology and occult sciences, as well as with the study of theology. As a zealous student of the sacred law he not only visited Africa, but travelled into Spain, and ultimately as far as Baghdad. There he became acquainted with the doctrines of the great Mohammedan schoolman, Al-Ashari, the man who secured the victory of orthodoxy over the freethinkers by taking philosophy into the service of faith. The school of Ashari was more than a hundred years old when Ibn Tumert came to the East, but nothing was known of it in the conservative West. The young Berber received the new method of orthodoxy with avidity; he became an expert dialectician and a learned fakir or theological lawyer, and as he travelled slowly homewards to the far West he signalled himself wherever he stopped by denouncing breaches of the law, and enforcing a stricter morality. In the Moslem system there is not much difference between a teacher of ethics and a volunteer police magistrate; and a man who went about the streets without a commission from the Government, smashing wine-pots, breaking

instruments of music, and challenging women who appeared with uncovered face, was no doubt very zealous in a good cause, but was extremely likely to get into trouble with the Gallios in authority. Ibn Tumert was always receiving orders to move on from town to town; even on shipboard, we are told, his moral lectures once grew so tiresome that the sailors flung him overboard. But his zeal acquired him reputation with the common people, and as he gradually approached his native place he began to be a man of mark with the populace, and in the eyes of the government a man not only troublesome but dangerous. None of the orthodox doctors was a match for him in disputation; he taught law gratuitously to all who sought guidance; he was distinguished by two sure marks of holiness—the meanness of his dress and ascetic habits, and to the circle of his inner associates he affected supernatural knowledge and a possession of the secrets of the future. At length he reached Tlemçen, and here, although as yet he pretended to be no more than a pious doctor, he acquired so absolute a command over the minds of the people that no one dared to disobey him.

One night, as Abdo'l Wahid tells us, when he was holding his usual reception at a mosque outside the gate, he missed a regular visitor, and on inquiry was told that he was in prison. "Then," says the historian, "he arose straightway and asked one of those present to walk before him till he reached the gate of the city. Then he knocked loudly at the gate and demanded entrance, and the porter hastened to open it without parley, though if the prince of the town had asked entrance at such an hour he would have been refused. So he went on to the prison, and all the gaolers gathered round him, eager to touch and kiss his garment. And he cried, 'Ho, such an one,' and the prisoner answered him; then he cried, 'Come forth!' and the man came forth, while the gaolers stood looking on as if boiling water had been poured over them."

Equally bold was Ibn Tumert's conduct in Morocco itself, at the court of the Almoravide Ali ibn Jusuf, where he and his followers ventured openly to chide and almost to assault the sister of the prince for riding in the street with uncovered face. At first sight, one is tempted to admire this conduct and fancy that such holy courage is a proof of sincerity. In point of fact, however, Ibn Tumert knew very well what he was doing. His whole campaign in favour of righteous-

ness was part of a deliberate scheme, and he had taken the measure of the weak and pious Almoravide prince. Ali could not bear the idea of using violence against a man who was so good a Moslem and whom no one could prove a heretic, and Ibn Tumert's courage, like a great deal of Oriental courage and religious devotion, was nothing more than successful insolence. Of course the time came at last when the government was forced to interfere; but when the order for his arrest was sent forth, the agitator was already safe in the wild country of his own tribe and was ready to throw off the mask. Still, of course, keeping up all the signs of a holy ascetic and maintaining his influence alike by his legal teaching and by the exercise of occult arts, he began to send out his missionaries in all quarters, to stir men's souls by legends of the coming Mahdi, and as soon as the Masmudan tribes were leavened by this teaching he proclaimed that he himself was the sinless Messiah, and made open war on the Almoravid dynasty. The contest was long and bloody, and the final victory did not fall to Ibn Tumert himself, but to his trusted lieutenant and successor Abdalmumin. The progress of the war need not be traced; it ended in seating Abdalmumin on the throne of Spain as well as of Africa; but there are one or two points interesting to notice in their bearing on present events.

Having once acquired a supernatural reputation, Ibn Tumert was able to keep his hold on the Berbers through the seven years of his life that followed his proclamation as Mahdi, and to do this in spite of many grave reverses and many acts of cruelty against his own followers. If half the things told of him by Ibn Athir are true, Ibn Tumert was as savage, unscrupulous, and treacherous a hypocrite as ever lived; and even if there be exaggeration in some of the stories, it remains quite certain that he was no enthusiast, but a cold-blooded impostor at the head of an army of dupes. Yet he not only gained the loyalty of the Berbers, but retained it to the last and transmitted it to his successor amidst the most trying difficulties. This is a fact which has many parallels in Eastern history, and it ought to make us cautious in assuming that a few reverses or a brief lapse of time is necessarily sufficient to make an Eastern imposture harmless.

There are depths of social misery, and they have not seldom been sounded by the unhappy populations of the East, in which the wildest and vaguest hopes are grasped at as the only alternative to despair. In such

cases men are not disposed to look very closely at the credentials of any one who promises them divine help, and though an honest enthusiast might be sacrificed in the revulsion of feeling after a defeat, a cunning intriguer can generally turn the suspiciousness and cruel temper which are engendered by long oppression away from himself and against such of his allies as began to doubt his mission. The rôle of an Eastern Messiah does not even demand any high political or military faculty. The motive force of the movement is not derived from the leader's personal character or ideas, but from the sense of oppression, swiftly changing to an eager enthusiasm of revenge, as soon as the suffering tribes have found a common centre to rally round.

The few periods of really good government, that is of benevolent and humane despotism, which the East has enjoyed, have been due not to the heads of religious risings but to captains trained in the discipline of a camp. To the historical observer an Eastern movement of religious patriotism is always suspicious. It is certain to be bloody and cruel, and it is very unlikely to contain any elements of lasting reform. Its strength is that of a destroying force; it can endure defeat and struggle against hope with the vehemence of despair, but success is fatal to it. For when it ceases to be fanatical it ceases to be strong. It represents no political principle, its force is the blind force of a downtrodden mass turning against its oppressors, and its leaders, if they are not ignorant fanatics, are—and this is the more likely case—cold-blooded and selfish dissemblers. It is hard to produce a movement of real political vitality out of nations which for at least a thousand years have had no political life, or to evolve a national constitution out of the elements of a secret society.

Certainly not every religious leader in the East has belonged to the class of which the Fatimite and Almohade Mahdis are typical examples. If space permitted one could draw a very different picture from so recent an example as Bab, the martyr Mahdi of modern Persia, whose pure and gentle enthusiasm was tinged with no political ambition and no bloodthirsty fanaticism. But such a movement as Babism would not have been possible in most parts of Islam, and even in Persia it never had a chance of permanent success. The course of history has no evidence to offer in favour of the idea that the renovation of the Moslem nations can arise from any form of Mohammedan revival.



THE FALLOW FIELD.

THE days were bright, and the year was young,
As the warm sun climbed the sky;
And a thousand flowers their censers swung,
And the larks were singing high;

For an angel swept on silent wing
To the grave where the dead earth lay;
And the Easter dawned as the angel Spring
Rolled the rugged stone away.

Then the fields grew green with springing corn,
And some with flowers were bright;
And each day came with an earlier dawn,
And a fuller, sweeter light.

So the year grew older noon by noon,
Till the reapers came one day,
And in the light of a harvest-moon
They bore the sheaves away.

But one field lay from the rest apart,
All silent, lone, and dead;
And the rude share ribbed its quivering heart
Till all its life had fled.

And never a blade, and never a flower
On its silent ridges stirred;
The sunshine called, and the passing shower—
It answered never a word.

It seemed as if some curse of ill
Were brooding in the air,
Yet the fallow field did the Master's will
Though never a blade it bare;

For it turned its furrowed face to heaven,
Catching the light and rain:
It was keeping its Sabbath—one in seven—
That it might grow rich again.

And the fallow field had its harvest-moon,
Reaping a golden spoil;
And it learned in its ever-brightening noon
That rest for God was toil.

HENRY BURTON.



SUNDAY READINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

SEPTEMBER 7TH.

Read Jonah iii., and St. Mark i. 1-15.

THERE are two extremes into which religious teachers sometimes fall. One is the preaching of a religion of terror as a necessary means to peace. Such preachers imagine that the true method of bringing men to Christ, is first to rouse such a sense of danger as may frighten them into the acceptance of the Saviour. The appeal that is made is frequently to the most selfish instincts, and the kind of security which is offered is not less frequently an essentially selfish sense of safety. The other extreme is that which is expressed by the prophet when he describes those who "preach peace, peace, where there is no peace." Instead of representing the love of God as being so holy that He insists on men being right in order to be blessed, there is set forth a kind of love which is so colourless that it ought to be called good-natured rather than true.

The truth is to be found in neither extreme. Terror, like bodily pain, has its undoubted uses, for it indicates something wrong in our moral or spiritual condition. It draws attention to a danger which might otherwise escape detection. And as there are only two conditions—the state of health and that of death—when the body is free from the sense of discomfort, so it is only the spiritually healthy or the spiritually dead soul which is without the element of moral pain that so frequently takes the shape of fear. On the other hand, we cannot declare too fully the love of God; but we must ever remember that "this is the love of God, that we should keep His commandments." His love can be satisfied with nothing less than spiritual health. It is at one with eternal righteousness. And it is thus that Christ constantly insists upon repentance as essential to life. It was with the cry "Repent" that John the Baptist prepared the way for Him; and the call to repentance was the first message which He commissioned His disciples to deliver. That call assumed that there was something wrong in the society and in the individuals that were addressed. It was an exhortation to a change of mind, to new thoughts, motives, and aspirations. It also assumed that men were responsible for that change. They were commanded to pass from the one condition to the other, from wrong

to right, from being lost to being saved, from death to life.

There are many characteristics of true repentance which may be gathered from the word of God and from experience.

(1.) It must be inward. External actions are morally valueless if they spring from false motives. The giving the body to be burned or the bestowal of all the goods to feed the poor are worth nothing if prompted by vanity; while even a cup of cold water granted from love to Christ is priceless.

(2.) The consciousness of God must always enter into true repentance. There may be great mental suffering connected with sin without any sense of God. The stings of conscience, the self-disgust, the remorse, the despair, which often track the career of the depraved, have in themselves no necessary meeting of the mind of God. When a man acts wrongly he may fancy that he repents when he means no more than regret at the injury caused to his interests, or at the suffering which he has brought on himself or others. There is a sorrow too which "works death." The sensual egoist may taste a melancholy and gloom which turn all life's joys into Dead Sea apples—

"Love, fame, ambition, avarice—'tis the same,
Each idle, and all ill, and none the worst."

But the true penitent goes higher than self, or society, or any worldly consequences. He cries, "Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned." He sees that God is right and that he has been wrong; that God is His Creator, His Father, and His King, and that he has been a rebel and is guilty before Him. The thought of self is lost in the thought of God.

(3.) It is the evil of sin rather than its consequences that fills him with horror. It is the sin which he finds in him as a terrible possession from which he cries to be delivered; the sin that belongs to thought, motive, and affection, as well as the sins of action of which memory speaks. His prayer is therefore for something more than pardon. "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me."

(4.) Repentance leads to complete self-surrender to God. There is no reservation as in the case of the Pharisees, who yielded strict obedience as regards the anise and mint of observance while they kept whole departments of life for self-indulgence. The reformation

of one bad habit may in fact blind a man to others that are allowed full sway, except he is willing to let the light of God in on all his thoughts and ways. "My son, give me thine heart," is a demand which reaches to the very citadel of our being. And in true repentance all is surrendered—not one position alone, while others are kept closed against Him; but everything is given up with the earnest desire that He who is our lawful King should reign over us and subdue us completely to Himself.

SEPTEMBER 14TH.

Read Isaiah i. 1-20, Romans ii. 1-11.

One of the chief influences leading to repentance is said to be the goodness of God. This is illustrated in many ways in Scripture. That goodness is described by St. Paul as "forbearance and long-suffering."

These terms are very suggestive, because they imply man's freedom as well as the divine tenderness. If men were no more than stones, or incapable of moral choice, like the beasts that perish, there would be no room for long-suffering. We cannot speak of forbearing with a clod of earth; but it is not so with the child, who can resist or yield to our wishes. And when the goodness of God is represented as forbearing with men, it shows that He meets in us what He does not find in sun, moon, or star, for they cannot try His patience or grieve His love. They are the unquestioning servants of His all-directing power. But as He has endowed us with wills to choose the good, or to refuse it, He does not force our obedience as He compels a planet, but seeks our obedience even as a father with his child. He does not shape our affections as He moulds a crystal. He comes to the heart by the only way in which it can be approached. Through His own love He wins the response of love. It is not the same thing to Him whether we are holy or wicked, saints or devils. He cares for us, and the measure of His good-will may be found in His forbearance and long-suffering. Our salvation is, therefore, not a question of mere power, such as is exerted over material objects. Omnipotence in that sense cannot be thought of here, for it is a matter of moral influence, and the only power to affect the end in view is the infinite goodness of God.

This goodness of God, in the general sense of the term, is a fact of experience as well as a truth of Scripture. The universe is full of His glory. Everywhere and always, wide as

the farthest reach of our knowledge, continuous as is the length of human experience, this marvellous care of God is found without flaw or blemish. Like the great ocean, which fills every cranny of the sea-shore and touches the tiniest coral, or moves the sweetest sea-flower with the same tide which spreads with irresistible might along a continent, so does the all-pervading goodness of God sweep in from the remotest system till it embraces every object, every law, the vastest, the minutest, with the same spotless perfection of government. Except where sin, that fruit of voluntary resistance, has left its mark, there is not a blot in the unsullied field of this universe of His. When we reflect on it, and for a moment realise the grandeur of this truth, it is marvellous that we do not break out into a "Hallelujah," because we are His creatures, Whose wisdom and tender mercies are thus found in all his works.

But when we think of the divine goodness in His dealings with men new elements are at once suggested, and these are expressed negatively by "His forbearance and long-suffering," and positively by the revelation of Himself in Christ. Let us consider these in one or two lights.

(1.) Remember His perfect knowledge of every man. Even the lowest, the poorest, the loneliest man on earth can say, "Thou hast searched me and tried me. Thou art acquainted with all my thoughts. There is not a word on my tongue but thou knowest it altogether." If it seems difficult for us to believe in such knowledge it would surely be more difficult to believe the opposite, and to suppose that there was any creature of whom God was ignorant. It may seem too high for us to understand it, but it is true.

(2.) Think of His holy hatred of sin, and then imagine all that He has beheld in human history! Recall the centuries before the flood; or the history of Israel with its resistance and unbelief; or that of the Church of God since—the Middle Ages, with their cruelty, the Modern Church with its sectarianism, pride, avarice. Contemplate what it is the living God sees at this hour in every city of Christendom, and say if His forbearance is not marvellous! Or if we look back each on his own history since childhood and remember all that He has been to us, and what we have been to Him,—the lessons we have received in joy and in sorrow, and our impotence, unprofitableness, and unbelief; how much it has been in spite of us that we have been led on to better things—we may well acknowledge His long-suffering.

With some life may appear as a long battle against Him; with others it has been unbroken thoughtlessness and self-indulgence, and with others shameful unfaithfulness to untold opportunities. And now as He still blesses us when we deserve it not, we must surely feel how kind the Lord is.

(3.) And we may realise it more fully when we look at the still more constraining form in which His good-will has been expressed. For as if when all other methods had proved inadequate, when nature with its unbroken tale of wisdom and order, and when the Law and Prophets had failed to utter the mercy of God in language sufficiently articulate, then Christ came that in the living movements of incarnate Love, visibly affected by all that man is in his sin and sorrow, we might know what the Father feels. He lived among all conditions of men, among the ignorant, deprived, the poor and diseased, the rich and luxurious. He dealt with Herod, and Caiaphas, and Pilate, as well as with publicans and sinners; but towards all He manifested the same holy goodness, which if wounded by transgression, also showed equally His will and power to save; and which embraced all in a divine atmosphere of purest, tenderest righteousness. And His death for men was the seal of His testimony. No one can gaze up to that cross without feeling that whatever else is true, it is certain that He is not willing that any should perish, but rather that all should come to repentance.

(4.) And the very purpose of it all is that we turn to God in self-surrender. The goodness of God is to lead to repentance. If He bears long with us because He does not wish to part with us, then His very long-suffering with any individual is a token of good-will. Sometimes we imagine that we are entitled to patience, or that patience signifies divine indifference. That can never be. We must be delivered from sin or lose the life whose very nature is blessedness. Disease and health cannot be conjoined. Sin must bring its consequences, however long they may be delayed. If order is eternal in the physical world, no less is it eternal in the spiritual. And just as nature ever re-establishes any equilibrium that may have been disturbed, and even through destructive forces restores stability, so we may be assured that in the moral world a like principle holds with stricter force. "Heaven and earth may pass away," but the word of that law which blesses righteousness and condemns evil is unalterable. Let no one

therefore "despise the riches of God's forbearance and long-suffering," but rather recognise in that goodness the very power which leads to repentance.

SEPTEMBER 21ST.

Read Psalm li., and 1 John i.

The subject which we will consider this evening is the confession of sin. It is closely connected with repentance, and it is put in a very clear light by St. John in the well-known passage: "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

At first sight these words seem to make forgiveness so consequent on the acknowledgment of sin as to supersede the necessity for the work of Christ, which we have been taught to regard as the one ground of our salvation. A fuller consideration of the true import of confession will remove this misapprehension.

St. John had been showing that it is eternal life to be in fellowship with the Father and the Son. This "fellowship" he further explains by representing it as being "in the light," as God is light. The salvation of a spiritual being must be nothing less than bringing him to be right spiritually, by inspiring right views, sympathies, and affections. Now the purpose of God in Christ is to lead us to have fellowship with Himself, and, however feebly it may be attained, that we should to some extent see things as He sees them, hating what He hates, and loving what He loves.

Confession of sin to be true must, therefore, be something more than the setting forth a catalogue, however complete, of our omissions and transgressions. It must arise from such a perception of what sin is, beholding it in the light of God, as will make us confess it to be sinful. There is a confession which does not imply any necessary meeting of the mind of the Father, nor any saving repentance, and it is often accepted as sufficient by Protestant and Romanist alike. The Romanist who fancies that he has made adequate confession when he tells the priest all the bad actions or bad thoughts of which his conscience accuses him, or the Protestant who expects forgiveness if he can only draw up in prayer to God an accurate account of his offences, equally mistake the nature of the divine requirement. Such avowals may be quite consistent with the most irreligious convictions, for they may

arise from utterly wrong motives—like the confession of the criminal, who hopes thereby to mitigate his sentence—and may be rendered without the slightest perception of evil as God would have us see it. There is no intrinsic connection between a statement of so many wrong deeds and fellowship with God. A parent might bring a child to acknowledge a lie, and yet that acknowledgment might be rendered in such a cold and unfeeling spirit as to prove shocking blindness in the child to the nature of falsehood. The admission in word would under such circumstances be no satisfaction, for what the parent seeks is some fellowship with himself in his hatred of dishonour. In like manner the acknowledgment by us that we have done what God has forbidden, or have come short of what He enjoins, may be of a totally different character from the confession of the man who has brought himself into the light of God, and can say "Amen" from the heart to His just condemnation of evil. He, as it were, agrees with the mind of God. He has "fellowship with the Father and the Son." When this takes place then we can understand how it is faithful and just in God to forgive sins, and to cleanse from all unrighteousness. For it is just this which God has always been seeking. It was to produce such right thoughts that Christ came and died. He taught us what sin is to God by His own "agony and bloody sweat, by His Cross and passion." When we sincerely repent we pass from death to life, from darkness to light. We go, so to speak, over to God's side, and are reconciled to Him, for we are reconciled to His holiness, justice, and truth.

We would not, however, lessen hereby the necessity for self-examination and for the summoning before conscience and before God those offences of which we have been guilty. Religion may evaporate into sentimentalism except we deal with actual facts. Nor would we deny the use which may be found in confessing sin to any wise and godly brother-man, be he priest or layman, when conscience may be troubled with painful anxiety. Scripture recognises the benefit of being sometimes guided or advised by those who have spiritual insight. It is suggestive, however, of the nature of such help that all the cases of confession recorded in the Word of God are not to priests but to prophets, in other words to men of God who were fitted by character rather than office to deal with the sinful.

Now when we pass from the general statements made by St. John regarding the

characteristics of true confession to those instances of sincere penitence which occur in Scripture, we at once recognise the presence of that "fellowship" with the Father which is the basis of the Apostle's teaching. Let us take two instances. In the Old Testament we find it in that which is emphatically the Psalm of Penitence, where David pours forth his broken-hearted acknowledgment of iniquity. "Against thee only have I sinned," he says, "and done this evil in Thy sight, that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest and be clear when thou judgest." He thus justified God's judgment on himself. He says "Amen" to it as being a right judgment. He avows God to be "clear" in condemning him. And in harmony with this his whole cry is not so much for deliverance from the consequences of his sin, as from the sin itself, which had become his very hell. He feels that he is but "one pollution," and he can be satisfied with nothing short of "truth in the inward parts," a clean heart and a right spirit.

In like manner the thief on the cross, who is the New Testament type of penitence, meets the mind of God, as we saw when considering the incident in connection with the Third Word from the Cross. The confession, "I receive the due reward of my iniquities," as combined with his fear of God and his humble but deep faith in Christ, is a marvellous response to the mind of the Father. He then saw himself in the light of God and confessed his sin under a sense of its exceeding sinfulness.

Such confession of sin is not easy. We can attain to it only as we know God. For it is light which reveals darkness. It is the pure who understand the vileness of impurity. No one ever knew what the sin of the world really is as the holy Christ knew it. And if He rejoices over the first cry of penitence, though it should be no more than "God have mercy upon me a sinner," He will also deepen that knowledge by leading into fuller fellowship with Himself. At the best we never can confess sin as we ought. But He has confessed it, who through our sin was the Man of Sorrows and who by our sins was pierced unto death. To receive Him is to accept that witness as true; and when we surrender ourselves to Him He will "perfect that which concerns us," and cleanse us from every sympathy with the wrong. If we thus confess sin He is indeed "faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

SEPTEMBER 28TH.

Read Psalm cxlii., and 1 Cor. i. 17 to end.

Power is perhaps the last quality which we would attribute to Him whose glory was meekness, love, humility, and truth. It is also not easily associated with that scene where "He was crucified through weakness." And yet St. Paul speaks of Christ as pre-eminently "the power of God," and describes the Cross as "the power of God unto salvation."

If science were asked to illustrate the power of God she would give a very different answer from that of St. Paul, and yet her answer would be a true one also. Unfolding the vast roll of her discoveries and telling her wondrous tale of magnitude and power, she would reply, "The power of God! My loftiest calculations scarcely touch the skirts of His infinite greatness and glory."

But, however overwhelming the conception which might thus be conveyed, there is another display of power, though of a different kind from that of which the material universe speaks, which is higher and more awe-inspiring in proportion as the moral world transcends the physical.

For the power which is exerted in raising a weight from the ground is totally different from that which is required to lift a sorrow from the heart. The power which can make a star belongs to another order from that which can inspire the love of a child, or can touch conscience with new convictions. The power of him who can hurl the dart or bend the iron is dissimilar from his who can influence the opinions, elevate the tastes, touch the affections, and purify the sympathies of his brother man. The power of hand and eye which enables the sculptor to shape "a thing of beauty" is wholly different from the strength of character which can suffer all trial rather than betray a brother.

Now, these different views of power have been revealed in the two spheres of the material and moral world, in both of which God has manifested His glory. There is the one kind of power exercised in the creation and sustenance of mighty systems and in the reign of physical law; but if we would behold the power of goodness, the greatness of divine patience and mercy, and the strength of righteousness, we must lift our eyes to another region. The qualities of mercy and holiness cannot be expressed in the terms of arithmetic, or be weighed and measured as we calculate the forces and magnitudes of

bodies. Nature cannot declare these. The path of moral glory is one which "the vulture's eye hath not seen . . . the depth saith, It is not in me: and the sea saith, It is not with me. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof." When we turn to the deepest, highest, and most awing revelation of God, we must look not to the marvels of earth and sky, but to the sphere of heart, mind, and spirit—to the world of character in short—and when we examine this for the most wondrous exemplification of the divine goodness, we recognise the truth of what St. Paul asserts when he terms Jesus Christ the power of God.

There are many lights in which the power of Christ might be viewed. There is often, for example, as much power revealed in what one cannot do, as in the opposite. It is power and not weakness which prevents the man of honour from uttering a falsehood, which makes it impossible for the judge to pronounce an unjust sentence, or which makes death preferable to apostacy. And we find the greatness of Christ similarly tested in manifold ways, from the temptation in the wilderness, when He was held by the strong ties of sonship from asserting that kingdom of self, independent of God, which promised relief from suffering at the cost of duty, on to Calvary, where His own will was rendered wholly up to God, and the path of obedience accepted although leading to the Cross.

We see in like manner the unassailable strength of the holiness of God. As we behold Christ in contact with the sin of the world, the Cross becomes in this light the measure of our evil, and of the ineffable power of divine sanctity and love.

But the kind of power to which St. Paul especially alluded when he spoke of Christ as "The power of God," was His power to save. To save man by restoring him to God, and thereby to the ideal of his nature, is very different from removing him out of a place called hell into another place called heaven. It cannot be accomplished by any external change, for it is the restoration of our affections, sympathies, obedience, and hopes to their true objects. And Jesus Christ is really the power of God for these ends. For if love cannot be produced in any other way than by the commanding influence of a love which wins the being; if the heart cannot be purified except as it is cleansed from all sympathy with evil; if conscience cannot be delivered from the fear

and burden of guilt, but by an act of free mercy; if despair cannot be removed except by the awakening of strong assured hope; if admiration and desire for the right are inspired only by the vision of the supremely good; if spiritual darkness needs light, and weakness needs grace: then at every turn we can recognise how truly Jesus Christ is "the power of God and the wisdom of God." For it is His love which has constrained the love of the redeemed, His humility which has abased their pride, His life which has inspired their devotion, His forgiveness, grace and presence

which have sustained them from the first moments of spiritual infancy to the full stature of the saints in light. He it is who has brought man home to God in the truest sense. It is this mighty power of His glory which has created anew the vast world of the intelligent universe, which in a nobler order than what keeps sun and moon and stars in plastic obedience, evokes the willing submission and the ceaseless worship of the spirits of the just made perfect, who obey because they love, and who serve in the liberty of continual joy.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A Modern Romance.

By SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—A FUGITIVE IN BROAD DAY.

THE fugitive was not Sir William, he stayed on at Whitehills as if he meant to stay there for the rest of his life. He had given up his scheme of emigration, and after his short scandalous outbreak and his wife's death, settled down as he had done on his arrival in the neighbourhood. But though he had made no inroads to speak of on his fortune during his brief prodigal madness, he took no steps to reorganize or replenish the ranks of his household, which had fallen into still further disorder, and been diminished to the last degree in the prospect of Sir William and Lady Thwaite's leaving the country. In fact Sir William's establishment now consisted of an old woman, with a girl to help her, and Bill Rogers. With this the master of the house appeared satisfied, leading as he did the life of a recluse.

This went on for nearly two years. Mr. Mills came down on business occasionally, and tried to prove his client's reformation and his own trust in its permanency, by seeking to draw out Sir William afresh, and by endeavouring to interest him in county matters, and in his duties as a landlord. So far as that went Sir William was amenable to influence. While he read more than ever, he strove harder to lay himself open to every source of intelligent observation and occupation around him, and to comply with all the obligations that could reasonably be required of him. He began to rebuild the half-finished houses, he dabbled in the allotment system, he showed interest in the decisions of the justices. He met his neighbours again on public occasions, and displayed to them

something of the dearly bought obliviousness and blunt superiority to manners and fashions generally, which were partly the results of passing a second time through the fires of remorse and unappeasable regret.

But Sir William's complacency ended there, though the most of his neighbours would have been well enough pleased to have granted him further grace, even venturing to re-admit him to the sanctuary of their homes. These magnates were coming round to the conclusion that Sir William had sown his wild oats in one crop; that it was all the result of his miserable marriage; but now that he had got a deliverance from his low-born wife, he was living once more as quietly and soberly as a judge. He had escaped with the skin of his teeth from all his perils, and it was the duty of every good Christian and good neighbour, after a sufficient interval had passed to test his reformation, to welcome back the prodigal, and encourage him in the way he should go.

But Sir William declined every social overture, not so much rudely as with a calm persistence that foiled and wore out the most persevering endeavours. He did not even make the exceptions he had allowed himself three years before. Lady Thwaite, Sir John's widow, had returned from Rome long ago; but though Sir William's carriages and the produce of his hot-houses were once more at her disposal, no little notes, clever manœuvres, or frank advances would induce him either to go to her at Netherton, or to authorise her interference in the domestic economy of Whitehills.

The cool overtures which old Lady Fermor made to Sir William to renew his intercourse

with Lambford fared still worse. There was a rumour that he not only declined all her invitations, but passed her carriage with a bow, though its mistress hailed him in a voice which might have been heard a mile off. What better could have been expected from the plain man with whom she had played like a wicked, hoary-headed enchantress, whom she had beguiled with lures which her grand-daughter disowned?

Sir William was never seen within the Rectory, though he had resumed his attendance at church, had gone to vestry meetings, and was ready with help for the parish poor when it was called for.

If Sir William enjoyed the respite from neighbourly visiting, there was another person, the last he would have exposed to suffer on his account, who was punished for his remissness. Old Lady Fermor, who had formerly simply neglected Iris, and who had shown some capacity of toleration where what the girl's grandmother classed as fanaticism and obstinacy of temper were concerned, now set upon her grand-daughter day after day, taunted her with barbarous taunts, vouchsafed the agreeable information that Iris's father had ended by despising and detesting her mother, and added to it the comfortable sequel that the Hon. Mrs. Compton had cared nothing for her child, and had thrown it a dead weight upon her mother. Lady Fermor reverted shamelessly to the shameful passages in her own life, in the hearing of the pure ears that tingled with horror and affront. She dwelt on hereditary taints and hereditary spotted reputations until Iris grew sick with loathing at the infamy in which she felt hopelessly entangled, in spite of her utter revolt against its foulness and baseness. She cried day and night to the God of righteousness, Who has declared it is not His will that because the fathers have eaten sour grapes the children's teeth shall be set on edge. "Lord, thou wilt hold me up. Thou wilt sooner send the Angel of Death to set me free," prayed the poor girl.

Lady Fermor's last deliberate, well-nigh insane sin against the grand-daughter thus in her power was that she threw Iris in the way of Major Pollock, who continued after Lord Fermor's death the one constant male *habitué* of the house. All her life long Iris had experienced an extreme repugnance and positive dread of this man. He was a disgrace to the town of Knotley, which yet tolerated the blackleg because of the *prestige* of his original rank, his supposed knowledge of the great world (on the evil side), and his

connection with such a house as Lambford. There was hardly a redeeming trait to be discovered among his leers and sneers, his cheaterly, effrontery and profanity. Iris's recoil was the instinctive shrinking of good from unmixed evil over which it has no power. Yet it was for this man, old enough to be Iris's father, brutalised by a lengthened career of vice and debauchery, impoverished by such riot as was within his reach, that Lady Fermor now affected to destine her grandchild!

The mistress of Lambford, as it seemed, half in cruel jest, half in more cruel earnest, in the frenzy which had taken possession of her, ceased to encourage any other visitor at the house. She refused to let Iris go to Lady Thwaite at Netherton, or to the Actons at the Rectory, compelling her to sit and talk with the worst of companions, and to make herself conspicuous by walking, riding, and driving with this reprobate, till the girl was half mad with fright and disgust.

There are exhausted states of the bodily constitution which medical men assert are favourable to the sowing of the seeds of disease. In the same way there are depressed conditions of the mind after it has been subjected to prolonged trial, when it loses its capacity to balance probabilities, and readily falls a victim to panics. People who remembered Iris's mother during her last visit to Lambford began to remark that her daughter was acquiring the same harassed, hunted look, which, if it settled down on her face, would go far to spoil its sweet, bright beauty. Why, she was not twenty-three years of age, yet she was fast losing colour and flesh, and would be faded and pinched before she had attained the fulness of womanhood. Lucy Acton was vexed by the change, but she could do nothing, even if her hands had not been very full with a contumacious curate, a twist in the smooth running of her Dorcas Society, and a proposal for pauper boarding out where her pauper children were concerned.

Lady Fermor only noticed the alteration in her grand-daughter's looks to make use of it in her gibes. "Well, Iris, you were a poor enough affair at the best, but I think I had a right to expect that you would keep what little looks you had till you were turned five-and-twenty. I was as young as ever at five-and-forty. But I see I must look sharp and dispose of you while I can, before you go off entirely, since I wish no old maids left on my hands, even though I could live to provide for them—which I won't, girl; there are

more to profit by my savings, on which you have got your eye, no doubt, than you. I have had little to do with the Dugdales and Powells, but they are my grand-children too, all the same. My lord left what he could at my discretion, and I can tell you he cared more for my blood than his own. He would have preferred a dog of mine to a child of his first wife's—if she had borne him one. It did not matter greatly to him that his blood flowed in your veins. He took my view of you as a troublesome, perverse minx of a girl. If there had been a likely lad among the Dugdales and Powells, I should have sent all you brats of girls to the right-about, but my ill-fortune has followed me through two generations, with troops of useless girls as my sole descendants. However, if you think I am going to make an eldest grandson of you, then you are mightily mistaken. It is no matter that I don't believe I should know a Dugdale or a Powell girl if I saw her. I suppose they all take after their maternal grandfather, and are a flat-footed, round-nosed, blinking-eyed set."

"I have never seen them," said Iris, faintly.

"I dare say not," exclaimed her grandmother, scornfully. "Do you think they count you a relation of theirs? They may condone what they are pleased to consider my offences, because I can do something for them if I choose; but what on earth should induce them to forget that you are the wild Lord Fermor's grand-daughter, while they are the grandchildren of that wronged saint Bennet of Hyndcoomb."

"Grandmamma," said Iris, with a gasp, "I have never sought to stand in my cousins' way. If there is any wrong to be redressed then for mercy's sake let it be done, and don't mind me."

"And, pray, what do you intend should become of you?" retorted Lady Fermor, in place of being softened, more contemptuous than ever. "I dare say you are mean enough—good girls are generally sneaky—to think of becoming a pensioner on Tom Mildmay, the new lord, whose aunt I superseded. Child, it is not in nature. He barely tolerates you, and his wife hates you like poison."

"I shall not be a pensioner on anybody," said Iris, with grave determination and more spirit.

"And what position do you hold to me, may I ask?" demanded her grandmother, with mock deference. "I have plenty of holes to put my money in without them ever becoming filled up. It is not a pure pleasure

for me to provide for a girl, and endure her namby-pamby, priggish company after she has disobeyed and offended me, and spoilt a finer fellow than she was worthy of, according to the dictates of her conscience and religion, of course. No, no, I see nothing for it but that I should hand you over to old Pollock. He may be better able to manage you than a poor doting woman over fourscore years can aspire to do," with a sudden assumption of extreme age and weakness.

Still the probabilities, if Iris Compton had only been able to take them into consideration, were all against Lady Fermor's going farther than to threaten her grand-daughter with this last horrible injury. It was a free country, in which no woman could be compelled to marry any man, good or bad, against her will. Public opinion would cry out against Lady Fermor, and although she had defied it in her prime, in the strength of her will and passion, she was not likely to set it at nought for so small a gain as the punishment and degradation of a refractory descendant. Lady Fermor had always kept her eyes open with regard to worldly advantages and disadvantages. Major Pollock had none of the first to recommend him, and the chance was, as the old lady well knew, that if she were so reckless and if she possessed the power to bring about a disgraceful, unsuitable marriage between him and Iris, she would find him the most impudent and inveterate parasite a tie of relationship ever permitted to fasten on the head of a house.

But Iris was no longer able to reason on the dangers which she wildly exaggerated. Her home was becoming intolerable to her. It needed but one more indignity and forestalling of future misery to drive her to extreme measures.

Lady Fermor had gone for her afternoon drive to Knotley when rain came on. She made her coachman stop at Major Pollock's door. She said she feared the wet, and was too stiff to alight. She would sit there and have a cup of tea handed to her by the gentleman of the house, who had come out to attend his patroness. But her grandmother ordered Iris to alight, and go in with Major Pollock, and sit down with him at his table.

Iris could not escape compliance, unless she was prepared to engage in a discreditable contention in the public street. She was forced to cross the threshold which no respectable woman in any class was in the habit of passing. She did not tarry above a few minutes. Even Major Pollock seemed put out, and did not urge her to sit down;

but when she came back, pale and trembling, her grandmother had another order to give her. Iris was to take the carriage-umbrella and go on and do what shopping Lady Fermor wished to have done, while she drove slowly after her grand-daughter—till Iris could re-enter the carriage. Would Major Pollock be so good as to accompany Miss Compton, hold the umbrella above her head, and lend her his arm, as she had not been strong lately, and was not looking well?

In vain Iris protested she could hold the umbrella and walk by herself perfectly well. She was compelled to parade the streets—empty because of the rain, but commanded by a double row of windows—and enter shop after shop with her escort.

He was not the man to fail long in presuming on his opportunities, though he was likely to make a more correct estimate of the situation, and to calculate, without grossly blundering, the length and breadth of Lady Fermor's old-standing favour for him, and dislike to her grand-daughter. "Upon my word, Miss Compton, this is nice and cosy to have you tucked like an unruly chick under my arm, and to be sent to go messages with you turtle-dove fashion. We must be better friends. Come, I prophesied we should, when you paid me a compliment at your ball an age ago. I don't think you've paid me another till to-day, but better late than never, when the old lady is so jollily set on our friendship. There is no saying where it may end. Why don't we make common cause? and I'll fight your battles with my old termagant. Better broken ships than none, young lady. I am not the only reformed scamp in the neighbourhood, but there is a distinction which my lady is able to appreciate. While a certain gentleman is safe to go on sulking to the end of the chapter, I'm at your feet whenever you condescend to hold out your hand to me. And though you're young and fair, and an angel, and all that sort of bosh, and Lord and Lady Fermor's grand-daughter, which is more to the purpose, and entitles you to some line, by Jove! you owe me compensation for past airs, Miss Compton."

When Iris got into the carriage and it drove off, leaving Major Pollock behind, she heard Lady Fermor chuckle, "I have given the Knotley gossips something to talk about. The women in our family never missed affording ground for talk. The public owe us a vote of thanks on that account, and if I have taken down a little of your squeamishness and high-mindedness, Miss Compton, you ought to be obliged to me also."

Iris was silent. She entered no protest, she heard no further word. She was pressing her hands to her forehead and taking a desperate resolution. "I am of age, I am my own mistress with any little gain that implies. It cannot be right to live on with grandmamma and tempt her to behave to me as she has done, to compass, if that were possible, her shocking suggestion. I cannot die when I wish. I cannot go to the Actons, I should only compromise the Rector and Lucy, entangle them in a family quarrel, and if they were to take my part, form a bad precedent for all the family quarrels in the parish. Lucy does not know, and how could I ever pollute her mind as mine has been polluted? Will it ever be clean, fearless and God-trusting again? Lucy would advise me to stay on with grandmamma and be good, and seek to do her good. Ah! it is not so easy to be good and do good as Lucy imagines. She would laugh at the mention of Major Pollock as a child's bogie. She would charge me to be patient where patience is of no avail. I cannot speak to Ada, Lady Thwaite, she would dislike getting into an awkward predicament, interfering between relations, helping to make mischief—as if there were any left to be made—between a grandmother and a grand-daughter whom the grandmother has brought up; and Lady Thwaite would be right, according to the sound of the thing. Grandmamma is so very old that nobody would believe what power she retains as she sits there. It seems doubly heartless to turn upon her and abandon her to hired servants. If the other Lady Thwaite, poor Honor, had lived and remained at Whitehills, she would have dared to come over to Lambford and beard grandmamma, fetch me away before her face and lavish upon me all the poor shelter she could provide. I must go away from them all, I must earn my own bread. Surely I can do it if thousands of women earn theirs. But I shall tell grandmamma first. I don't know if she will seek to prevent me, except to maintain her rule; but if she should shut me up, then it will be time enough to think of fleeing like a culprit in secret and in the dark."

Secrecy and darkness were utterly foreign to Iris's nature. They were among the bugbears which she would abhor and shun to her dying day. Therefore she arranged for her departure from Lambford, not so much in an orderly and methodical manner, but on principles of her own which took even her graceless old enemy by surprise, much more

so than if the unhappy girl had absconded under cloud of night.

She spent a wakeful night for the most part packing such clothes, books, and trifling possessions as she felt entitled to take with her. But she scrupulously and tenderly respected her grandmother's times for sleep and breakfast. "Grandmamma must be refreshed and at her best," the rebel said. "She may feel my going in a way, she may be stirred up to oppose me. I must take care to do her no harm." Therefore it was at high noon that Iris, in her linen morning gown and straw hat, with her dust cloak over her arm, knocked and sought permission to speak with Lady Fermor.

The room according to its wont was bare of all beautiful and youthful associations, though supplied with every luxury. Lady Fermor sat muffled up in the glare of the mingled sunlight and firelight, which on another would have fallen fiercely, but in her only aroused a grateful torpid warmth, while it lit up with ghastly illumination her shrivelled parchment skin, pronounced brows and false teeth and hair. She was revolving old memories and twirling her thumbs, and at first only bestowed a supercilious glance on her grand-daughter.

Lady Fermor was roused to attention by the thrill in Iris's voice when she said, with all the calmness she could command, "I am going away, grandmamma. I do not see how we can live together any longer. I am very sorry that I have not been more of a comfort and pleasure to you; but since it is not so, and our differences are becoming worse every day, it is better for me to quit Lambford."

"And this is all the thanks I get for having brought you up, Iris Compton, this is all your gratitude?" said Lady Fermor, leaning back in her easy-chair and crossing her hands in her lap.

Iris might have inquired what she had received to be grateful for which her grandmother could have decently kept back. But she was of another mind. "I am not ungrateful, I know you have had a great deal of trouble with me," she said humbly, "and my heart is sore that it should end like this."

"I don't want any of your whining and cant," said Lady Fermor fiercely. "I wash my hands of you from this day. I don't care what becomes of you, and you may go where you will for me. You know, and I know, it won't be an honest road long, least of all after such vile ingratitude. I have only one

stipulation to make, since it is your modest little game to set out on your travels in broad day and call as much attention to the proceedings as possible; you shan't leave Lambford in the guise of a beggar, or a mock nurse in an hospital, or a sister in a nunnery, or whatever other silly example you may choose to follow, and so bring further disgrace upon me. You'll be so good as to leave this house dressed like a lady, and you will do me the favour of making use of the carriage to the train. I suppose you mean to journey by rail and not on foot like an ordinary vagabond?"

Iris went back to her room, and with fingers that would hardly do her will, changed her dress for the last elaborate costume in dove-coloured cashmere and silk, which her grandmother had ordered for her.

As Iris was doing Lady Fermor's bidding, Soames made a solemn muffled appeal for admittance. She brought on a salver an open cheque for fifty pounds and a slip of paper on which was written, "This is the last you shall have from me. Make the best or the worst you can of it. Don't disturb me by further leave-takings, I have had enough of them, and I don't choose they should spoil my luncheon."

Iris took up the cheque and put it down again. It was her grandfather's money and yet she felt as if it burnt her fingers. She looked wistfully in Soames's face.

"I have to go back to my lady instantly in case what has happened should be too much for her," said the woman in a strictly official tone, taking her stand on being on duty. "Good-bye, miss. If I may be so bold, I wish you an 'appy journey."

On the whole Soames was relieved by Iris's going away, but she did not wish to know more of the step, since the knowledge might get her into a scrape. Her greedy eyes grudged the grand-daughter of the house the large cheque, but the maid must not imperil the annuity for which she had already paid dearly.

The suspicion that Miss Compton might be going away for good, remained confined to the cold and cautious breast of Soames. The other servants were baffled and put on a false scent by the circumstances of the dress, the carriage, and the hour, under which Iris set out. The old cook, the footman, whose life Iris had saved, Jenny Rogers, who was her young mistress's special favourite, all supposed, and kindly welcomed the supposition, that some sudden visiting expedition had been fixed on by Lady Fermor for her

grand-daughter. "She will be all the better for it, poor dear young lady," they settled cordially among themselves. "She leads a deal harder life than any of us, that she do, and she has not been looking well of late, but a change will set her up." Thus it happened that Iris, the friendliest of human beings, departed from the place which had been her home for nearly the whole of her young life, without a tear shed for her sake, without a caress, or a blessing, or a God-speed, beyond Soames's ceremonious measured good wishes.

Though it had been her own doing that she should go like this, she was impressed by the desolation of the step she was taking, while it lacked the engrossing excitement of a clandestine adventure shrouded in gloom that might be dispersed at any moment with the escapade discovered and arrested.

Iris had not taken advantage of age, or betrayed a trust or transmitted a legacy of bewilderment, doubt, or even terror to the dwellers at Lambford. But did nobody care what became of her? Was there not one to ask where she was going—a lonely girl into the wide world? It was unreasonable in her to put such questions when actually nobody save her grandmother and Soames had any suspicion of the true nature of the case. Poor Lucy would be grieved and perhaps hurt beyond propitiation, because the advice which she gave so glibly had not been sought. The Rector and Mrs. Acton, too, might blame Iris, and resent her lack of confidence in them. Yet, it had been a hard struggle for her to be silent under the desire of saving them a hopeless contest with Lady Fermor, above all when it would seem like a clerical and parental obligation laid on them to enforce the old lady's authority, though their hearts should be with Iris in her distress. As for King Lud he had been gone on a long cruise, and though his ship was again in harbour he had not yet returned to the Rectory.

It was a grey cloudy day, with soft subdued light and shade, and the birds singing as they do in such a premature long-drawn-out gloaming, when Iris in her solitary state drove along the wide grass-bordered roads, through the pastures and downs and occasional cornfields. She had selected—with a sense of strangeness in having the privilege of selection—Cavesham instead of Knotley for her station, because of a violent apprehension which still harassed her, and caused her to shrink with a nervous horror from the most distant chance of encountering Major Pollock,

though she had no just cause to fear the encounter. He could not stop her flight. It would not even matter though he should convey to her grandmother the information that he had seen her departure.

While Iris avoided Major Pollock, she could not altogether shake off a delusion, though she knew it to be a delusion. She fancied that the people whom she passed were looking at her; that they were surprised to see her alone, and wondered why she came to Cavesham, instead of the usual station for the Lambford household; that they were suspecting a family quarrel, and watching with idle yet oppressive curiosity her every movement.

She had no doubt what she would do to begin with, for her mind, naturally courageous, quick and fertile in resource, had decided promptly within a few minutes of her having come to the conclusion that she must act for herself and go away from Lambford.

Iris was unacquainted with her cousins, the Dugdales and Powells, and her grandmother had told her, what was too probable, that they would not acknowledge her as a relation. She knew her other cousin, the present Lord Fermor; she was conscious that he had been politely passive in his bearing towards her, but unless in the last necessity she would not appeal to him, though she believed that in spite of some faults and his wife's influence, he was on the whole an upright, tolerably humane man. She could not commit the last wrong against her grandmother which would be implied in Iris's addressing herself to Lady Fermor's natural enemy and claiming his protection. Lady Fermor, whatever she had done, remained Iris's mother's mother, her nearest relative, the guardian of her childhood and youth, as the old woman had so often reminded the girl lately with cruel reproaches. Nothing could do away with that obligation, which entered like iron into Iris's soul, so that under the sharp smarting of the wound there was little probability of her forgetting a duty which, according to her notions, was still paramount.

Iris was shut up to one course. Her old friend, Miss Burrage, had a sister in London who kept a boarding-house in which the girl and her governess had once lived for a few days. Iris would go to Fitzroy Square, to Mrs. Haigh, who knew all about Iris Compton, and would surely receive her without difficulty. Perhaps Mrs. Haigh would help Iris to look about and find some way of working for her living, since fifty pounds and the small sum left of her last quarter's allowance

would not last for ever. It did not strike Iris that there would be anything degrading in entering the great army of workers, though she had the sense to anticipate that there might be much that was not agreeable, but trying and full of drudgery. She even failed to see that Lady Fermor was certain to regard the project with the utmost hostility. On the contrary, the wanderer sought to pacify her tender conscience, and the aching longing of her affectionate heart, by telling herself that she might soon write to Lucy Acton, when the Rector, if he saw fit, could inform Lady Fermor that Iris was well, and able to maintain herself.

But Iris, in her ignorance, thought less of these questions than of the strangeness of her solitude and independence as she left the carriage and entered the station, took out her ticket for London, and paced up and down the most secluded end of the platform. Did the man in the ticket office recognise her, and regard it as odd that she should be travelling alone, which she had never done before? Was the station master keeping his eye upon her, or did he direct the porters to do it? She saw one of her fellow travellers, a harmless-looking middle-class woman, surreptitiously reading the address on Iris's portmanteau. It might be to gratify idle curiosity, at the same time the action was suspicious. Yet why should she mind, even though what she dreaded, next to being followed by Major Pollock, came to pass, and some of her personal acquaintances, Lady Thwaite, or one of the Hollises, or even an officer from Birkett, were to appear through the archway?

But was Iris really going away from Lambford, from Eastham, from country sights and sounds, and all she had ever known and loved? She stooped, as she pondered over what seemed still impossible, and gathered a daisy that grew on the railway bank. Was she bound for the great city, with its swarming population, in which she would be the merest unit? Or was it no more than a vexed, confused dream, from which she should awaken presently?

Iris's perturbed half-incredulous reflections were brought to an end by the arrival of the train. Amidst the little stir of arriving and departing passengers, she stepped into an empty carriage and seated herself, but rose the next moment and stood in the doorway, impelled by the recollection that since there was no one to look after the luggage she ought to attend to it. Nothing had been left on the platform, the train was moving, and she drew back just as she caught a

glimpse of a familiar face, the owner of which was coming leisurely into the station. The face was the homely but trustworthy visage of Jenny Rogers's brother Bill, Sir William Thwaite's man-servant.

Then the engine steamed off, carrying the travellers fast into the unknown, and the marvel of the expedition, the adventure of it, began to seize hold of the brave spirit, to fascinate and excite it, at the same time that a great trust in the Father of the fatherless, and the Brother of all His desolate brothers and sisters, rose in her soul and stilled its tribulation.

CHAPTER XXIX.—REPARATION.

LADY FERMOR gave no token of missing the girl who had been her companion for the last twenty years. The old lady awoke and breakfasted, read the newspapers or got Soames to read them to her, took her stroll on the terrace, ate her luncheon, had her afternoon drive, her nap, her dinner, her evening game of *écarté* if Major Pollock dropped in, or, failing him, condescended to a game at cribbage with Soames, retired to bed, and slept apparently without a care on her mind or a feather's weight on her conscience. She had always boasted that though she was fond of company in her day, she could suffice for herself; and now it looked like it. To the few visitors who made a point of inquiring for her, she merely alluded to Iris's absence without stating its cause or term; and when it was Lady Fermor's will to keep her own counsel not many people would venture to dispute the point with her. Even Lucy with the rest of the Acton family and Lady Thwaite, who were the most surprised and perplexed at the unexpected, unexplained, undefined visit somewhere, to somebody, which Iris was paying, submitted to be kept for a while in ignorance. The mystery, however, began to make itself felt, and within a fortnight of the event Lady Fermor's tranquillity was disturbed, and she was assailed and called to account in her own house, which ought to have been her castle.

Lady Fermor had returned from her afternoon drive, and had gone into her drawing-room for half an hour, when a message was brought to her from a former friend, who had arrived at the frame of mind when forms and ceremonies were indifferent to him. Sir William Thwaite bade a servant tell Lady Fermor that he wished to see her, and had not the suavity to add, "By her ladyship's

leave," or "If the call is convenient for her," notwithstanding that he had long ceased to be a daily visitor at Lambford. He had not been there since the night of Miss Compton's ball. He had not spoken to Lady Fermor since she left him in a rage, in the teeth of a thunder-storm, after her last visit to White-hills. He had been a husband and a widower in the interval.

As the message was delivered to the venerable woman her sunken eyes gave a warlike flash, and she managed to sit erect after she had snapped out the two words, "Admit him." Strife, and not peace, was her natural element. In spite of her years, a tough encounter, a rousing contention, a battle of words were more acceptable to her than sluggish rest.

Sir William came to his former haunt, looking too stern to be lightly discomposed and discomfited. He gave a hurried glance round while he was mechanically saying "Good morning" to his former ally; and the sternness was intensified on a face which, when it was not lit up with a smile, had always been more the type of a certain form of comely strength, than of sunshine and sweetness.

"It is a treat to see you nowadays, Sir William," said Lady Fermor tentatively, motioning him to a seat beside her.

But he did not sit down, and he did not answer her, save by telling his errand with brutal straightforwardness. "Where is Miss Compton, Lady Fermor?"

"Why do you ask?" she parried his question with the utmost coolness and intrepidity, while her eyes twinkled maliciously.

"Because I am determined to know," he answered after an instant's pause.

"And by what right do you claim to be made acquainted with my grand-daughter's whereabouts?" she repeated her counter-challenge. "Really, Sir William, you were always an original, and at one time, I believe, I rather liked your originality, but that time is past, and there are limits even to good things."

Her sarcasm did not ruffle his mood; he had ceased to wince at the prick of such weapons, and he was also able to proclaim a right which in his eyes was all-sufficient to authorise his presence and interrogation. "You were willing to give her and her happiness into my keeping once. Is not that enough to entitle me to ask what has come to her?"

"Very little has come to her, as you say, that I know of," answered Lady Fermor with

an insolent criticism of his English, and with exasperating nonchalance. "If she had many rejected lovers it would be an awkward precedent to establish, that each man might come and bore me with his curiosity to hear the last news of his old flame. But she was not much of a belle, poor thing! and, to tell the truth, I do not know that she had the glory of dismissing any suitor save one; therefore, I do not mind saying to you that I know nothing about her."

"It ain't possible," he cried hotly; "she was in your care. Women of your class don't let girls go out into the world on their own hook, to do what they like, without having somebody to look after them. Your notion is, that girls cannot take care of themselves no more than if they were babies."

"And I dare say we are right," she interjected briskly.

"And you make and keep them helpless," he went on without appearing to pay any attention to her, "till they are too delicate and dainty to stand on their own feet and make their own way. I know she isn't like that, and I haven't such a bad opinion of the world as to think that there are many, either gentle or simple, that would harm her. But it ain't kind or considerate that she should be exposed to what another young lady could not face; and though she may not be right down harmed, she may be frightened and worried. Lady Fermor, I insist on your giving me satisfaction."

"In my day it was gentlemen who gave each other satisfaction," said Lady Fermor airily; "a good manly custom which, like some other customs not half so bad as they were called, has passed away—but let them go, they served my time. I assure you, Sir William, I am not accountable for the young lady in whom you are pleased to take so deep an interest. I am sorry not to have it in my power to say she returns it, or would thank you for it," with a little mocking, palsied bow to her listener. "She took our relations, hers and mine, into her own hands. According to your definition, she assumed the privilege of the lower orders. She said it was better we should part; she could not stay any longer with me. I am too old a woman to pretend to fight with disobedient, undutiful girls, or boys either, even though they are my grandchildren. She said she would go, and she went—there is the long and the short of it."

"Before it came to that, my lady, you had something to answer for," said Sir William, gulping down what was sticking in his throat.

"Now, don't you think this is getting tiresome?" suggested Lady Fermor. "I have told you the truth, which, whatever you may believe, you have no earthly call to swagger here and demand from me. May I beg you to spare me your reflections on it, and to cut short your visit? Don't you see, man, I have come in from a drive, and am tired?"

"I cannot help it," he protested, but in the middle of the rudeness he pushed a footstool under her feet, and caught up a cushion to place at her back. Remembering former services of the same kind, rendered under different circumstances and highly valued then, the wicked old face twitched and softened a little, though it relapsed the next moment into its malice and hardness.

"You don't mean to say you let her go like that?" he persisted, still standing like an avenging giant before a hard-hearted witch. "You never asked her where she was to turn to? You are not acquainted with any friend she might seek?"

"No," she had the coarseness and cruelty to answer him, "it is not always advisable to ask too many questions. We women are not often without friends at Iris's age, and we don't always care to publish the road we mean to follow."

"It is a shameful lie!" he said, speaking his mind without the slightest reservation, while his fresh-coloured face darkened to a dusky red, and the veins on his forehead, within the curves of chestnut hair, stood out knotted like whipcord. "By George, if you were a man, though you were a prince, I would not stand to hear it. You are an old woman and my lady, but I say you have spoken an infamous slander against your own flesh and blood, as much above you as heaven is above earth. Where is your natural womanly feeling, your mother's heart, Lady Fermor?"

Something in his air and attitude smote the rock of her nature on which his words had struck in vain. She shrank and cowered a little, and collapsed into the feebleness of her years.

"Don't," she implored, "don't you curse me; you are like—like a friend I had once. Never mind who it was. I saw the likeness the first day we met, and took a fancy for you, and did my best to serve you. I don't deserve this treatment from you, Thwaite, but I am ready to give you satisfaction—all the satisfaction I can. That goose of a girl you think so much of, though she don't care a straw for you, and she ain't worth your trouble—well, let that be—she never told me

where she was going, and I am not bound to know; but she is no more fit to carry out a plot than that Spanish ass, Don Quixote. She behaved like a simpleton, as you may be sure. Her baggage was addressed to the care of a sister of a canting, mischief-making governess the child once had, and her ticket was taken to London. She had money for her board for three months. I can give you the address if you care to have it, though I don't see what good it will do you now. Sir William, will you go and leave me alone in peace, and don't come back to haunt me in another person's guise on my dying bed?"

"No, I want to do something better than that," he said, half with lingering fury, half in gruff relenting and concession to their old friendly relations. "You say you took a fancy for me, and meant well by me. I am willing to believe you, though it was a fancy which played me strange tricks, and went far to my undoing. I was not ungrateful, whatever you may think. I take it you have not so many true friends to call your own at the close of your long life, that you should shake off this one, and she your granddaughter, as good as gold, or even a rough, little-worth fellow like me. Why in the name of goodness should you not go after Miss Compton, find her, and be a loving grandmother to her, as I am sure she would be a loving child to you, if you would let her?"

"Because it ain't in me, Thwaite," replied her ladyship with returning coolness and candour. "You must be a bad reader of character, if you cannot decipher that. 'Loving grandmother,' indeed! Bah! I leave that to your tame old body who has kissed her faithless tyrant's feet, and run after her prodigal sons and fast daughters, until in the evening of her days she is content to sit chirping and snivelling over her mischievous brats of grandchildren."

He was not to be diverted from his aim.

"You say Miss Compton has the payment of her board, among people you disapprove of, for a month or two. What is she to do then? Will you let her feel herself forsaken by man?—not by God. You cannot touch her there." He broke off in a low tone with a mixture of reverence and tenderness—the true chivalrous devotion, very different from any species of love poor Lady Fermor had ever given or taken, shining in his blue eyes. "You do not intend Lord Fermor's grand-daughter to beg her board from strangers, or to hire herself out for a wage,

do you? though she might count it no dishonour to make service honourable by discharging it."

"She has chosen her course, and she must abide by it—ay, and eat the fruit of her folly," argued the old woman, before she changed her cue, and suddenly made a concession. "If I do anything more for Iris Compton, it will be as a favour to you, Thwaite. The hussy—or the angel, if you prefer it, shall owe my forgiveness to you. That will be something for her pride to swallow, though I fear you have lost the spirit to cast it in her teeth."

Powerful as Sir William's championship had been, this was not exactly true. It was a fact that Lady Fermor, like most women of strong passions, had possessed little natural affection. The passions had burnt themselves out, and in their ashes there were few elements for the growth of the domestic charities. Still there were bounds to her callousness and vindictiveness. Lady Fermor had driven this girl, as Sir William had put it, from the dignity and ease of Lambford, to beg her bread or to hire herself out for a wage. In the end the old woman might not be unwilling, for more reasons than one, to yield to his advocacy, giving it all the credit in order to save her own consistency; while underneath the veil she appeared her grisly ghost of a conscience.

"Thanks," he said shortly; and then, fearing to displease her and turn her from her cautious admission, he forced himself to protest, "I'll stand no end indebted to you if you do this kindness to yourself and Miss Compton at my bidding. But what you mean to do you ought to set about quickly."

"You are in a great hurry, Thwaite," observed Lady Fermor sarcastically. "I suppose you see that I have my bonnet on my head, and you think I shall be ready to stir my old bones, and rise and run after a flighty fool of twenty or thereabouts. Much obliged for your consideration for my age and infirmities. You had better order the carriage back at once, and ride on before, and get a ticket for London, and let me start napless and dinnerless. I should arrive dizzy and starving before midnight. I dare say I might knock about for a bed; or if I found my way to Fitzroy Square, perhaps my good grand-daughter would have the common humanity to lend me hers for what remained of the night."

"You are talking nonsense," he said bluntly, staring at her, "but you will go up

to London and seek out Miss Compton—won't you?"

"I may if you will be my escort. I have never been accustomed to travel without a squire," she said with a kind of ghastly coquetry. "When I was younger, a good deal younger, I used to have half-a-dozen sparks and beaux at my disposal. As it is, I am not so strong and nimble as Iris Compton. By-the-bye, I'm not at all sure that she will give in, and consent to put herself under my wing again. Disobedience is a virulent as well as a common complaint nowadays. I shall need all the foreign support I can get. Yours may not be very available in this case, but it is better than none. To be sure, my young lady may have eaten her leek and changed her mind, while another person has had time and reason enough to alter his opinion. I shan't blame him, though I am reduced to wonder whether he has attacked me out of a spirit of contradiction and devilry, or from mere mawkish magnanimity, pity, and such-like stuff."

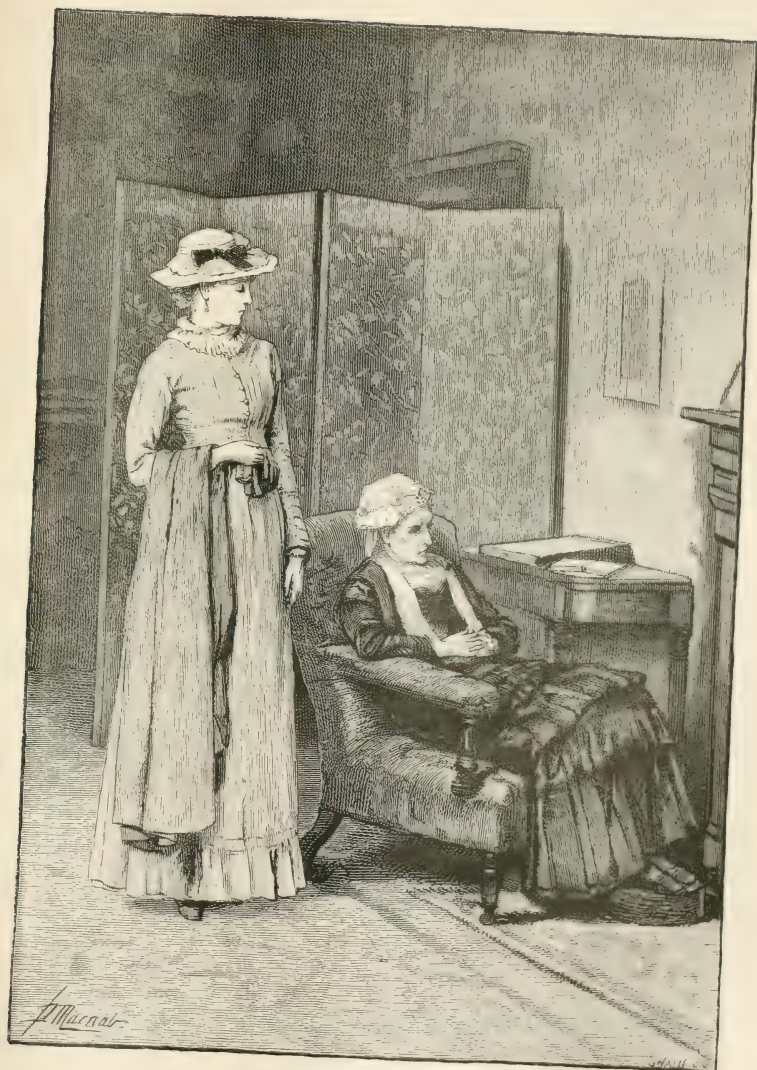
She looked at him sharply. He returned her glance coldly, and dismissed her wonder with a formal, "Good afternoon, Lady Fermor. I shall see you to London if you like, at whatever time you fix," as he left her.

That night Bill Rogers was considerably impressed by finding himself put in authority at Whitehills, while his master held himself in readiness to start any day for London.

CHAPTER XXX.—YOUTH STRIVES.

IRIS had reached London in safety, she had found Mrs. Haigh, a fat, florid, overdressed woman, hospitable, and friendly in a way. But Iris had not found another Miss Burrage—it would have been unreasonable to expect it in the matron who was in an extraordinary flutter of mingled pride and alarm at having Lord and Lady Fermor's grand-daughter again under her own roof. Iris's presence lent a glorious distinction to the upper middle-class boarding-house, but it might be drawing down upon the hostess the wrath of "the combined aristocracy," because of aiding and abetting insubordination in their ranks and desertion from their leaders.

Iris had said honestly, "I am sorry to say grandmamma and I have not been happy together lately, Mrs. Haigh. Perhaps my dear old friend, Miss Burrage, may have said something long ago which will help you to understand matters. I don't mean that I am not to blame. No doubt I have failed in tact and patience, and a thousand things,



"I am going away, grandmamma."

but the painful fact remains that we have not got on well together. Now I have left Lambford with Lady Fermor's knowledge, and come up to town to ask if you will take me in, till I see what is to become of me."

Of course Mrs. Haigh would take Iris in. What mistress of a boarding establishment, unless she were a very exceptional person, would refuse to receive a peer's grand-daughter, looking as Iris looked, wearing the dress she wore, even if there had not been the old family connection of which Mrs. Haigh had boasted for the last fifteen years?

Mrs. Haigh was soon satisfied that Iris was neither impecunious in the meantime, nor possessed by any romantic delusion of throwing herself on the devotion of ancient allies and living on air, her dignity, and their worshipping commiseration. When this important little item was agreeably settled to Mrs. Haigh's practical mind, she had nothing to disturb her but the apprehension of Lady Fermor's displeasure and that vague horror of the wrath of the combined aristocracy which was not without its breathless charm, like the coveted terror produced by an exciting ghost story. Certainly Mrs. Haigh was aware that Lady Fermor had been a very formidable, unmanageable person, though she ought by this time to be in her dotage. But whether doting or not, surely she would rather have her grand-daughter in Fitzroy Square, with highly respectable people of whom her ladyship knew something, than wandering through the world without chaperon or companion. Lady Fermor ought rather to feel relieved and grateful when she heard Mrs. Haigh's name mentioned as a temporary guardian for Miss Compton.

Having persuaded herself of this, Mrs. Haigh was at liberty to rejoice in the acquisition to her circle, even though her reason whispered it could not be permanent. Its reflected *éclat* might long survive its actual existence, and while it lasted the mistress of the house could load Iris with overpowering attentions.

Iris was vexed that Mrs. Haigh would constantly speak of her and to her as "Lady Fermor's grand-daughter." The excellent woman would even betray at once her ignorance and vanity, by bestowing on Iris a handle to her name to which she was not entitled. Mrs. Haigh always called Iris the Honourable Miss Compton, and considered it foolish modesty and shyness—perhaps a little hauteur in disguise, when the girl first hinted, and then said plainly, that neither the Herald's Office

nor Debrett would authorise the use of such a privilege.

Iris was still more wounded when she had reason to suspect that Mrs. Haigh, in her incessant reference to Lambford and Lady Fermor, did not refrain from imparting in mysterious whispers to chosen members of her circle the scandals with which the name had been associated, or else by nods and shrugs and hinted innuendoes refreshed her ladies' and gentlemen's memories on the subject. She was irreproachable in her own morals, yet she seemed to take a warped pride in what she was pleased to view as aristocratic iniquities.

These ladies and gentlemen were perfectly respectable, better-class *pensionnaires*. Though the ladies had the priority by courteous phrase, the gentlemen were really the ruling power in the establishment, as they still are in the world. Whether married or single, from the bachelor confidential clerk in a tremendously great banking establishment to the retired clergyman and half-pay officer, they all paid board in full; and as they were the members of the establishment who were the most out of the house during the day, they were supposed to give least trouble to their hostess, while they were also the most profitable boarders. It was for the gentlemen's appetite and tastes that Mrs. Haigh in reality catered most sedulously; it was the gentlemen's evening rubber that she guarded from interruption most carefully.

Some of the spinsters were ladies in reduced circumstances, and paid Mrs. Haigh a smaller board for rooms nearer the sky, and for inferior attendance generally, with which, in strict justice and logic, these half-indigent gentlewomen ought to have been contented. But in point of fact they employed a considerable amount of their time in jealous inspection of the better position of their neighbours, and muttered grumbings over their own wants, or in high-faluting, ostentatious professions of indifference to circumstances, or else in judicious, assiduous attentions to their better-off companions—attentions which had their reward.

To the single ladies, more than all the other inhabitants of the house, Iris's advent was a windfall. For once the spinsters felt equal to the men and to the married women. The other maidens, however ancient, shared in the fuss made about this girl, as if it had been a tribute to the whole body of unprotected females. In return for the homage paid to her—or rather to Lady Fermor's grand-daughter—Iris made figura-

tively a series of courteous bows, and sought to possess her soul in patience like a princess on a royal progress. But, although in her faith, hope, and charity, which, after all the sneers liberally launched at these graces and their Christian origin, are as trustworthy touchstones as any that have yet been found for use in the motley crowd of life, Iris had no doubt that there was more than sufficient to respect, like, and inspire interest in her fellow-boarders, if one only knew them better, and held the clue to the true life beneath the conventional; still, looking only on the surface, she did not find anything to attract her particularly in any of the members of the large family under Mrs. Haigh's roof.

Iris was not overwhelmingly impressed by the rich, stiffened, silent, white-haired clerk of so great a banking-house, that even its first clerk was surrounded by a nimbus of golden influence and responsibility. She did not yield to the lively fascinations of Captain Boscawen, who knew all the gossip of the best society, and being affable, gallant, and chatty, was a favourite with most of the ladies. She was not even greatly touched by the Rev. Edward Calcott, a younger man than the first two heroes. He had been forced to retire from his vicar's charge on account of an abiding relaxed throat and weak chest, and was, therefore, as a clergyman and a confirmed invalid, invested with the double attributes of spiritual director and object of tender sympathy to every soft heart. Iris was sorry for him; but her heart was not so soft in this quarter as to prevent her perceiving that he was both self-conscious and self-indulgent; so she left the nursing of him to his wife, and kept her spiritual concerns out of his reach.

Iris was not more won by the ladies—from bluff Mrs. Judge Penfold, who, arguing from her title, had appropriated her husband's office as well as the reins of his phaeton, down to little Mrs. Rugely, the inconsolable pretty young widow, who, to the envy of the remaining men, sat bereft at the Rev. Edward's feet, yet was able to take the deepest interest in the exact fit of her widow's gown and the becoming shape of her bonnet, and pensively asked her friends' advice whether scarlet flowers were not admissible after the first stage of mourning was past. Her lost love had always preferred her with scarlet, and entire black was really too trying for a brunette complexion.

Iris had received a blow in finding Mrs. Haigh so unlike Miss Burrage, and the blow was not softened, neither was the likeness

increased, on the only occasion when the girl spoke of her best friend to that friend's sister. Mrs. Haigh twinkled away a facile tear, indeed, and expressed her thankfulness for having had her dear Emily in Mrs. Haigh's house, to be waited upon by her during the good soul's last illness.

"It was a great privilege, Miss Compton; you who knew her, and who, I may say, was her pet pupil, can guess how uncomplaining, considerate, even cheerful, she was to the very last."

But Mrs. Haigh was honest in her thick-skinnedness, and absence of deep or delicate or abiding feeling. She added innocently enough in the next breath: "It was a mercy the illness was short, for it saved the dear saint a great deal of suffering; and to have had her lying long here, or even lingering on, neither ill nor well, unfit for duty, without a sufficient provision for her needs, a burden to herself and others—as, between ourselves, I think Mr. Calcott is sometimes, when he murmurs so at his chimney smoking, and objects to the piano being played after certain hours—would have been more than I could have undertaken, with my husband and children and the care of a boarding-house on my hands. When one comes to think of it all," reflected Mrs. Haigh with a species of complacency, "darling Emily was not suited for this world. She was an excellent creature, but she was painfully plain from a girl. She had ability and accomplishments; but she had no manners that I could see, though, of course, we know she lived in the best society. She could not relish what most people enjoy; to dress what I call well became a bore to her. She was not fond of shopping or calling or dining out, and hardly cared for a box or a stall at the opera or the theatre, unless the play or the opera, as well as the singers and actors, chanced to be exceptional. She potted about more than she was able among hum-drum, fallen-down people she had known long ago, or sick or poor people. She had a regard for out-of-the-way churches and eccentric clergymen that few people save herself had heard of or cared for. Put her down with a book she liked and her work, and the world held little more attraction for her. No, poor dear Emily was not a woman for this world. She was a woman to be overlooked and slighted—which she did not mind, for she had rather a lack of spirit and proper pride. She was apt to be smiled at, for she had her little peculiarities, dear soul! though she was my sister—and jostled against and trampled upon, as

the world goes. I trust she is far better off where she has gone, poor love."

"She was a woman of whom the world was not worthy, Mrs. Haigh," said Iris hotly.

To compare Miss Burrage to Mr. Calcott! To have been capable of thinking of her as a possible burden, and so finding her premature death in one light a boon, instead of wrestling with God that the loved presence might be spared for a season, and yearning to keep it here so long as life lingered in the feeble frame, and sense and love on the peaceful, wasted brow and lips! What would not Iris have given to have seen her old friend's dear face again, though it had come but in a vision of the night, to have heard her wise, gentle counsel, though it had been only in a dream!

Iris was not disappointed in Mr. Haigh as she was in Mrs. Haigh. He was only Miss Burrage's brother-in-law, by Mrs. Haigh's election, not a member of Miss Burrage's family, of the same father and mother, and of kindred blood. Besides, Iris had retained a dim recollection of him—more correct in all respects than her early vision of his wife as a lively, handsome young matron, who had petted her and been very affectionate to Miss Burrage.

Mr. Haigh was the cipher that Iris had always remembered him. He sat at the foot of the table and did the principal carving. He kept the gentlemen company when the ladies had retired. He was safe for a partner at whist, unless somebody else wished to make up the party. He could serve as a tolerable second when the boarders happened to be musical and a second was in request. He dabbled a little in art, so as to have the *entrée* to a few studios, and afford the benefit of his opinion to any amateur artist in the house. He had the same intangible connection with the theatres and opera-houses, so that he could always procure tickets, boxes and stalls, and predict what a play would turn out, when the mass of the public was helpless and voiceless. Mr. Haigh had been educated abroad, and possessed an additional advantage, of which he was rather vain. He was tolerably conversant with several European languages. He could serve on a pinch as an amateur courier by anticipation to inexperienced projectors of continental tours.

In any other position, Mr. Haigh might have been a purely ornamental member of society, but as the spouse of a lady who kept an upper-class boarding-house, he was almost the right man in the right place—while Iris had never imagined she would get anything more than a host's gentlemanlike notice from Mr. Haigh.

But Mrs. Haigh had children who were also Miss Burrage's nephews and nieces. They were all at school save one, Juliana, or Ju-ju, the eldest daughter, a girl of nineteen, to whom Iris turned eagerly. But, alas! Ju-ju was more like her well-bred lymphatic father than her mother—far less her aunt. Ju-ju's chief end in life seemed to be to comply with all the obligations of the most finished young ladyhood in the fashion of the day, under such difficulties as limited means and the necessity for the family's keeping boarders implied. Ju-ju took her stand on her father's and mother's claims to gentility as educated people, the children of a clergyman of the Church of England on the one hand, and a captain in the army on the other. She ignored the items that Mrs. Haigh had been a governess like her sister and that Mr. Haigh had failed in succession as a barrister, an operatic singer, an artist and a playwright. Ju-ju was inclined to make out that her father and mother kept a boarding-house for their private pleasure. She did nothing save sit embroidering the artistic, elaborate embroidery of the hour, and attend to her toilet to the minutest details of the rosette on her French shoe, and the extra button on her profusely buttoned glove.

She was neither pretty nor plain, though she had a good figure, and felt the more persuaded on that account that dress was of the first consequence to her.

Iris Compton contemplated Ju-ju from a puzzled mental and moral distance, with the puzzle deepened by the fact that the girl was Miss Burrage's niece. How could personal enjoyment and the idlest trifles engross her wholly? What was she thinking of when she sat calmly applying herself for so many hours to this costly fancy work, while her mother, behind backs, was really cumbered with the care of her servants, the burden of house-keeping for a large, disconnected, troublesome family, and the worry of account books which frequently refused to "square"? And what became of all the splendid and delicate embroidery, of which only a few finished specimens appeared in the shape of table-covers and cushions in the drawing-room? Did Ju-ju simply work it to train and gratify her hand and eye, and then wantonly destroy it, or did she bestow it as presents on all her absent friends?

Iris found out the enigma at the same time that she hit upon a little opening for her own unprovided-for future, which was beginning to weigh heavily upon her mind.

In vain had Iris asked Mrs. Haigh's advice

about what she ought to do to earn a little money. Mrs. Haigh was convinced that Iris's illustrious relations would not permit such an indignity. Miss Compton would only require to hint to them that her coffers were becoming empty to have them filled again to overflowing.

In vain Iris frankly approached the subject with some of the other ladies—counting on them as a sort of informal women's friendly society. She was always stopped by their smiling and pooh-poohing her. They would not have their peer's grand-daughter pulled down from her pedestal, or else they regarded her prospects with regard to working for her bread as so hopeless, that they preferred not to discuss them with her. In fact they told her it was lowering herself to hint at such an alternative, almost as much as if she were to propose to borrow money from them.

At the same time Iris found to her dismay that life in a Fitzroy Square boarding-house, apart from the board, was a great deal dearer than life at Lambford. Everybody overdressed, punctiliously, with studied variety for dinner. In the light of Mrs. Judge Penfold's brocade and diamonds the one day and velvet and pearls the next; Mrs. Rugely's diaphanous black and jet, or gold; and Ju-ju Haigh's earnestly thought out, subtle harmonies in strange, wonderful stuffs and tints from art-shops, her beads from Venice, her amber and filigree work from Damascus—all bought in London town, for Ju-ju had been no traveller—Iris was more than outshone. In such a white India muslin, with turquoise ornaments, as had dazzled Sir William Thwaite, or in such a blue silk, festooned with hops, as would have been voted decidedly "swellish" by the Hollises at Thornbrake, and pronounced perfectly exquisite by the Actons at the Rectory, she knew she looked shabbily, stalely monotonous in costume.

Iris had the impression that she was playing at being a grand demoiselle in an effeminate, luxurious, extravagant court. She tried to resist, but she was a young woman without a home, and had to yield something to what Mrs. Haigh called "the rules of the house." She was forced, like the poor ladies, to waste a great deal of time in contriving small transparent devices, for her dress to pass muster among the elaborate shifting toilets of the company.

It was on an errand to procure some not too costly, gauzy transformation, that Iris, who had from the first claimed the liberty of walking out by herself without becoming a

mutual drag and fetter either on Mrs. Haigh or Ju-ju, visited such a monster shop of all wares as is a remarkable feature of the London of to-day. It was a little of an enterprise even for so fearless a girl as Iris to enter one of the many doors, fall into a stream of purchasers, pass down the streets of counters and be bewildered by the different departments of the business in story after story, of the blocks of buildings.

Iris felt so small and so swallowed up, that she uttered a little cry of pleasure when she discovered Ju-ju Haigh at a counter on which the exquisite materials for some of her embroidery were displayed.

Ju-ju could not be said to return the compliment by sharing in the gratification. She reddened and had a constrained air while the girls exchanged half-a-dozen words. Iris would have passed on, but the crush of buyers and sellers was great here, and she could not advance many steps before one of the elder shop-women, or ladies of the establishment as they prefer to be called, came to Miss Haigh and delivered a courteous verbal message, "If the piece be done by next week, madam" (old-fashioned modes of address have acquired fresh life and new associations in connection with London shops), "Mrs. Cree says it will be in time enough for the Countess."

Ju-ju met Iris's surprised eyes and immediately turned aside, crimsoning from brow to throat, through the pearl powder which she and young Mrs. Rugely and elderly Mrs. Judge Penfold and Mrs. Haigh and poor Miss Swan, the poorest of the poor ladies, did not hesitate to use, though as yet they stopped short of rouge.

But Ju-ju showed no further inclination to be left alone; on the contrary she hurried over her business, offered Iris her valuable aid in a purchase, and seemed even anxiously desirous of bearing Miss Compton company in her walk home.

The motive was soon explained. Whenever the girls got into the quieter streets, Ju-ju spoke with almost painful earnestness: "You have found me out, Miss Compton, without being able to help it. I embroider at home for Mr. Blackburn's art department. I dare say you have observed that I work rather closely, though embroidery is a pleasure to me also. Other people in the house have noticed it, though of course nobody asks any questions. My mother can only afford me a small allowance. I could not dress and go out like other girls, if I had not an additional income. I assure you many

girls design or embroider on private commissions, which are the best, as they are for friends, or for the art schools where the girls have been taught, or for art departments in some of the great shops, and nobody outside is any wiser. The rage for art work is such a boon to people who would not think of working in any other fashion. Art work can be done by any lady without loss of caste, and if you will believe me, many ladies do it for pay who are in no want of money, as I am sorry to say I am. Some of these are connected with the nobility as you are, and, for the most part, they do not care though it is known they embroider for money. They laugh and boast of it, and are as proud of their earnings as if they were sums gained at Monte Carlo, or the payment of wagers, or the prices of books or pictures which the girls had written or painted. But it is a different thing when working is a necessity. I don't think I should work if I had a good allowance or a rich father," admitted Ju-ju, "and I believe in my case, it is certainly much better to say nothing about it. So, Miss Compton, I shall be very much obliged if you will not mention what has come to your knowledge to-day—not even to my mother, though I need not say she is aware of my arrangement and has given her full consent to it."

This was a revelation to Iris, but she did not stop to inquire if the game were worth the candle. She did not weigh against each other the false pride of girls like Ju-ju Haigh, who eked out their means and supplied themselves with foolish extravagances by labouring in strict secrecy for tinsel—not bread; and the childish vanity of the wealthy aristocratic girls who vaunted their uncalled-for achievements in the shape of working, at will, for a few sovereigns, twice the number of which the workwomen wasted every day they lived. It just crossed Iris's mind that there was a performance resembling this on the part of the ladies of the French noblesse before the great revolution, when dainty fingers ostentatiously unravelled gold thread in lace which had decorated coats of husbands or brothers, or sons, and sold it as bullion. But she drew no inference from the comparison.

Iris did not even speculate how it comes that to work at art designs and marvels of embroidery, can be more honourable than to work at the homeliest useful work, which is of still greater necessity to the welfare of the world than the coin with which the primitive toil is remunerated; she only thought that she too could do this art work, while she

might not be fit for any other. She had delighted as a simple matter of taste, when she was a girl at ease, in the revival of art embroidery. She had practised it with enthusiasm, and had attained some local eminence by her performances. She had watched Ju-ju's achievements with intelligent admiration, and had been able to offer her available suggestions and help sometimes. Now Iris ventured to propose, a little breathlessly in her excitement, "Could I do anything for Blackburn's? Would they care to employ me? I should be glad—thankful if they would try me. I need not say I would do my best to give them satisfaction."

Ju-ju received the proposal more graciously and encouragingly than her mother and the other ladies had met Iris's candid statements of the obligation on her to find work and wages. Ju-ju, confident in her own skill and experience, feared no competition in her special province, while she was ready to clutch at another example to prove that lady-like girls, even girls connected with the nobility, freely adopted her calling.

Ju-ju readily undertook to communicate with Blackburn and exhibit some specimens of Iris's capability as a nineteenth-century Arachne. Mrs. Haigh shook her head and was troubled by the anomaly, but Ju-ju had sufficient influence over her mother to prevent her doing more.

Blackburn was a genius in his line, he kept all the strings to his bow and all the arteries of his vast organization under his personal inspection and control. He had found the secret of success, in the path which he had struck out, to lie in universal applicability and novelty. He had boasted that he could furnish on due notice whatever the heart of man or woman could desire—whether the customer were a prince or a princess, a dock labourer or a charwoman, and he had reclaimed his pledge by providing an elephant within four-and-twenty hours of its being asked for on one extraordinary occasion. He was proud of his last development in an aristocratic art region. He magnanimously enjoyed solacing the idleness of rich, the sorrows of poor gentility, that would never recognise him and his, in spite of his celebrity and wealth, as the equals and privileged associates of its members. He relished highly as Fouché did, counting in his pay sprigs of the nobility, who were also among the chief purchasers of his rarest and costliest adaptations from Worth.

Iris did not know how much she owed again to her grandfather and grandmother,

when, to her great relief and something like happy bewilderment, she found herself at once approved of and appointed on Blackburn's staff. She was even intrusted with very valuable materials, including an idea of a screen in three panels, with a suitable moral, by a world-known artist, the cartoon to be destroyed as soon as a single copy was worked. One panel displayed Arachne "in her earlier humanity, carried away by conceit in her weaving; the second gave the cowering foolish weaver-woman brought face to face with the great goddess Minerva, whom she had dared to challenge to a trial of skill; and the third represented Minerva looking down in supreme contempt on the humble spider and her web, all that remained of the presumptuous Arachne" and the product of her loom. Long afterwards Iris was wont to view that trophy of bold, true, delicate if formal lines, traced in softest, richest silks, with many mingled feelings. In the meantime it was a congenial occupation, as well as a bracing effort at independence, for Iris to work faithfully and lovingly at the great artist's fancy.

Iris needed this help for her heart and mind, her faith and patience, while the summer was yet young, since every day the weather was growing warmer and the season drawing nearer to its climax. The garden in Fitzroy Square, which had been a pleasant oasis in the dreary desert of stone and lime when Iris came, became prematurely sere, yellow, and brown in its lack of country freshness, country freedom, country wholeness of gradual, bountiful growth and decay.

The society of the boarding-house had lost its strangeness to Iris, but it had also become more and more irksome with a constant reminder that she was out of her element among people whom she neither judged, nor condemned, nor despised, but not one of whom bore much more than a human, national, tolerably civilised affinity to her, in her nature, beliefs, and habits.

Many of the residents in the house were going away with Ju-ju Haigh to pay visits to the sea-side, to Normandy, or the Engadine. Iris's choice of society, such as it was, began to narrow just as she had a craving for it to widen. She would be left almost alone in the white dusty streets by the time she thirsted intensely for a quiet, sandy-coloured country road running along a reddish, purplish green stretch of common or down, the shade of trees, the cool ripple of water, the yellow corn-fields ripening to harvest.

The figure of an old woman, loveless and unloved in her solitary age, sitting at home

in her cheerless great house, or driving out by herself in her close carriage on her monotonous round, had reproached Iris, from the first, many a time. The reproach was more than half morbid, for Lady Fermor had never shown that she cared for her grand-daughter's company and she had driven Iris from her, by persecution and panic, which might have worn the girl into her grave, or carried her to a mad-house.

CHAPTER XXXI.—AGE PLEADS.

IRIS had been out for a little more air and a saunter in the greater space of Regent's Park, when just as she re-entered the house she met Mrs. Haigh in such a state of consternation that the girl's roused imagination could fancy no smaller calamities had occurred than the kitchen chimney on fire to the destruction of the eight-o'clock dinner, or the first clerk in the great banking-house having announced his intention to set up an establishment of his own. But Mrs. Haigh speedily undeceived her. "Oh, my dear Miss Compton, *she* is here, Lady Fermor is here, and I dared not attempt to deceive her about your being with us; indeed, she did not ask, she simply said, 'Take me to Miss Compton,' and she walked straight into the drawing-room, dismissing me with a nod, and staring about her without troubling to return the bows of the assembled ladies to whom I gave her a general introduction. They have all left the room, and she is sitting there alone, for Haigh has declined to have anything to do with her. I am afraid you must go to her and find out what she wants. If it is anything reasonable, if she wishes to board here along with you, I will do my best, though I do not know if Mrs. Judge Penfold and the rest will consent to be ignored, even by a viscountess—your grandfather was a viscount, wasn't he, dear Miss Compton? not an earl, as I am always inclined to make him—when they are all private ladies. If she thinks your board too high, though the times are terribly expensive——"

"I do not think that will be the reason of her coming, Mrs. Haigh. I shall go to her at once."

The thought of her grandmother away from Lambford from which she had not stirred for a dozen years, had a great effect on Iris. Whatever the person most concerned may have felt, it was a shock to her descendant when she saw the aged woman rooted up from all her old surroundings. Iris had been accustomed to think of her grandmother as about as stationary and constant in her

attributes and actions as the fixed stars. Therefore the contrast was great of finding Lady Fermor seated uncomfortably in a chair which was the opposite of her own at Lambford, with Mrs. Rugely's easel at one side and Mrs. Calcott's basket heaped with the babies' socks and pinafores which she was always manufacturing for charitable bazaars on the other, and Mrs. Judge Penfold's dog barking and Ju-ju's kitten putting up its tail as if to assail the intruder. Iris's heart smote her, and she advanced quickly to her persecutress, crying out, "Oh! grandmamma, I am sorry I have given you so much trouble, if you have come up to town on my account."

"You may be sorry," said Lady Fermor emphatically, extending two fingers to her grand-daughter. "I have come a long journey on your account. I am here to fetch you away, so you had better get ready as soon as possible, and not keep me waiting longer than you can help. The carriage is at the door."

Iris was taken aback. This was not like the scoffing leave to go, which had been granted to her in their last meeting. To return to Lambford, though she had not been very happy in Fitzroy Square, was never what Iris had intended; all the old objections to her residence with her grandmother, which had grown unbearable, might still remain in full force. The loathed apparition of Major Pollock, of which she had got rid lately, seemed to rise again before her and make her flesh creep. For anything Iris knew he might have come up with her grandmother to London, he might be in the carriage outside, ready to spring upon her, in a figure. She could not resign herself again to the old tyranny, the old taunts and indignities which had threatened to thrust her on the most miserable fate that could befall a woman; not for her native air and the place and the people she had known and loved so long, not for Lucy Acton, who had expressed herself by letter as dubious of the step Iris had taken, even while condoling with her most sincerely on the causes which had led to it, could Iris make so bootless a sacrifice. But the assurance of the shrivelled-up wreck of a woman before her staggered Iris, and caused her to hesitate what to say or do.

Lady Fermor delivered herself of a gesture of impatience and called out harshly, "Have I not stooped enough, girl? Would you have me humble myself in the dirt to tell you I'll never mention poor old Pollock's name to you again? If you had not been a prim, scared idiot, you would have known it was not in earnest. I have got one of my other

grand-daughters, Marianne Dugdale, to be a companion for you. I have taken a house in Kensington that you may spend a few weeks in town, before all the world is gone, in a manner more befitting your antecedents. Afterwards I am thinking of a little trip to Buxton or Scarborough or Scotland—I am not too stiff to accomplish it—and let you two girls have the benefit of it. I dare say you will turn up your noses, because Buxton is not Spa or Homburg, and Scarborough Compiègne, or any other French place frequented by the ex-empress, and Scotland Norway. But I can tell you, when I was young a girl would have counted such an excursion an opening for making her fortune and a wonderful stroke of good luck."

"It is kind of you to put yourself about," faltered Iris, not at all sure how her words would be taken. "We are much obliged to you. If I could only flatter myself you wanted me, you really wanted me, grandmamma," said Iris, with a more uncontrollable break in her voice.

"Oh! as to that," said Lady Fermor, carelessly shaking out her sable-lined cloak, and giving a twitch to the strings of a new and striking lilac satin bonnet, "I got on very well by myself. You need not flatter yourself that you are of so much consequence. It was Thwaite, who came over and dug into me to go and see after you," with a keen glance at Iris.

"It was very good of Sir William to think of me," said Iris simply.

"Oh! yes, we're all kind and good now, when you've had your swing, and we're ready to look over and make the best of a girl's incredible folly. Thwaite brought Marianne Dugdale and me to town, but you need not thank him for it. I imagine he has taken a fancy to Marianne, and though she's a goose, like the rest of her kind, she won't be so goosey, perverse, and infatuated as to hold out against lawful authority, and a thousand advantages far beyond what she could hope for. By-the-bye, I hope Marianne's having stepped into your shoes, both with regard to Lambford and Whitehills, will not interfere with your throwing down your arms, and submitting to your natural superior," wound up Lady Fermor, fixing Iris with a wily, glittering eye.

"No, no," said Iris hastily, falling into the trap forthwith, lifting up her head involuntarily, unconscious of a bright spot rising on each cheek. "Why should it? But there are some other things to be thought of."

"Out with them. Am I to go down on

my knees to beg your pardon?" with a feeble movement to rise from her chair. "I have long thought the world was upside down, and this will only be the reversal of our natural position. Come, let me get over it as soon as possible. I should not mind it, if my old knees were not so rheumatic."

"Grandmamma, I beseech you don't," implored Iris, in terror lest Lady Fermor should carry out her horrible mockery. "How could you think or say such a thing? I only wished to tell you that I have paid my board, and Mrs. Haigh has made arrangements for me remaining much longer. I cannot help disappointing her perhaps, but I ought not to let her suffer otherwise."

"Humph! very impertinent in her to have anything to say to you at all, and still more impertinent to go on forming plans without consulting your friends, but we must take that with the rest. I'll settle with the lodging or boarding-house keeper, or whatever she is. Any more stipulations?"

"I have taken in work, art work, from Blackburn's, and I have expensive materials to account for, as well as the piece I undertook to embroider."

"Good gracious, Iris! were you mad? How could you disgrace yourself, and me, in such a manner?" cried Lady Fermor, stumbling to her feet. "You might have gone on the boards with less scandal, if ever such an act of low-lived absurdity come to light. We must drive instantly to the shop, and buy up all you had to do with—only buying up will stop the man's mouth, and though it were half the shop the sacrifice must be made. When I engage in a thing I go through with it. But your vagary is likely to cost me a pretty penny, Miss Compton, in addition to aching bones. You had better think twice—or rather I hope you will be off my hands before you engage in another. After the good education you had—even though that woman Burrage was a fanatic—to descend to the gutter by taking in work from a public shop!"

It was plain that in Lady Fermor's old-fashioned estimation, art needlework was not a whit better than white seam; and she considered that Iris Compton had let herself sink, in the course of six or eight weeks, to the level of a shirt-maker or slop-worker.

It was like a dream to Iris to find herself snatched away from Fitzroy Square. She left Mrs. Haigh in a manner consoled by the spectacle of the coroneted carriage at the door, and the undying recollection that Lady Fermor had called in person for her granddaughter, though her ladyship had not be-

haved quite so well on the occasion as might have been hoped for from a viscountess.

It was not so much as if the present—it was rather as if the recent past—were a dream, when Iris found herself sitting in her old place, listening to the old high-handed talk and vituperation. But as Iris told herself, what could she have done after the chief grievance was removed, and her grandmother had bound herself to keep the peace, than return to her duty, and wear again the yoke of her youth?

The house which Lady Fermor had taken off its former tenant's hands, for the last few weeks of the season, was at Kensington Gore. It was beyond the precincts of Belgravia, and beyond the Knightsbridge art studios and the barracks, which, following the example of the ubiquitous mews, invade select territories. Its windows did not give a false idea, as they looked full on the refreshment and refuge of the grand old leafy gardens. The glittering pinnacles of the Queen and country's memorial to a good prince, with his other monument, the huge ugly dome of the Albert Hall, promising unlimited music, and the pile upon pile of the second national museum, offering numberless antiquities, pictures, the Raphael cartoons, were all close at hand. So was the Row, with its mid-day horses and riders, and so was Hyde Park with its afternoon stream of carriages, and not very far off was the Broad Walk, that noblest avenue in which old court beauties, fair French *émigrées*, the world of fashion and letters, once came to see and be seen, to sun themselves, and shine as lesser luminaries, reflecting welcome rays on the obscure world crowding to gape and stare at the town lions.

Iris had never before lived in such a charmed region, where the hours might well seem too short for the attractions which claimed them; but she hardly noticed it, at first, she was so full of excitement and anxiety about her cousin, Marianne Dugdale. Lady Fermor had been plagued by few scruples in calling this other grandchild to her side, but Iris retained a pained recollection of what her grandmother had said with regard to the light in which the Dugdales and the Powells must regard her, Iris. They might owe some charity to their grandmother, but they owed none to her. She was only a rival claimant for Lady Fermor's bounty, the grand-daughter of the man who had foully wronged their grandfather. It was a case of family guilt and alienation which could hardly be repaired even between the harmless representatives of succeeding generations.



"While tunelessly, through rush and brake,
The streamlets trickle to the lake."

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FRANKLIN MONTBARE

BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA.

By M. LINSKILL, AUTHOR OF "HAGAR," "ROBERT HOLT'S ILLUSION," ETC.

CHAPTER LIV.—A FIRESIDE SCENE.

GENEVIEVE went into the little lamp-lit sitting-room. Her father was there, leaning forward in his chair in the old wearied way. George rose quickly to place another chair for her. Then all at once with a great rush there came back upon her brain the reasons she had had for going to Yarrell Croft, the weeks of pain, the unanswered letters, the returned pictures. Was it possible that she had forgotten—even for an instant? When she realised that for nearly two hours she had never once thought of all this strange trouble that had fallen into her father's life, her forgetfulness, her seeming selfishness smote her like a treachery; and the fact that she had been preoccupied became a motive for such strong self-blame that her mind was for a moment drawn away from the thing that had caused preoccupation.

She sat there quite still, quite silent, while George told of the unsuccessfulness of his visit. He did not go into details or repeat Miss Richmond's words. He confined himself almost entirely to an admission of the fact that he had failed in his enterprise, and to a few remarks expressive of surprise at his failure. As he spoke he was watching Genevieve with even more than his usual intentness, and with some concern. He had detected the change that a few hours had written on her face.

Her father's eyes were not undiscerning. "Change your dress, dear, and be as quick as you can—tea will be here in ten minutes. Then I shall scold you; and after that I shall make out a list of distances which you may not pass. You are exhausted. I can see that plainly."

In a very few minutes Genevieve came down. She was passing into another mood now. There was a calmer and stronger look on her face, a look as when one recognises a new condition of things that changes all the old for ever; and, though she was still pale, her paleness was not pallor, as it had been. She had put on a pink dress, rather a gayer dress than she would have chosen to wear under the thatched roof if her store had not been getting low; but she had chosen it to please her father—partly to please him, and partly for that inscrutable reason which not even a woman can define, but which is nevertheless existent; a reason that makes itself

felt most decisively in the negations of an absolute poverty. *Sartor Resartus* and modern æstheticism notwithstanding, the "Clothes-philosophy" is as far from being understood as ever.

A woman does not need to understand it; it is enough for her, and often more than enough, that she has clear instincts. Genevieve's own instincts were very clear, but she did not always obey them, and they were used to being thwarted. The fact that she was unusually well-dressed this evening was supporting rather than annoying, as under other circumstances it might have been. She had brushed her yellow, rippling hair into a more careless and artistic arrangement; her deep, dark eyes were bright, and expressive of new and inexplicable meanings. Her gracious and graceful ways were filled with a new intensity. Every moment seemed to be a moment of fuller life—fuller meaning than the last. It was as if you could hear the life of the hour as the flame of existence went upward.

"And now tell me where you have been this afternoon?" her father said, when Keturah had finally disappeared. "The scolding I promised you shall remain in abeyance since you do not seem to be the worse for your four-hours' walk. . . . You have been listening to Wilfred Stuart's violin, of that I feel assured. You look as if you were listening to it yet."

"Will you ask him to come up and play for me to-morrow?"

"Then you have not been there?"

"No; I have not been there. . . . *I have been to Yarrell Croft.*"

There was a noticeable silence; each man had his fears.

"You are a very curious child," said Bartholomew presently. He looked up with a grave look on his face as he spoke. "Now and then I feel moved to a fresh thankfulness that you are so good. If you had not been good you would have been——"

"Very bad?"

"No; but very troublesome, because so incalculable. I never seem to know what you will do next."

"Do you ever fear?"

"No; I do not need to fear. But, all the same, tell me what took you to Yarrell Croft?"

"An impulse."

"That, of course; and the impulse con-

cerned the pictures; that, of course, also. How long had Mr. Kirkoswald been gone when you got there?"

"About a quarter of an hour," said Genevieve, looking up at George with a direct and unflinching gaze, which he perceived to be not without bitterness, not without sadness, not without a consummate disdain. It was only a look, but an entire revelation was in it. He knew now that there was nothing left to be revealed by him. Was his cup full at last?

"I need hardly ask any more questions," Bartholomew said, clasping his hands wearily on the arm of his chair. "If you had had any message of peace you would not have kept it till now. . . . Let the matter drop, then; let us be for this one night as if it did not exist. . . . Perhaps I have been foolish—stupid. I think I feel a little as if my brain were overgrown by the mosses of Murk-Marishes."

"Would it enliven your brain if you were to go and have a cigar in the kitchen, father? Think how long it is since Keturah has had the pleasure of your company—and your smoke; and remember how she delights in the latter."

"Which you do not?"

"Not in-doors; but out-of-doors, as you know, I can endure to any extent."

"I perceive you wish me to go."

"Which does credit to the acuteness of a moss-grown perception."

Bartholomew went away, wondering not a little, but there was no wonder working in George Kirkoswald's brain. He was standing near the fire, resting one arm on the edge of the mantel-shelf. His face was calm, and somewhat pale; his deep-set eyes were filled with heaviness, and pain, and perplexity. He lifted them as Genevieve came and stood before him. He was intensely conscious of the soft sweep of her dress, the droop of her shining hair, of the new tenseness of her every movement.

"Will you not sit down?" he said, placing her chair nearer the fire.

"No; thank you. I will stand," she replied, clasping her hands with an apparent lightness, and letting them fall before her. "It will not be for long. I have only a few words to say, and I perceive that it will be less difficult to say them than I had anticipated. . . . You are prepared for them?"

She spoke without bitterness, without hardness; but the effort she used was apparent in every breath she drew—in every intonation of every word. At the last she had almost

failed in her utterance, yet she looked into the face before her coldly and steadily.

"I am not prepared for anything," George replied, speaking with an emotion almost as evident as her own. "I have been trying to prepare myself, but I have failed. . . . Of course, I know what it is that you want to say. You have learnt from Miss Richmond that once—some years ago—I was engaged to her. . . . I can only hope that she has told you the whole of the matter; not a part only. . . . And since you have heard her version of it, you will hardly refuse to hear mine; that is, so much of it as I can tell you?"

Genevieve stood listening to him, pale, patient, courteous.

"Pardon me, I have not heard Miss Richmond's version of the matter," she said, speaking with dignity. "And I would prefer not to hear yours. I should be glad—it would be a relief to me—if I might know no more than I know now. No peace could come of it. There could only be confusion, perplexity. Forgive me for saying that I have had enough of these."

George stood looking silently into the fire for a few moments. Then he lifted his face and spoke again.

"It would be a pity if misunderstanding should deepen between us for the need of a few words," he said. "And since I know that I have been to blame, since my error has struck me in a way I never expected it to strike, you will let me speak for myself. A criminal may do that."

He went on to speak; he told the story of his life's mistake as it had repeated itself to him on that day when he had received Diana Richmond's letter. Then he spoke of the letter itself, and of all that had happened since; of his own silence, his own suffering, his own suspense; last of all, of his own love—his passionate, yearning, unresting love.

"Such love is not so common in the world," he said, "that a man or woman should trifle with it when it is given. You shall find a thousand lives that are being lived out to the last without once for one hour having been uplifted by such love as mine is for you. I have been to blame, but it is not until one has erred, and deeply, that one finds—

'The want of one kind heart
To love what's well, and to forgive what's ill
In us.'

And you must see that my error has been of the understanding. Is a man wholly responsible for the woven, tangled web he calls his life? But responsible or not, will you not take my life as it is?" the man said with

a great tenderness breathing across his words. "Will you not take it as it is with all its past mistakes, its present imperfections? Will such a love as mine cover nothing? I tell you truly I have never loved before; not with any love of heart to heart, of soul to soul, of spirit to spirit. There is another love, which is of the senses wholly, and that love I have known; but I tell you in sorrow that I have known it only to wonder at it, to be perplexed, appalled by its unsatisfyingness, its incapacity to afford a man's soul one hour of any true rest or peace. Having known it thus, could I fail to know the higher love when it came? could I fail to bend before it in reverence—in a great and solemn and glad gratitude? My life since I have known you has been what it never was before, what it can never be again, if this day's event has wrought any change in a love I trusted would never change while life should last."

So he pled, but even as he spoke his heart failed him, and a cruel burning flush of pain came over his face as he noted the still resolute look on the face before him. Was it possible that now, when explanation had been made, when all was confessed—repented of, when there was no longer any mystery, any doubt, any hindrance, was it possible that now he should find that he had touched the end—the end of his life's last hope and its best? This could not be, he went on pleading. Had he no perception of the fact that his persistence at that moment was a mistake?

Did no voice whisper to him that Genevieve was still suffering under the first shock of finding suddenly that he had loved another—loved passionately, and with duration in his passion, for so Miss Richmond had implied in that quietly-uttered admission of hers?

Blow upon blow had fallen. Genevieve did not doubt anything he said now, but he had not denied aught that Diana Richmond had said; he had merely added further facts. It was true that he had loved her—that he had loved her long; and his love had changed, had died out utterly, leaving him capable of loving again with equal strength, equal passion—why not equal mutability?

That he could change, that he could love now one woman and now another, was not a thing that a nature like Genevieve Bartholomew's could recognise with light equanimity.

"I do not doubt one word that you have said," she replied in answer to a question he had asked. She was still trying to speak quietly, dispassionately; but she felt that her quietness was turning to stoniness by reason of the force it needed. "I do not doubt

you," she said, "and I do not blame you. I blame no one but myself."

"Then, since you do not doubt me, what is it that is to come between us now?"

"I am hoping that nothing need come between us," Genevieve replied, lifting her beautiful face and raising her eyes to his, so that he could not fail to see the large sincerity written there. "That was why I asked my father to leave me for awhile, that I might ask you to be to him all that you have ever been—a friend, a strength, a satisfaction. It may not be for long—I hope it will not. I mean to try to persuade him to leave this neighbourhood as soon as may be. Meanwhile will you come as usual? I ask it as a favour. Another thing that I would ask is, that you should say nothing to him of what has happened to-day."

Kirkoswald could not mistake her meaning. Why would he not accept her proposition, or at least seem to accept it? Why, since he had waited so long, could he not set himself to wait and to watch for a little longer?

"I could not do what you ask," he said, his voice faltering and breaking as he spoke. "I have not strength enough for that. . . . Genevieve, have you forgotten? . . . Did I not tell you, did I not warn you that your faith in me might be tried to the uttermost? It has been tried to the uttermost I know. . . ."

"And beyond," said Genevieve, with trembling, vibrating tones in her decisive words. "Beyond the uttermost; and it endured to the last. . . . Is it my doing that it has been suddenly struck dead?"

"And your love with it?"

"And my love with it."

There was a long silence in the little room. George turned and buried his face in his hands. The fire burnt low; the lamp was dim. Genevieve still stood by the table, growing paler and paler; feeling the gulf growing wider and wider. It had widened with every wild unwilling word she had uttered; yet it was as if every sentence impelled her to the utterance of another that should be more final, more determined, more pitiless than the last. What was it that had come upon her? What strange perversity? What unprecedented and wayward inexorableness? Had he turned at that moment, had he taken her hand in his and drawn her to his side with tender force, he had met with little resistance.

Her love dead! It had never yearned and trembled toward him so passionately, so fervidly as it did at that moment. Had it not been for that word that she had said she had

fallen at his feet as he stood there, and she had cried aloud to him, and her cry had been for forgiveness.

He spoke again presently. The flush of pain had gone from his face; he was paler, stronger, calmer.

"Let me ask you one thing," he said. "Have you any fear now that Miss Richmond may carry out her threats? Do you dread that?"

Genevieve smiled. The question roused all the waywardness, the bitterness in her again.

"Can you imagine it?" she said. "Can you ever imagine that I should dread anything Miss Richmond might choose to say? Is not my name as fair in the world's ears as Diana Richmond's name? Would not any word or deed of mine justify itself before men as readily as any word or deed of hers? Does one then live a blameless life for nothing? . . . I have never yet needed to dread the breath of slander and detraction; let me pray that I never shall!"

This was but an added sting. He might have known it all, he told himself; he might have trusted that so Genevieve Bartholomew would have met any possibility of being misunderstood. Having nothing to risk, nothing to dread, she could not have met it otherwise. So he argued now, not forgetting that he had used another argument not so long ago. Still he had tried to do right. He could only say sadly, bitterly—

"I might have known it—I might have known it!"

"Yes; I think you might have known so much as that," Genevieve said with quivering lips. "Had I known how things were I might have asked that you should have had faith in me."

"I had faith in you. My error arose out of my not perceiving that a ten times larger faith would not have been misplaced," George said, speaking with a new and more vehement earnestness. "I perceived later. What I did not know then I know now. I know it now; and you say that it is too late. . . . But you will unsay it—you will unsay that one word. Let all else stand if you will, but not that; do not say that you cannot forgive—that you cannot forget. . . . You say that your love for me is dead; that cannot be—it cannot be. It may seem so to you, but it cannot be so. No true love dies, not here nor elsewhere. . . . Tell me, Genevieve, tell me that it was your pain—the pain I had caused you, that stung you into saying that."

He had come a little nearer to her as he

spoke; his eyes were lifted to hers, intense with yearning, with wistfulness, with an infinite humility. His lip trembled as he said the last sentence, which was so directly and closely near to the truth that Genevieve's eyes quivered under her eyelids as she heard it. Yet still the day's pain was upon her; it had struck through her whole being, warping her mental fibre, turning her from her better and truer, her wiser and tenderer self. When she saw a hand held out to take hers—held out in loving beseechingness, she lifted her eyes from it to George's face with something of disdain. Was it disdain? Could it have been aught else? Could it have been fear for instance—fear of love's strong domination? George did not ask. Wounded, pierced to the very heart of him, he drew back.

"I will urge you no more," he said.

And the reply came swiftly.

"Then I thank you."

CHAPTER LV.—"IS ALL OUR FIRE OF SHIP- WRECK WOOD?"

CONTINUALLY, and through all othersounds, Dr. Armitage's words were repeating themselves in Genevieve's hearing. "Keep your father from mental disquiet," he had said; but it was not easy now to discern how far Noel Bartholomew might be suffering from disquietude. With every fresh turn of thought or event, it seemed to his daughter as if some noticeable degree of anxiety slipped away from him; leaving him, not himself as she had known him of late, but a more tranquil and less sensitive self. He was not apathetic, but he was unconcerned, and his manner was as the manner of one freed from care for evermore.

All the evening, after George Kirkoswald went away, Genevieve set herself to the perfecting of a finer sympathy between her own mood and her father's. This was what was left to her; and she knew it, and was not unthankful.

"Then nothing passed between you and Miss Richmond about the pictures?" Bartholomew asked when they had been sitting alone awhile.

"Nothing. When I knew that Mr. Kirkoswald had been there I did not say any more."

"That was wise."

"And you have made up your mind to see Mr. Montacute?"

"Yes: I am going over to Thurkeld Abbas to-morrow."

"To-morrow, my father! Think of Dr.

Armitage. He entreated you to be careful for a little while."

"I am very careful I know what he meant, he meant that I was to keep quiet. I could hardly be quieter than I am; and I think this affair cannot harm me further. I don't know that I feel resigned, but I feel curiously regardless. . . . I shall simply take Montacute's advice, whatever it may be. I shall leave the thing in his hands entirely. Nothing could be less exciting."

This seemed eminently reasonable; and her father's manner was so full of a new composure that she felt its influence upon herself, through all the wild tumult that was surging within her.

It was Genevieve's doing that they sat so late. She worked awhile at her embroidery, talking all the time, thinking, suffering all the time; stitching down wild tender words with the pale silk that made the rose-petals, sending long leaf-lances charged with bitter repentance all across the dark gold ground. All her life through that piece of handiwork would stand for so many hours of restrained agony, of brave successful effort to smile, and talk, and read, and sing, as if no great darkness had come down to mar and cloud her life, while life should remain. The singing was hardest of all, but her father asked it of her, and she would not refuse him aught that might be done. It was no matter for the cost of the doing. Sing me *Robin Adair*, Bartholomew said, and though every word struck through her brain with the sharpness of steel, she sang it to the end.

"Where's all the joy and mirth
Made this town a heaven on earth?
Oh, they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair!"

Her voice thrilled on, clear, sweet, penetrating; full of passion as of pathos. It was the song that George had liked best of all her songs, and the one she had liked best to sing to him. Was it possible that she would never sing it to him any more? Would no kind night-wind carry the words up the sloping fields, and away across Langbarugh Moor to Usselby? The wind had done so much as that for Wilfrid Stuart; and the boy's path had been by still waters ever since. Might it not be again? Might it not so happen that George should be out on the moor—what so likely? and might not words of such pain and intensity reach even to him? "Listen, listen," she was saying underneath, "Listen."

"What when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore,
Oh, it was parting with
Robin Adair."

Then she went on—

"But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair."

Cold! he had been cold many a time, cold, and strange, and absent, and incomprehensible. And she had loved him through it all; and the coldness had been hardly a pain because of the faith and understanding that she had brought to meet it. . . . "Oh, if he would but come back again, and be *only* cold to me!" the girl said, clasping her hands together when the last chord was touched.

It was nearly midnight before she was alone in her own little room under the thatch. She moved about quietly for awhile, till her father should be asleep, throwing her pink dress aside, wrapping herself in a white dressing gown.

"Anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee."

Would she ever take any pleasure in her golden hair again, since he who had so praised it would have no praise for her any more? That was his own word. "Never any more." Ah, why had she led him to say it? Why had she driven him to say it? What dark spirit of cruelty had entered into her to tempt her from herself, to tempt her from her love?

"My love that I said was dead!" she cried, in a subdued whisper, standing with clasped hands, in the moonlight that came streaming through the window in the roof. "I said that it was dead, George; but I said it with lips that were cold and chill for the lie they used. Forgive it, forgive it! It was my first untruth: it shall be the last. Come back and say that you forgive it; or come and say that you will not forgive it, that you will hold me in disdain for it always. Only come back again! Only come back again! You may look down on me, and scorn me, and be hard to me; you may crush me with a word, with a frown; you may strike me with that quick strong glance of yours, but never leave me. . . . George, George, George, how could you leave me?"

A long time she stood there; she could hear the faint gusty sighing of the wind as it came up out of the sea; she could hear the long low ceaseless roll of the waves at the foot of the cliffs. Nothing had changed. Nothing was as it had been before. Was she passing through some kind of dream or trance? Was it all a delusion that had been sent to her to test her strength? Would she wake up to-morrow, and find that she had had a vision in the night, a vision of darkness, of pain, of love's bereavement; a vision

sent to witness to the value and meaning of love? To-morrow! It was to-morrow now; it was to-day; it was yesterday! There was no more any division of time; there was nothing but—

“One long dreary everlasting *now*!”

to be lived as human life may be lived when the wheel is broken at the cistern; to be lived mutely, and desolately, yet always enduringly. That alone was left to be attained, a strong, silent, passionate endurance; acceptance of a life that no man nor woman might henceforth comprehend, that none might dare or care to comprehend. . . . This then was the thing that human beings called loneliness, one where two had been; a thick darkness where had been a great tender light; a coldness where had been a fervid, tremulous, palpitating warmth of love and life. This then was the dreaded thing that men named loneliness!

The winter night was half gone before she threw herself wearied and exhausted on the little white bed, over which the moonbeams were sinking slowly to the floor. The sound of the first cock-crow came from the farm on the hillside. Another day had begun. Was she glad? No; nor sorry. . . The days might come and go, the years might come and go, but they might no more bring any gladness to a human heart that nothing could make glad. The sun would shine again—what would the sunshine be like now? Would it have joy in it? Would it have sadness? . . . The waning descending moon was better, the sighing wind from the sea was better, the restful darkness that came into the little room was better. . . . By-and-by there came quiet, but it was quiet that had no peace in it, no true easefulness; and there was silence, but the silence was broken by murmured words. “Him or death, death or him,” the girl said wearily, speaking in the sleep that is death’s twin sister. Then she moved a little, and her lips parted yet again, saying sadly, “Death or him!”

CHAPTER LVI.—“I HAVE MORE CARE TO STAY THAN WILL TO GO.”

COULD it really be said that Genevieve wakened to her sorrow when the morning came? Had she slept? Is it sleep to lie conscious of pain—conscious with a benumbed yet intense consciousness that cannot strive nor cry, that cannot gauge the depth of one’s anguish, that cannot turn from it, that cannot bring one thought to alleviate it; that can only lie stirless, help-

less, confused with all hurrying irrelevant confusions, tortured and exhausted by all dark and impossible complications. . . . Is this to sleep?

If it be not sleep, neither is it waking. Dreams come, lights and shadows fall, voices cry out of the darkness, figures flit to and fro. The dream world is as the waking world. One wild disquiet pervades and dominates them both.

There was a new tenderness in Genevieve’s manner when she came down-stairs. He was there then, her father! He was not lying prostrate on some dark plain as she had seen him in the night. He was there, and he was speaking, smiling quietly; he was not silent, with his face downward upon his arm. Ah, how she had striven in her unrestful sleep to raise that grey fallen head! Her arm was yet aching with her striving, aching as if it would ache for evermore with the vain effort. She might well stroke the grey hairs lovingly, and kiss the pale lips tenderly. He was there. Though all else was gone, she had her father.

It was a wild, bleak morning. Dark rain-clouds were moving heavily above the moorland ridge. Though you had no sadness of your own, the sadness that was upon the land was sufficient for depression, discouragement, unhopefulness of heart. The very struggling and tossing of the bare boughs against the sky gave you a sense of desolateness—of wild, imploring desolateness, that might not be comforted nor stayed till the wind having done its worst went down. It would surely go down, that rough north wind that came from the sea. Would the wilder wind of sorrow go down when its work was done?

What would be left when it had gone down?

A fallen tree with its branch yet green?

A ship on its first voyage, stranded on a rock in mid-ocean?

A human heart wounded to be healed no more till its beating had done?

The grey morning went on silently, sunlessly. “I shall not go over to Thurkeld Abbas till the postman has been,” Bartholomew had said. The coming of the mild pleasant little man who brought the letters was an agitation now, and the sight of an envelope in his hand a reason for painful nervous excitement.

He had only one letter this morning. It was for Genevieve, and it was from her friend and godmother, Mrs. Winterford, the lady who had sent the photographs from Venice.

She was coming home, she said; and she wanted Genevieve to go to her for a few weeks if it were possible.

"At any rate you will come to me for Christmas, dear," Mrs. Winterford said. "I know your father will spare you if he can. He will remember that I have never spent a Christmas alone at Havilands yet. I consider it my duty to be there; but I do not like to think of being there with no one to help to cheer me, to keep me up to my responsibilities. You will come, dear? I need not tempt you with a description of packages of *bric-à-brac* to be unpacked and delighted in. It is for my sake you will come. It is for your own sake that I want to have you."

Genevieve gave the letter to her father silently, and he read it in silence.

"You must not refuse this, Genevieve dear," he said unhesitatingly.

"I must go to Havilands, and leave you here alone?"

"No; I will go with you as far as London, and remain there till you are ready to come back; then we will come back together."

A great sadness came down suddenly into the girl's face, a great weariness into eyes that had been weary before. This was no time to urge the plan that she had had in her brain last night, to explain her desire that they might leave the neighbourhood of Murk-Marishes as soon as it were possible to leave it, and come back to it no more, neither together nor apart. Had she desired it? Did she desire it now? Was not the sigh that she checked almost a gasp, almost a sob, a stifled protest against the idea of leaving Netherbank for one hour of one day?

Her first impulse—she had all but acted upon it—was to put her hand gently, entreatingly upon her father's arm, to say, "I cannot go to Havilands. I cannot go away from here. You will not insist, you will yield this once, you will be good and kind to me as you have always been, you will not ask me to go away?"

Then glancing at the white weary face, remembering all the strain, the fret, the pressure of the life he had lived of late, that he was living now, her heart smote her with her own selfishness. What could be better than that he should go for awhile? Even to have some change, some stir to look forward to, would be good for him and right for him. What was there in her own life that she should think or care for the comings or the goings of it? Havilands or Netherbank, what did it matter, since one step would be upon the corn-field no more? So she

asked herself, straining her ear intently for the step that might fall there at any moment.

But it did not fall. Her listening was in vain. Her yearning, beating, impassioned heart might as well have been still. If any other heart was beating in response, there was Langbarough Moor frowning darkly between; and the black stony upland was a small barrier to that raised by one false forbidding glance.

Only a glance; only one cold word following the glance, and that word—

'Not from the heart beneath—
'Twas a bulble horn of leasath,
Neither sneer nor vaunt,
Nor reproach nor taunt;

yet potent for ill as is the keen sword-edge that divides life from life in some unlooked-for moment.

"We will go if you wish it, father," Genevieve said; "but I need not write to-day. We will talk over it in the evening, and the letter can be written to-morrow. Perhaps when you have seen Mr. Montacute you will know better when you would wish to go."

"I should not wish to go till nearer Christmas," Bartholomew said. "This matter will be settled by that time, and the Ænone will be finished. It is because of my sorrowful and forsaken Ænone that I wish to go to London."

The lone Ænone! Genevieve had half-forgotten the sweet, complaining, disconsolate figure that was down there in the closed studio. Was it only four days since it had been closed? It was like four weeks, or four months. There was a hush upon the place. The gloom that had fallen there was not uplifted.

Genevieve went in; then she stood for awhile, silently watching the wind-riven clouds, the bare tossing branches, but not thinking of them. She was thinking of nothing. The strange chill, the strange quiet in a place where there had been so much warmth, so much life, so much love; where glance had answered glance, flashing a life's devotion across the fireside; where words had been spoken that seemed to germinate on the moment; where silences had passed surcharged with meanings of more imperative power than any that eloquence had created; the hush, the emptiness coming after these was like the dropping of thick darkness that could be felt into the middle of a sunny summer's day. Life itself seemed arrested. The thing that had been an ecstasy was reduced to a drear repentance.

It was easy to understand the Ænone now. Genevieve stood before the canvas with a

new appreciation, a new reverence. The sorrow of the white-robed maiden, who stood there amid the wandering ivy and the vine, was no more an overdrawn and incomprehensible sorrow. "I know now," Genevieve said, speaking half-audibly, as people do speak in the extremes of life, "I know now what moved you to cry to those far Ionian hills, to cry aloud—

'O happy Heaven, how canst thou see my face?
'O happy earth, how canst thou bear my weight?
'O death, death, death, thou ever-floating cloud,
There are enough unhappy on this earth,
Pass by the happy souls, that love to live:
I pray thee pass before my light of life,
And shadow all my soul, that I may die.'

But I would not die—no, I would not die; nor would I care to sing so, to 'build up all my sorrow with my song,' unless I knew that my song might reach and touch him who made the sorrow. . . . Did he make it? . . . Was it his doing? Was it mine? Is there any undoing? . . . George, George; if I built up my sorrow, if I built it into poem, or picture, or book, and if it made you see, then would you relent? Would you unsay that word? Would you come back and hold out your hand to me again with that tender look on your face, and that greater tenderness in your voice, that was there only yesterday? . . . But I may not do it. I have no art nor talent to use for winning you back. I have only love, only a true, strong love. You said certainly that love that is true does not die here nor elsewhere; then why leave a living love like mine to live on for ever in pain? You have wounded me—you or another. You had hurt me, and crushed me, and in my agony I cried out; but you might have known that I cried untruly, as men have done on torture wheels not worse than mine. Now that I recall the thing I said, is it possible that you will not hear me? Is it too late? Are you hardening yourself in your pride? Is that look growing on your face that *she* spoke of yesterday, speaking as one who had full right to speak, to speak admiringly or slightly, as a woman may when all is sure. Ah, how it struck me, and crushed me! And yet, yet you will not understand; I feel and know in my heart that you will not understand—

'And from that time to this I am alone
And I shall be alone until I die,'

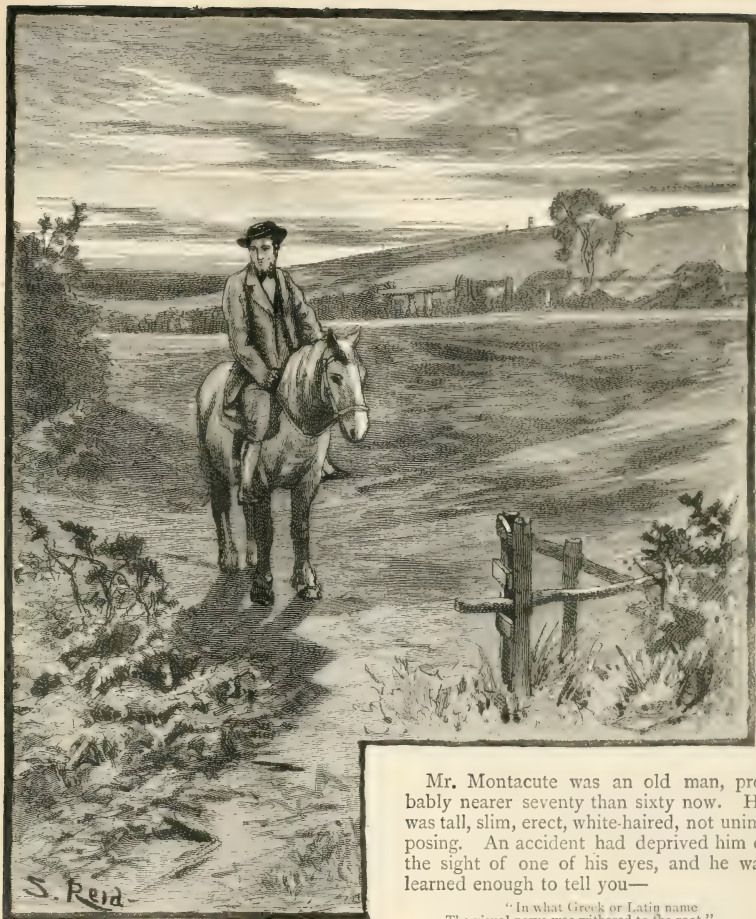
because you will not understand. It is oppressing me more with every hour that goes by, the feeling that you will not stoop again to put your hand in mine, to look into my eyes and see there that the bitterness born of a moment's delirium has gone for ever."

A long time the girl stood there before the canvas, where a sorrow so closely akin to her own had been portrayed. She grew calmer as the moments went by, calmer and stronger and more reasonable.

"I am not myself," she said. "I have tasted the sweetness of love, its full rapture, its passionate joy; now its cruel madness has come upon me, and I am not myself. If I were I should try to find the uses of my pain, to find if it were a sacrifice demanded of me, or a piece of wilful, unacceptable, self-created misery. I see no good in this yet; no greatness in it yet; no plan in it yet. If it were a true sacrifice it would yield these and more than these. . . . If I wait, will it yield aught? If I have patience, will the mystery of this pain of mine be no more mysterious? If I have not patience I shall not see; I shall not hear. Only when the soul is still, may it hear the wind-harp of the spirit of peace."

While Genevieve was thinking, striving, passing from suffering to suffering, her father was going slowly by field and road to Thurkeld Abbas, missing Mr. Severne, who was going to Netherbank by the way. No agitations beset Bartholomew as he went; the grey day did not sadden him; the tossing trees awoke no chord of desolateness in his heart or brain. He was quiet. "I am quieter than I remember to have been these twenty years," he said to himself as he went, feeling that it was a somewhat curious effect for so tumultuous a trouble to have wrought. Altogether, things were strange, strange but not unpleasant, not unsatisfactory in a certain sense. "If the day were fine, I should be fancying myself young again," he went on. The strain of living seemed relaxed within him. He was conscious again of that feeling to which he could give no name. Was it content, a grey, placid content? Whatever it was, it was not pain, nor dread. "Perhaps it is a kind of foretaste of the mood that old age will bring," he continued. "It is only fair that age should bring back some of the satisfactions of youth; and there is no greater satisfaction than a permanent tranquillity."

It was in this mood that he entered the house beyond the church where Mr. Montacute lived and had his office, if such it might be termed. With a somewhat rare abnegation the grim oppressiveness of an ordinary lawyer's office had been softened away. There was an inner room beyond a round-topped arch, and whether or no the usual tin-boxes and red-tape tied parcels might lie



"Coming down from the Hags."

beyond the heavy curtains that fell to the floor, no uninitiated man or woman might guess; but no such evidence of a large and aristocratic practice obtruded themselves upon his clients' sight. The outer room might have been described as a library. There were bookcases in it, and an old-fashioned comfortable sofa or two between the writing-tables. The windows were curtained, the floors were carpeted, the walls were not destitute of pictures. You sat down with a sigh of relief from any nervous tremors that might have taken possession of your soul as you went up the somewhat gloomy stair.

Mr. Montacute was an old man, probably nearer seventy than sixty now. He was tall, slim, erect, white-haired, not unimposing. An accident had deprived him of the sight of one of his eyes, and he was learned enough to tell you—

"In what Greek or Latin name
The visual nerve was withered to the root,"

though but little perceptible change had come upon "the unspotted crystal." It was the right eye. You noticed a difference, a want of expression; and Mr. Montacute was careful always to seat himself so that the expressionless eye was nearest to you. By so doing he gained an air of imperturbability that would have been priceless to some men. He remembered Bartholomew distinctly; indeed he slightly resented the idea that forgetfulness had been possible.

"I seldom forget a name; I never forget a face," said the old man, with considerable dignity of tone and manner. Then he sat down in a very upright chair, and listened to

all that Bartholomew had to say. Now and then he interrupted the artist to ask a question, but very seldom. He was evidently gathering up his mind to precisely the same conclusion as other people had gathered theirs. The pictures had not been approved. "It is an awkward affair," he said, keeping the imperturbable side of his face toward Bartholomew, "and, pardon me, I must say that I think you were careless in the first instance. You should undoubtedly have made some more definite agreement."

"I perceive that now," replied the artist quietly. "But I can only say for myself that I have not been accustomed to make binding agreements. I have received many commissions. Nine times out of ten people have named a price which they did not wish me to exceed. I need hardly say that in no case have I ever touched the extreme limit, however narrow that limit might be. When no price was fixed, I have understood that it was immaterial."

"I should say that it was quite immaterial in this case," rejoined Mr. Montacute.

"Then what should you consider to be Mr. Richmond's motive for the course he has taken?"

"Ah! there I cannot answer you," said the old man, turning his expressive eye searchingly upon the painter. "There I cannot answer; but I should have thought that you would have arrived at some conclusion yourself on that point."

Bartholomew was silent. He had arrived at nothing that would bear the definiteness of words. Was his hope failing him a little? Was this professional questioning, this cautious answering, quite what he expected? What had he expected? He hardly knew. He was beginning to wish that he had not come, that he had set himself to bear his wrong, not seeking such redress as might or might not be found in English law or equity.

"You perceive, doubtless, that it is an affair that may be looked at from two points of view?" Mr. Montacute began again in his serene, formal way.

"I should say that it might be looked at from twenty points of view," Bartholomew said, speaking the impatient words without impatience of manner. "Every one who looks at it at all will do so from the little corner where he stands. I wanted to know how it seemed to you; and I think I perceive how it seems."

It was seeming different to the artist himself now. The colour and turn of the lawyer's mind struck upon his own hyper-sensi-

tive receptiveness darkly. He had been a fool; and his rectitude not above suspicion: that was how the matter stood now in this absence of sympathetic insight, in this presence of legal impossibility.

"It would be easy for me to say how I look upon the affair," Mr. Montacute replied, speaking with more consciousness of a wide and exact vocabulary than desire to conciliate a client. "If, as it seems, you want my advice, I can give it briefly. Let conciliatory measures be tried. If you like I will write to Mr. Richmond, proposing an interview between him and myself."

"I should wish to leave the thing entirely in your hands, if you will have it so left."

"Then certainly you may leave it, and I will do the best I can," said Mr. Montacute with a sudden graciousness of manner, and assuredly he could be gracious when he chose. "I will see Mr. Richmond, and you may expect to hear from me in a few days," he added, turning his expressive eye upon the artist as he rose to go, with a greater amableness in it than before. Yet there was no assurance for Bartholomew to take away with him, no sense of any vital human helpfulness, of any desire to avert or assuage suffering. A coldly negative conduct of the matter to some end that should seem fitting in Mr. Montacute's sight was all that he need expect.

Noel Bartholomew went home as he had come, quietly, composedly; but the lightness, the hopefulness, had gone from his quiet. Had he hoped more than he knew, that he should thus be so near to disappointment?

It was only some two hours past noon, but over in the west there was already a look of evening. The wind drove the clouds aside, gleams of wild, flitting sunlight shot through, bringing out the colours of the grey upland, the reds and yellows of the fractured scours on the moorland edge, the green whin-brakes, the grey-white sheep, the verdant ivy that clung to the stems of the sparse trees. The smoke of the turf-fire up at Hunsgarth Hags was curling against a mass of blue-black cumulus. A horseman was coming down the road, but the dappled grey was not Kirkoswald's. A moment later, Bartholomew perceived that it was Ishmael Crudas who was coming down from the Hags; and he waited at the stile to pass a word or two with Miss Craven's faithful and patient admirer.

"Noo; what Ah's glad to see ya oot ageän!" shouted Mr. Crudas heartily, and with considerable satisfaction in his tone.

He was dismounting, fastening his horse to the post at the side of the stile.

"Ah's comin' in," he said. "That is if ya've neä objections?"

Bartholomew smiled his disclaim of objections. "We shall be glad to see you. Come in and have some dinner. My daughter will be delighted."

"Dinner!" exclaimed Mr. Crudas shrilly. "Why Ah's aboot ready for my tea. I allus gets my dinner atween eleven an' twelve. An' Ah's ready for 't an' all, Ah can tell you. When ya've had yer break'ast by five o'clock, a twelve-o'clock dinner comes neän ower sharp upon ya."

"I should say not, indeed," replied Bartholomew, opening the cottage door and leading the way into the little room where the table was set in the dainty fashion observed at Netherbank.

Many a long day after that Mr. Crudas told of his amaze at finding a dinner-table decorated with "a few bessy-bairn-worts,* and cattijugs,† stuck into a bit o' moss; an' all manner o' bits o' breckon an' green ivin i' lang narra glasses i'steäd o' tumblers o' good yall." There was a jug of mild ale on the table which Mr. Crudas was asked to accept for his refreshment. Genevieve poured some out for him. "Thank ya, miss," he said. Then he put down his empty glass. "Despert poor stuff," he remarked with cool surprise. "I isn't goin' to stop," he went on, turning to Bartholomew. "Ah nobbut com' in to ask a bit o' favour o' ya. Ah want a pictur' painted to hing up, ya know; to hing i' t' parLOUR, if ya think ya could make a bit o' tahme to deä ma one. . . . What saäy ya?"

"I shall be very glad," said Bartholomew, restraining his smiles, feeling in the heart of him that this new commission was an expression of sympathy under the mischances wrought by the old; and, perhaps, also a delicate way of offering practical help in a moment that he knew only too well was understood everywhere to be a somewhat critical moment for himself and his daughter. "I should be glad to paint a picture for you," Noel Bartholomew said, speaking quite truthfully. "What sort of pictures do you care for most? Have you anything in your mind's eye that you could describe to me?"

"Ay, Ah can see 't as well as if 'twas deän. Ah want ya to paint me an' t' beäst—t' Kessenmas beäst 'at Ah's fattenin'. An' a

beauty he is, as fine as owt i' t' three Ridin's. Ah just want ya to take him as he stands, an' me wi' my hand upon him; an' when ya've painted him ya sall hev as fine a cut ov his sirloin for yer Kessenmas dinner as iver ya sat doon teä. An' as for t' price o' t' thing, its neither here nor there. . . . Noo: what saäy ya?"

It must certainly be admitted that poor Bartholomew was a little at a loss to know what to say.

"I am very sorry," he began, "but do you know that I have never painted an animal in my life, not even in my landscape pictures? Animal painting is, as it were, a separate branch of art, and requires a special training."

"You deän't saäy so?" said Mr. Crudas, evidently much disappointed. "Noo, Ah thowt you were up te anything. Ah sud ha' liked yon beäst to hing up i' t' parlour."

"Have it photographed," suggested Bartholomew.

"Naäy: Ah care nought aboot them things. Ah like a bit o' culler. But what isn't to be, isn't, seä they saäy."

"You wouldn't care for a portrait of yourself without the animal?"

"Yis, Ah sud," replied Mr. Crudas, brightening in a rather wonderful way. "Yis, Ah sud like to ha' mysel' painted vey well. There's woss-like folks aboot, Ah reckon. An' there's Dorothy, noo Dorothy wad mak' a viewsome pictur'. Paint her an' all if she'll let ya. Mebbe she weän't. She's as awk'ard as owt. She wants you to be talkin' tiv her ageän, Miss Bartholomew. She was as different as could be, one bit; an' 'twas your doin', Ah know; an' Ah got started wi' wall-papers an' things doon at Swarthcliff, an' all was gettin' smartened up nicely. But Ah've no heart to go on wi' sike things noo. . . . An' it's nowt but pride on her; it's been nowt but pride all through."

This was true, and Genevieve admitted as much; but even pride was easier to understand now; all things that might come in the way of a true and faithful and yearning love were easier to understand.

"It was not so much any word of mine that influenced Miss Craven," Genevieve said. "Circumstance did more to incline her toward yielding than I did. If she were more prosperous, she would be less reluctant."

"Accordin' to mah waäy o' seein' things her troubles sud make her all the readier to gi' waäy. What for need *she* be frightened o' what folks says? If she cared for me as much as Ah care for her, she'd let 'em talk till they were tired, an' then begin again.

* Bessy-bairn-worts = daisies.

† Cattijugs = rose-hips.

Her Sunday clothes 'ud fit no worse, Ah warrant ya."

Having given his commissions, and arranged about coming to sit for his portrait, Mr. Crudas went away. It was easy to see that he was not ill-pleased with himself and his idea. He went along the field path swinging his arms, whistling a while, then singing as he went. It was a verse of the old song that he sang always.

"He turned his face un'o the wa',
And death was with him dealin';
Adieu, adieu, my dear friends a',
And be kind to Barbara Allan."

CHAPTER LVII.—"I KNOW THE TRACES OF THE ANCIENT FLAME."

THAT infinite need of the soul, which is love, is an elemental force which may awaken and develop under very varying conditions of intercourse.

The love of Dante for Beatrice will, to all time, stand as typical of the highest human love. It was a passionate love—passionate enough to yield rapture and ecstasy "to the utmost limit of beatitude." And it was faithful—faithful even unto death.

Yet, so far as may be discerned, "Beatrice never so much as knew of the pure, lofty, ideal love she had inspired."

Does it need always the imagination of a Dante to enable a man or woman to worship for a whole life long in silence, in patience, in a spiritual, immaterial consciousness of the finest and most far-reaching sympathy?

A whole life long! ay, and beyond that. Though one may be gone by that grave which is the gate of heaven the one that is left may live on in a faithful, pure, exalted communion that it might have been less easy to establish permanently between two souls burdened and clouded by the intervention of material association.

Love that is truly love is spiritual affinity, puissant, dominating, serenely satisfying.

"So, though this alone were left to me, there need not be despair," George Kirkoswald said to himself, walking upon the cliffs by the grey, illimitable sea. "Though this alone—a lifelong unspoken devotion were left, it would be better than the arid blankness that was before.

"I feel it when I sorrow most,
'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

There need not be despair," he said, knowing within himself that his despairing mood was passing on into some mood less wildly intolerable.

Only a few days had gone by—a few dark

corroding days of isolation, of failure of heart, of crushing desolateness. This was the first day of anything that could be termed rebound; the first day of reawakened hopefulness. George did not know it for hopefulness. It seemed no more than resignation.

He had not forgotten Genevieve's request—not for a moment had he forgotten it. In making it she had made an acknowledgment that was priceless to him now.

"Be to him what you have always been—a friend, a strength, a satisfaction," she had said; and the words removed from their context were of an abiding value.

"If I may be her father's friend, it can hardly be that she will count me her own enemy," he said, with a feeling akin to contentment.

Nevertheless, the first moment of meeting had little of contentment in it. The December twilight was coming down; Genevieve sat alone in the little sitting-room by a bright pinewood fire. She was lying wearily in her father's chair; the Prince was chirping fitfully; the yellow rose-tree was dropping its petals; the clock was ticking with audible monotony. She knew the footstep, the knock upon the door. Her heart that had been beating so faintly stood still.

"I am sorry my father is out," she said, standing there tall and straight, and beautiful and cold. "But he will not be long. He has only gone down to the village to see a poor man who is ill. If you can wait a little it will be a pleasure to him to find you here."

Though he knew her so well, he was yet half-amazed at the strength-in-weakness that was so visible in her voice and manner. And he perceived for himself that the half of her strength was the strength that is always in truth. It was indeed of her father that she was thinking.

"Certainly I will wait," George Kirkoswald said, seating himself in the chair she had indicated in her graceful, courteous way. "I was wanting to see you. Severne tells me that the Canon wishes to have the next concert in the school-room at Murk-Marishes. I suppose it will be well to have one there now and again?"

"Yes: I think so," Genevieve answered, speaking without embarrassment or difficulty. She had on an old dress of pale grey-green cashmere; her little coral necklace was about her throat; her soft yellow hair shone in the flickering firelight. "I think it will be well to attempt some kind of entertainment there," she said. "The room is small and shabby and depressing in the extreme; but there are

old people and invalids in Murk-Marishes who cannot get down to Soulsgrif Bight. We should think of these a little."

She spoke as if there were nothing else to be spoken of, or thought of; as if the village concert had been the uppermost thing in her mind, as if neither day nor night had brought any regret, any pain.

That serene philosophic look was still upon George's face, and Genevieve saw it there. His voice too was quiet, composed, dispassionate.

"Do you suppose that the people really care much for the entertainments?" he asked, speaking as men speak of things that are far from them at the moment.

"I believe they care more than we can ever know, or imagine, or believe," Genevieve replied, with an energy that was perhaps above the occasion. "A concert is something that they look forward to, and look back upon in a way that is touching in the extreme. I never hoped to come so near to them as a verse of a song has brought me."

There was a pause.

"May I ask which of your songs it is that they care for especially?" George asked, repressing all sign of interest, and betraying an involuntary hardness in his effort.

"It is '*The Land o' the Leal*,'" Genevieve replied; her voice faltered a little as she said the words. "They understand that—

'There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cold nor care, Jean,
The day is aye fair
In the land o' the leal.'

That covers their view of the hereafter; and it is sufficient for many of them. It seemed rather pitiable at first; now I am glad when a woman reminds me, with patient face and tearful eyes, that after a little while there will be neither cold nor hunger, nor any care."

"What exactly do you take to be the meaning of the Scotch word '*leal*'?"

"I am not quite sure about it," was the reply. "I take it to mean loyal, faithful, true of heart," she said, trying to speak so that her words should seem to hold no special meaning. "But I cannot be sure. It explains itself to me, and to them—at least to some among them. They understand things that neither they nor I can define."

"Shall you sing that song at the next concert?"

"I think so."

There was another pause—an interval lying between many things that might have been. Love, passionate love, that might have been one, was there divided. Recollection

came across all emotion, and pride, and pain; striking, chilling, condemning.

The coldness of manner that comes of an exceeding great pain is a more severe coldness than any you shall find. The look on George Kirkoswald's face seemed an utterly ruthless look to the eyes that watched him. The blank pitilessness of it struck upon the girl's heart like a chill. An icy wind often gives strength to the fainting.

"Shall you come to the concert?" she asked, looking up at him with a look as calm as his own, and speaking in a voice free from any tremor of expectancy.

"No," was the reply, made with an apparently studious carelessness. "No; I am thinking of going to Cairo."

It was twilight: he could not see the sudden pallor, the sudden look, as of one stricken afresh, that came into the girl's face. He could not gauge the silence to its last depth. One word of hers—one brief, sweet cry of pain, and he had been at her feet, craving forgiveness there, entreating passionately that she would resist the deathless love that was in him no more. Why did he wait for the cry, for the word, since he could only feel that the breathless silence was full of cries? Was he remembering that word of his own, "I will urge you no more?" Was it her reply that was ringing in his ears so wildly, "Then I thank you?"

The silence was broken by other sounds: there were noises outside in the twilight. Bartholomew had met Canon Gabriel by the sick-bed in the village; Sir Galahad had failed to come for him at the time he had promised to come, so a message had been left—Mr. Severne was to bring the trap up to Netherbank. The Canon had been persuaded to come back with Bartholomew for a cup of tea.

"I expect you to make me a cup of very good tea," said the old man, taking Genevieve's hands in both his own, and looking tenderly into her, pale face. Keturah had brought in the lamp, and was bustling in and out with the tea-cups. Bartholomew and George were talking by the fire. Opportunity was gone. Life was overpowering, and strangely confusing.

CHAPTER LVIII.—"LATE, LATE, SO LATE!"

"Yes, I am thinking of taking a holiday," Kirkoswald was saying. "It must seem very absurd to you to hear me say so; but I am feeling tired, very tired. For some days past life has seemed almost burdensome because of the very weariness of living it. I

suppose it is the dull December skies coming after the dull November fogs."

"A clear frosty morning would change your plans then, I hope," Bartholomew replied. Genevieve was pouring out tea: the Canon was by her side.

"Is this your father's cup?" George said, coming up to her and looking into the still white face with some compassion, some surprise.

"It would probably take something more than a frosty morning to make me change my plans," he said, answering Bartholomew; "but of course they are not unalterable. . . . Sometimes I wish that I had been a little less master of my own fate," he added in a grave, wearied way.

"I have often found that feeling," said the Canon. "I have often found that the man who is free looks upon the man who is bound hand and foot with something like envy. . . . It is not incomprehensible. The man who is bound is usually bound to something that is to him a motive and a purpose in life."

"And is therefore in possession of one of heaven's best gifts—if indeed it be not the best gift of all," said George. "I agree with Carlyle that there is 'folly in that impossible precept, *Know thyself*, till it be translated into this partially possible one, *Know what thou canst work at*.'"

"And are you wishing to impress us with the idea that your life is an idle one?" asked Canon Gabriel, who had met Kirkoswald in the by-ways of life rather frequently during the past ten days.

"No, I am not idle; happily for myself, or unhappily, I am constitutionally incapable of actual do-nothingness. But that is not the thing I mean. The man I envy is the man whose whole soul is absorbed in the idea that he has a work to do here on this earth, and that he cannot die till he has done it. That man has something to live for. The ordinary cares and pains and disappointments of life hardly touch him except when they touch his life-work. And if Fate beat him off from it for awhile, he comes back to it with his immense and vital energy bent upon it a thousand-fold."

"How many men have you found living so?" asked the Canon.

"How many? I cannot tell you. One does not always recognise them. They have no time to sound their trumpet in the market-place, and the market-place knows nothing of them as a rule."

There was a brief pause. The pinewood fire crackled cheerily, the canary stirred in

his cage and gave a little chirp. Genevieve sat by her father's chair, silent, pale; that great stillness was yet upon her face.

"Have you nothing to say to all this?" asked Canon Gabriel, coming a little nearer to where she sat, and looking into her face anxiously, wonderingly.

"No," she said, "I have nothing to say. Some women are intrusted with a message of their own to deliver—some few, not happy women for the most part, I should infer, except they be happy in the utterance given them. For the rest, we are contented, or ought to be, if we may but minister to one to whom a clear message has been given."

Her father lifted his face slowly as she spoke: there was a new depth, a new solemnity in it.

"Are you thinking of me?" he asked. "Are you speaking of me as of one to whom a clear message has been given? . . . Then let me speak the truth—it will do me good to speak it, since the knowledge of it is a burden. I have been asking, praying, that a message from God might be given for me to deliver to my fellow-men from the day I first began to desire to work to good purpose until this day. Now, after thirty years of work I see that my prayer has not been answered.

"You, who understand me, will not think I am speaking egotistically if I say that I believe that the gift that men call 'genius' has been mine. The man who possesses it can hardly be mistaken about his possession. If he speaks of it in the world's ears, his words are counted vanity. It is no more vanity to him than if he said, 'My hair is brown,' or 'My eyes are black.' He knows that he is no more to be credited with his genius than with his dark eyes. Yet to be conscious of the one is inevitable knowledge, to be conscious of the other is gross egotism.

"I only admit my consciousness now that I may show you all my suffering, and that I may prove to you that I am not mistaken in my conclusions.

"God gives genius. Carlyle's definition that 'genius is the clearer presence of God Most High in the soul of man' is the nearest and truest definition I have yet found."

"And it is the truest you will find," said Canon Gabriel, turning his pale fragile face towards Bartholomew with a flush of fervour coming upon it even as he spoke. "There, it has always seemed to me, that the secret of that inspiration which men call creative power must for ever lie. A man's soul is a temple, a temple with an altar, and above

that altar broods the dove of the Spirit of God. There, in that inner Spirit-temple, a man may listen for the still small voice whose lightest whisper may inspire, and in so listening alone can he come to know himself 'a sounding instrument,' struck and moved to sounding by Invisible Hands."

"He may listen," said Bartholomew, beginning to speak again in the same strangely solemn way, "or he may refuse to listen. If he refuse to listen there he may not hear that voice elsewhere, but though he refuse to hear he will yet not be in silence. There are other spirits, other voices, other inspirations. They seem identical. But presently, in confusion and bewilderment of soul, the man finds himself possessed; the light within him has become darkness, the ecstasy of reason superseded becomes the foolishness of reason vitiated. If any impulse come to his creative power at all, it comes fitfully and in doubt. It may rule him strongly, and impel him to create things fair in the sight of men, but in his own heart there will be the knowledge that his highest insight is baffled and outdone.

"I have the thought within me that a keener discipline of suffering in earlier life would have lifted me into higher regions of living and thinking, would have raised me above the desire for material comforts and surroundings, would have shown me that the only true beauty is spiritual beauty—such beauty as may so touch the chords of a man's soul here in time that they shall vibrate on into eternity.

"This it might have been given me to do, but it has not been given. And the loss lies with me. I did not live the highest life I might have lived. When suffering did come, coming as bereavement, I bore it ill. I sank under it. But for this child of mine I had gone down utterly.

"Now suffering of another kind has touched me, and the touch is as that of the Fingers that were laid upon the eyes of the man who had been blind from his birth. 'Whereas I was blind, now I see,' and the conviction comes strongly that it is too late. It is given me to see as in a vision the things that belonged to my peace. I see them, but not now. I behold them, but not nigh.

"The message I have missed was never the highest message of all. I had never stood before my kind as the priest of the Church of Christ stands, offering only pure spiritual blessings. Nor had I ever stood as the poet stands, upon 'the flaming bounds of Space and Time,' upborne by the seraph-wings

of ecstasy, speaking from out the burning bush of his own fervid and overpowering emotion. My appeal had been of another nature; yet, but little lower, so it seems to me.

"Had I been stricken as others are stricken, with the intense consciousness that comes by experience of man's inhumanity to man, then I had had a burden. I had cried aloud; my message had been a passionate demand for a wider and greater and grander humanity, a humanity that had not only drawn heart to heart, but had impelled each individual soul onward from human love to a closer and fuller understanding of that love which is divine.

"The very elements of humanity have yet to be studied and acquired by the great majority of us who boast of the large outlines of our human culture.

"Years ago I read a book, and one sentence in it made my heart leap within me. It was this:—

"'No man who loves his kind can in these days rest content with waiting as a servant upon human misery, when it is in so many cases, possible to anticipate and avert it.'

"Had I been in a sort of Rip Van Winkle sleep, and awakened upon a later era than my own? Were there things going on all round me, outside my recognition, of which I was unaware? Was it true that there was a new human alertness abroad, a new and more perfect charity, a new and diviner enthusiasm of compassion? Was it true that the old Juggernaut wheels of selfish indifference had ceased to roll on over the hungry, the naked, the sick of heart and soul?

"For days, nay weeks, I lived in a wondering hopefulness, trying to discern the signs of the altered times, lifting my face that I might catch some refreshing from the breath that had come from the four winds of heaven to breathe upon slain sympathies that they might live.

"But, need I say it? I watched to my own despair. I watched—need I tell you what I saw in my watching? Need I show you the followers of the Man of Sorrows; need I ask you to look at the disciples of Him who was scourged, crowned with thorns, and nailed to a bitter cross?

"I watched, and I saw in my watching streets of palaces in the towns, and over the country stately palaces in stateliest isolation everywhere. And I knew the life of the people who lived in these. I had tasted of their luxury, I had sat in their chairs of silken damask, and passed beyond their velvet curtains; I had eaten of their costly food, and

I had drunk of their costlier wine; I knew the pace of their splendid horses, and the ease of their imposing carriages. All this, and more, I knew; and as I watched in my awakened eagerness there came a voice across the centuries speaking sadly, wearily:—

“*The Son of Man hath not where to lay His Head!*”

“In the streets, in the shops of jewellers and dealers in luxury of all kinds, places that were crowded with rank and fashion, and beauty and indifference, and strength and selfishness, I heard above all other sounds that same voice speaking—speaking solemnly, commandingly:—

“*Sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and come and follow Me.*”

“Crowding after these—the richest, the highest of the land, I saw the millions who follow on behind them as closely as they may, struggling each one to get nearer and yet nearer to some ever-advancing standard of living. Success led but to desire for success. There was no time, no thought left for other desires. Their life of hurry, of restlessness, seemed but as one long fever. Fever is pain, pain is sacrifice, but to whom do men offer this sacrifice of the best they have to give? To Him who spent whole long nights on the solitary mountain-top alone with His Father?—or to the Moloch of modern luxury, whose reward is a vengeance unknown to blinded eyes, undreamt of by hearts hardened by softness of living.

“And again as I watched there came that voice above the world’s wild din:—

“*When thou makest a feast, call the poor, for they cannot recompense thee: thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection.*”

“The poor! Could it be that there were any poor left in the land?

“Then I turned in my watching, and I saw the homes where live the hunger-stricken who hide their hunger and their half-nakedness in silence and in shame. There I found the widow with her white face marred with weeping, worn with alternations of hoping and despairing, with her fatherless children born but to cry for bread, and to die needing it. There I found sickness left unvisited, old age left unsolaced, sin left unwarned, patient long-suffering left unrecognised, strong pure hopes left to wither and die in despair, great efforts left to fail for the need of a helping hand, talent left in a painful and useless obscurity for the lack of ground whereon to stand, and genius itself left to hurl its natural scorn in the face of a hard and careless world steeped to the lips

in its own refined sensualities. All this I saw, and again as I turned that piercing voice came thrilling passionately in my ears:—

“*Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me.*”

“That was years ago. I turned from the sight, from the sound, but I did not turn from it the same man.

“Only to-day have I realised the meaning of all I saw, of all I heard; only to-day, when hard experience has touched me with her icy finger.

“Now, if any art of mine might ever speak again, its message would be clear—at the least it would be clear. And till the day of my death it would have but one burden, and that burden would be an appeal to man for man his brother, a plea that Christian charity might have reconsideration, a cry that the vast aggregate resources of a mighty nation might be brought to bear upon that nation’s still-existing wants and wrongs and miseries and pains. ‘A better world,’ the people say, pardonably forgetting that Christ consecrated this by coming, to it, and left it that His followers might make it better.

“Let them look to it when the King shall gather the nations; let them look to it when He shall divide His own with one unclouded and irradiating glance.

“But nay, if it may be, let us look now, such of us as have time. For myself, I am fain to gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost.”

* * * *

The low grave voice stopped. It was as if one near death had made a confession that he had been greatly wanting to make. Genevieve had never heard her father speak of himself, of his own inner life, of his convictions or want of convictions, as he had spoken now. Even so far as the principles of his art went he had been wont to use a reserve that was almost silence; and she knew that his best work had been the result of processes of thought well-nigh unconscious, and therefore inexplicable in words. She had thought of him as one without the analytic gift. He had lived by instinct, as it were, and now it seemed that his work had been done by instinct too. He had disclaimed the higher inspiration. Instinct might be pure and true, but it was not inspiration. His past career was not satisfactory now that he had come to look back upon it. Where exactly was he standing at present? And now that light had come, where might he not stand in the future? She was conscious of a new reverence—reverence for the man to be

even while she looked somewhat anxiously upon the man he was.

Mr. Severne came presently, bringing a quite new element into the thought-stilled atmosphere. His boyish blushes and excuses were not unwelcome—they were never welcome at Netherbank.

"I had to go down into Soulsgrif, you know," he said, "and my watch is wrong. It was thirteen minutes before the clock in the hall this morning, and the hall clock was seven minutes behind the church; and now look at it—it's just a quarter to twelve! . . . What time is it really? Half-past six. Oh, I say!"

Mr. Severne drank a cup of cold tea, and ruined the wires of Prince Camaralzaman's cage by trying to get a big piece of sugar in between, then he and the Canon went away. The dog-cart was standing near the stile, the stars were coming out, the wind had gone down. "Are you going too?" Bartholomew asked of George, who seemed as if he were preparing to take his departure.

"Yes," he said. "I think I've got a headache, but I don't know, it's so long since I had one." He was looking at Genevieve as he spoke. The great stillness on her face had moved him, and she knew that he was moved. His voice faltered, the pitiless look had gone from his eyes.

"When do you leave Usselby?" asked the artist. "Have you any fixed time?"

"No, it is not fixed exactly. I thought of going some time this week."

"Come down again before you leave us."

There was a little silence: two glances met for a moment, one half sad, wholly wearied; the other pleading and still.

"Shall I come down again, Miss Bartholomew?"

And the answer came simply, yieldingly—

"Yes, come to Netherbank again before you go away."

CHAPTER LIX.—"WHAT I DID NOT WELL, I MEANT WELL."

No one could have written the letter that Mr. Montacute wrote to Bartholomew, except Mr. Montacute himself. As a piece of testimony to the truth that the style is of the man it was complete.

It was not a discourteous letter; even under provocation Mr. Montacute was rarely known to descend to anything that could be termed discourtesy. He never forgot that he was a gentleman; his clients seldom forgot that he was also a lawyer.

"I have seen Mr. Richmond," he wrote,

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"and I have also seen Miss Richmond; and having heard their version of the affair I can only repeat more emphatically than before that the circumstances are difficult and embarrassing. There is no disposition on their part towards anything that could be spoken of as injustice. They are prepared to do all that they can reasonably be expected to do.

"Having given considerable thought to the matter, and hoping that if it can be arranged without further proceedings it may be more agreeable to you, I have suggested that the affair should be settled by arbitration. Mr. Richmond has consented to abide by the decision of any competent person. It remains for you to consent, or to refuse to consent, to this proposition."

"Then assuredly I refuse," said Bartholomew, speaking with ashy lips, as he put the letter down. "Arbitration! Where will they find an artist who will agree to put a sunset sky into a scale, and determine its value in money by the uncertain and dubitable test of his own opinion, his own ability? What man who had ever painted a picture himself would dream of attempting to put a market-price upon the painting of a group of Madonna lilies, if he knew that the man who had painted them had put his own price there? No—assuredly no! Let them do their worst. Again and again I say 'no' to that mode of chaffering over any work of mine!"

So he spoke in that first moment of surprise, and bitterness, and agitation—an agitation that was even greater than it seemed to be, and more exhausting. He had not expected that the man whom he had asked in all good faith to help him in his strait, would have contrived to make him feel that he, and he alone, had been to blame. Instead of helplessness additional pain had come. Yet even now he could be thankful that he had not to bear his pain without companionship. His daughter sat beside him silently—silently soothing him, silently sympathising. Not till the first burst of indignation was over did she venture any word of her own. That word was surprising when it did come.

"Give your consent, my father," she said, stroking the thin nervous hand. "Give it at once, and unconditionally."

Bartholomew looked into her face with astonishment.

"Can you quite understand the meaning of your advice?" he asked.

"I think I can. If you refuse, it will be said that you are afraid that your work will not stand the test."

"No artistic work that ever was done would stand the chilling test of deliberate and intentional disparagement. Conscientious as those pictures are there is an atmosphere about them already through which I cannot penetrate myself—an atmosphere of gloom, of heaviness. The charm of a picture, as of a poem, is too delicate a thing to bear the cold, shallow glance of a man prejudiced beforehand by the very circumstances under which he is requested to do his judging. Think of the fate of Keats's 'Endymion' for years after the *Edinburgh Review* had poured out its 'shallow ribaldries' upon the man; bidding him go back to his gallipots, since a starved apothecary was better than a starved poet,—not that I would presume to name my own name in the same breath with the name of Keats; but let your work stand on what level it may, the same rule holds good, the rule that one voice that blames has the strength of ten that praise—of ten? ay of ten thousand!"

"But what of ten thousand, if there were so many in Murk-Marishes, what of them all to you?"

"I cannot explain all that it is to me," said the artist, feeling very sore at heart under this new humiliation. But it was a humiliation that had to be drained to the dregs. He had to write his letter to Mr. Montacute—a stupid, blundering, self-betraying letter he made it. And he had to consent that the pictures should be taken to Mr. Montacute's office to be weighed in the balances there by an artist who was to come from York for the purpose. Surely here at length was the last ingenuity of a pitiless fate.

When the pictures had gone, Bartholomew went into his studio again, and set his palette, and drew his *Ænone* forward to the light. Genevieve wondered a little at the still resoluteness visible on his grey face. It was not his use and wont to begin working in a mood like this.

"Shall you make the alterations you once thought of making, father?"

"No, dear. I am only anxious now to get it done—this and the two others."

"You will not take them with you to London?"

"No, I shall make arrangements for their being sent up afterwards. . . . If it should be necessary for you to remember, I intend to send them to Messrs. Meyer and Calanson's, in New Bond Street."

There was a pause—it was only momentary, not long enough for the recognition of any feeling of chilliness or dread.

"As if you were likely to forget!" Genevieve said lightly, yet watching closely.

"I am very likely to forget," was the emphatic reply.

It was a bright sunny winter's day, and Bartholomew worked on persistently. Genevieve sat by him, sometimes talking, sometimes reading to him, sometimes silently working. "It is like old times," she said once, standing beside her father, who was touching the white lights on the robe of the Greek maiden.

"Yes," he said, "it is a little. It would be still more like old times if Mr. Kirkoswald were to come in."

"He will come before he goes away," Genevieve replied, feeling glad that her father could not see the hot crimson tide that flooded her face and throat. But he heard the tremulousness in her voice, and changed the question that had been on his lips.

"I should think he would be at the entertainment to-morrow evening?"

"He said that he should not."

"But he intended going away at once when he said that."

"Perhaps he may have gone, after all," Genevieve replied, a sinking of heart being noticeable in her tone.

"No, I don't think he has gone; and I should not be surprised if he changed his intention. He did not seem in the most decided of minds about going."

"It may be so; but I have an impression that he will not be at the concert."

The impression deepened when the morning came; and hope strove with it unprevailing. The day was bright and calm, as most of the days of that week had been; and Bartholomew sat before his easel from the first moment of sufficient light, changing his work as weariness of eye and hand came on, and feeling considerably relieved when Mr. Crudas came in for an hour after dinner to sit for his portrait. Mr. Crudas had had the good sense to come in his rough grey cloth coat. The only change he had made was the discarding of his gingham neckerchief for a blue silk one with "bird's eye" spots. The strong characteristics of his head and face, the abundant silver-grey hair, the fresh, hale complexion, the deep, keen, searching eye were not uninspiring to a man whose feeling for the lines of human character was at least as well-developed as his eye for human beauty.

Genevieve was in the studio when Ishmael Crudas came. "You will be taking the

opportunity to go for a walk, dear," her father said, setting another palette, and choosing fresh brushes. Mr. Crudas was looking on with the amused interest of the uninitiated.

"Ay, what she nobbut leuks dowly,"* said Ishmael. Then apparently remembering something suddenly, he turned to her questioningly. "You'll be a bit doon aboot Mr. Kirkoswald mebbe. Ha' ya heerd owt hoo he is te-daäy?"

"Is Mr. Kirkoswald ill?" Bartholomew asked, glancing toward his daughter, and making an instant effort to spare her.

"You deänt knaw?" said Mr. Crudas in amazement. "Why, you're buried i' this spot! You hear nowt. It's fowr daäys sen I heerd tell 'at Mr. Kirkoswald had gotten t' fever. There's them 'at says he's reeght sarved; he sud ha' kept oot o' sike spots."

"He has been in some house where there was fever?"

"Ay! all t' last week he was in an' oot among them Scafes and Nunnelys; an' they hev it as bad as they can hev it. Young Joe Scaife's dead. He deed o' Saturday."

"They live in Thurkeld Abbas?"

"Ay, doon at t' bottom end yonder."

Bartholomew went up the orchard with his daughter, holding her hand within his arm silently; he could feel her tremulousness, he could understand her sudden weakness.

"Will you not go and lie down, dear; instead of going for a walk?"

"No, my father. I would rather be out of doors."

"You will not go through Thurkeld Abbas?"

"Not if you do not wish it."

"Go up and see Dorothy Craven, little one. She will know. And as soon as Mr. Crudas has gone I will go up to Usselby at once, and make inquiries. I do not feel unhelpful. He is so strong; and he has lived his life so temperately."

"Do you remember the last evening he was here?"

"I remember only too well now. It struck me then that I had never heard him complain of physical weariness before."

Bartholomew was obliged to go back to his sitter; and so for a time Genevieve went up to her own room. This was the third sudden shock that had come upon her in a little more than three weeks.

For a time it seemed as if her strongest feeling was the feeling of remorse that came over her. She knew only too well that a man despondent, downcast, with the strings

of life hanging "soundless and slack," is a tenfold easier prey to any disease, to any chill, than the man in whose veins life flows with the vigour that comes of the spirit's fervour of life.

Then, too, he had been reckless; this she could not doubt, translating some words of Canon Gabriel's by the light of Ishmael Crudas's words. He had not cared about the risk he had run since there was no one else to care. . . . Now perhaps he might never know that her caring had been passionate beyond the bounds of pain. If one told him, he might not hear; if he heard, it might be as if he heard not.

The knowledge that she could now do nothing was insupportable. Only last evening she had said to herself that when he came down she would undo all that she had done on that fatal evening. She would tell him that she had understood, that she had forgiven, that she even had sympathy for him because of all that he had suffered. . . . Now she sat there knowing that he would not come down. She might wait, but in vain; she might listen, but in vain. She might pray, would that be in vain also?

Prayer is never made in vain; and no man lives the life of prayer uncertain of its certainty. Not this answer to this prayer, nor that answer to that, shall convince you; but the slow result of time and trial.

Prayer is sacrifice, and though that answer that you look for may never come, no sacrifice is offered vainly. Not all the incense-smoke goes upward. It descends upon the man who carries the burning censer of prayer; it enwraps him; the cloud rises between him and the rude, wild world; and its influence comes upon him for soothing and for calm.

There is a thrilling ecstasy of prayer in mercy granted: it comes swiftly; it stays fitfully. There is a hallowed calm of prayer denied: it comes slowly; it comes after long wrestling, after sore strife; but it departs not at all. "He hath done all things well." So we see; so we learn to rest; assured that what He does must be always well.

* * * * *

An hour later Bartholomew tapped at the door of his daughter's room. He had a note in his hand. "It is from Mr. Severne, dear. The boy who brought it has gone, he did not wait for an answer."

Genevieve glanced over it hurriedly. "I had forgotten," she said. "The entertainment is this evening, and Mr. Severne begs me not to fail him; so many others have excused themselves."

* Dowly—delicate.

"But you cannot go, dear!"

"I think I can, father. It is nothing, no trouble I mean. And it will be good to be doing something. . . . Are you going up to Usselby?"

"Yes. If you go to the village I will go round that way, and leave you at the school-room. Mr. Severne will see you safely home."

"But you will not stay at Usselby?"

"No, dear, for your sake, I will not; otherwise my place would have been by his bedside so long as any one was needed there."

The remainder of the evening passed as a dream passes. When Genevieve went into the shabby schoolroom at Murk-Marishes it was fast filling with eager people, who did not mind the smoky paraffin lamps, nor the dusty brick floor. No attempt had been made to decorate the ink-stained walls. There were a few flowers about the extemporised platform. Mrs. Caton had lent her piano, which was a very good one; and Wilfrid Stuart had come up with his violin. There would be no lack of music and song, no lack of listeners, no lack of anything but the one voice, the one glance, the one presence that gave charm and gladness to all the rest. "How *can* I sing to-night?" Genevieve said to herself, going down to the farther end of the dim room to speak to Ailsie Drewe. Ailsie curtsied, and smiled the wan, unmeaning smile that was almost always on her face now. "You'll be singing that song, miss, 'The Land o' the Leal?'" she said. "I asked Mr. Kirkoswald to tell you to sing it; an' he said he would; but mebbe he's forgot, bein' badly. But you'll sing it, miss, all the same? My little Davy was 'good an' fair,' an' I like to think he's waitin'. I like to hear ya saay so 't the song."

"Then I will sing it if I can," Genevieve said. Two or three women were standing near, listening, waiting for a word. The girl looked at them with wearied, wistful eyes.

"I am glad to sing anything, to say anything, if I may but help you to bear your troubles a little," she said, speaking in a voice that was hardly more than a low clear whisper. "Troubles are very bad to bear sometimes, are they not? They come so quickly and so thickly, one has hardly time to get over one stroke before the next falls; and it is so difficult for us to see any lovingness in it all at the time. *We cannot see it then*; it is impossible. We can only wait,

and try to hope; and even trying to hope is not easy. . . . Nothing is easy that is good. You will think that I am not comforting you if I tell you that life that is all pain, all suffering, all labour, all humiliation, all misunderstanding, is the best life of all. But it is so. I am learning to perceive that it is so, that it must be so, since it was the life that Christ chose to live. You know He might have been rich, and powerful, and have had the highest rank, and all the ease and luxury and importance that belong to rank and wealth. But He would have none of these things. He chose to live with poor people, fishermen, and such-like; to live as they live, suffer as they suffer, because He knew that even He could not be quite humanly perfect if he did not suffer human sufferings. That is why we have to try to follow in His footsteps, to tread with bleeding feet over the same rough pathways, because He would have us perfect too. It may be that only He can see the crown of thorns that He has placed upon the brow of each one of us here; but He does see, and He knows the sharp pressure of it. . . . He will take it away by-and-by. If we only endure to the end He Himself will take it away. If we come to stand before the great white throne, having come there through great tribulation, He will give us other crowns for these of wounding thorn."

A few minutes later, Mr. Severne came in with Mrs. Caton and a group of ladies who had met at her house; and then, almost immediately, the concert began. It was a very pleasant and successful concert, the people thought, who were taking part in it. The listeners were always pleased, always grateful. It would have been hard to say whether "The Death of Nelson," or "The Brave Old *Téméraire*," was the more popular. The audience had risen on each occasion to a decided if unconventional *encore*. "Sing it over again!" demanded an elderly farmer from the moor edge. "Ay, let's hev that over again!" was the cry of support from the back benches. Accordingly the songs had to be repeated, to the great gratification of the singers. To have obtained an *encore* at Murk-Marishes was an honour to be rightly understood by no one outside the Ridings.

For Genevieve the only restful and soothing part of the programme was the violin-playing of Wilfrid Stuart. He had never played better, never with a more infinite pathos. Was he thinking of one who might even then be lying on the misty outer verge

of life? It was as if the music came to him from afar; his face was the face of one who listened, listened through sounds of pain and sorrow for other sounds that were echoing beyond. Was he interpreting those other sounds? Were they messages of peace? Had some one spoken, saying—

"Write above thy cross this inscription: '*Be not afraid; only believe.*'"

"And I am trying not to be afraid," Genevieve said to Mr. Severne as they went up by the starlit ways to Netherbank. She had spoken unreservedly of her sorrow, as her nature was; and something of her own remorse she had confessed also. But nothing was clear to him; and he did not ask that anything should be made clear. He was walking by contented ways. To-night he was happy; this trust and confidence made him happier; and perhaps a certain purpose that was in him added to the feeling. He did not disclose his purpose till they reached the stile.

"You will come in for a little while?" Genevieve asked. "I expect that my father will have come back from Usselby by this time."

"Shall I come in? I wonder! Will it be wise?" Mr. Severne said musingly, as if he spoke to himself. "I think I will not. I will say 'good-bye' to you here."

"Why say it so solemnly?"

"Was I saying it solemnly? Perhaps I feel solemn. I think I do, in a way."

"But you are not unhappy?"

"No; I am not unhappy," replied Sir Galahad with unusual readiness. "I am very happy. I have been growing happier for a long time. Life is very pleasant, very good."

"Life lived with Canon Gabriel must be good," Genevieve said, recognising quickly the source of this new happiness.

"Yes; it has been. I have always known that, always felt it."

"Why are you speaking of it as past?"

"Am I doing so? I did not know. I hope it is not past; but one cannot tell."

"One cannot tell for long. But you are going back to it now. Surely that contents you for the present?"

"It would content me if it were so," Mr. Severne said. "But though I am not going back to it now, I am not discontented. As I told you, I am very happy."

"You are not going back?"

"Not to-night."

"Then you are going to Usselby?" Gene-

vieve said, with a sudden feeling of mingled envy and satisfaction. The latter element changed in a moment to regret.

"Yes; I am going there," he said; "Canon Gabriel has given me permission to go. I had trouble in persuading him; but he consented at last. . . . You will believe that I am glad to go?"

Genevieve was silent for a time.

"Yes; I believe that," she said presently. "I should be glad to go myself; but I am not glad that you should go."

"Are you not? . . . I—I thought you would be very glad! There is no one else; and I cannot bear to think of him lying there with no one but Jael and old Charlock near him."

"You are sure, then, that he is very ill?" the girl asked in quivering tones.

"I am afraid he is. . . . Dr. Armitage doesn't say much; but what he does say isn't assuring. . . . But I must be off. . . . Can I take any—any message, or anything?"

Genevieve stood there a long time with her hand on the stile. She was quite silent. It seemed as if the tumult in her heart made words impossible. A dozen little sentences were chosen, and rejected for one reason or another. What could she say?

"Come with me to the door, and I will give you something that will speak for me," she said presently. Then she brought out the freshest spray of myrtle that the plant in the window afforded. "Will you take that? Will you tell Mr. Kirkoswald that I asked you to give it to him? . . . He will understand."

Did Sir Galahad understand? He put the piece of myrtle carefully into the bag he was carrying. The lamplight from the window shone full on his upturned face, full into his wondering blue eyes.

"Good-night," he said, holding out his hand, keeping Genevieve's hand in his for one moment. "Good-night, and good-bye."

"Good-bye for the present."

"Yes; only for the present!" he said with a great, glad, spiritual light coming into his face. "Thank you for saying that, it is *only for the present!*"

Genevieve stood a few moments in the calm, solitary starlight that was upon all the land. She heard his footsteps dying upon the upland. A soft sighing wind, gentle as a spirit's breath, stirred the ivy, it swept by like a whisper, saying, "Only for the present."



FAR FROM THE BEATEN TRACK.

Life in a Cottage.

By J. E. PANTON, AUTHOR OF "PICTURES OF
RURAL LIFE," ETC.

IT would be difficult, verily, to find a more desolate spot than our cottage. It rests, solitary and alone, on a curious hump in the heath, looking over the wide-spreading landscape that stretches away, away, until it is lost, as it seems to us, among the hills that stand, noble, unchangeable, and grand, between it and the distant sea.

But although the ocean is very far off, some twelve or fourteen miles as the crow flies, we can, at times, hear the mysterious moan of the ground-sea as it heaves to and fro on the pebbly beach, and foretells unerringly the rising of the wind, that before morning dawns will come rushing headlong up the valley, screaming and whistling finely as it throws itself against our walls, and shrieking round the chimneys, while it casts upon our brown thatch and in at our latticed windows some of its vast burden of moisture, that enters everywhere unbidden, causes the walls and the rough stone floor to suddenly become wet, and accumulates in the worn places near the hearthstone, making puddles in which the children sail walnut shells gaily, or wickedly inveigle Madam Pussy to walk, thus wetting sadly her four immaculate white shoes, of which she and we are perhaps a little unduly proud.

It is curious to watch how the wind lulls almost as swiftly as it rose, and how the vast white sheets of fog fill the whole space between us and the hills until we appear looking down upon a fluffy field of cotton wool, with queer black shadows

here and there thrown in to accentuate the whiteness; and we can hardly chide those who turn from the melancholy depressing silence of the fog, half believing that thus revisit the earth, and in such forms as this, the souls of those many sailors who have fallen victims to the rough mighty play of the great breakers on the iron-armed coast.

It requires small imagination to form figures out of the wall-like mist that lies before our windows like a beleaguering army, ready to engulf us; and we are glad when it is time to light the dim strongly-smelling paraffine lamp, and draw the checked blue-and-white curtain that hangs in damp folds over the window that somehow or other admits almost as much of the fog as we are fain to believe it keeps out.

But perhaps when we draw the curtain once more and look out on the waking world, the picture before us will well repay us for the depressing sadness of the night before. It is September; there is a delicious feeling in the air like new wine fresh from an ice-house, flecks of rosy cloud-like substances lie in the purple hollows on the hillsides, and all along the crest of the range before us, deep white masses of last night's damp fog slowly creep higher and higher, which, as the day grows older, disappear entirely, sailing away like small ships afloat on an azure summer sea. The heath glitters under the rising sun, until every small bush or twig seems to possess its own particular chain of jewels. The purple flowers are just giving over, yet enough remain to show how glorious has been the autumn raiment, and the yellow blossoming French furze yet has some traces of the ample golden dowry she brought to her bridal in the quiet moorland.

Our rough brown thatch, made as it is out of thick clumps of heather, is literally steaming as the sun gains power, and gives us a fore-taste of what it will be in the turnips about twelve o'clock; and we don our thickest boots and gaiters as we remember with a shudder the unpleasant manner in which the big swede or turnip leaves fill with water and turn over on us as we tramp through them in pursuit of our friends the partridges, closely accompanied by our dogs, who become entirely different creatures the moment the "first" comes in, and the guns are taken down from the well-filled rack on the wide mantelpiece in the kitchen, where we love to sit and watch our friend the gamekeeper clean them the while we talk, and the blue peat smoke climbs slowly up the wide chimney into the clear air. So straight, and in

so broad a manner is this same chimney constructed, that we do not need to open the door to see what manner of weather it will be, but can look straight up and gaze upon the twinkling stars, or watch the clouds hurrying over the sky in a manner that does not suggest pleasing prospects for the coming day.

Sometimes in the early morning we see the small roe-deer trotting regularly past our cottage away into the open heath, where they spend the day, returning as regularly at night for shelter among the trees behind us; and sometimes in the winter months, as we sit quiet for a few moments before going to bed, we can hear the foxes bark, standing on burrows in the heath and answering one another in the way puppies do, and much as if they were warning each other as to the locality chosen for the Meet, and laying plans how best to avoid the hounds when they are out scouring the country.

In spring the work at our cottage seems indeed unending, for all nature then is even fuller of interest, if possible, than at any other time; and then we perceive the use of the elevated position of our cottage, for no one can cross the heath, or wander therein, stopping suspiciously to investigate birds' nests, or low-growing tufts of "fuzzy," as our keeper calls the gorse, without attracting the polite attention of any one who may be inhabiting our country residence, and who is on the look out for poachers, or any of those delightful gentry who, possessed of a curious nondescript creature called a lurcher, wander as it would seem aimlessly, or in pursuit of natural history studies, but who are capable of sweeping off a pheasant from her nest in a net and pocketing all her eggs, which they sell to any one who is base enough to buy them, for setting and hatching under the safe and motherly hen. And as just before the cottage, hidden except to those who know the locality, lies the small decoy pond, it is certainly necessary for some one to be here who can keep an eye on the landscape, and see that nobody enters the clump of alder-trees that look so very uninteresting to a passer-by, but that really hide the home and resting-place of many a wild bird that either remains here for shelter from the rough weather outside, or even at times breeds here and brings up her family quite respectably.

In the spring the peace and quiet of the place are irresistible; and if we enter silently, and as silently peer between the screens of furze and dried reed, behind which we wait in winter to shoot the birds as they fly over,

we can notice a good deal of the *vie intime* of the birds, and see either teal or wild-duck with their "trip" of small ones; or else watch the water-hens scatter about; sometimes hurrying to their nests or young ones, sometimes basking in the sunshine and preening their feathers carefully, as if they were preparing for a tea-party or a presentation at court. The decoy itself is too fair a spot, too replete with interest of all kinds, to be really the place of destruction it is. Traces still remain of the old style of "sport," in the wide tunnels covered by wire up which the birds used to be driven by a dog specially trained for the purpose, or by a man appearing suddenly just as they sailed to the mouth

of the tunnel; this having the desired effect of hurrying them to destruction; but now they are "tolled in," or attracted by the tame birds reared and kept there, and are taught to "use" the pond, by being fed regularly at the sides as soon as they begin to appear, on barley or corn, falling victims in due time to the guns of those who stand hidden behind the tall screens, through which in spring we can look unperceived at the domestic arrangements of the water-fowl; standing on softest, deepest moss, on which our footsteps are not heard; and noting at the same time, the lovely pink sheet of water-weed before us, the golden-brown hue on the alder, and scenting the aromatic odour of the bog-myrtle, that



seems to contend with the spear for the honour of fringing the hem of the pond.

We who can hardly bear to see the destruction of the birds we have known, as it seems to us from the egg, can never make up our minds to share with our friend the game-keeper the delights of a good morning's sport at the small decoy; we remember sentimentally the beautiful blue eggs of the teal that we discovered in a spear-bed, and took home and placed under a bantam hen, whose motherly devotion and pride in the small creatures we can never forget; or the vigorous way in which she scolded and pecked at us, when we went lovingly to see if she had hatched out yet, or if she had had no luck. We cannot help recollecting the joy when one of the dogs found the black-cock's nest, or rather the nest belonging to his wife, the grey-hen—nor the amusement we obtained

from the black-cock himself, who took up his abode on the arms of a stunted oak-tree, as if on guard while she sat, uttering to himself at times the curious harsh cry that sounds as if he wished to wage war on all his friends around. And so when the fiat goes out for one of the celebrated day's shootings, to obtain an invitation to which is as good as a prize to most of the youths around, we make our way into the open heath, where there is yet another pond; where if the ice be on the mere we enjoy an afternoon's skating, while just as the sun suddenly beams like an immense red wafer stuck firmly on a grey expanse of paper, when the whole sheet of frozen water as suddenly attains a roseate hue, when the chill air becomes chiller, and the furze bushes that had thawed in the middle of the day become stiff and stark once more, we hear the quick reports of gun

after gun; and towards our pond come flying, helter-skelter, whole flocks of wild-fowl, that at first are decidedly disorganized, yet finally resolve themselves into wedge-like battalions and make away for the river, a couple or three miles away, hoping for rest there until the decoy is once more free from their tormentors.

In spring and summer in the big decoy can be often seen wild-fowl resting close under the spear; water-hens disporting themselves in the centre of the pond, while a meditative heron stands looking at them for awhile, ere making for the mouth of the harbour, where is the heronry, and where he and his fellows fish the tides as regularly as do the fishermen, who look upon them with evil eyes, and declare they destroy and eat so much that they ought one and all to be exterminated; but in winter there is nothing to bring them inland, and the whole place is given over to the skaters, who once used to gather there in companies, now all separated, some by distance, some by death, some by harsh and bitter feelings. Still as we look the whole scene rises again like a dream from the mist: we can almost scent the hot cakes from "Bennett's," with which we always came provided for luncheon. We hear the musical ring of the skates; very far above us we hear the quarcck, quarcck, quarcck of the ducks as they pass, and then the scene changes: darkness falls, a big chill moon gazes down on the silent place, and in the night the frost gives, and we look upon quite a sea of waters when we open our blinds and come to see what manner of day it is.

Perhaps one of the greatest claims about our cottage is the fact that the interests around it seem ever changing, and that we come or go as it seems best to us. If we have the heath in front, is there not just at our back a wondrous silent wood, where we come yet again on another pond? In this one there are no birds, but if we lean over the bridge carefully, we can watch quantities of fish, small ones or big, that attract otters, who have literally made for themselves a pathway worn in the rough grass, as they come with a wonderful regularity to feed at morning and evening on any fish that they can catch, sometimes themselves being way-



laid and killed because of the harm they do, and also because of the beautiful soft coat they wear, and which we long to possess for our own adornment. Here, too, is the real work of our gamekeeper carried on, for in sundry well-watched, closely-guarded corners he raises his many pheasants and partridges, assiduously tending them until they are old enough to do for themselves; when they are turned out in a vain attempt to render them a little less like the barn-door fowls who have brought them up and cannot quite make out some of their peculiarities. On the boughs of some of the trees in the wood can be occasionally seen dummy pheasants, so extremely unlike life and so very wooden in their appearance, that we cannot understand how it is that they are able to deceive such cute hands as the poachers are; but they do—perhaps owing to the darkness of the night and the consciousness of their evil actions—and often a shot at one of these effigies brings the keeper down upon the poacher before he has got over his astonishment at seeing the bird still erect on his perch after receiving a good charge into his wooden body.

But the gamekeeper's children lead us away from the birds and show us many a secret storehouse of flowers that we might perchance have otherwise passed by; we climb a mossy dell, covered thick in last year's leaves, and where anemones lift up their wan, white faces abundantly, and the bolder hyacinth spreads his spear-like foliage, that often enough comes up with a dead leaf struck through his leaf, which he wears like a curious single necklace; and we lean over and look suddenly down into the home of the daffodils. Never in any corner of England, surely, do these graceful flowers abound and flourish as they do here, and it is worth quite a journey to see them, in their own native place, as we see them in our wood, more especially if a soft south-west wind is rioting along, driving the clouds over the sky, and giving a wonderful chequered effect as their shadows are thrown over the dancing golden flowers at our feet.

Only watch them sway first this way and now that; is it not like a fairy court, bowing as the queen passes, invisible to all eyes save their own? First the deep yellow of the outer dress is apparent; then the primrose-hued petticoat is displayed just a little, and all the time we are impressed by the notion that the flowers enjoy as much as we do the lovely spring weather and the sense of life and growing bigger that they are experiencing;

so exhilarating are their movements, so full of joy and innocent delight are their graceful forms! Under yonder hedge grow white, beautiful violets, that would never have been seen had they not thrown out such a powerful scent as we pass; and then we have cowslips and oxlips with which to fill our baskets, that in turn give place to the somewhat proud and supercilious foxgloves, that the children call "poppies," because they pop loudly when blown into, and which they firmly believe are worn by the foxes as paw-coverings, and they look vindictively at the earth in the wood, where, at early dawn, glimpses can be got of mamma fox playing with her cubs, and enjoying mightily some of the chickens that she may have stolen from our cottage hen-yard only the night before.

It is astonishing how much our children know of bird and beast and flowers. Living always as they do far from other human interests, they are thrown on nature's help alone for any amusements they may obtain.

The boys very rarely go very far from home. A gamekeeper is born, not made, and once the love of the country is fairly engraved on the soul of a boy, it is useless to try and turn his mind from the land, for he will never be fit for anything beyond it, but will only make a very indifferent anything else than a worker at the occupation to which he was born and in which he was brought up.

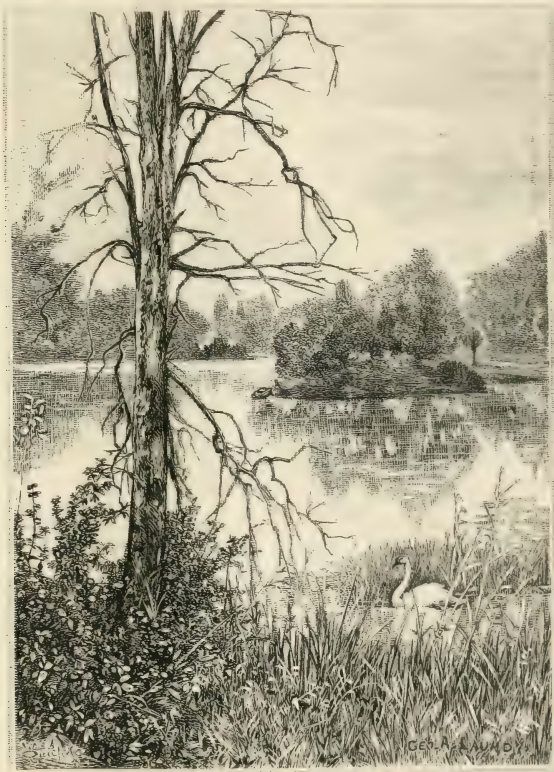
It is astonishing what power inanimate things obtain over the mind of man; once fall in love with the sea, and what can ever replace it in our hearts? Nothing. It is for ever calling us; through the calm of a summer night we hear it above every other quiet sound; in the winter we picture it to ourselves in its thousand and one moods; and after being apart from it for any length of time, it is only the veriest shame that prevents us casting ourselves on the sand and touching the waves as they come towards us, so glad are we to know we can see its beautiful face again. It is the most perfect of companions, and never palls; but it is a subtle creature too, and so possesses itself of our inmost soul that we are never really happy unless we are within reach of the truest and most sympathizing friend we possess.

This, too, extends itself to some natures to the land. None can understand it perhaps who has not experienced it; but it entirely accounts for the way in which, year after year, farmers persistently lose money, simply because fields and pastures that they have

known from their youth are more to them, have more to give them of perfect happiness, than riches and plenty have among houses and in cities or in countries that they do not know.

Autumn is coming to our cottage near the wood; the leaves are beginning to change. Early in the morning dew lies heavily on the great sunflowers by the door, and drenches

us as we put aside the wide-mouthed monthly roses round the porch. Presently the trees will be bare, and we shall be able to see the lake behind us, with the swan lazily resting among the brown, harmonious reeds; the tiny island will gleam golden in the thin pale sunshine. Our friend the keeper will be busy from morning until night with the dogs and guns and the big parties from the



squire. Another daughter is going to service in the little town over the moor, where the big grey square tower of the church is apparent as we stand on the well-whitened doorstep taking a last look at the lovely view before us. And winter will soon be coming too; yet as we turn our back on our cottage we know that seasons come, each bearing their own appointed work in their arms for our comfort and occupation, and that, return

when we may—and may it be soon—we shall find all this much as we leave it to-day. True, the keeper may be changed individually, but still some keeper will be there. Nature, ever young and beautiful, will still have pictures to display to us. Nay, if we never go there again, what would it matter? We should still know that, whatever happened, we still possess, still must always possess, our cottage near a wood.

MANASSEH BEN ISRAEL.

Printer and Patriot.

WHEN the prophet of the Hebrews, some six-and-twenty hundred years ago, thundered forth his stirring "Go through! go through the gates! prepare a way, lift up a standard for the people!" it may, without irreverence, be doubted if he foresaw how literally his charge would be fulfilled by one of his own race in the seventeenth century of the Christian era. The story of how it was done may perhaps be worth retelling, since many subjects of lesser moment have found more chroniclers.

It was in 1290 that gates, which in England had long been ominously creaking on their hinges, were deliberately swung to, and bolted and barred by Church and State on the unhappy Jews, who on that bleak November day stood shivering along the coast. "Thy waves and thy billows have passed over me" must have lost in tender allegory and gained some added force of literalness that wintry afternoon. Scarce any of the descendants of that exodus can have had share in the return. Of such of the refugees as reached the opposite ports few found foothold, and fewer still asylum. The most, and perhaps they were the most fortunate of the fifteen thousand, were quick in gaining foreign graves. Those who made for the nearest neighbouring shores of France, forgetful, or perhaps ignorant, of the recent experiences of their French brethren under Philip Augustus, lived on to earn a like knowledge for themselves, and to undergo, a few years later, another expulsion under Philip the Fair. Over the German States the Imperial eagle of Rome no longer brooded, now to protect and now to prey on its victims; the struggle between the free cities and the multitudinous petty princelings was working to its climax, but whether at bitter strife, or whether pausing for a brief while to recruit their powers, landgrave and burgher, on one subject, were always of one mind. To plunder at need or to persecute at leisure, Jews were held to be handy and fair game for either side.

Far northward or far southward that ragged English mob were hardly fit to travel. Some remnant, perhaps, made effort to reach the semi-barbarous settlements in Russia and Poland, but few can have been sanguine enough to set out for distant Spain in hope of a welcome but rarely accorded to such very poor relations. And even in the Peninsula the security which the Jews had hitherto

experienced had by this date received several severe shocks. Two centuries later and the tide of civilisation had rolled definitely and drearily back on the soil which Jews had largely helped to cultivate, and left it bare. Yet a little longer and Portugal, become a province of Spain, had followed the cruel fashions of its suzerain, and by the close of the sixteenth century a new settlement of the dispossessed Spanish and Portuguese Jews had been formed in Holland, and Amsterdam was growing into a strange Dutch likeness of a new Jerusalem.

Holland alone among the nations at this period gave a welcome to all citizens in the spirit of Virgil's famous line, "*Tros Rutuluse fuat, nullo discrimine habeo.*" And the refugees, who at this date claimed the hospitality of the States, were of a sort to make the Dutch in love with their own unfashionable virtue of religious tolerance. Under Moorish sway, for centuries, commerce had been but one of the pursuits open to the Jews and followed by the Jews of the Peninsula, and thus it was a crowd, not of financiers and traders only or chiefly, but of cultivated scholars, physicians, statesmen, and landowners, whom Catholic bigotry sent from those shores. The thin disguise of new Christians was soon thrown off by these Jews, and they became to real Christians, to such men as Vossius and Caspar Barlaeus, who welcomed them and made friends of them, a revelation of Judaism.

It was after the great *auto-da-fé* of January, 1605, that Joseph ben Israel, with a host of other Jews, broken in health and broken in fortune, left the land which bigotry and persecution had made hideous to them, and joined the peaceful and prosperous settlement in Amsterdam. The youngest of ben Israel's transplanted family was the year-old Manasseh, who had been born a few months before their flight, in Lisbon. He seems to have been from the first a promising and intelligent lad, and his tutor, one Isaac Uziel, who was a minister of the congregation, and a somewhat famous mathematician and physician to boot, formed a high opinion of his abilities. He did not, however, live to see them verified; when Manasseh was but eighteen the Rabbi died, and his clever pupil was thought worthy to be appointed to the vacated office. It was an honoured and an honourable, but scarcely a lucrative

post, to which Manasseh thus succeeded, and the problem of living soon became further complicated by an early marriage and a young family. Manasseh had to cast about him for supplementary means of support, and he presently found it in the establishment of a printing press. Whether the type gave impetus to the pen, or whether the pen had inspired the idea of the press, is hard to decide; but it is, at least, certain that before he was twenty-five, Manasseh had found congenial work and plenty of it. He taught and he preached, and both in the school-room and in the pulpit he was useful and effective, but it was in his library that he felt really happy and at home. Manasseh was a born scholar and an omnivorous reader, bound to develop into a prolific, if not a profound writer. The work which first established his fame bears traces of this, and is, in point of fact, less of a composition than a compilation. The first part of this book, "The Conciliator," was published in 1632, after five years' labour had been expended on it, and it is computed to contain quotations from, or references to, over 200 Hebrew, and 50 Latin and Greek authors. Its object was to harmonise (*conciliador*) conflicting passages in the Pentateuch, and it was written in Spanish, although it could have been composed with equal facility in any one of half-a-dozen other languages, for Manasseh was a most accomplished linguist.

Although not the first book which was issued from his press, for a completely edited prayer-book and a Hebrew grammar had been published in 1627, "The Conciliator" was the first work that attracted the attention of the learned world to the Amsterdam Rabbi. Manasseh had the advantage of literary connections of his own, through his wife, who was a great-granddaughter of Abarbanel—that same Isaac Abarbanel, the scholar and patriot, who in 1490 headed the deputation to Ferdinand and Isabella, which was so dramatically cut short by Torquemada.

Like "The Conciliator," all Manasseh's subsequent literary ventures met with ready appreciation, but with more appreciation, it would seem, than solid result, for his means appear to have been always insufficient for his modest wants, and in 1640 we find him seriously contemplating emigration to Brazil on a trading venture. Two members of his congregation, which, as a body, does not seem to have acted liberally towards him, came forward, however, at this crisis in his affairs, and conferred a benefit all round by establishing a college and appointing Manasseh the

principal, with an adequate salary. This ready use of some portion of their wealth has made the brothers Pereira more distinguished than for its possession. Still, it must not be inferred that Manasseh had been, up to this date, a friendless, if a somewhat impecunious student, only that, as is rather perhaps the wont of poor prophets in their own country, his admirers had had to come from the outer before they reached the inner circle. He had certainly achieved a European celebrity in the Republic of letters before his friends at Amsterdam had discovered much more than the fact that he printed very superior prayer-books. He had won over, amongst others, the prejudiced author of the "Law of Nations," to own him, a Jew, for a familiar friend, before some of the wealthier heads of his own congregation had claimed a like privilege, and Grotius, then Swedish ambassador at Paris, was actually writing to him and proffering friendly service, at the very time that the Amsterdam congregation were calmly receiving his enforced farewells. There was something of irony in the situation, but Manasseh, like Maimonides, had no littleness of disposition, no inflammable self-love quick to take fire; he loved his people truly enough to understand them and to make allowances, had even, perhaps, some humorous perception of the national obtuseness to native talent unarrayed in purple and fine linen, or until duly recognised by the wearers of such.

Set free, by the liberality of Abraham and Isaac Pereira, from the pressure of everyday cares, Manasseh again devoted himself to his books, and turned out a succession of treatises. History, Philosophy, Theology, he attacked them all in turn, and there is, perhaps, something besides rapidity of execution which suggests an idea of manufacture in most of his works. A treatise which he published about 1650, and which attracted very wide notice, significantly illustrated his rather fatal facility for ready writing. The treatise was entitled "The Hope of Israel," and sought to prove no less than that some aborigines in America, whose very existence was doubtful, were lineal descendants of the lost ten tribes. The Hope itself seems to have rested on no more solid foundation than a traveller's tale of savages met with in the wilds, who included something that sounded like the שמע (Shemarg*) in their vernacular. The story was quickly translated into several languages, but it was almost as quickly disproved, and Manasseh's deductions

* Short declaration of belief in Unity (Deut. vi. 4).

from it were subsequently rather roughly criticised. Truth to say, the accumulated stores of his mind were ground down and sifted and sown broadcast in somewhat careless and indigestible masses, and their general character gives an uncomfortable impression of machine-work rather than of hand-work. But the proportion of what he wrote was as nothing compared to what he contemplated writing. And perhaps those never-written books of his would have proved the most readable; he might have shown us himself, his wise, tolerant, enthusiastic self, in them. But instead we possess in his shelves on shelves of published compilations of dead men's minds, only duly labelled and catalogued selections from learned mummies.

The dream of his authorship was to compose a "Heroic History," a significant title which shadows forth the worthy record he would have delighted in compiling from Jewish annals. It is as well, perhaps, that the title is all we have of the work, for he was too good an idealist to prove a good historian. He cared too much and he knew too much, to write a reliable or a readable history of his people. To him, as to many of us, Robert Browning's words might be applied—

"So you saw yourself as you wished you were—
As you might have been, as you cannot be—
Earth here rebuked by Olympus there,
And grew content in your poor degree."*

He, at any rate, had good reason to grow "content in his degree," for he was destined to make an epoch in the "Heroic History," instead of being, as he "wished he were," the reciter, and probably the prosy reciter, of several. Certain it is that great scholar, successful preacher, and voluminous writer as was Manasseh ben Israel, it was not till he was fifty years old that he found his real vocation. He had felt at it for years, his books were more or less blind gropings after it, his friendships with the eminent and highly-placed personages of his time were all unconscious means to a conscious end, and his very character was a factor in his gradually formed purpose. His whole life had been an upholding of the "standard;" publicists who sneered at the ostentatious rich Jew, priests who railed at the degraded poor Jew, were each bound to recognise in Manasseh a Jew of another type: one poor yet self-respecting, sought after yet unostentatious, conservative yet cosmopolitan, learned yet undogmatic. They might question if this Amsterdam Rabbi were *sui generis*, but they were at least willing to see

if he were in essentials what he claimed to be, fairly representative of the fairly treated members of his race. So the "way was prepared" by the "standard" being raised. Which, of the many long-closed gates, was to open for the people to pass through?

Manasseh looked around on Europe. He sought a safe and secure resting-place for the tribe of wandering foot and weary heart, where, no longer weary and wandering, they might cease to be "tribal." He sought a place where "protection" should not be given as a sordid bribe, nor conferred as a fickle favour, but claimed as an inalienable right to be shared in common with all law-abiding citizens. His thoughts turned for a while on Sweden, and there was some correspondence to that end with the young Queen Christina, but this failing, or falling through, his hopes were almost at once definitely directed towards England. It was a wise selection and a happy one, and the course of events, and the time and the temper of the people seemed all upon his side. The faithless Stuart king had but lately expiated his hateful, harmful weakness on the scaffold, and sentiment was far as yet from setting the nimbus of saint and martyr on his handsome, treacherous head. The echoes of John Hampden's brave voice seemed still vibrating in the air, and Englishmen, but freshly reminded of their rights, were growing keen and eager in the scenting out of wrongs; quick to discover, and fierce to redress evils which had long lain rooted and rotting and unheeded. The pompous *insouciance* of the first Stuart king, the frivolous *insouciance* of the second, were being resented now in inevitable reaction; the court no longer led the fashion, the people had come to the front and were grown grimly, even grotesquely in earnest. The very fashion of speaking seems to have changed with the new need for strong, terse expression. Men greeted each other with old-fashioned Bible greetings; they named their children after those "great ones gone," or with even quainter effect in some simple selected Bible phrase; the very tones of the Prophets seemed to resound in Whitehall, and Englishmen to have become, in a wide unsensational sense, not men only of the sword, or of the plough, but men of the Book, and that Book the Bible. Liberty of conscience, equality before the law for all religious denominations, had been the unconditional demand of that wonderful army of Independents, and although the Catholics were the immediate cause and object of this appeal, yet Manasseh, watching events from

* "Old Pictures from Florence."

the calm standpoint of a keenly interested onlooker, thought he discerned in the listening attitude of the English Parliament, a favourable omen of the attention he desired to claim for his clients, since it was not alone for political, but for religious rights he meant to plead.

He did not, however, actually come to England till 1655, when the way had been already prepared by correspondence and petition for personal intercession. His "Hope of Israel" had been forwarded to Cromwell so early as 1650; petitions praying for the readmission of Jews to England with full rights of worship, of burial, and of commerce secured to them, had been laid before the Long and the Rump Parliament, and Manasseh had now in hand, and approaching completion, a less elaborate and more mis-pampered composition than usual, entitled "Vindiciæ Judæorum." A powerful and unexpected advocate of Jewish claims presently came forward in the person of Edward Nicholas, the private secretary of the Protector. This large-minded and enlightened gentleman had the courage to publish an elaborate appeal for, and defence of, the Jews, "the most honourable people in the world," as he styled them, "a people chosen by God and protected by God." The pamphlet was headed, "Apology for the Honourable Nation of the Jews and all the Sons of Israel," and Nicholas' arguments aroused no small amount of attention and discussion. It was even whispered that Cromwell had had a share in the authorship; but if this had been so, undoubtedly he who "stood bare, not cased in euphemistic coat of mail," but who "grappled like a giant, face to face, heart to heart, with the naked truth of things,"* would have unhesitatingly avowed it. His was not the sort of nature to shirk responsibilities nor to lack the courage of his opinions. There can be no doubt that, from first to last, Cromwell was strongly in favour of Jewish claims being allowed, and just as little doubt is there that there was never any tinge or taint of "secret favouring" about his sayings or his doings on the subject. The part, and all things considered the very unpopular part, he took in the subsequent debates, had, of course, to be accounted for by minds not quick to understand such simple motive power as justice, generosity, or sympathy, and both now and later the wildest accusations were levelled against the Protector. That he was, unsuspected, himself of Jewish descent, and had designs on the

long vacant Messiahship of his interesting kinsfolk, was not the most malignant, though it was perhaps among the most absurd of these tales. "The man is without a soul," writes Carlyle, "that can look into the great soul of a man, radiant with the splendours of very heaven, and see nothing there but the shadow of his own mean darkness."* There must have been, if this view be correct, a good many particularly materialistic bodies going about at that epoch in English history when the Protector of England took upon himself the unpopular burden of being also the Protector of the Jews.

There had been some opposition on the part of his family to overcome, some tender timid forebodings, which events subsequently justified, to dispel, before Manasseh was free to set out for England, but in the late autumn of 1655† we find him with two or three companions safely settled in lodgings in the Strand. An address to the Protector was personally presented by Manasseh, whilst a more detailed declaration to the Commonwealth was simultaneously published. Very remarkable are both these documents. Neither in the personal petition to Cromwell, nor in the more elaborate argument addressed to the Parliament, is there the slightest approach to the *ad misericordiam* style. The whole case is stated with dignity, and pleaded without passion, and throughout justice rather than favour forms the staple of the demand. The "clemency" and "high-mindedness" of Cromwell are certainly taken for granted, but equally is assumed the worthiness of the clients who make an appeal to these qualities. Manasseh makes also a strong point of the Profit, which the Jews are likely to prove to their hosts, naively recognising the fact that "Profit is a most powerful motive which all the world prefers above all other things;" and "therefore dealing with that point first." He dwells on the "ability," and "industry," and "natural instinct" of the Jews for "merchandizing," and for "contributing new inventions," which extra aptitude, in a somewhat optimistic spirit, he moralizes, may have been given to them for their "protection in their wanderings," since "wheresoever they go to dwell, there presently the traffic begins to flourish."

Read in the light of some recent literature, one or two of Manasseh's arguments might almost be termed prophetic. Far-sighted, however, and wide-seeing as was our Amsterdam Rabbi, he could certainly not have fore-

* "Cromwell," vol. ii., p. 359.

† Some chroniclers fix it so early as 1653.

* "On Heroes," Lect. vi. "The hero as king," p. 342.

told that more than two hundred years later his race would be taunted in the same breath for being a "wandering" and "homeless tribe," and for remaining a "settled" and "parasitic" people in their adopted countries; yet are not such ingenious, and ungenerous, and inconsistent taunts answered by anticipations in the following paragraph?—

"The love that men ordinarily bear to their own country, and the desire they have to end their lives where they had their beginning, is the cause that most strangers, having gotten riches where they are in a foreign land, are commonly taken in a desire to return to their native soil, and there peaceably to enjoy their estate; so that as they were a help to the places where they lived and negotiated while they remained there, so when they depart from thence, they carry all away and spoil them of their wealth; transporting all into their own native country: but with the Jews, the case is farre different, for where the Jews are once kindly received, they make a firm resolution never to depart from thence, seeing they have no proper place of their own; and so they are always with their goods in the cities where they live, a perpetual benefit to all payments.*"

Manasseh goes on to quote Holy Writ, to show that to "seek for the peace," and to "pray for the peace of the city whither ye are led captive,"† was from remote times a loyal duty enjoined on Jews; and so he makes perhaps another point against that thorough-going historian of our day, who would have disposed of the People and the Book, the Jews and the Old Testament together, in the course of a magazine article. To prove that uncompromising loyalty has among Jews the added force of a religious obligation, Manasseh mentions the fact that the ruling dynasty is always prayed for by upstanding congregations in every Jewish place of worship, and he makes history give its evidence to show that this is no mere lip loyalty, but that the obligation has been over and over again faithfully fulfilled. He quotes numerous instances in proof of this; beginning from the time, 900 years B.C.E., when the Jerusalem Jews, High Priest at their head, went forth to defy Alexander, and to own staunch allegiance to discredited Darius, till those recent civil wars in Spain, when the Jews of Burgos manfully held that city against the conqueror, Henry of Transtamare, in defence of their conquered, but liege lord, Pedro.‡

Of all the simply silly slanders, such, for instance, as the kneading Passover biscuits with the blood of Christian children, from which his people had suffered, Manasseh disposes shortly, with brief and distinct denial; pertinently reminding Englishmen, however, that the like absurd accusations crop up in the

early history of the Church, when the "very same ancient scandalls was cast of old upon the innocent Christians."

With the more serious, because less absolutely untruthful charge of "usury," Manasseh deals as boldly, urging even no extenuating plea, but frankly admitting the practice to be "infamous." But characteristically, he proceeds to express an opinion, that "inasmuch as no man is bound to give his goods to another, so is he not bound to let it out but for his own occasions and profit," "only," and this he adds emphatically—

"It must be done with moderation, that the usury be not biting or exorbitant. . . . The sacred Scripture, which allows usury with him that is not of the same religion, forbids absolutely the robbing of all men, whatsoever religion they be of. In our law it is a greater sinne to rob or defraud a stranger, than if I did it to one of my owne profession; a Jew is bound to shew his charity to all men; he hath a precept, not to abhorre an Idumean or an Egyptian; and yet another, that he shall love and protect a stranger that comes to live in his land. If notwithstanding, there be some that do contrary to this, they do it not as Jewes simply but as wicked Jewes."

The Appeal made, as it could scarcely fail to do, a profound impression; an impression which was helped not a little by the presence and character of the pleader. And the whole question of the return of the Jews to England was presently submitted to the nation for its decision.

The clergy were dead against the measure, and, it is said, "raged like fanatics against the Jews as an accursed nation." And then it was that Cromwell, true to his highest convictions, stood up to speak in their defence. On the ground of policy, he temperately urged the desirability of adding thrifty, law-respecting, and enterprising citizens to the national stock; and on the higher ground of duty, he passionately pleaded the unpopular cause of religious and social toleration. He deprecated the principle that, the claims of morality being satisfied, any men or any body of men, on the score of race, of origin, or of religion ("tribal mark" had not at that date been suggested), should be excluded from full fellowship with other men. "I have never heard a man speak so splendidly in my life," is the recorded opinion of one of the audience, and it is a matter of intense regret that this famous speech of Cromwell's has not been preserved. Its eloquence, however, failed of effect, so far as its whole and immediate object was concerned. The gates were no more than shaken on their rusting hinges—not quite yet were the people freely to "pass through."

The decision of the Council of State was

* From "Declaration to the Commonwealth of England."

† Jeremiah, ch. xxix. 7.

‡ In 1369.

deferred, and some authorities even allege that it was presently pronounced against the readmission of the Jews to England. The known and avowed favour of the Protector sufficed, nevertheless, to induce the few Jews who had come with, or in the train of, Manasseh to remain, and others gradually, and by degrees, and without any especial notice being taken of them, ventured to follow. The creaking old gates were certainly ajar, and wider and wider they opened, and fainter and fainter, from friction of unrestrained intercourse, grew each dull rust and stain of prejudice till that good day, within living memories, when the barriers were definitely and altogether flung down. And on their ruins a new and healthy human growth sprang quickly up, "taking root downwards, and bearing fruit upwards," spreading wide enough in its vigorous luxuriance to cover up

all the old bad past. And by this time it has happily grown impervious to any wanton unfriendly touch which would thrust its kindly shade aside and once again lay those ugly ruins bare.

Manasseh, however, like so many of us, had to be content to sow seed which he was destined never to see ripen. His petitions were presented in 1655, his "*Vindiciæ Judæorum*" was completed and handed in some time in 1656, and in the early winter of 1657, on his journey homewards, he died. His mission had not fulfilled itself in the complete triumphant way he had hoped, but life "fulfils itself in many ways," and one part at any rate, perhaps the most important part of the Hebrew prophet's charge, had been both poetically and prosaically carried out by this seventeenth-century Dutch Jew. He had "lifted up a standard for his people."

KATIE MAGNUS.

"LET LOVE ABIDE."

In the gardens at Bramshill an ancient wedding-ring was dug up. The posy engraved upon it is, "Let love abide."

I SEE the house in dreams, and know the charm that haunts each silent room
Where Lely's beauties smile and glow, and triumph in immortal bloom;
And old dead loves and joys of yore come back to live their lives once more.

Deep in the ivy on the walls, the peacock sinks his purple breast;
The place is full of wild bird-calls, and pigeons coo themselves to rest,
While tunefully, through rush and brake, the streamlets trickle to the lake.

Across the long grey terrace sweeps the subtle scent of orange flowers,
And through the stately portal creeps a sigh from honeysuckle bowers,
To blend, in chambers dim and vast, with fainter sweets of summers past.

Do shadows of the days of old still linger in the garden ways?
Long hidden, deep beneath the mould, they found a ring of other days,
And faith, and hope, and memory cling about that simple wedding-ring.

It bears a posy quaint and sweet (and well the graven letters wear),
"Let love abide,"—the words are meet for those who pray love's endless prayer;
The old heart-language, sung or sighed, for ever speaks, "Let love abide."

Oh, noble mansion, proud and old, and beautiful in shade or shine,
Age after age your walls enfold the treasures of an ancient line!
And yet—let time take all the rest, if love abide, for love is best.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

THE LAW OF LIFE IN CHRIST JESUS.

BY THE REV. A. GOODRICH.

AMID the many shades of meaning in which the term law is used we may distinguish two—the legal and scientific. The legal meaning we have in such phrases as

"the laws of our country," in which the word law designates a rule set forth by authority and enforced by sanctions. The scientific meaning we have in such phrases as the "laws

of nature," in which the word law designates an observed order of facts, or a force regularly operating. Both meanings unite in the idea of regularity or uniformity.

A careful reading of the seventh and eighth chapters of the Epistle to the Romans will disclose the fact that the apostle, possibly unconsciously, used the term law in both these senses. When he speaks of the law of Moses he uses the term law manifestly in its legal sense. But when, *e.g.*, he says, "I find then a law, that when I would do good evil is present with me," he uses the word law in its scientific sense. There is no such utterance set forth by authority and enforced by sanctions, as when we would do good evil is present with us. But there is this order of facts constantly recurring. This presence of evil when we would do good is, in certain conditions, so much the established order, so much the regular succession of things, that we may call it a law. "For the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death;" in these words again we have the term law used in its scientific sense. It cannot be here used in its legal sense, for it was quite contrary to the apostle's thought to call the law of Moses a law of life, and, free as he was in speaking of the Mosaic law, he would never have spoken of it as a law of sin and death. The scientific meaning of the term law gives the sense of the passage. The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, *i.e.*, the regular order of facts which the spirit of life in Christ Jesus calls into existence, hath made me free from the law of sin and death, *i.e.*, the regular order of facts which the power of sin and death calls into existence. The higher supernatural force of the gospel, regularly operating in the direction of life, hath made me free from the lower force of sin, regularly operating in the direction of death. The higher law has subordinated the lower law.

The apostle thus puts forth the gospel as an instance of the great principle which holds all being in life and order, *viz.*, the operation of law and the subordination of the lower by the higher law. By this principle nature maintains its exquisite balance and beautiful order. Every drop of water is an example of certain chemical laws subordinating certain mechanical laws. Every plant and every animal maintain their being by the higher law of their life subordinating certain mechanical and chemical laws. Our civilisation advances only as we come to know the laws environing us, and become expert in adjusting and subordinating them so as to produce

new and useful results. The great triumph of civilisation, the steam-engine, be it in propelling the ship or speeding away with the train, is but a human combination of mechanical and dynamical laws, so as to subordinate and so far free the vessel or train from the first law of motion, or the *vis inertia* of matter. In like manner the spiritual life is maintained by the subordination of the lower law of sin by the higher law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus.

But to be more explicit. The earth revolving round the sun has, like all bodies revolving round a centre, a tendency to fly off from its centre, which doing it would go crashing through the heavens, destroying and being destroyed. But from the destructive power of this centrifugal force the earth is made free by the operation of another force, the centripetal, which draws the earth to its centre. The life of the earth is thus maintained by the subordination of one law to another. The tendency of man is to fly off from the orbit of duty to which God has appointed him, which to man as to the earth would be darkness and destruction to self and to others. But when man comes under the attracting power of Christ Jesus, the sun of righteousness, another force, the spirit of life, comes into regular operation in his being, subordinating his natural tendency, and keeping him in the appointed orbit of his being. "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made him free from the law of sin and death."

From this view of the Christian life some things follow. It is plain therefrom that the life in Christ Jesus is one of freedom from the law of sin: freedom not from the temptations to sin, not from being overtaken in the fault, but from the law of sin, the dominant, regular operation of sin. We so speak in analogous cases. A diseased man places himself under the care of the physician, who, contriving to bring certain laws of healing into play, makes the man free from the law of disease and death. The man, it is known, is still very feeble, he is subject now and then to twinges of pain, perhaps he is attacked by slight forms of the disease, nevertheless, the disease being arrested, and the order of health being operative within him, so that in due time he will be perfectly healthy, he is rightly pronounced to be cured, freed, in this particular, from the law of disease and death. So, though in the soul of man, animated by the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, there is a painful weakness in the attainment of spiritual graces; though by temptation from within or

from without, he may be overtaken in the fault, the man nevertheless, his mortal disease being arrested, and the forces of spiritual health being in regular play within him, is free from the law of sin and death. In due time, through the operation of the law of life, he will be absolutely free from all spiritual weakness, and presented faultless before the presence of Christ's glory; he will for evermore do the will of the Father with the ease and completeness of perfect spiritual health and strength.

It also follows from the view before us, that the life in Christ Jesus is most orderly. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, so is every one that is born of the Spirit." "Having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of His will." From these and similar passages, some have drawn inferences contrary to the view of the Christian life now before us. They have spoken of God's working in the kingdom of peace as irregular and capricious. They have confounded sovereignty with arbitrariness, the good pleasure of God's will with caprice. This confusion of thought has involved them in serious practical error, such as standing outside the kingdom, waiting for some great sermon, or some exciting service, or some unusual experience, or some wondrous wave of spiritual influence which should bear them irresistibly into the kingdom. The view of the Christian life as the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, rebukes all such. This view is not opposed to those Scriptures which teach that the life in Christ is supernatural, mysterious, sovereign; but from the life in Christ Jesus it does vigorously exclude the notions of caprice and irregularity. Surely the kingdom of grace is no less orderly than the kingdom of nature. In both there is the wind that bloweth where it listeth, there are phenomena whose law is not yet known by us, but that those phenomena have their law, that the wind, *e.g.*, in both kingdoms has its law, few will deny. There is a uniformity of order, a regularity of sequence in the kingdom of grace as well as in the kingdom of nature. If in either we would win the crown, we must strive lawfully. If in either we would be freed from the law of death, it must be by the operation of the law of life. If we would become men in Christ Jesus, healthy and vigorous, we must breathe a pure atmosphere of prayer, we must feed daily upon the bread of life, we must take liberal exercise in good works. If we neglect these laws, our spiritual man can no more be healthy and vigorous

than can our physical man if we fail to breathe a pure atmosphere and to eat wholesome food. Delivered from the law of Moses, we are thus in deepest, divinest sense under law. "Our gospel establishes law." "It is the perfect law of liberty." It is the "law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus" freeing us from "the law of sin and death."

And because the life in Christ Jesus is thus under law, it is most secure and serene. If our life in Christ were in any measure subject to caprice, how could we have any sense of security? I once heard a scientific friend speak in the praises of science something like the following:—When in the pursuit of science, I see that the infinitely complex phenomena of nature are held and ruled by laws invariable in their operation; when I see that even sets of phenomena, which at first sight appeared most irregular, are found upon closer observation to be also under law; when I observe how surely and exactly, without one hair's breadth of deviation, the same phenomena are repeated under the same circumstances; when thus I see order, uniformity, invariability in all the workings of nature, I have great calm and confidence, for the element of chance, a constant source of fear, is eliminated. This witness is true: there is indeed a peace coming from the knowledge of the divine order of nature, especially when we recognise in the laws of nature, not the operation of an impersonal force, but the regular working of the Heavenly Father, who works in the same way all through the ages, because what He has once done has been best done and cannot be amended, and so in the same circumstances must it again and again and yet again be repeated.

Now we have seen that the apostle in speaking of the Christian life as the law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, uses the term law according to scientific usage, for uniformity of operation. After the manner, therefore, of the scientific friend we may say: When we observe that all through the Christian ages the invariable result of a soul being united by a living faith to Jesus Christ, is its receiving the forgiveness of sins and the spirit of life; when we also observe that this spirit of life in the soul of men ever works most uniformly in the direction of freeing the soul from sin and death; when we still further observe that this spirit of life works in the soul with ever-increasing power, slowly and with some checks, it may be, yet surely and persistently taking deeper and yet deeper hold of the being; when we thus observe

uniformity, continuity in the workings of God's grace, we also have calm and confidence, for the element of chance, a constant source of fear, is eliminated from our spiritual life. We have a very blessed sense of security and serenity. We now see that it is contrary to law that he that believeth should perish, and according to law that he that believeth should have everlasting life; contrary to law that sin should reign over him that hath the spirit of life, and according to law that he that hath the spirit of life should abide for ever. "Sin shall not have dominion over you, for ye are not under law but under grace," said the apostle, meaning by law the Mosaic law. But using the term law in the sense before us, we may say, Sin shall not have dominion over you, for in the deepest, divinest sense ye are under law, because under grace.

From the view of the Christian life before us, it follows also that union with Christ is absolutely necessary unto life. The law of the spirit of life is in Christ Jesus. Imagine a circle—that circle, however, is vaster far than most imagine—filled with the grace and truth, the spirit and power of Christ Jesus. It is only within this circle that the law of the spirit-life exists and operates. If a person will stand outside this circle, as every one does who rejects Christ's truth and grace, he stands outside the sweep of the blessed law of life, and how can he live? If a person enter the circle, as every one does in the measure in which he receives the truth and grace of Christ, he comes under the power of the law of life, and how can he die? This

requirement of faith in Christ Jesus in order to our coming under the power of the law of the spirit of life, is no requirement which may or may not be dispensed with; it is no clever expedient or happy thought to meet an emergency. It is a law existent in and flowing out of the very nature of the case, just as it is a law that we have physical life only as we dwell in and breathe the atmosphere. Death to the unbeliever is not an arbitrary penalty; it is a direct consequent, a necessary effect of his unbelief. If we entertain the hope of the salvation of the righteous pagan, it is because either in this life they discerned and received the truth with which Christ Jesus identified himself, when he said, "I am the truth," or because in the world to come the truth is preached to and received by such spirits in prison. He who believes in the ultimate salvation of every individual soul, misses, it seems, the significance of many facts, but he appreciates the order of facts or law that binds salvation to the soul's union with Christ, since he affirms that every soul will be saved, because all who do not here, will hereafter receive Christ Jesus. The law of life being thus inseparable from Christ, God is not harsh or severe in publishing the word, which really exists whether He publish it or not, "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life." The promise and the warning are both of the gospel. As says Browning—

"I spoke as I saw,
I report as a man may of God's work—all's Love, yet all's Law."

LIFE AND LETTERS BY THE SEA-SIDE.

BY "SHIRLEY."

III.—THE QUEST FOR THE OSMUNDA.

I COULD not help asking myself, as I mounted the hillside this morning—Is it possible that life can be more perfect anywhere than it is among these Western Islands during the summer and autumn months? I am staying at a little inn which looks out across the stormy sound where the fugitive Bruce was driven by stress of weather into his enemy's stronghold—as we learn from that altogether delightful and authentic history, "The Lord of the Isles." We have been recently assured by Mr. Matthew Arnold that Sir Walter's poem is not poetry, and that it is only old-fashioned people without any ear for music who can admire the jingle of his rough-and-ready rhymes. Surely, this is the merest fatuity of criticism. I am certain

at least that every yachtsman and fisherman will tell us that the run from Skye to Arran in the Fourth Canto is one of the breeziest bits of writing in the language; that nowhere else has the joy and gladness and sparkling merriment of "Old Ocean" been more rhythmically rendered. And I should like to know where we shall find stronger and more dramatic action than at the interview in the old castle over yonder, between the aged Abbot of Iona and the outlawed king:—

"De Bruce, thy sacrilegious blow
Hath at God's altar slain thy foe,—
O'ermastered yet by high behest,
I bless thee, and thou shalt be blest!"

We had our trout rods with us; but fishing was only a subordinate and incidental sport to-day; we were in quest of nobler game.

The old Ross-shire shepherd had solemnly assured us while we were smoking a pipe in the harness-room the day before (it was a wild day of wind and rain, and we had turned the harness-room into a smoking-room *pro temp.*), that the great Osmunda Regalis was to be found in profusion within five miles of the inn door. There was a stream in the heart of the hills along which it grew in thickets—as high as a man's head, he said. His directions were rather indefinite, and his Gaelic abnormally vague; but we could not doubt that somewhere among the hills round about—two feet, or four feet, or six feet high—the Royal Fern was to be found. To some of us the news that this noble plant, which in a few years will be as rare as the Great Auk, if not as extinct as the Dodo, might be seen in a state of nature within easy walking distance, was great news, and caused such a thrill of excitement as the discovery of a big nugget causes to a colony of Australian or Californian diggers. In this age of grandmotherly legislation, when the Home Secretary has become a sort of head nurse, and we are drilled without mercy or pity into virtue and happiness, I am astonished that a Bill to protect wild flowers, and to punish their unscrupulous enemies, has not been thought of. There is a statute for the protection of wild birds; and, between ourselves, wild birds are by no means so innocent as wild flowers. Gulls, solan geese, herons, and various other sea and water fowl have prodigious appetites, and when they get among a shoal of young fry work wholesale havoc. Still the Act is a good one—only I should like to see it extended. The brute who shot the last Great Auk on our coast cannot have been more hopelessly wicked than the wretches who extirpated the Killarney fern. The bones of the Great Auk may still be seen in our museums (the skeleton is as costly a rarity as an Aldine or an Elzevir); but what a splendid fellow he must have been in the water—through which he could dive with the ease that a swallow wings its way through the air! It is a thousand pities that the Act for the Protection of Wild Birds came a few years too late, and after he had been finally worried out of existence. But unless some such Act as I suggest is speedily passed, we shall be familiar with the Osmunda and its kindred only as we are familiar with the Great Auk and the Dodo. The poacher who is found on the public highway with a hare or a pheasant up his coat-sleeve is sharply punished—as he deserves to be, no doubt; but the rascal who

has stolen the only root of *Woodsia hyperborea* in a county escapes scot-free. What is a hare or a pheasant more or less in comparison with a crested lastrea or a plant of *Cystopteris montana*? When we nationalise the land we shall, I suppose, have neither deer nor hare, grouse nor pheasant; and when in addition we have cut down our last wild rose and uprooted our last fern, we shall have reached a dead level of dulness that cannot in any direction, it is to be hoped, prove obnoxious to republican simplicity.

In the meantime, however, in the remotest islands the Osmunda continues to flourish; and, inspired by the shepherd's narrative, we started this morning on a voyage of discovery.

The long sea-loch or fiord is, perhaps, the most attractive and characteristic feature of our Atlantic seaboard. Brilliantly blue, it winds among purple heather or greenest bracken. This is a bracken country—from the water edge to the hill-top we wade through a forest of fern. The turf beneath the wavy branches is short and sweet, and here the blue hare burrows and the curlew nests. The whaup, indeed, is the *genius loci*. Night by night, if we are wakeful, we hear its melancholy wail, a wail in which all the pathetic loneliness of solitary places finds voice.

"The wild buck bells from ferny brake,"

and the rabbits scuttle past our feet. Below us the water is enchantingly blue and breezy, and when we reach the summit the great Ben More range opens away to the Atlantic.

We keep to the hill-path that leads to the upper loch. It skirts the moor, crossing many a deep gorge where the burn leaps from ledge to ledge, and where, among birch and hazel bushes, and the red berries of the mountain ash, the pensive Lady Fern spreads fan-like her drooping fronds.

"Where the copsewood is the greenest,
Where the fountain glistens sheneest,
Where the morning dew lies longest,
There the Lady Fern grows strongest."

There are oak and beech and filmy ferns besides, and wonderful patches of green and yellow and orange moss; a black cock rushes up like a rocket; a spotted snake steals away among the stones; but we search in vain for the Osmunda. Has our shepherd, with his natural Gaelic affability, and Celtic anxiety to please, sent us on a wild-geese chase after all?

One of us knows of a perennial spring among the heather; and there, on a natural terrace that faces the cloud-capped Ben More, we lunch royally on whisky and oat-cake—a few marmalade sandwiches being provided for the weaker brethren. It is the

unexpected that always happens, says Lord Beaconsfield; and it is quite true that the big moments of life are not announced beforehand, or ushered in by any preliminary flourish of trumpets. There is no overture to our opera, no prologue to our play. When least looked for, what we had vainly and eagerly pursued steals quietly in. We had been on this very spot before, more than once; we were satisfied that no fern rarer than a marsh or a mountain lastrea was to be found in the neighbourhood; and all at once, as we sauntered about with pipe and cigar—lo the Osmunda! One or two dwarfish plants were growing along the open stream; but following them into the copse-wood which fringes the burn, where it dashes through a cleft in the hillside, we came upon it at last in all its glory. We had seen it at Muckross; we had seen it at Derreen; we had seen it at Oronsay; but we had never seen anything like this. As we picked our way up the slippery staircase it *fairly met above our heads*. In this inviolate solitude, where, since the creation of the world, it had probably never been disturbed, it had attained positively tree-like dimensions. It was possible now, as we gazed at the glorious sweep of its spreading branches, to understand the enthusiasm which it has roused. The poor Auk has left the world without ever an elegy; but even if the Osmunda should finally perish by the hands of miserable Cockneys, it has lived long enough for fame. It is enshrined in imperishable poetry, preserved in some of the most monumental verse that even Wordsworth has written.

“Flower or water-weed too fair,
Either to be divided from the place
On which it grew, or to be left alone
To its own beauty. Many such there are,
Fair ferns and flowers, and chiefly that tall fern,
So stately, of the queen Osmunda named;
Plant lovelier in its own retired abode
On Grassmere’s beach, than Naiad by the side
Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere,
Sole sitting by the shores of old romance.”

Think of that! Is not that Immortality? Was finer epitaph ever composed for poet’s Laura or Beatrice or Lycidas? What great general or statesman or orator would not be happy to be so commemorated?

“Ah,” said one of our party, who has a fancy for being in the minority, “I detest all your popular favourites. It seems to me that you are bewitched—the victims of some malign enchantment. What a spectacle at this very moment do we present to a scandalised and astonished universe! Our high Abbot of Unreason!—and the whole community, like a pack of frantic Mænads, dancing and piping and fiddling after him to

destruction! A mad world, my masters! But on this Osmunda question I go, as it happens, with the majority.”

Up till this moment the morning had been breathlessly calm, and even our most inveterate angler was content to leave his rod in its cover. But now clouds have gathered, and a fresh breeze is rising. The tempting change of weather is, of course, irresistible, and we clamber up the hillside to the loch. We are just in time. Scarcely has the boat been launched before the big trout begin to bite. We drift along the northern shore within a cast of the ivied rocks, which rise sheer from the water. Among the huge boulders which cover the bottom, and occasionally show above the surface, the sweetest and gamest of the loch trout lie. The breeze has risen to a gale, and delicate steering is required. But Angus knows his ground, and we work back and forward in first-rate style—at every second or third cast raising a good-sized trout, which, as often as not, swallows the fly (a Zulu is as deadly as any) with hungry avidity. An hour or two of such fishing in a wild Highland loch in a gale of wind (with an occasional sea-trout where the swollen stream enters the loch) is about as good a time as a modest-minded angler can desire.

Then we walk home in a beatified twilight—Angus being dispatched across the hill with some of the biggest fish—for these mountain trout should be cooked and eaten without delay. The homeward talk in the twilight turns, as is meet, upon trout and flies and ferns. Is a Zulu or a worm-fly the deadliest lure? Would Mr. Ruskin be good enough to supply a new classification for ferns as well as for flowers? Can anything be more absurd than the present system—which puts the beech and the oak and the common polypody together? Is the passion for ferns, like the passion for mountains, of modern growth? Was not the bracken once a sacred flower—regarded with a certain mysterious awe? Who is the old herbalist who declares that its root, boiled in oil, “makes very profitable ointments to heal wounds,” and is, moreover, “good for them that have ill spleens”? How much is fancy and how much is fact in the legend that on one night only of the year was its mystic seed made visible to mortals? And stay—is not this the very night when the miraculous vision was vouchsafed?

“But on St. John’s mysterious night,
Sacred to many a wizard spell,
The hour when, first to human sight,
Confest, the mystic fern seed fell.”

PASSING MORVEN.

July 31, 1883.

DOWN Mull's dark sound, from port to port,
The vessel holds upon her way:
From green Lochaline's wooded shore,
To yonder castle-crowned bay.

And silent, 'mid a motley throng
Of strangers, on her deck I stand:
Watching, with thoughts unutterable,
The glory of the gliding land.

O land of Morven! dearer far
To me than fairest spot of earth:
O land on which my eyes first looked,
The land that gave my fathers birth.

Scanning to-day thy winding shores,
Although as through a haze of tears,
I feel anew thy wondrous spell,
Rich heir-loom of a hundred years.

I see the kirk-crowned sward of Kiel,
The old grey cross against the sky:
The eastward-ordered grassy graves,
Where holy generations lie.

I seem to see in visions fair,
The summer Sundays long ago:
The little church—his kingly head
Stooping to pass its liatel low.

I hear the old, familiar sounds
That broke, but did not mar the calm:
The clear, sweet piping of the lark,
The plaintive cadence of the Psalm.

But past the shores of Achabeig,
By craggy Dhucraig—Achnahaw—
By Savary's beach and wooded knoll
We swiftly sweep, and nearer draw

To where, the midmost channel reached,
Blest Fuinary I behold once more:
The double gables, flanked with trees,
The gleaming arch above the door.

And ev'ry spot on which I gaze,
From sandy beach to cairn-topped Ben,
Islands and cottage, fields and burns,
Green Fingal's bill, the bridge, the glen:

All—all—to-day but speak to me,
Of that bright past for ever fled,
Of him whose presence haunts them all
A year past numbered with the dead.

Lo—the "Grey Isles!"—our paddles forge
Through rushing tides a track of foam,
The sullen shores of Mull are gained,
And I once more have lost my home.

JOHN MACLEOD.

MEN AND MOUNTAINS.

Short Chapters of Swiss History.

NO. I.

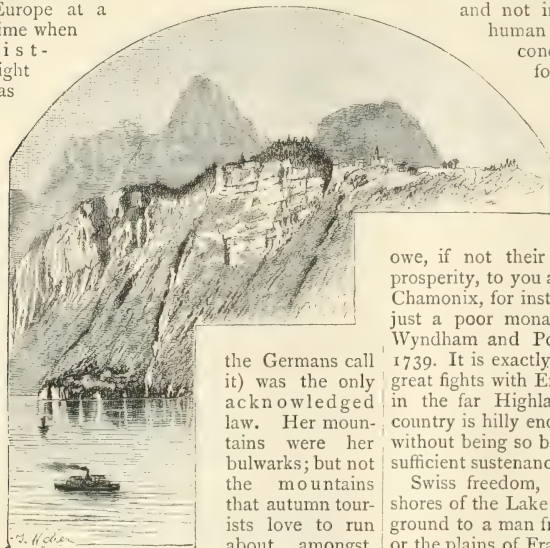
SOME years ago I fell into a crevasse on the Mer de Glace—not at all a place where such accidents usually occur. With me were my son, a pupil, and a guide; and we had foregathered with a pleasant party—a French gentleman, well known not only at Chamonix and Geneva, but in London, as a painter of Alpine scenery, his daughter, who had already been up Mont Blanc, a young lady friend of hers, and a *bonne*. The guide with the young men was a little ahead, I talking to the Frenchman came next, the girls were in the rear; when suddenly we heard a scream, and looking round saw only two girls gesticulating wildly. Of course we rushed back, and as I ran I saw the *bonne* apparently sinking into the earth. An instant more, and I was up to the hips in the same crevasse into which she had fallen. Fortunately, the snow was closely packed, and neither of us fell through into space: but in pulling

me out they gave my weak knee such a wrench that my mountaineering was over for that year; and from Chamonix I went by diligence to Geneva, and thence to Gersau. Here, during my enforced idleness, I amused myself with reading a big illustrated Swiss history of Switzerland. The result is given in the following pages.

Swiss history must always be interesting; and just now, when they tell us that Switzerland will be the battle-field in the next struggle between France and Germany, and may possibly at the end of that long-talked-of war be divided between those two powers and Italy, it is specially interesting to note why Burgundy, which was to have been a barrier between France and Germany, proved a failure. What a difference such a barrier would have made to the culture and progress of Europe!

Of course it is her mountains that built up

Switzerland into what she is, that enabled her to hold her own against fearful odds, and to become a power in Europe at a time when first-right (as



Opposite Grütli.

Grindelwald, or Zermatt, or Chamonix. "Peaks, passes, and glaciers" are very fine, and it is good to get as much of them as you can—they are such a thorough change from home; but Swiss independence was not nursed among them; it grew up, thousands of feet below the snow line, in the rich little valleys of Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden. Glaciers I like very much, but I like men better; and so, my mountaineering being stopped, I decided to end my tour with a few quiet days somewhere on the Lake of the Four Cantons, either at Lucerne itself, or at Gersau, which till 1817 was a little independent canton of some 1,500 souls, with a territory as big as St. James's Park (plus a slice of the mountain on each side); or at Brunnen, where Stauffacher was building the house that made Governor Gessler so angry; or at Sonnenberg, on the cliff above Grütli, where "the

the Germans call it) was the only acknowledged law. Her mountains were her bulwarks; but not the mountains that autumn tourists love to run about amongst. Swiss freedom owes nothing to

three" met and founded the Federation. All round the lake there are pleasant places, and every one has its history. It is there, and not in the Oberland, that the human interest of Switzerland is concentrated. Men won't fight for ice fields and moraines; even merry Swiss boys must have food; and remember, Mr. Tourist, that some of the places you so much admire—"villages with fields and houses close to the glacier's edge"—

owe, if not their existence, at least their prosperity, to you and those like you. Why, Chamonix, for instance, was barely known—just a poor monastery of Benedictines, till Wyndham and Pocock "discovered" it in 1739. It is exactly the same in Scotland; the great fights with England were fought not up in the far Highlands, but just where the country is hilly enough to help its defenders without being so barren as not to give them sufficient sustenance.

Swiss freedom, then, was cradled on the shores of the Lake of Lucerne. It is rough ground to a man fresh from the Lower Rhine or the plains of France; but it is not like the bare rocks and torrent-seamed marshes of the Valais. You may go for days without seeing a snow-peak, and for glaciers, you must get up the Rigi to have a look at them. Looking down from little Gersau towards Lucerne, I am always reminded of the Patterdale end of Derwentwater. It is not that the mountains are the same shape. Pilatus, who blocks up the Lucerne Lake, is like himself and none else. But leaving Pilatus out, the rest of my view has something Patterdaleish about it. What the other arm of the lake—the Uri branch, from Brunnen to Flüelen—answers to in England I cannot tell you. It is grander than anything we have to show. Imagine the highest part of the Clifton



Grütli.

rocks (higher, and with the Salisbury strata sometimes wildly contorted, sometimes carried along in narrow horizontal bands like courses of brickwork) continued for some three miles, with only one or two little gaps, where a few fields and a village and a torrent behind just manage to

find room. The Grütli side is the finer ; but, opposite, where Tell sprang ashore when they had cut his bonds that he might steer them in the storm, it is almost equally grand ; though man's works—the military road running on to the St. Gothard, which the Swiss made when the annexation of Savoy forced them to draw their different cantons together, and the new railway which is to meet that which runs through the St. Gothard tunnel—take off from its wildness.

But if you stay about the lake and care at all for Swiss history, you will be sure to go a little farther and see for yourself some of the famous battle-fields. Why, you cannot take the homeward line from Lucerne to Berne without passing Sempach ; you can hardly go from Zug to Schwytz without seeing the Egeri Lake, on which is the pass of Morgarten.

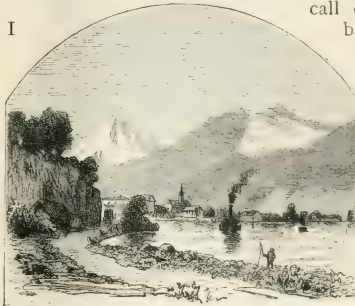
It is an old story, but I shall try to tell it again, picking a few new facts (new to me, and perhaps to some of you) out of the large volume of Swiss history, which has been my consolation during these rains.

Switzerland at the beginning of the fourteenth century (at least that part with which we are concerned) was under the Counts of Habsburg, ancestors of the present royal family of Austria. When we speak of its earliest inhabitants, we must not think of those Helvetii whom Cæsar so mercilessly cut up. They no doubt inhabited the more open parts—from Berne westward, for instance. Their pile villages and other remains are found abundantly in the great peat-bogs to the east of Bienne Lake. But Swiss archæologists are of opinion, from the absence of any traces of man, that great part of what I have called the cradle of Switzerland was uninhabited till near the close of the fifth century, when Alemanni, flying from the Franks, settled here and there where they found soil to till and water to drink. A century later Christianity was brought amongst them by Columbanus and Gallus (St. Gall), Irish missionaries, who seem in Switzerland to have had the same fancy for the most outlying places which their brethren of Iona had in the Highlands. This was long after there were bishoprics and fat monas-

teries at Chur in the Graubunden, at Geneva, and in the Valais ; and it is significant that Switzerland proper should have been Christianised not from these Welsh or Romance parts, but by men from a distance. Christianity in those days meant monasteries ; and very soon the great hermitage, Einsiedeln, arose, in rivalry of that named after St. Gall, as well as a crowd of lesser monasteries, which contrived to bring much of the neighbouring country into dependence on them. Contrived, did I say ? Nay ; those were days in which no little man or little place could stand alone, everybody for protection's sake made himself some stronger man's vassal ; and vassalage to an abbey was popular for two reasons—first, the monks were good landlords ; next, being

men of peace, they did not often call out their vassals to do battle for them. The Ger-

mans, however, were never so religious as the English or the Franks, and the Church never had so much power among them as it had elsewhere. Side by side with the monasteries grew up the nobles—many of them at first lay-stewards of some monastery ; and a good deal of Church land passed into their



Fluelen.

hands. The great kingdom of Burgundy, one of the fragments of Charlemagne's huge empire, though taking in Savoy and Western Switzerland, did not reach so far east as the Lake of Lucerne ; besides, great as it was for a time, it was re-absorbed into the German Empire less than a hundred and fifty years after its foundation. And, whether it was kingdom or empire, of course, from their position, these nobles were practically independent of it. Otho and other emperors might batter down the holds of robber-knights along Rhine and Danube, but they could not get at Kyburg and Lensberg and Regensburg and suchlike fastnesses. On the Wülpselberg, near Brugg, just where the Aar and Reuss meet, lay the ruins of the once-famous Roman settlement of Vindonissa ; the name is still preserved in the wretched village of Vindisch. The position is strong—the Romans had an eye to strategic positions ; and one Radbod, brother of Bishop Werner of Strasburg, thought he would build a castle there and become a

Count like the rest. He did so (in 1018), and named it Habsburg, the hawk's castle. His descendants were shrewd fellows, who managed to keep well with monks and peasants, while taking care to enrich themselves. One Rudolf, born in 1218, found himself, by conquests and intermarriages ("tu, felix Austria, nube" was true even then) heir to nearly all Eastern Switzerland. One of his last annexations was the Uetliberg, near Zurich, Freiherr Lüthold's stronghold. This Lüthold looked on Zurich as his natural prey. The Zurichers wanted to place themselves under his protection; but he replied: "My good fellows, you're in my hands already as completely as fishes are in a net. Let me see you trying to get out, that's all." So the Zurichers turned to him of Habsburg, and he undertook to be their liege-lord. Now Lüthold was a great hunter, and always went afield with twelve white horses and twelve white dogs, hunting boars and deer when he did not, for a change, take to harrying the Zurichers. So Rudolf prepared him likewise twelve white horses and twelve white dogs and, waiting till Lüthold had got well into the valley, rode up the Uetliberg pursued (by arrangement, of course) by a large body of Zurichers. The warders thought it was their master driven home by the justly-angered townsmen; they opened the gates, and Rudolf dashed in, followed indeed by the Zurichers—but not as enemies. Very soon after Rudolf was elected Emperor of Germany. He owed his election mainly to the Prince-bishop of Cologne, who had heard of

dying man, and who also, no doubt, had heard of his cleverness and prowess. His son, Albert (murdered at Königsfelden), was a very different character. Under him oppression thrived. His stewards (*Vögte*) Gessler at Altorf, Landenberg at Sarnen, &c., were cruel tyrants who prepared the land for revolt; so that the raising of the Habsburgs to the empire was indirectly the cause of Swiss freedom. Even a good emperor could not know all that went on in such out-of-the-way corners of the empire; and Albert was not a good emperor. Werner Stauffacher's new house was "the last feather on the camel's back." "Whose is this house?" asked Gessler in a rage. "It is my Lord's of Austria," was the meek reply; "I'm only tenant." "I don't mean peasants to build houses without my leave, just as if they were noblemen," snarled Gessler as he rode off. But Stauffacher's wife had heard it, and she cried: "Why, Werner, you don't mean to put up with that! When there's no justice to be had, one must help one's self. Have not you got any friends near, in Uri or Unterwalden? For God's sake go and look them up, and see what's to be done. What are you men of the mountain worth, if we mothers are to bring up our babies to be slaves to the foreigner?" So spake Margareta Herlobig, whom the Swiss to this day reverence as "the mother of the Federation." If it is your lot to be near by on Ascension Day, go to the little chapel on the Tellen-platte, and you'll be sure to hear all about her in the sermon that's preached there.

Of course, Stauffacher went off, and meeting with Walter Fürst, of Uri, and young Arnold von Melchthal, of Unterwalden, bemoaned with them the Austrian oppression, and they agreed to bring each ten sure friends to the Grütli, the smallest of the little gaps which I have described as lying between the cliffs round the Uri Lake. The thirty-three met at night, and swore "to be free like our fathers; to drive out the *Vögte* and their



Tell's Chapel.

his piety in giving up his horse to a poor priest who was carrying the Sacrament to a

men; but still to hold to the Empire, and not to rob the house of Habsburg of its posses-

sions." This was in December, 1307, and by New Year's Day the three Forest Cantons had thrown off the yoke; and, as Emperor Albert was murdered in 1308, they fortunately had time to consolidate their freedom.

Of Tell and his connection with the revolt I won't say anything. They tell us he is a "myth;" his arrow-story is found alike in old Iceland sagas and in tales still told among the Kirghiz. Mythical folks do get mixed up with true history; King Arthur is doubtful, but there is no doubt about the long struggle between Briton and Saxon with which his name is connected. Some say William Wallace is a myth; others, like Mr. Freeman, give us a Wallace so unlike him we used to believe in that we'd rather have none. The matter of Tell seems very uncertain; the chief fact in his favour is that the chapel was founded only one generation after the date given for his death. Myth or no myth, the Swiss have shown their regard for Schiller's drama by putting up in huge gold letters on the Wytenstein, an insulated crag at the opening of the Uri Lake, *Dem Saenger Tells die Urkantone*, 1859. The Empire now passed out of the Habsburgers' hands, and so, in 1315, it was Archduke Leopold (the Counts had risen in rank) who gathered a great army, not only off his own lands, but from Schaffhausen, Zug, Aargau, Lucerne, &c., and laid his plans for a simultaneous invasion of the Forest Cantons from three several points. "You're taking desperate pains to get in," remarked his court jester; "did it ever strike you to consider how you are to get out?" He himself, with the pick of his army, chose the pass between the Egeri Lake and the Morgarten Mountains, just the only one which the Confederates had never thought of defending. Happily for them, Henry of Hünoberg, leader of the Austrian advanced guard at Arth, shot an arrow into the Schwytz lines warning them to be at Morgarten on St. Othmar's day. There was barely time to get there; and the 600 Schwytzers, 300 Unter-

walden men, and 400 men of Uri, seemed such a handful against Leopold's 20,000.

Just beyond the frontier they were met by fifty banished Schwytzers who had begged to be al-

lowed to join in the expedition, but had been thrust aside with the reply: "Because danger threatens we must not, therefore, break our laws." These now did good service. They showed the enemy's whereabouts, and led the way to a vast pile of rocks and tree-trunks which they had made above the narrowest part of the pass. On came the Austrian host, all order lost, for only two knights could ride abreast, and the foot who formed the rear never tried to keep rank; when suddenly on the heads of the foremost it rained rocks and trees, and amid the wild confusion the fifty outlaws, quickly followed by the rest, rushed down the hillside, laying about them with bill-hook, axe, and that specially Swiss



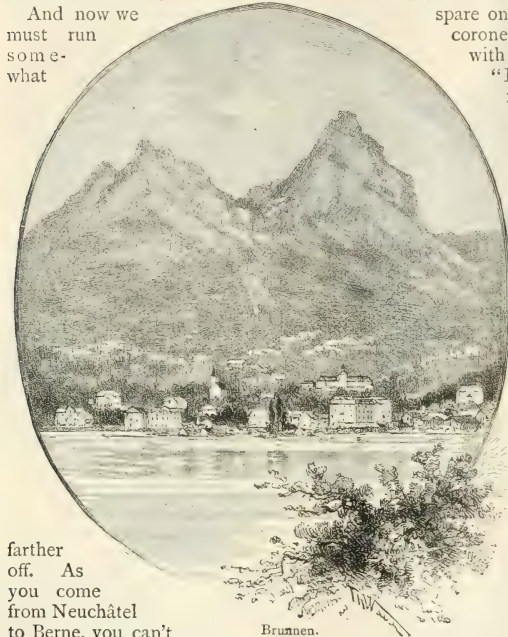
Schiller's Stone.

weapon, the "morning star." There was no escape, for their own foot blocked up the rear. Many dashed into the lake and were drowned; some dismounted and tried to run away up hill, but were easily overtaken by their nimble foes. About 1,500 knights and men-at-arms, the two Gesslers, and Landenberg among them, were slain, Leopold narrowly escaping. The Confederates only lost sixteen men. Of course the fifty were reinstated in their civic rights; and the Lucerners also, coming up a day too late to help their Archduke, got a severe beating from the Confederates.

Eighteen years later, Lucerne sought to join the Federation. The nobles round were indignant, and there was a strong Austrian party in the town who met one night at the Tailors' guildhouse and arranged to murder the chief of the opposite party. They caught a boy listening, and made him take an oath not to say a word to any living soul. The boy ran off to the Butchers' guild, and standing before the fireplace, cried: "O fireplace, fireplace, what a terrible business this is that I've got to tell you! I mustn't tell it to any living

soul, but do you hear it, and take pity on our poor town." The men who were drinking round thought he was mad, and were for kicking him out; but they soon saw the matter was serious, and, going to the *Schultheiss*, they got him and the townsfolk together and seized the Austrian sympathisers. It was made death from thenceforth for any Lucerner to attempt to sever his town from the Federation.

And now we
must run
some-
what



farther
off. As
you come
from Neuchâtel
to Berne, you can't
help seeing, at the head
of J. J. Rousseau's Bienne Lake, the castle of
Nydau. It is now a government salt-ware-
house, with "the bear" painted large on its
front, as if in mockery of its old lords, here-
ditary foes of the free city of Berne. For
Berne had from very early times been a free
imperial city, in close alliance with Solothurn
(Soleure), though it did not join the Federa-
tion till quite the middle of the fourteenth
century. Berne, I am sorry to say, was as en-
croaching and tyrannical as any noble. Free
cities can be tyrannical, I assure you. Up till
1798 it kept Aargau and Vaud in close subjec-
tion; and at the time of which I write (1339)
no wonder the Count of Nydau and his neigh-
bour lords took alarm. Some, like Erlach,
Count of Reichenbach and Spiez, made

themselves burghers of Berne, for the sake of
holding with the strongest. But the majority
took counsel, got allies out of Swabia, Savoy,
and Burgundy, and came on with 3,000 men-
at-arms and 15,000 foot, vowing to raze the
free city to the ground. Then Erlach
did a bold thing; coming to the lord of
Nydau he claimed, by the laws of chivalry,
the right to go and help his "fellow-town-
men." "Go," said Nydau. "I can well
spare one like you. Why, I've got 700
coroneted helmets and 1,200 knights
with me. What's one man to me?"

"I'll try to show you what one man
may be," said Erlach, and off he
went and was chosen general by
the Bernese. "I'll take the office
(said he) only on condition that
you free fellows obey me to the
letter." He posted his little
army (with the Solothurn
allies and 900 volunteers from
the Forest Cantons) on a hill
near Laupen, which little
place Nydau was besieging.
You see the ground, with the
white monument that marks
the fight, from the line
between Berne and Freiburg.
The volunteers begged to be
allowed to tackle the knights,
the Bernese were to fall on
the infantry. First they pelted
them well with stones, from
hand and sling; then Erlach
drove down among them a
number of iron-bound war-
chariots with scythes at their
wheels. These threw the whole
infantry into disorder; and
then one good charge put
them to flight. Meanwhile

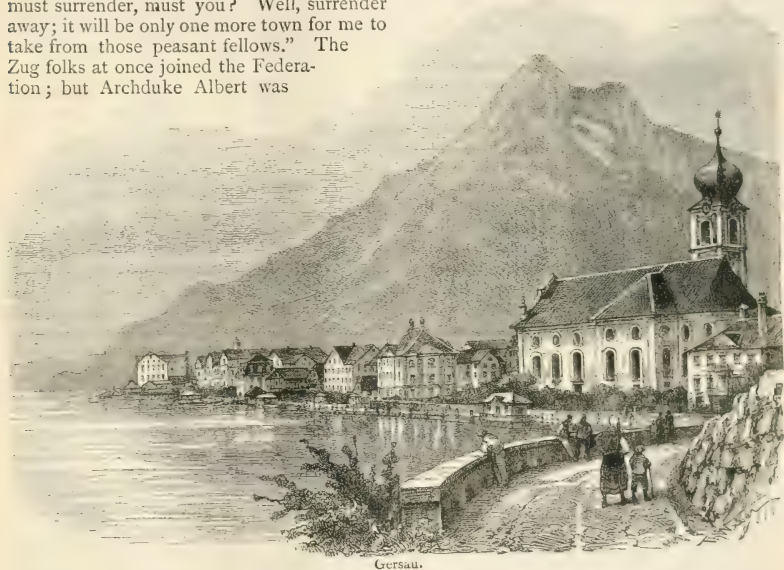
the Forest-men were hard pressed by the
knights; but when the Bernese came and
took them in the flank, banner after banner
went down, Nydau was killed, twenty-
one banners taken, and the mailed chivalry
were glad to get off as fast as they could.
Erlach came back triumphant; and, Wash-
ington-like, gave up his dictatorship next
day. This battle in the west over Burgun-
dians, forms a good pendant to Morgarten
in the east over Austria. It vastly increased
the power of Berne, which went on annexing
town after town, castle after castle; once very
nearly succeeding in conquering Freiburg.

With Laupen I may end the first of these
sketches of Swiss history; only adding that,
a few years after, Zug and Glarus both joined

the Federation. Zug, a strong Austrian arsenal, wanted to be faithful to its masters; and, hard pressed between Zurich and the Forest Cantons, sent to Archduke Albert to say it could only hold out a fortnight. Albert was talking to his falconer, and went on discussing his hawks whilst throwing in a word now and then to the envoys. "God help us, Lord Duke," said they, "if you think more of your birds than of us." "Oh, you must surrender, must you? Well, surrender away; it will be only one more town for me to take from those peasant fellows." The Zug folks at once joined the Federation; but Archduke Albert was

never able to recover either Zug or any other place from the peasant fellows.

I am sorry that Erlach came to a bad end. His daughter married a scapegrace, who some twenty years after the battle of Laupen came worrying to have his debts paid. The old man reproached him with his loose life, when the wretch took down Erlach's two-handed sword and cut him down with it. He then ran off



Gersau.

to the woods, and was never more heard of. How much luck there is, in families as in men. The Erlachs are still extant like the Habsburgs, but they never rose above simple counts; the present one lives in his castle of Spiez. If you go by boat from Thun to Interlaken, stop at Spiez, and lunch at the princely hotel, which the Count has built close to the water's edge. Better still, stay

there the night; get the beautiful evening glow on the Oberland range and walk next morning up the Niesen—a curiosity among mountains; for despite its height it has in summer (owing to its position, far away from glaciers), not a trace of snow. Its richness will remind you of what I said at the beginning, that glaciers do not breed heroes; such thrive best in the middle land, rich but not level.

HENRY STUART FAGAN.

THE POTATO DISEASE.

A Practical Study.

IN devoting a special paper to the subject of the Potato Disease, my hope is to be enabled to give a clear idea of its causes in language as little encumbered with technicalities as possible. Perhaps little further in reference to it than what is al-

ready known will ever be discovered. The main point is that this knowledge should become more widely diffused among farmers and agriculturists than is as yet the case. We might then expect more substantial practical results in crops much freer of dis-

case, perhaps ultimately almost clear of it. Every one must admit the importance of such a gain of food in a populous country. It is worth while making an effort to attain a result like that; and it lies with the farmers of the land to give effect in their systems of culture to those discoveries which have been made by scientific men as to the best means of restricting and preventing the disease. He who succeeds in saving food from destruction is as much a benefactor of the race as he who makes two grains of corn to grow where only one grew before.



Fig. 1.—Potato Mould, highly magnified.

ing on it, while whole hosts of insects attack it—Colorado beetles and the like. The disease is occasioned, however, by two distinct fungi of microscopic size; the one producing a spindle-shaped spore at the end of each minute thread that branches out into the air, the other characterized by knot-like swellings of these branches and roundish spores attached to the tips. Both work together in seeking to destroy the potato; but for all practical purposes we may regard the latter of these as the cause of the disease and restrict our remarks accordingly. This destructive parasite is known as *Peronospora infestans*. It is a minute kind of mould, having very fine root-like threads that run all through the interior of the leaves, haulms, and tubers of infected plants. These threads possess the power of destroying the starch and other substances in the tissues of the potato and using them for their own growth. Thus the potato is destroyed and the disease goes on. But, of course, this blight could not spread from plant to plant, from field to field, could not be found all over countries and continents, unless there was something more than these little threads creeping through the interior tissues of the potato. You are already aware that tiny branches are sent through the pores of the leaf into the air

Against a good man many shafts of envy and malice are levelled. Against a wholesome plant comes a whole army of plunderers. The potato has been specially unfortunate. About a dozen different parasitic plants have been described as prey-

ing on it, while whole hosts of insects attack it—Colorado beetles and the like. The disease is occasioned, however, by two distinct fungi of microscopic size; the one producing a spindle-shaped spore at the end of each minute thread that branches out into the air, the other characterized by knot-like swellings of these branches and roundish spores attached to the tips. Both work together in seeking to destroy the potato; but for all practical purposes we may regard the latter of these as the cause of the disease and restrict our remarks accordingly. This destructive parasite is known as *Peronospora infestans*. It is a minute kind of mould, having very fine root-like threads that run all through the interior of the leaves, haulms, and tubers of infected plants. These threads possess the power of destroying the starch and other substances in the tissues of the potato and using them for their own growth. Thus the potato is destroyed and the disease goes on. But, of course, this blight could not spread from plant to plant, from field to field, could not be found all over countries and continents, unless there was something more than these little threads creeping through the interior tissues of the potato. You are already aware that tiny branches are sent through the pores of the leaf into the air



Fig. 2.—Fruit produced at tips of Fungus.

- a* Mature fruit, inside which the mobile spores can be seen.
b Fruit that has burst and discharging the moving spores.
c Moving spore very much enlarged.

in GOOD WORDS of last November, in connection with the white rust on the cabbage. It swims about energetically in moisture like an animalcule for at least half an hour, when it quiets down, and if it has alighted on a potato leaf sends a little thread into that leaf and extends its destructive operations through the plant as in the case of the simple spore. In about eighteen hours these internal threads succeed in sending out branches into the air and perfecting fruit again at each tip. It will be readily understood from this how it comes that the disease spreads so rapidly. One square line of the under surface of a potato leaf is calculated to be capable of producing 3,270 fruits, each of these yielding at least six of the bodies with lash-like threads, so that we have 19,620 seeds from that one-eighth of an inch square. I think I have made it clear what countless myriads can be produced in this way from one single germ, and how it is that the disease goes on so rapidly. The spores are not only diffused in moisture, but are carried about by the wind for long distances in every direction. They are so small and so light and so numerous that they cannot fail to be disseminated in many ways. Mr. W. G. Smith, one of our greatest English authorities on this subject, who some years ago made in this connection a most important discovery, to which I shall refer immediately, says, with reference to the countless ways in which these spores are carried about:—"Suppose a fox or hare runs through a field of infected plants, and then goes off to non-infected districts, he will carry tens of thou-

sands of spores in his coat. Suppose a bird alights amongst infected potatoes, when that bird flies off he will carry tens of thousands of spores in his wings, and discharge them into the air as he sails over the country or the sea. The innumerable beetles, flies, moths, butterflies, and grubs found amongst potato plants commonly swarm with spores."

The brown spots on the potato haulm and leaf are produced by the little bodies with the lash-like threads. By placing a quantity of these in a drop of water on the leaves, stems, and tubers under an air-tight glass, the brown spots will be produced and the progress of the disease can be traced. The brown spots will not appear until the little bodies are brought into contact with the potato, thus showing that these do not result from the disease, but that they produce it.

But how are the germs of this destructive little plant preserved from year to year? Neither the simple spore nor the tiny moving bodies can be supposed to be able to survive the cold and wet of winter, and the delicate threads which they produce can hardly withstand onsets of weather which destroy the leaves and the haulms. Under favourable conditions these threads may live over the winter, and resume their activity with the return of milder weather; and some botanists have considered this sufficient to account for the survival of the fungus from year to year. But such prolonged life in the case of these threads is a rare occurrence, partaking more of the character of accident than of natural law. In the case of the wheat-mildew and the white cabbage-rust the existence of a "resting spore" was referred to, that is a spore constructed for the very purpose of surviving from season to season. It seemed reasonable to suppose that the potato mould was indebted to some similar mode of reproduction for its perennial continuance, but till 1875 no such resting spore had ever been observed in connection with it. In that year, however, a great flood of light was thrown on the whole subject through one of those fortunate accidents that are only turned to account by skilled and observant men. Early in that summer what was considered a new potato disease made its appearance. Mr. W. G. Smith's attention was directed to this circumstance, and his investigations led him to the conclusion that it was only the old enemy after all. A more important result of his inquiries was the discovery of the resting spores, and in fact the whole life-history of the peronospora. To become thoroughly acquainted with such a life-history is a great

victory in the struggle with the foe. A hope of ultimate triumph begins to dawn, nor does such a hope appear baseless when we consider what has been accomplished in other fields of research. For instance, the souring of wine, the turning of alcohol into vinegar, and the spoiling of vinegar itself were known to be occasioned by a minute fungus, and a remedy was found by one of the greatest of French scientific men, Pasteur. In other cases similar success has crowned human endeavour. Shall man be ever baffled and beaten by this potato mould—this tiny foe, the life-history of which he now knows so well? Better things are surely to be hoped of the race.

Mr. W. G. Smith discovered after long and careful investigations that two kinds of small



Fig. 3.—a Bladder-like bodies on the threads that run through the tissues of the potato plant.
b Mature resting spore. (Highly magnified.)

microscopic bladders make their appearance on the root-like threads that ramify through the interior of the diseased potato plant. These two kinds of bladders differ in size, the smaller one being equivalent in function with the stamens of a flowering plant, and the larger ones with the pistils. If one of the smaller bladders comes into contact with one of the larger, it sends out a very short tube, through which its contents are transferred into the other, and then it shrivels and perishes. This larger one now matures into a resting spore in the same way as the ovary of a flower becomes the perfect fruit. When this resting spore is ripe it separates from the delicate threadlets, and lies free among the cells of the tissue of the potato plant. These resting spores are not fugitive and unsubstantial bodies, like the spores produced at the tips of the flocculence on the leaf, but become at length dense, hard, dark, and covered with reticulated warts. You must recollect, however, that they are exceedingly small—only to be seen under a powerful microscope. The leaves and haulm of the potato decay during winter, but these resting spores survive, and are washed by the rains into the soil. When the proper season comes round they burst, expelling a number of moving spores, or germinate in the damp earth, or on any ordinary natural substance on which they

chance to rest, sending out threads, which produce simple spores and moving spores of the same kind as those on the ordinary flocculence of the diseased potato-leaf. It has been proved that they may be dormant for at least three years, and then wake up to their work. These resting spores are very abundant in the old exhausted seed potatoes in the autumn, at the time when the crop is lifted. They are equally common in decayed potato refuse. Farmers have often unwittingly done everything possible to facilitate the progress of the disease. Many of them, laudably desirous of making the most of

everything, have the haulms, decaying tubers, and other refuse of their potato crops removed to their manure heaps, where they rot and become manure. But the little resting spores do not rot; they lie quiet with all their vitality shut up in them till the spring, and when the farmer has his manure spread thick over his potato fields he is sowing broadcast myriads of these little germs, which will yet grow up in a mischievous crop. If he feeds his stock with unboiled diseased potatoes he is only taking another way of preserving the germs. Boiling destroys, however, the vitality of the resting spores. On the other



Fig. 4.—The Development of the Resting Spore of the Potato Fungus.

a Resting spore discharging bladder full of mobile spores. *b* Bladder breaking up. *c* Moving spores free. *d* "Energetic." *e* "Settling." *f* Germinating. *g* Germination of resting spore.

hand, if he allows the decaying haulms to lie about his fields the resting spores will be washed into the soil, and into ditches and drains, and such moist situations are especially favourable for their preservation and germination. It is thus of first importance that the diseased tubers given to cattle should always be thoroughly boiled, and the other refuse of potato fields effectually destroyed by burning. In this way the resting spores are killed. Further, as they have been proved to be able to survive for at least three years, potato crops should never be planted in the same ground unless at intervals of four or five years. If the farmer were to adopt these precautions he would at least have the consciousness that he had done his duty, and that, so far as lay with him, he had taken the

steps requisite to prevent disease. If all the farmers of the country were to adopt such precautions there can, I think, be little doubt that the disease would be greatly reduced, and would finally become, in all probability, nearly extinct. But all farmers are very unlikely to prove so wise. Many will stick with false conservatism to their old ways; many will be too wise in their own conceit to pay any attention to this nonsense—as they think it—about spores. Most of them will never read anything about the subject at all. The report of the select committee of the House of Commons on the potato crop was published in 1880, and is to be had at a very low price; yet among scores of farmers whom I have met since then I have only known one who possessed a copy. This is partly owing

no doubt to the difficulty in sifting the wheat from the chaff, in forming a correct estimate of the value or worthlessness of the opinions expressed. Without special knowledge one is apt to be bewildered by the conflicting evidence. Then the language used by scientific witnesses, simple as it may seem to them, becomes something like a hard nut to crack for practical farmers. There is besides the English horror of the man who farms by books, "and—then think of it—by parliamentary blue-books." I have striven hard to be plain, so that men without any special scientific knowledge may comprehend the facts. I shall now give shortly a few suggestions as to the cultivation of potatoes that may prove useful in checking the disease. I deal now not so much, it must be recollected, with ascertained facts as with probabilities that are worth testing.

In the first place it would seem that all varieties of the potato become more liable to attacks of the disease after cultivation for a number of years. The champion, for instance, has at present great disease-resisting powers; but in a few years it may be expected that it will lose this quality and become as subject to the attacks of the fungus as any other variety. It is hence of importance that new varieties should be introduced as much as possible, and that farmers should avail themselves of every opportunity of obtaining such raised from the true seed. Great care should further be exercised in the selection of the tubers for planting.

It is not by any means clear whether the planting of potatoes whole, or cut into sets, is preferable. The experience of practical men on this point would be very valuable. It has been recommended that when the potatoes are cut, the sets should be dusted over with dry quicklime in powder, or scorched on the surface with a hot iron; but it remains to be

seen whether this would prove of any considerable effect as a means of warding off the disease.

As many resting spores usually exist in ordinary farmyard manure, it seems a very objectionable system to plant potatoes directly on such manure, as thus everything is done to facilitate contact with the germs of the disease. It would appear to be better to have the manure thoroughly incorporated with the soil before the potatoes are planted.

To have the potatoes ripe early in the season seems to be an important matter. The spores of the fungus rarely appear before July or August, and to have the potatoes ripe before these spores, might serve to keep the crop clear of the disease. The fungus has its season of development, which in all probability depends on the weather, and not so much on the state of advancement of the potato. Varieties of potato that ripen early ought always to be preferred.

The storage of potatoes during winter has very rarely been properly attended to. They would be kept in a healthier condition, and thus be enabled to resist attacks of the disease, were they laid up in a cool and perfectly dry place, instead of being huddled into moist pits as is usually the case.

To sum up: to destroy the resting spores as effectually as possible, to choose the best and earliest varieties of potato, and to keep the seed tubers healthy during winter, are the main points to be aimed at. Were these properly attended to, the disease would in all likelihood dwindle to insignificance in a few years or disappear, perhaps not so mysteriously as it came, but at all events with satisfactory results in the increased production of food, with all the accompanying advantages that such a desirable consummation would bring to the farmer and the general community alike.

R. TURNER.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A Modern Romance.

By SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.—MARIANNE DUGDALE.

ANY faint hopes of amnesty which Iris might have entertained were extinguished, her face fell and was dyed with a crimson blush of shame and confusion, at the reception she met with from Marianne Dugdale. The young lady had been riding with some country companions who had turned up

in town, opportunely for her. She had come back almost simultaneously with her grandmother and Iris, so that Miss Dugdale was still standing in the hall, holding up her habit with one hand and releasing herself from the burden of her hat in the hot weather with the other, when Lady Fermor called out, "Are you there, Marianne? Come here, I have brought you Iris Compton. Let me

see if you two cousins have any look of each other."

Marianne turned round and showed a short but well-balanced, well-carried figure, a face from which all the dusky, not particularly tidy hair, was swept back from the good forehead, a pair of the darkest brown, keenly inquiring, nay, haughtily challenging eyes, an ivory complexion, as if pale with passion, a straight nose, a mouth so shaped to pout that one could hardly conceive it pacifically straight, or drooping lugubriously at the corners.

Marianne Dugdale was one of the pale roses so much in fashion, well set in thorns, if ever roses were so set. She made a queer half-mocking little bow, touched the tips of Iris's fingers with her own, and saying decidedly, "There is not a shade of likeness between us, Granny," turned away and ran lightly up a flight of stairs.

"How she detests me, at first sight! Though I cannot help it, I need not wonder at it." Iris took the manner of the reception to herself, in distress and humiliation, and asked in nervous apprehension with what show of friendship and enjoyment the two could live together, and go out together, certainly for the next month or two, possibly for years?

For half a week Iris remained disabused of the impression that she was an object of half-righteous, half-vindictive abhorrence to Marianne Dugdale, who was watching everything Iris did and said with a hawk-like alertness which Iris felt far transcended her own mortified well-nigh timid inspection of her cousin.

The first thing that shook Iris's belief in her kinswoman's rôle, was her observation of the inherent youthfulness which clung to Marianne Dugdale. Iris knew they were much of the same age, but she had been feeling a woman for years now, she was certain she presented no such juvenile traits as were constantly peeping out in Marianne Dugdale, and largely qualifying a nature that even in early womanhood was sharp, shrewd, and full of self-reliance. There was the oddest mixture, the result of early forcing and contemporaneous neglect, of strength and weakness, boldness and shyness, confidence and distrust, tenacity and collapse, in the little square-shouldered person who was to divide with Iris the claims of the young ladies of the family and the filial duties of grandchildren to Lady Fernor, both in the house at Kensington Gate and elsewhere. The double temperament and training betrayed

itself even in Marianne Dugdale's physique. Her little chubby hands were dimpled like a child's, and while they were tolerably useless in some things—notably in woman's work, in others they displayed the dexterity of an intelligent mechanic. The owner of the hands had been very irregularly educated, but she had a scientific, particularly a mechanical bias. She preferred mathematics and chemistry to history and literature, while she had a side for fiction and poetry; with a greater resemblance to men than to women in this respect, she relished an opportunity of working with wire and wood; she bored and whittled like a boy; put all the bells right in the house at Kensington Gore without the assistance of a workman, to the amazement, amounting to consternation, of the strictly conventional London men-servants and maid-servants; rectified the unevenness of various articles of furniture, and set straight every picture that was hung wrong by a hair's breadth.

Her voice, in the style of her hands, was furnished with a singular variety of tones, some of them strident and self-assertive enough, others—mostly addressed to children and animals—wonderfully winning and sweet, full of childlike vibrations, and an irresistibly coaxing ring.

But Marianne Dugdale's attitude to her grandmother, Lady Fernor, was the most puzzling and characteristic of any. In one sense the girl openly defied the formidable old woman and took the control of herself, Marianne Dugdale, into her own hands, where she had been early accustomed to keep it. She proposed to do in London and at Lambford exactly what she had done in her father's country house, in the depths of Devonshire—and that was, very much what she liked.

In another sense the strong, ardent, rejoicing youth of the girl had an underlying fund of generosity and pity for the old woman's position, fighting against infirmity on the brink of the grave. After a conspicuously self-willed action or flippant speech, Marianne Dugdale would suddenly turn, as if moved by a different spring, and speak the gentlest words she had uttered that day, refrain from resenting a jeering rejoinder, refuse to be held back by any chilling repulse from offering soft, cherishing aid to the stout-hearted, thankless rebel against her own needs and other people's devices.

Iris looked from one to another in marvel to see how Lady Fernor would stand it—the open, scarcely seemingly, contradiction—the

sudden sweet, tender amends, and if anybody had presumed to observe and applaud the relenting, the likelihood was that Marianne Dugdale would have gone off at a tangent, harder, sharper, more dogged than ever.

Lady Fermor's looks and words offered a new field of conjecture to Iris. There was a strange, suspicious forbearance and obliviousness about Lady Fermor's dealing with Marianne Dugdale's behaviour, which Iris suspected was made up of new sensations—considerable amusement, and an abiding conviction that in spite of all the restiveness and waywardness, she, Lady Fermor, was mistress of Marianne Dugdale, and could easily crush her opposition whether in great matters or small. There was no coherence as yet in the warring qualities in the girl's disposition, no principle of steadfastness to enable her to pull herself together and resist any impulse, whether for good or evil, advisedly and to the end. She was physically fearless to daring, but she might prove morally weak as water.

Iris was not thinking of herself, but she was as a still, deep stream, obeying a great law, which, however ruffled, could not be diverted from its course and was full of reserved power.

Marianne Dugdale was like a brawling brook, spending itself in foam and noise, rushing hither and thither, in wandering channels, either to lose name and identity, or to discover itself suddenly turned aside, and notwithstanding its raving, carried where it would not, to serve some foreign purpose for which it had not the slightest inclination. Iris arrived at the sound conclusion that, however indifferent or even averse to her a girl like this might be, it was hardly probable that she would figure in the light of an avenger of hereditary injuries. Marianne was not made of the stuff that constitutes an old supporter of the Vendetta, or a modern Nihilist.

It was on the occasion of Lady Fermor's persistently twitting Iris, according to an old bad habit, which their recent compact had not interfered with, that Marianne Dugdale abruptly declared herself on the side of her cousin, called her "Iris" in those accents which when they were friendly at all, sounded as if they came fresh from a warm, true heart, and might wile a bird from a tree. She walked over to Iris's side, where she sat in one of the windows looking out across the crowded traffic of the road to the grand alleys of the gardens. Marianne knelt, or as she would have called it, in her scorn of

sentimentality, "plumped," down before her cousin, leant her crossed arms against the frame in which Iris was working at the Arachne, amidst altered surroundings, and began to chat over the events of the day in which the girls were mutually interested.

The action was the nearest approach to a caress in which the least caressing of girls was likely to indulge. It was also a pretty, unaffected movement, at once confidential and implying more or less voluntary allegiance.

Iris welcomed it gladly, and with as much cordiality as it was wise to display to a wild bird that might take alarm and start off on the smallest provocation.

Lady Fermor had never known the love of woman to woman, and had been as incredulous of it as many men are, or pretend to be. She had never looked upon her own sex otherwise than with a mixture of dislike, suspicion, and contempt, as natural enemies and rivals, or as poor inferiors. She now regarded the little group before her with a snort of exasperated scepticism. "Well done, young ladies!" she said sardonically, as she rose from her chair with an effort; "the pose is very pretty, but it is wasted upon me. You ought to keep it for *les jeunes ingénues* like yourselves. Oh dear, no! don't, I beg of you, disturb yourselves on my account," as she stumbled and recovered herself on the way to the door, and both of her granddaughters were starting up to her assistance. "I hear Soames coming to tell me I ought to be lying down; but if she proposes to hug me, or even to kiss my hand, I'll dismiss her on the spot. I make it a principle not to encourage humbug."

"Don't be too affectionate, Charlotte, or I'll kick yer," Marianne quoted audibly from "Oliver Twist." Then, as the door closed, she appealed to her cousin. "Now, Iris, you've known Granny a great deal longer than I have, but I have seen enough of her to dare you to contradict me, if you are in the habit of speaking the truth, when I say she is an abominable old woman."

Iris looked down into the clear, searching, imperious eyes fixed on hers, then before she answered looked away into the green gardens. Happy little children played there from morning till night. Invalids in Bath chairs were pulled along, that the sick folk might look with their dim, faded eyes at the sunny sky and the flowery earth, and know summer had come again, and dream for a brief moment that health and strength were not fled for ever. Men of business, pursued

by cares and worries undertaken for women and children, trudged home from their offices. Lovers sat on the benches, and looked into each others' eyes, and exchanged a word now and then, as if they had sat there since Adam and Eve walked in the garden of Eden, and could be content to sit there for ever. Iris left her needle sticking in her work, clasping her hands, and spoke piteously, "She belongs to other times and other manners, so that we cannot judge her and her temptations. She has lost all she loved and honoured, and she does not care any more for love and honour." Her voice fell as if this were, what indeed it was, the crown of human wretchedness.

A passing shade of awe crossed Marianne Dugdale's dauntless face, but she did not refrain from proclaiming triumphantly, "Then Iris Compton, we can be friends. I agree with what you say. She is a miserable, old, old Granny, and sometimes I would give anything to help her. But I was trying you to see if you were goody-goody, as she said. She told me it was because of your goody-goodness you ran away; and if you had begun to preach to me about reverence, and the duty and privilege of respecting and loving that dreadful old woman—though she is a poor old soul all the same, to whom we have the misfortune to be related—I should have given you up at once, since I won't be preached to. Luckily Granny, however horrible otherwise, never tries on that; and, like her, I make a principle of never encouraging humbugs."

"Everybody is not a humbug who does not go about proclaiming all the truth, who even keeps back as much of it as is possible sometimes. You would not expose a wound to shock your fellow-creatures," remonstrated Iris.

"No—yes. You are talking of a different thing. I shall always speak the truth—I have never told lies. I should not know how to hold my tongue. And you—you were not altogether silent in your conduct; I mean when you ran away. Ah! I have you there, Iris."

Iris winced before this very plain speaking. "I thought I was forced to leave grandmamma," she said, "but I did not go clandestinely. I dare say she told you that also; for whatever she has done, she is a truthful woman, Marianne. It was not a pleasant experience. I do not like to speak or think of it, and I do not care to speak ill of Lady Fermor when I am eating her bread. Remember, she has brought me up. I have

lived with her all my life, as you have not done."

"The more shame to her, then, to speak to you as she did a little while ago—as she is constantly doing," asserted Marianne Dugdale roundly, "and the more fool you to let her. I shan't run away, see if I shall. I shall stay as long as she will keep me, or till I make the place too hot to hold me, since I have come—for the good of the other girls, and because papa scolded and mamma cried about our poverty. But she shan't take me off or put me down, or domineer over me, you notice, Iris. I will manage better; and neither shall she ride rough-shod over you any more if I am here," declared Marianne, in the tone of a gallant little cavalier who means to fight in defence of his lady. "You are really a great deal too good for her, instead of thinking only of yourself and preaching to every other person in the goody-goody fashion I feared, and have been looking out for every day since you came. But it is not true; you are quite an honest, reasonable, jolly girl. I shall do what seems best to me, and you will do what you think proper, and if Granny will only consent to behave herself tolerably for an old woman, we'll do all we can for her."

"I am much obliged to you, my dear cousin," Iris was forced to laugh, "but you must not mind me. Lady Fermor and I understand each other, and I am not often vexed by what she says. People at her age are privileged. It is only her way of joking. You must mind yourself. You may not find it so easy for you as you suppose, though I need not say I will do all I can to help you."

"I do not see how there can be any difficulty," said Marianne, a little offended in her extravagant independence and self-confidence, as she rose to her feet and prepared to stroll away. "I have always got my own way; at least, almost always. Papa is constantly up to his ears in business, and a very bad business it is, with the agricultural interest gone to the dogs. Mamma is too lazy, and reads too many novels to take the trouble to call me to order. She never had a mother of her own—at least the one she had was as good as none; and her father was soured with his misfortunes, so that her spirit was broken when she was still a girl; but I am not going to lose my spirit. The other girls, Cathie and Chattie, are younger than I am, and I rule them instead of them ruling me. There are the boys, to be sure," said Marianne, with a momentary pause.

"I thought you had no brothers."

"Oh no! not brothers, but as good—rather better—five cousins; Tom and Ned, and Dick and Harry, and Charlie. Tom and Ned are going to India, and Dick and Harry are at Cambridge. Dick is to be a barrister, and Harry an engineer. Charlie has had thoughts of the Church. The rest of the boys say he has plenty of 'jaw' if his mind were made up, but I don't believe he ever will make it up. My mind is made up that he will choke on the Thirty-nine Articles. He is the only sop among our boys, and he is dreadfully spoony on Cathie, which is a great bore both to her and the whole of us; to me more than anybody else, for I was understood to look after them and keep them from running into mischief—at least till Sir George came home."

"What a responsibility!" exclaimed Iris, with proper sympathy; "and who are all these boys you have on your mind?"

"Of course sons of papa's brother, Sir George, out in India. He has been a widower ever so long, and sent all the boys home when they were young to papa and mamma's care. She and papa were glad to have them, both for their own sakes—since boys are so much nicer than girls, and because their father, Uncle George, is a great swell in the civil service, who can not only make good allowances to his sons, but is coming back to provide for us all when his time is out; only he may die, no doubt, or marry again, or do something out there before he is able to think what he is about. I have been a great deal more with the boys than the girls. Even Cathie, the sister next me, is three years younger than I—a soft little mortal, who can't say *bo!* to a goose, or to Charlie. I flatter myself I *can* play cricket, and take a fence, and drive, and row, and chaff. Boys will chaff and criticize, but I didn't often give in to them, I assure you."

These were advantages of education of which Iris could not boast; before which, with their results, she must often sit dumb, though she had not been used to regarding herself, or to being regarded by others, as a particularly weak and helpless young woman.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—LADY FERMOR'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

THERE WAS a budding phase of life of which Iris in her isolation had known little or nothing. Except at the Rectory she had scarcely come into familiar contact with a gay, accessible, yet engrossed and restless, group of young people like herself. And

life at the Rectory had consisted simply of a family party, into which Iris was admitted by special favour. It was her fortune in the weeks spent at Kensington Gore to form one in a cluster of young people of more varied elements, not related, not like, for the most part only recently known to each other, yet who seemed suddenly, in spite of what might have been regarded as insurmountable barriers, to wax well acquainted, and to a certain extent intimate. The result was produced largely by the freemasonry of youth, and by a certain simplicity of character which distinguished more than one of the number. Perhaps something was due also to that curious fusing influence of London, or any other great city, on individuals who, however dissimilar otherwise, resemble each other in having been brought together unexpectedly, and making a common experiment in a new, complex, manifold life. The group was so far well matched that it consisted of two girls and two young men—Iris Compton and Marianne Dugdale, Sir William Thwaite and Ludovic Acton.

Ludovic was doing nothing more heroic at this time than studying the science of the sea and its ships, with their work and warfare, at Greenwich Hospital, converted into a college for aspiring able-bodied lieutenants, as well as for more juvenile naval recruits. Iris and Sir William Thwaite met as friends of old standing, and they also met more as contemporaries and equals than they had ever done before. Iris had fallen into the habit, in the past, of classing him among middle-aged and elderly people. Doubtless this was the consequence of the gravity and formality of manner conspicuous in a man bent on fulfilling his obligations to society while doubtful of his power to fulfil them.

It surprised Iris to hear Marianne Dugdale, who, after she had found her tongue, was frank and free in expressing her opinions on every subject, mention Sir William casually as "a nice young fellow."

"Oh! I know what you are thinking of," Marianne cried, in answer to Iris's bewildered look. "He was not always a gentleman, and he made a foolish marriage, and went to the bad for a time. I know all about him," continued Marianne. "But what of that when he has redeemed his character? Down where I come from we would say he could not help the first, and he was very much to be pitied for the second. Men are not perfect. If they are manly, honest fellows, and do their best, we need not wonder though some of them have a fall or

two. We may be glad when they can pick themselves up again, as they do after a spill in the hunting-field, and we should be ready to lend them a hand, and expect them to give us another, if we come to grief. Oh! we are not so starched and severe, and, upon my word, I do not think we are the worse Christians for it down in my part of Devonshire. Neither are we such prigs of scholars or such very fine ladies and gentlemen as to refuse to forgive a man for a false particle, or even for a verb or an adjective out of joint, or because he keeps on his hat, or does not take off his muddy boots, or bolts his knife, or puts his feet on the chimney-piece—not that Sir William Thwaite commits these enormities to my knowledge; I merely used the similes to give point to my assertions. What would a host of them signify if he were a man and a gentleman at heart, as I am sure he is? Yes; I know all about him, and I say he is a nice young fellow, fairly handsome, with a fine carriage. He is not stupid a bit, for he has told me ever so many things I wished to hear about India, where Tom and Ned are going.”

Whatever Marianne Dugdale had learnt she had certainly not been informed that the squire of Whitehills had been a rejected suitor of her cousin's, an amount of ignorance for which Iris was thankful, and that she earnestly trusted would receive no enlightenment.

Lady Fermor had made a supererogatory statement that Sir William entertained a fancy for her other grand-daughter. Marianne on her part openly professed an interest in him. Iris, too, had an interest, different in origin and kind, which included thoughts of poor Honor Smith, and a wonder whether *she* were altogether forgotten. Iris tried to look at Sir William in a new light and with impartial eyes. He was certainly a young man, not over thirty, although he looked old for his age; strong and comely too, in spite of a certain way-worn look, a trace of trouble, and a shade of sternness, which lent him a kind of dignity. Yes, there was a homely dignity about him; and his manners, though blunt and unsophisticated, were no longer laboured and artificial. Other and infinitely heavier considerations had totally outweighed social dogmas, and from the moment that he had regained his liberty in this respect, the man and the gentleman at heart shone out in his words and actions. Iris was able to comprehend how a young gentlewoman, a little rustic herself, rather masculine, after the fashion of the generation, in temper and

training, with a natural impatience and scorn of forms and ceremonies, should fraternise with Sir William, and hold him in sincere esteem, in defiance of what carping people persistently remembered and chronicled against him.

It was impossible for Sir William not to respond within limits to the generosity and kindness of this girl, as he had done long ago without bounds in more difficult circumstances, to the generosity and kindness of another girl. It was therefore quite true that he was on very good terms with Marianne Dugdale, to the extent of submitting to be chaffed by her, as if it were a pleasure to him, and of bluffly chaffing her in return, as he had never dreamt of chaffing Iris Compton. It was perfectly possible that something serious might come out of these terms.

But Iris soon discovered that another puppet was to play his part in the little drama, a puppet with such strength of feelings, hopes, and wishes, that he threatened to produce a serious complication of the plot. Ludovic Acton had been at Greenwich before the date of Lady Fermor's arrival in London. He had been commanded both by his mother and Lucy to call immediately on his father's most difficult parishioner. Being greatly under female commanders from the moment he put his foot on shore, he had reported himself at Kensington Gore before Iris was transplanted there. He had done it in the way of duty, and with the usual failure of poetic justice in the affairs of men, in the very act of filial, fraternal, and neighbourly good-will he found himself, as he had soon to own with a groan, “completely done for.”

King Lud had happened to pay his first visit while Lady Fermor was not out of her room, when he was handed over to a wonderful dark-eyed girl, with a little mouth, a square chin, a square yet symmetrical figure and habited in a sort of workwoman's blouse, in which she did not seem to feel the least put out. She stepped briskly from the conservatory, where she had been knitting her brows and pouting her lips over the dilapidated rock-work, the rolled-up tarpaulin which ought to have shaded the roof, the syringes which would not spout water, the sickly plants ravaged by the green fly. She scarcely waited to hear his name, and to listen to his modest explanations and apologies for intruding on an unknown young lady, before she told him—

“Oh! I know who you are” (it is a wonder she did not say, “I know all about you”). “You are the son of the Rector

down at Lambford. Your people said you would call, and I am glad, because sailors are handy, and you may be able to help me. Come and see the disgraceful wreck of a London conservatory."

King Lud went and saw and worked with Marianne Dugdale for half an hour, and did not conquer, unless in the trifles of nailing up some of the higher dropping-down cork rock-work, erecting the tarpaulin in its proper place, clearing out the pipes of the syringes and playing them on the astonished green fly. As if that were not enough for the entomological specimens, Marianne gave her order, "Smoke, Mr. Acton, smoke."

King Lud, too, complied forthwith, consoling himself for having to light and puff a cigar in such a presence by the true conviction that those pretty fresh lips, frank and fearless as they were, had never been soiled by so much as a cigarette, for the country Amazon of high degree is more innocent and unsophisticated than the same Amazon belonging to the town. He was conquered himself, hard hit, beaten to the wall at the first bout. He had never seen such eyes, or worked in company with such clean baby fingers. He had never met a girl so genuine, so original, so unconscious, so bright. He might have added he had never been so warmly congratulated for small achievements, or so soundly rated for sundry little mistakes committed in the height and flutter of his admiration.

In his entire subjugation her Majesty's officer called again at Kensington Gore on the following day, under the poor pretext of renewing his smoking operations against the green fly. On his second call Ludovic saw Lady Fermor, and she who had never been deficient in hospitality to young men made him free of the house during her stay in town. She did not withdraw this permission as she might have done, when she found that the Rector's son availed himself of it on every possible and impossible occasion, until his visits to town must have made a tremendous inroad on his studies at Greenwich. In fact it came to this, that King Lud, who had been heretofore the most diligent and devoted member of his profession, appeared to be living in the College at Greenwich for the sole purpose of paying court to somebody in a house at Kensington Gore.

Lady Fermor was very old, but she was neither blind nor deaf to the extent of these infirmities interfering seriously with her intercourse with her fellows. She was not a fool and she had other plans and pro-

jects for her grandchild, but she was "a cool hand" and a bold player. She was fond of a fair field and no favour in the game of life, and it is to be feared she had downright satisfaction in making mischief between men and women. She let Ludovic Acton call or come to dinner or form one of the escorts to the girls as he and they chose. Lady Fermor let Marianne Dugdale talk to the lieutenant by the hour, satisfying her inquisitiveness, which was immense, about all the ships he had been in, and all the service he had seen, about the North Sea and the Coast of Africa, about the dockyards at home, about his experience of the different modes and rules for cricket and foot-ball and lawn-tennis.

Lady Fermor never interfered. She seemed to suffer the young people to take their swing in the easiest, most inconsiderate manner. Yet when Iris came to think of it afterwards, she could not recall one occasion when the old woman, apparently doing nothing, had not so held the shuttle and chequered, twisted, turned back and directed anew the threads which were to weave the pattern in the web of destiny, that Marianne Dugdale, who imagined herself a free agent, did not stay at home when she had promised to go out, walk with Sir William when the arrangement had been that she should walk with Mr. Acton, did not wear the one man's flowers and sing the one man's songs when she had accepted the other's bouquets and undertaken to warble his ditties.

The policy might be Machiavellian, yet it was simple enough, and it had a foundation prepared for it in a headstrong girl, calling out for her own way and getting it, but swerving aside and giving in because she had still those troublesome commodities, a conscience and a heart, not to speak of a vanity and a temper even more susceptible and easily played upon. She had also a large supply of what old-fashioned books call "forwardness," which owned no control, and could be reckoned on to influence Marianne according to the principle on which some pigs and donkeys are driven, if one may be forgiven the inelegance of the simile—start them with their faces due north and they are safe to back due south.

Still more ready-made material for an enemy of Marianne Dugdale's to employ to her detriment, was to be found in the fact that she was a born coquette. Without doubt her rearing among the tribe of boys who were as good as brothers, yet who were not brothers, gave early stimulus and scope to the bent, for she liked attention, not from

one squire alone, but from all who came within her orbit. Without thinking what she was doing, without any conscious motive, especially without a set aim to an end, Marianne had an instinctive, exquisite enjoyment, inscrutable to Iris, in smiling and frowning, praising and blaming, pleasing and teasing, coaxing and vexing, now Sir William, now Ludovic Acton. This was done in a manner calculated to set the two young men, who had always been on civil terms, and when left to themselves were growing friendlier every day, as much by the ears as if they had both been their tormentor's devoted slaves.

That one of the gentlemen was Marianne Dugdale's devoted slave neither she nor any one else could long deny, while she was inflicting alternate ecstasy and misery upon him. But jesting at scars because she had never felt a wound, Marianne did not mind the responsibility in the least; if anything it added zest to her entertainment. Thus she never ceased laughing at poor King Lud's moon of a face and his tow-coloured hair, apparently without any clear and forcible conviction that these, not strictly picturesque attributes, belonged to a brave, honest gentleman on whom it was a shame and disgrace for any woman to inflict an unnecessary pang.

In her thoughtlessness, her gaiety and kindness degenerated into careless selfishness and positive cruelty. Iris could utter no protest, though her heart waxed hot within her; because there were considerations which stopped her mouth, and because Marianne would not be preached to, and must be taught neither by precept nor example, but by what is frequently the grimmest, as it is certainly the most efficient, teacher of all, bitter experience. Hers was really a fine, open, even loyally affectionate nature, but in the meantime it was in a state of chaos not cosmos. There was no reign of duty in the soul, no supreme sovereignty tending to bring every thought and affection into noble subjection, though she had been baptized and confirmed, and believed herself a Christian.

It was a lively surprise to Iris at first, when King Lud presented himself day after day at Kensington Gore without a single musical instrument in his pocket, and never asking for music more than once in the twenty-four hours, since Marianne Dugdale, though she could sing like a lark when she chose, was only moderately fond of the joyous science and had been heard to speak disparagingly of musical men.

Accordingly Ludovic Acton was resentful to the verge of repressed fury when Iris referred without malice to his stock of musical instruments, and expressed innocent surprise that he no longer cared to accompany anybody on the piano. "Why did you say that?" he took her to task as if she had been one of his sisters, and with as much indignation as if she had accused him of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman. "I am not fonder of music than other fellows." Then in answer to her "Oh! Ludovic," "I mean than other fellows who have idle time on their hands which they do not well know how to get rid of. I say, Iris—Miss Compton, it was rather nasty of you, I mean it was hard upon me, to bring up that about my flutes and guitars. I am sick of them and shall have a private sale the next time I am afloat. You have heard her—Miss Dugdale, laugh at caterwauling fellows, and no poor beggar likes to be an object of ridicule in his set."

The season was approaching its close when Lady Fermor came up to town, and she made that an excuse for no formal bringing out of her grand-daughters. However, they came in for the fag-end of the gaieties, which were still fresh and agreeable to them. Country neighbours of Marianne Dugdale's fortunately in town, and one or two Eastwich families that had condoned Lady Fermor's offences long ago, supported the two girls, stopped them when they were driving with Lady Fermor in the park, offered in the persons of the matrons to chaperon the cousins, and invited or procured invitations for them to the last plays, operas, flower shows, breakfasts, and balls. These invitations by Lady Fermor's desire included Sir William Thwaite and Mr. Acton.

Iris waltzed again, as a matter of course, with Sir William, and if either remembered the former occasion he or she made no sign. It was no business of hers, neither did she know it at the time, but one of the balls happened at a great house which had given a similar rout years before, when a member of the present company had stood among the rabble round the door and envied the very footman whose flesh-coloured calves were so much at home on those stairs, and asked despairingly whether he could ever be at ease in such regions?

Now, so far as that went, he was as undisturbed in mind as when he traversed the old barrack yards, and sometimes Iris Compton hung upon his arm, but the spirit of the dream was changed.

In addition to the good things of the

season, there were many sights for Lady Fermor's young people to see, and this business they prosecuted with commendable assiduity and considerable satisfaction. The last would have been still greater if there had been no such disturbing element as the rival claims of Sir William and King Lud, with the rapidly developing moon-struck madness of the lieutenant.

Still there were exacting, engrossing hot days and nights when there was always something to be done which could not be put off, whether it were an excursion to Kew or Richmond, an old-fashioned survey of the Tower or the Mint or the Mansion House, services at Westminster or St. Paul's, visits to the ladies' and the strangers' galleries in St. Stephen's, an enterprising hunt for old china, dawdling at Morris's or Burnet's, distributions of prizes for window gardening under difficulties, mornings at the crack training school for nurses, the Hospital for Incurables, the last best crèche. It was a marvellous jumble, and though Iris was tempted to think the unlooked-for holiday was alloyed by the sport which Marianne Dugdale could not resist making with her two Samsons, perhaps without it the whirl would have lacked some of the eternal play of human passion and warfare of mortal life. There would have been a certain spice to the intercourse absent if it had not been for the sentiment that manifestly pervaded the contending factions. To say nothing of the under-currents which might be doing their own work, there was something rousing in the spirit of indignation which filled Iris when she saw one or other of the victims specially ill-used.

Iris, without a severe analysis of motives, acted as consoler to each of the young men in turn; for wounded pride, and mortified masterfulness, and sheer irritation caused by an exasperating process, require soothing, as well as outraged love.

But Iris was angriest and sorriest for Ludovic Acton. Sir William might put in a claim as having borne the brunt of repeated disappointments and trials, but he had learnt at last to wear a calm front to the world. And if he were proposing again to marry on the prompting of a third person, after all he had suffered, because a suitable alliance was desirable for a man in his position, then there was a good deal that was incorrigible in his conduct which, though it encountered loss, could not command sympathy.

Sometimes Marianne took it into her unaccountable vagrant fancy to take umbrage

at all the three others, and would as good as quarrel with them so far as they would let her.

It was then a pitiable case with the poor fellow, who gave himself up to uncalled-for self-reproaches and desperate apprehensions because of his mistress's inexplicable displeasure. But in spite of his groans, there was a considerable amount of fraternisation between the deserted members of the party, and a good deal of pensive and humorous enjoyment—not so much in airing their grievance, for they were too true and too much inclined to be attached to Marianne Dugdale to take that course, but in enduring her capricious humour and the temporary banishment from her good-will and merry conversation. When the affair was hopeless the company would let her go off by herself as she insisted on doing, stamping about the back drawing-room or sulking in the conservatory; while those in disgrace would linger apart in the farthest window, or would pluck up spirit and take it upon them to get their hats and stroll across the road to the adjoining gardens. There the three would walk up and down beneath the trees, carefully keeping in sight of the house lest Marianne should return to her right mind in a twinkling, as was her wont, forgive them in a body without telling them their offence, and come out after her brief eclipse, the blithest of them all.

The promenaders would talk of Lambford and Eastwich assiduously. It was then that Iris found out how Sir William had come to know and to love every hazel copse and sunny sloping field and rushy brake on Whitehills. She and Ludovic who had been brought up in the parish were not better acquainted with its dear old holes and corners or fonder of them than this comparative new-comer. Neither could she fail to perceive, little as it was intruded upon her, the interest he had learnt to take in the people, especially in those who were most dependent on the consideration of their neighbours, how much sympathy he had for them, what good sense and good feeling and dry humour into the bargain he showed when he talked of them, how attentively he listened to every suggestion on their behalf.

And how many notable books he had been reading! Books of which King Lud had not even heard the names, books which she had longed for, but had not yet been able to procure. To think that Sir William, to whom she had tentatively lent "Tom Brown's School-Days," to encourage a literary appetite in its infancy, should have got in advance

of her in sundry original, intelligent investigations he had instituted, mostly in the track of natural history! His occasional half-eager, half-thoughtful references to those experiments sounded as if he might live to attain some distinction among the students of nature.

What advances he had made in true manhood! How he was casting off the slough of the lower animal! How fast he was growing in his solitary life at Whitehills! What would Honor have thought of him if she had lived to see him now? Ah! poor Honor, her life could hardly have been his gain. Her death was part of his emancipation. But if she saw it all from beyond the golden gate, would she not be more than content?

CHAPTER XXXIV.—GREENWICH AND THE ACADEMY.

KING LUD was almost frantic with delight on account of an ovation which was to be paid to him—not by the multitudes of the city which his great namesake is said to have founded, but by two or three quite private and obscure persons, one of whom, a square-shouldered little individual with a strong dash of the child still in her wilful girlhood, had turned the unfortunate fellow's head. His friends, with Marianne Dugdale among them, were to go down to Greenwich to spend an afternoon there under his leadership and drink tea in his room. Lady Fermor too declared herself equal to the effort, even though it had been a dinner in the Trafalgar.

The day was as fine as could have been wished for "a family party," as Lady Fermor called it, complaining that there was a danger of its being as dull as family parties generally were. They drove down to the dirty little old town of Elizabethan and naval memories and made their way to the grand terrace before Queen Mary's and Sir Christopher Wren's Hospital, which time's changes have converted into a college. Everybody's spirits rose. How could he or she help it under the inspiring influence of the blue sky and the wide flowing river—the great watery highway to the largest city in the world? A brown "streak" turned up with silver, it swayed and rippled and throbbed, with its fringes of tall masts and flapping sails, from Gravesend to Wapping, its Isle of Dogs converted into a custom-house station, its Deptford ringing with hammers as when Peter the Great riveted a bolt there, its Woolwich Marshes bounding the Arsenal where Woolwich Infants are cradled and rocked. Barges laden

with hay and coals crept lazily along with the sunlight red in their umber-coloured sails. Steamers churned the water as they darted by, puffing out grey smoke and wreaths of white vapour. Here was the column erected to the gallant young Frenchman Bellot, who earned the gratitude of a foreign nation by the fruitless attempt to discover its lost heroes beyond the terrible barriers of everlasting snows and huge glittering icebergs. He left half his tale untold, but there was a living man—sandy-haired, moon-faced, large limbed, standing there, among the every-day group, who, if he were permitted to leave out his own doings, could add something to the fascinating ghastly story.

Within the big domed building was the Painted Hall, with the portraits of all the Captains bold of whom the best artist in their day could leave tokens. There were Drake and Blake, Rodney and Anson, Cloudesley Shovel and Benbow, and in a shrine by himself the various representations of "Harry Bluff," of whom, when he was a fearless middy, the old salts had sworn—

"One day he'd lead the van;"

and here he was, from the maimed lad still foremost in the fray, to the man with many orders on his breast dying in the cockpit of the *Victory*.

For once King Lud was the most favoured of men in his surroundings and he rose to the occasion. He descanted, all the more tellingly that it was with modesty and sincerity, on the true glory of his profession, its adventures, exposure, self-denial, and self-sacrifice. Who could think of the advantages of a good English estate, even of a fine old English manor-house and an ancient title, at such a moment? Not Marianne Dugdale, who was entranced with all she saw and heard, until she envied the little boys climbing the rigging of the training-ship and the very invalids in the floating hospital of the *Dreadnought*. She had the different parts of the vessels, the science of their steering, the method of their logs, the movements of their compasses explained to her. She did not tire of hearing the curious details of their flags and signals, she was not at rest till she had walked across the park where Greenwich Fair was wont to be held, as far as the Observatory, to have her watch set by the great dial, and she honoured the lieutenant by appointing him to conduct the operation. Iris and Sir William were strolling among the English elms and Spanish chestnuts, past the railed-in stump of a tree garlanded with

ivy, which is said to have been a stripling when William and his Normans conquered Saxon England, to One-tree Hill in order not to miss the second of the three finest views of London, rising dimly out of the haze and extending in a grand sweep from the water towers of the Crystal Palace to those cupolas of Sir Christopher Wren's, while all the time the faint hoarse murmur of the terrible mill which grinds—not corn, but human hearts and brains, was heard without ceasing, uttering its fit accompaniment to the scene. As for Lady Fermor she was long ago under the sleepless guardianship of Soames, being made as comfortable as circumstances would permit in the lieutenant's room.

King Lud might live to perform more lion-like actions than he had yet accomplished. He might be a full-blown admiral, with his sandy hair powdered with white, while he halted on one knee after the fashion of Horatius Coclès, from spent shot or baser rheumatism; but it was hardly likely that he would ever spend a happier afternoon than that which Lady Fermor and her party passed with him at Greenwich.

Everybody awarded a tribute of praise to the owner of the room in the Hospital College for his expert contrivances where space and convenience were concerned. Everybody turned over his books and admired the flowers—Kent dahlias and gladioli, fragrant jessamine and heliotrope, with which Ludovic had promptly provided himself to do honour to the occasion, and to dispose lavishly on every side, in order to embellish his plain bachelor's quarters and poor lieutenant's equipage.

Sir William Thwaite leant his back against the chimney-piece, thinking honourably and humbly how nice and pretty it all looked, wondering how Acton could manage it, if he were naturally “a dab” at arranging his cabin, or if the inspiration came with the visit of his queen to his small lodging? He—Sir William—did not believe he could have done anything like it, to save his life, with all the will in the world, and the accumulated materials at Whitehills. The only time the place had been *en fête* in his day, Sir John's widow was in command, and she had produced nothing so spontaneous and refreshing as this; but it was too late to take a lesson.

Lady Fermor had the seat of honour—the single easy-chair in which the lieutenant was wont to lounge, smoke, and read. The two girls lingered by the high window looking down on the water, with its never-ending charm,

The little sobering sense which was left in King Lud was all but ravished from him by Marianne's gracious offer to make tea, asserting brightly that it was just like doing it for “our boys at home,” and summoning him, as if he had been her special boy, to stand at her elbow with the camp-kettle—in itself a pleasant curiosity to her.

The close and collapse of the gala—for all happy things come to an end here, and not a few of them, alas! collapse in the very process of enjoyment—was brought about by the intervention of Lady Fermor. Even she had been taken captive for the moment by the fresh, heroic, homely elements of the entertainment, to the extent of being subdued by them for a little while. But when the party were taking a final saunter down the Painted Hall, in which the shadows were gathering, so that the painted warriors were growing obscure on their stations, and only one flaming yellow and red picture, indicating a ship on fire, stood out from the dull darkness of the others, like a portent of evil, Richard was himself again.

Marianne Dugdale was walking as if in a dream, wonderfully silent for her, with her brown eyes a little downcast, beside Ludovic Acton, who, though he wore no uniform, seemed for the moment transformed—sandy hair, shyness, softness to women and all, into one of the heroes on the walls stepped out of the canvas, and reflecting glory on one proud girl.

Lady Fermor was stamping along by the aid of her stick on Marianne's other side. Suddenly she raised her harsh, highly-pitched voice, and at the same time cast a meaning, satirical glance at her grand-daughter. “I think I miss a picture which ought to have been here too—that of blubbery Black-eyed Susan, following her truant ‘sweet William’ on board the fleet in the Downs.”

Marianne started, wide-awake, flushing to the roots of her hair. “Oh! she was an odious creature,” she said. “Thank goodness, she is not here. Indeed, I think a sailor should have nothing to do with miserable, whimpering sweethearts and wives. His ship should be his mistress, as a priest should be wedded to his flock.”

“My dear Marianne, I never knew you had adopted the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church,” remonstrated Iris, laughing at her friend's vehemence, and feeling for King Lud, at once lifted from a pinnacle of exultation and dashed into the depths of despair.

His very rival commiserated him. “I

thought blue jackets carried all before them when they went a-wooing," said Sir William, without any suspicion of cynicism.

"They are no better than red jackets, or any other jackets," answered Marianne rather testily than with an implied compliment.

Very likely she had forgotten Sir William's former connection with the army, and in good truth he had no reason to recall it with pride; but the most sensible men are silly on some points, so he blushed a shade with gratification, though he maintained magnanimously, "You don't mean to say any woman could have resisted the French chap commemorated out yonder, or the boy whose statue we saw in marble, the great statesman's son, who spoke of his mother and his native town, and how happy they would be to welcome him home, when he lay a-dying through volunteering to carry succour to the forts in the rebellion? That was before my time; but I've some notion what it meant. Supposing either of them had lived to come back and lay his laurels at a woman's feet, do you suppose she would have spurned them?"

"The laurels have to be gathered first," said Marianne dryly; "and when I come to think of it, I am sick of what people call the pomp and circumstance of glorious war. What did all these battles and all these bloodthirsty commodores and rear-admirals come to? I mean what lasting good did they do, unless to their blustering, strutting selves? Who were really the better for them? I believe it would be easier to say who were a great deal the worse. What hearts they broke! How many widows and orphans they made! I think I shall go in for the Quakers and the bloodless victories of peace."

"But some men must fight that peace may be preserved, and the helpless defended from injury," remonstrated King Lud, recovering from the vicious snub administered to him, with the attendant amazement and discomfiture. "A sailor's life is far from all fighting, especially in these days. Our squadrons lie along many a shore to check more powerful rascals than slave-dealers. We crush, in their infancy, aggressions and outrages to which the barbarities of the slave-trade are a trifle."

"A sort of water-police," said Marianne contemptuously.

"And sailors are still finding new lands and helping to civilise wild states," suggested Iris a little injudiciously.

"Not in my opinion," alleged Marianne,

with her neat little nose in the air. "My conviction is, that frigates and gun-boats float about in disgraceful idleness, in order to keep up the taxes, which papa is always groaning over. Besides, we must maintain a navy which is no longer wanted, in order to provide genteel sinecures for the younger sons of gentlemen—fellows who cannot get along on shore. For my part I would rather herd sheep in Australia or hunt ostriches in Africa, or turn a vulgar, respectable shop-keeper at home."

The attack was so outrageous that it became laughable. The eclipse of the sun might nevertheless have come to one person through a girl's spirit of contradiction and craven susceptibility to ridicule.

But to the others the sun declined in its ordinary fashion as they skirted the shoulder of Blackheath with its girdle of villas. It was a mere sunset, but it was such a sunset as the neighbourhood of London renders unrivalled in its kind. Iris was compelled to acknowledge that the misty flats of East-wich, or of Holland itself for that matter, could do nothing to those marvellous shades of saffron and gold, faint coral, dusky sorrel, the dim lilac of the autumn crocus, and a grey steely blue. Was there something human in the pathetic glory of the skies above the great city of vast wealth and grinding poverty, foulest sin and fairest righteousness, many crimes and many sorrows, much nobleness, much holiness, and much innocent, grateful gladness? Did the groans and curses, tears and sighs, smiles and laughter, go up from tens of thousands of hearths to paint themselves in that solemn, subdued glow?

The Academy was not yet shut; and out of many visits one stood out in the remembrance of the little company that so often met together in these weeks. They had all been tolerably united in their criticism. They had agreed that English landscape-painting held its own as in the days of Gainsborough and Constable and old Crome; that the mantle of Sir David Wilkie still fell, here and there, on the painters of the ruggedness and the humour, the exquisite tenderness of peasant life with its homely affections. These were no more sordid and petty now, to the hands that could draw and the eyes that could read them, than they were nearly a century ago to the brave, gentle son of the Fife manse. Heroism quailed a little before the cynicism of the generation, but picturesqueness and passion made a vigorous stand against the learned affectation of burning incense to colour and form, and rejecting

all humanity as devoid of dignity and interest unless it came in the shape of pagan myths, sensuous and sensual, petrified in their passion, cold in their exaggerated repose, because the faith and heart of man have alike forsaken them.

One at least of the visitors was sorry, with a yearning regret and a shamed mortification, that the sacred art which once made Italy, Flanders, and Spain glorious—on which men spent their lives—into which they could then throw their hearts—was so feebly and scantily represented in Christian England. Iris was inclined to ask, will there come a renaissance here also? and will the Christ on His cross, the Virgin Mother, and the noble army of martyrs replace once more Apollo and Venus with their votaries?

Most people will allow that it becomes in time weary work for eyes and brains to study even the flower of the year's pictures. But it is not so universal an axiom to the many, to learn that it is possible for bodily fatigue to end in crossness of temper even with the young and strong, the ardent and intelligent.

Will it be believed that Marianne Dugdale, after having entered with much enthusiasm on this as on other rounds, by the time she felt a falling to pieces of the backbone, a heaviness and ache of the brows, a slight swimming of the eyes, and giddiness of the brain, was about as much out of humour as could be said of an impatient-tempered girl who, if she were not arrested in time, would develop, without fail, into a hard as well as a true, a fiery no less than a warm-hearted vixen?

As it was, however, Marianne commenced to snap up her companions' harmless remarks and execute half-comical, childish growls at which no one ventured to laugh, to flout the others, to flounce about by herself.

Soothing was tried in vain, compromises were disdainfully rejected, proposals to bring the day's visit—the final visit to the Academy, to a summary close scouted at, humble suggestions of an adjournment to the refreshment-room for a glass of claret and a slice of chicken, or a cup of tea and a stale bun, treated as a positive insult. When it came to this pass, Marianne's adherents drew discreetly apart, freed her from their observation, and sought to occupy themselves with what remained of their morning's work. Only King Lud was too miserable to accomplish the assumption, or practise the restraint of indifference. He feared his mistress might be ill, for it was quite possible that Marianne would only display her bodily distress in this

perplexing, mental fashion. He knew at least that she was unhappy for the moment, and he could not endure the thought of abandoning her to her unhappiness. He followed her at a respectful distance, patiently waiting for any sign of relenting and recovery, when he would gladly take upon himself the blame of having been stupid, tiresome and positively cruel in inciting an unfortunate girl to do too much and exert herself till she was half dead.

Iris and Sir William were together at the farther end of the room. He was pausing and brightening at some Indian scenes, showing his companion where the cane brake or the mangrove swamp was trustworthy or at fault, explaining the native costumes and indicating the castes. He stopped at the occasional portraits of military officers as pointedly as if he were going to salute them and became excited and exultant over the likeness of one who had been a chief in Sir William's campaign. It was clear that he bore no malice against the service, that the disgrace with which it had threatened him had faded away from his mind, from the time that he had confessed and acknowledged the justice of the sentence. It was the scar on his neck and breast, and the sword cut across his arm, which for a moment burnt again with the proud consciousness that he too had been a soldier, and had fought and bled for England and his colours.

Unexpectedly the couple came upon a picture hung low which they had not observed on their previous visits. It was not a striking picture in size and situation, or in more than a moderate degree of artistic merit. It was the subject which arrested the two gazers, paled their cheeks, dimmed their eyes, brought a quiver to their compressed lips. The painter unknown to fame had represented a drowned woman, washed gently enough on a pebbly shore by the rippling waves of a sea no longer raging in the fury of a storm. The limbs, those of a fine, strong young woman, were disposed decently and peacefully, as if a friend's hand had laid them to rest; the face turned up to the summer sky was unmarred in its still serenity. The head lay cushioned as it were on the wealth of brown hair which had broken loose and streamed like so much seaweed back from the bare brow and blanched cheeks. So had Honor lain on the Welsh beach. The thoughts of both spectators flew back to the disaster. Then the attention of the pair became concentrated and fascinated by a likeness—a double likeness. It was

not wonderful that with their minds full of a similar catastrophe and its victim, Sir William and Iris should see a resemblance to the late Lady Thwaite in everything, save in the rich warm colouring which, to be sure, the cold sea and colder death had already stolen from her cheeks and lips before the husband was called upon to identify the body of his wife. But there was no reason why either of the two looking fixedly and silently at the picture, should simultaneously, as if by contact of thought, detect traits, the same as those with which they were familiar in a living face in that very room. Sir William and Iris had never before compared Honor Smith to Marianne Dugdale. Size, colouring, circumstances were all so different, that the comparison sounded absurd even now, yet there were the friends of both, marking it decidedly and unmistakably until the eyes which had been averted, looked into each other and claimed the wondering admission. "You see it also? Poor Honor and Miss Dugdale!" exclaimed Sir William, half under his breath; "I never once thought of it before."

"Nor I," responded Iris, as low as if she were exchanging secrets with him.

They did not say another word. She glanced at him and seemed to find a shadow of half-superstitious awe on his manly, ruddy face. Was he revolving the curious undefined law, that what has been shall be again, on which gamblers base their calculations—the unexplained but acknowledged fact that, in the history of men as of nations, events often repeat themselves, against all reason, against all warning, in a mysterious, well-nigh gruesome, fashion? Was he judging rashly that it was vain for him to struggle against his fate? Did he seek to persuade himself that in this direction after all, might lie at once the atonement for his past errors, and the building up of a new and higher character?

When Iris and Sir William rejoined Marianne Dugdale, she had so far come to herself as to suffer the companionship of the faithful lieutenant, and was no longer treating him worse than dog or mouse before she could consent to dote on him for ever. But the union was not indissoluble. Sir William Thwaite approached her with a forcible appeal and a pathetic reverence expressed in an eager concern for her welfare—"Are you tired out, Miss Dugdale? will you not allow me to find a seat for you? I will manage it, never fear, though I have to turn out by force that stout old gentleman,

and that puppy-dog of a lad on the next sofa. I see you have your fan, let me fan you. I have a long, strong, steady arm; I could work a flail or a punkah without much effort. After you're a bit rested and refreshed, we'll drive straight home and do no more to-day."

Iris knew that Sir William was moved by the recollection of his dead wife, whom he was confounding in a manner with Marianne Dugdale. But Ludovic Acton had no such clue to the problem. He was compelled to believe that his passive rival had suddenly become active and dead in earnest; while he was at the same time—from the support of Lady Fermor, doubtless—so well assured of the success of his suit, that he was already appropriating the tone of an accepted, privileged lover. He was proceeding to take care of Marianne, to control, and even gently reproach her, in a manner which she would certainly not have stood from another person, however much his unbounded devotion might have entitled him to forbearance. But, alas, alas! Marianne was not offended or aggrieved in this instance; she smoothed down her ruffled plumes and submitted with a good grace to be looked after and comforted. She glanced with shy, puzzled inquiry into Sir William's intent face. Her compunction for something like a child's naughtiness, her swift brightening up again were for Sir William and not for King Lud. She was a woman, therefore she was caught by novelty and mystery; she was a woman, so she was fickle as the inconstant wind. She looked ready to be wooed and won by the altered aspect of the suitor whom Lady Fermor had provided for her grand-daughter, as King Lud had known all along to his sorrow and dread.

CHAPTER XXXV.—ON THE BORDERS.

LONDON was fast becoming a high-class social desert, a hot wilderness to be abandoned to its tradespeople and its poor; even they were contemplating excursions to Margate, and tramps to the hop gardens.

Lady Fermor was about to carry out the second part of her programme, and to save herself from the danger of being left to the insipid society of two "bread-and-butter misses," she determined to journey by short stages as far as the neighbourhood of the first Scotch moor with unlet shootings to which the young men in her train might be induced to accompany her. No doubt Ludovic Acton was in daily expectation of an appointment to a ship, and might have to leave at a moment's notice, but in the mean-

time he served as well as another. The old despotic schemer, whose excess of worldly wisdom sometimes led her astray, was of opinion that the poor lieutenant with his frantic passion, at which she was able to jeer and laugh, served in some degree as a foil and stimulus to Sir William in what must prove his suit.

King Lud had not given up in despair. No man worthy of the name will easily do so, when the prize to be resigned is the centre of his fondest hopes and aspirations. He had fallen out and made it up again with Marianne Dugdale many times since the day at the Academy. He was still not without a lingering hope that the privilege of travelling with her might do something for his cause. At least it afforded desperately delightful opportunities for being at once the happiest and the most miserable fellow in the world, happy with a delirious satisfaction in the mere consciousness of being in her presence, of watching her and serving her—miserable in knowing how soon the close proximity to bliss would come to an end any way, and what a grievous probability existed that by indulging his inclinations and feasting his passion, he would only reap additional disappointment and wretchedness in the end: when the suspense was over, Marianne was Lady Thwaite presiding at Whitehills, and he a broken-hearted lieutenant far at sea.

In the beginning of the trip, King Lud's star was in the ascendant. Marianne was radiant and gracious in the enjoyment of all the pleasurable excitement and constant change of scene characteristic of an excursion such as she had never taken before. Since it was conducted to suit the requirements of a woman of Lady Fermor's position and age, there was not the slightest strain on any young person's powers. Indeed Marianne used her Englishwoman's privilege of grumbling, simply because she had that most charming of all Adventures of a Phaeton running in her head, and was possessed by a rueful persuasion that she too could have driven many a mile under sunshine and shower, and the merry moonlight; and if she had not been equal to playing on a guitar and singing appropriate songs under difficulties, she would at least have been quite fit for the gay scramble at bezique and the judicious balancing of two encroachers on her freedom at the end of the day. But even a journey in first-class railway carriages by short stages was not to be despised, when the destination of the travellers was the land of the mountain and the flood, of romance and canniness.

The shortness of the stages and the breaking of the progress by a day's rest occasionally, to enable Lady Fermor to dine deliberately at her usual hour, to go to bed early and rise late, in order to recruit her forces, also permitted exploring strolls in every direction, and subordinate excursions in the interest of the younger members of the party. Thus the banks of the Severn were visited, the ancient streets of Chester perambulated, a raid made into North Wales, and merry Carlisle with its castle and cathedral learnt off by heart. The travellers were then not far from the Scotch borders; and the final halting-place, the heathery wells of Moffat, did not lie much beyond the Marches. But unluckily Lady Fermor caught cold, with a little cough, which teased her in the next stage of her journey, so that she adopted the resolution of stopping short and staying for a couple of nights at an old-fashioned inn in which she recollected having been fairly served many years before. It lay at the junction of the sister countries and had originally stood on a great coach road a good deal frequented in its time. But since the establishment of railways and new routes, and the withdrawal of the coaches from the old tracks, nearly the whole of the traffic had departed from the place; still the old inn stood, and continued a house of lodging and entertainment for man and beast on a new foundation, its later energies having been directed to affording board and lodging to families seeking a summer retreat, and to furnishing a resort for the anglers who frequented the "becks" and "burns" in the vicinity.

Lady Fermor declared that her old plain comfortable rooms, which were fortunately vacant, had not fallen off appreciably, and that she was satisfied she could have all she wanted, till a little rest enabled her to get rid of her cold.

It was a matter of congratulation to Iris and Marianne especially that they should make this halt in an out-of-the-way corner, and begin their acquaintance with Scotland by an entrance which might be made on foot, and was not much frequented to the destruction of all original traits and native simplicity and individuality.

As for the male animal, usually so impatient of delay and restive under what is a purely soothing and agreeable element to the female, the two young men were in that normal condition which occurs or ought to occur to a man only once in his life. They were at the beck and call of the women; the young fellows were meek and docile.

ready to assent cheerfully to any arrangement, eager to display themselves in their best colours as they would never be again. For anything more, Sir William showed himself less drawn to Marianne when she was full of glee and enthusiasm, than when the shadow of a trouble, however groundless and self-made, hung over her. He left her to a considerable extent to enchant or plague King Lud, who was thus still hovering on the confines of gaining or losing the prize of his life, while Sir William nursed Lady Fernor, made his own observations, or walked about soberly with Miss Compton.

There was something of quaint dignity in the rural aspect of the inn. It was a steep-roofed stone house of considerable pretensions. The walls were rough-dashed and whitewashed, and further covered by honeysuckle in blossom, and the first "red red rose" of Scotland which the English visitors had seen. They were told the house was an old Border mansion-house, much more recent in date than the crumbling grey towers and towns they had recently seen in Cumberland, but still old enough to have been beheld by Prince Charlie, had he looked that way in his memorable marches to and from Carlisle. The house stood in a rough paddock shaded by a few gnarled old trees, and the whole lay in the shelter of the four sentinels—Skiddaw and Scafell rising to the south, with Criffell and the Lead Hills starting up to the north.

The party had private rooms, and so did not come in contact with possible dukes and probable bagmen, chatty or frigid, kindly or selfish old and young ladies. But Iris and Marianne made their own of a modest yet frank young chambermaid, the daughter of a neighbouring Scotch ploughman. She had lived all her life in the vicinity, and could tell her eager questioners the local names and identify to their satisfaction the merest purple crown of every peak and the misty flash of all the "wan waters" far and near. She was more intelligent than the generality of her compeers in England—the three hundred years or so of parish schools in Scotland having had their effect on the brains of the population. She took evident pride in her birth-place and country, and proceeded, on a little solicitation, to pour forth all the old stories which had gathered round a famous locality. "It was a weel kenned part aince, mem. A hantle bonnie English leddies and wilfu' English lads sought it out; whiles there were Scotch leddies and gentlemen came in secret as far as

the bounds o' Dumfriesshire and Kirkcudbrightshire, and rode cockin' awa' in braid day. But there was nae needcessity for the like o' them taking sic a tramp, they just did it to be neebour-like. What for did they come, young leddies, are you askin'? Losh! div you no ken this was ane o' the toons*—my faither ay maintains it was the chief—where rin-awa' marriages were ca'd aff, the knot tied and the couple buckled, so that neither faither nor mither nor law-lord, nor minister o' the kirk, nor the king hissel' could rieve man and wife asunder again."

"Oh! how nice! how funny!" cried Marianne, "that we should have come by chance to such an inn. Tell us about these run-away marriages, Jeannie. Did any happen in your time? Did you ever see one?" while Iris prepared to listen with interest and amusement.

"Weel, I cannot just say I have, mem," Jeannie was forced to admit, a little crest-fallen at having to fail "fine, lightsome English young leddies" in such an important particular as would have been supplied by her having been an eye-witness to the deed, and so able to give personal evidence with regard to all that happened. "Leastways I have never seen sic grand turnouts as I have heard my faither and mither, and still mair, my grandmither, wha's living to this day with a' her wits aboot her, crack about to their cronies mony a time. Sic marriages hae been going out o' fashion amang gentle-folks for mair than ae generation. But I hae seen a wheen ploughman billies, after a hiring-market, the warse o' drink for the maist part, and as mony tawpies o' field workers—bondagers, folk ca' them here—and servant lasses, gang afore auld Fernie who had learnt the trade when it was flourishin', and still wasna unwillin' to win a shillin' or twa by trying the auld trick, though the ministers on ilka side, o' a' denominations, are wild now against it and fit to rug the head aff onybody that does siccan work. And, mem, it wasna a' fun," continued Jeannie solemnly, for like a good conscientious lass she was exercised in mind by the minister's condemnation, every time it recurred to her memory. "Fule lads and silly lasses have been carried aff their feet, and had to find them again an' rue their madness ower late. I hae seen a puir lad that wasna villain enough tae forsake even the licht lass that hadna been il tae coort, and was his

* The term "toon" is used freely in primitive Scotch for any better sort of house—farm-house or mansion-house, as well as for a "burgh-toon."



"Iris welcomed it gladly."

married wife from the moment they had joined hands, come up next morning, a' shaking, to the farm toon where I was lieving in service, to seek his wife an' hae to be telled whilk o' the glaiket lasses was she; and I mind a daft lassie, fit to greet her heart oot, because she had to gang her ways—for life, mind ye, mem, wi' a lad she neither kenned nor cared for, seein' that she had only drawn up wi' him the day afore, for naething save to vex her ain lad, whom she had quarrelled wi' nae further gane than the market mornin'."

"Ah! that was bad," said Marianne, disappointed in her turn. "I am afraid your ministers are right, and runaway marriages are not what they should be."

"Weel," said Jeannie, with her *amor patriæ* and her Scotch logic resisting even her loyalty to her minister, "I'm thinkin' there's something to be said on baith sides. The brawest bridegroom I saw here was nae mair than a writer laddie, an' he run awa' wi' his auld maister's dochter—a lassie wi' siller. But her father was dead and she was a saft snool, and had a lang-headed brither who wanted to keep the siller in the family—that was to him and his bairns, sae he was guardin' her day and night an' would hae hindered her frae being married ava, and they said the writer lad, whether he had the siller in his ee or no, was douce and decent, and would be gude enough till her—far better than her ain flesh an' blude. Noo wasna that a deliverance wrocht by a rin-awa' marriage?" demanded Jeannie triumphantly. "My granny minds o' a sair fracaw aboot a wicket yerl whom naething would serve but that his genty* bit dochter should marry as auld an' grand an' wicket a sinner as hissel'. Her true love would na see the shamefu' sacrifice sae he up and fled wi' the lass. He was a sailor or a sodger lad—an' o' the twa, I forget whilk, a bonnie, brave young man, and he brocht the lassie here. They had but to say twa words to be beyond the power o' any faithers, to belong to ane anither as was ordained, so that she could follow the drum or sail the seas wi' him, and only death micht part them."

"Come, this is better," cried Marianne with a bright colour in her pale cheeks. "Tell us more about it, Jeannie. What excitement there must have been! Did the couple come dashing up to the door, their horses covered with foam, and the parents and guardians in hot pursuit?"

"Na, that wasna the way ilka day. Sic wild wark and desperate risks were not tried often, though I hae heard o' horses bein' shot

dead frae the foremost carriage, and drivers bribed to lame the puir senseless beasts, or to tint the road and whummle ower their cary in the middle o' a peat bog, that took ilka man, that tried to stand up, to the houghs in water-holes, wi' nae means o' gettin' on, except by shank's naigie. But whiles, as in the story I'm tellin', the faither was sae close that the lovers daured nae drive up to the front door lest they should be overtaken afore they were made one. They left their empty chaise in a dip o' the road mair than a mile awa', as gin there had been a break-down. The driver galloped on his best horse—and they said it cast ilka shoe within the mile—to gie warning here, while the pair turned into a road—Cambus Road, and jinked by a foot-path to the auld Cambus doocot, that as a' the world kens is jist ower the Borders. There was in this parish a mass-John—that I suld be so far left to mysel' as to gie him sic a name, for he was a godly minister o' the gospel, in days to come. But he didna set his face against rinawa' marriages in his youth, leecensed and placed though he was. What suld hinder him frae hurrying out to meet and marry the lad and lass in the doocot, as gin they had been twa doos? They were yoked thegither as sure and fast as if they had been a leddy and gentleman surrounded by a proud and blythe wedding company, in a fine house, and blessed by a man wha had maybe christened her and catecheesed him. The driver and the leddy's maid, wha had come wi' her mistress, served for witnesses. There was a wild set at Cambus Ha' at the time, but they were aye hearty and hospitable, and were gude to weddingers, whom they wadna thwart, sin' some o' theirsel's had made rinawa' marriages, wi' sma' credit, if the truth were told. Ony way the Cambus Ha' family took in the fugitives and gave them quarter for the nicht. They cam' ower here the next day to face the yerl, wha cursed and blackguarded them; but kennin' he could do nae mair, though he lived to be a hunder, suffered them to tak' the high road, while he took the laigh."

"I dare say he thought better of it, and was reconciled to his daughter in the end," said Iris demurely; "we are not so clever on our side of the Border as you are on yours, Jeannie."

"So I hae heard say, mem. But the feck o' the couples were mair crafty than to let it be touch and go like that; whiles they would come dressed up sae as their ain mithers could hardly hae kenned them, or they would travel here by opposite roads

* From the French *gentille*.

and at different times. The bridegroom by hissel' or wi' a frien' would ride by a coach, and the bride would come, sometimes her lee-lane—eh! but she maun hae had a stout heart and a hantle faith in her lad—it might be in the dead o' nicht, by anither."

"And how did they do it, Jeannie? out of church, without a regular clergyman always. Did they never forget their prayer-books and the rings?" pressed Marianne, with the keenest curiosity.

"Prayer-books!" cried Jeannie, her trim figure, in its dark stuff gown, white cap and apron, swelling at the very word. "We haena had a service-book sin' auld Jenny Geddes flung her stule at the head o' the minister for dauring to pray in the kirk aff printed paper. As for the ring, it is but the bridegroom's giftie to the bride; it can be given at any time. Na, we're no married wi' rings."

"What are you married with then, in the name of wonder? Did you ever hear anything like it, Iris?" cried Marianne, as at an incredible but surpassingly ludicrous joke. "I dare say you don't vow to love, honour, and obey your husbands, when you take them for better, for worse?"

"Na," said Jeannie again with a canny sense of humour, "we say as little as we can, baith lads and lasses. Ye ken that least said is sunest mended. But there are waur husbands and wives than some you'll find in Scotland, mem."

"I believe you," said Marianne. "I think you are a remarkable people, with charming institutions. If I ever marry, I'll come and do it in Scotland. But in order that I may know what I'm about, you must tell me what really takes place, what you can find to say, when it can be said, in so few words, either in a church or a house, or a 'doocot,' or wherever you may find yourselves."

"Weel," said Jeannie, slightly offended by the tone and the laughter, and defending herself with some dignity, "we dinna believe that the Lord's confined to temples made wi' hands. We think the earth is His and the fulness thereof, and that His een are open to what's doing ower the whole world where ilka place is His temple. When all is right and in order for a Scotch waddin', our minister puts up a bit prayer out o' his head, and there's a sma' discourse, o' his own composition," Jeannie explained with emphasis, as if she set great store on the originality of the performance. "The discourse may last for ten or twenty minutes; then there's

another prayer at the end. But the ceremony itsel' which does the business needna tak' three minutes."

"Then what on earth does it consist of? It sounds exceedingly like the waving of a magician's wand."

"Na, there's nae magic about it. It's just the speerin' and answerin' o' twa reasonable questions. The minister, or it might be anither man in a rinawa' marriage, asks the lad afore ane or twa witnesses, will he tak' this woman to be his lawfu' wedded wife, and he says 'Yes,' or he only boos if he's blate. Syne the minister speers at the lass if she'll tak' this man to be her lawfu' wedded husband, and she curtsies. Then the minister or the man ackin for him says, 'Join hands,' and the twa cleek their fingers thegither. Neist the minister or the man proclaims, 'What God has joined letna man put asunder,' and that's a', unless the signing o' the lines that certifies the fac'."

"Do you mean to say you marry as an anonymous man and woman? Do you not even say 'M' or 'N'?" inquired Marianne, still full of interest and diversion.

"What's your wull, mem?" Jeannie questioned in her turn, using an ancient phrase which signified that she had not the most distant idea what her interrogator meant.

"It is not my will, it is yours to marry in this odd mysterious fashion."

"I beg your pardon, mem, but there can be nae mystery—or mockery either, about honest folk," protested Jeannie indignantly. She felt strongly on such subjects as her nationality and her kirk, and had a settled conviction that she did well to be angry when they were attacked.

Iris interposed as a peace-maker. "We only wished to know if you used no Christian name, such as Jeannie or Donald, in your marriage service."

"Donald is a Hielant name," said Jeannie a little disdainfully. "We hae nae Donalds among our Lowland Scotch—ony way none here awa on the Borders. Na, we mention no names, at least we were na wont to bring them into the ceremony, though some new-fangled ministers say baith names, and would put it to me as Jean Maxwell, whether I would take Tam Riddel or Allan Elliot for my man?"

Apparently Jeannie had not the guile to use assumed names for her illustration, since she coloured violently, and added that she did not think the new fashion "sae mannerly and modest" as the old. "But there's the mistress's ring o' the bell. She'll say I've

been clamerin' instead of minding my wark, and deed she'll no be far wrang," cried Jeannie in self-condemnation, as she caught up her broom and dust-pan and made a hasty retreat to the door, before Marianne could call after her—

"Say we kept you for the enlarging of our ideas. It is quite true, and she may put it in the bill."

Marianne Dugdale was much struck and greatly enlivened by what she had heard of the runaway marriages, once of frequent occurrence in the house, and of the simplicity of the ceremony of marriage according to the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. She ran the two subjects together, and mixed them up inextricably in her mind, while she retailed the information she had got from the chamber-maid, with great gratification, for the edification of the whole party. The topic was a promising one, full of sentimental interest, and yet fertile in jokes. Even the quietest and shyest person there, not to say the oldest, who was never behind with her joke, but as being a little of an invalid at present resigned herself to performing the part of a listener, could not resist expressing an opinion, and calling forth a laugh. But none was so full of the stories as Marianne Dugdale. Even after the girls had retired for the night she kept reminding Iris, "what throbbing temples and beating hearts must have sought refuge in these rooms! I wonder if no bride ever gave in at the last moment, fainted dead away, or said she would go back as she came, and try to be patient, and obey the law."

"A runaway marriage was not breaking the law—the law of the land, I mean, that went with the couple," said Iris. "I think, like sensible Jeannie, that in extreme cases the remedy was open to trial. I have no doubt that the law existed for these, and to prevent weak women being hardly dealt with. It strikes me that there was a certain manliness and honesty in the law, though, of course, it might be much abused."

"Of course," echoed Marianne, without having paid much attention to what her companion had said. "Don't you think it would be dreadful, horrible, to marry without love, Iris, even if the man were not a high-handed sinner, such as the girl described?"

Iris had never heard Marianne speak so seriously before, and even yet she was not sure that a jest might not lurk beneath the seriousness, till her cousin added in a tone of suppressed excitement—

"I would not do it for all the world; I know it would be a terrible danger for me.

It is another thing with you. I believe you would be good, and do your best under any circumstances. But I—Iris, did it never strike you that there was something of—granny in me?" Marianne broke off and asked in a low tone with a slight shudder, but looking Iris full in the face all the time, as it was to surprise her answer.

"No, no, nothing at all," said Iris, startled and shocked, "except that it goes without saying we are both of her blood, and in some physical points—features, tones of voice, tricks of gesture, we may bear a resemblance to her, as doubtless we do to each other," added Iris, seeking to widen the chain of relationship to which she was referring.

"Ah! I know better," said Marianne, drawing a long breath. "I am hot-blooded, impulsive, headstrong, as she has been. I, too, could be brought to stand at bay, and to break through every obstacle in the path of my will. I know I am a weaker woman than she is, but sometimes I think it is not only because hers is the stronger nature, but because I am really like granny, that she can turn and twist and make a tool of me. I see perfectly well what she is about all the time, how she is touching every sensitive spot in my composition, stirring me up and egging me on to be vain, heartless, and treacherous. But I cannot resist her—I defy myself to do it. It is the same as bringing fire to tinder. I kindle up in a blaze in a moment, and become a puppet to be played off according to her pleasure. It is easy to guess what you will say, that I can strive and watch, and pray to hold my own, but I am afraid I cannot. There is some sympathy between us. No, don't let us speak of it any longer, Iris, for even to allude to it in a whisper seems to make it a greater reality, and to render me more in her power."

This impatient and, as it seemed, cowardly turning of Marianne's back on a cause for apprehension, with the avoidance of all present reflection and future resolution on the point, was a new practice to Iris Compton. She had faced each foe that stood in her path, whether or not she had been worsted in the contest.

But there was no room at this date for rational remonstrance with Marianne Dugdale. The moment her humour changed, which it was apt to do in the twinkling of an eye, she would put her small hands over her shell-like ears and call out pettishly she was not to be preached to, though she had just challenged and almost solicited the sermon. She would prefer to advance partially blind-

folded to threatened destruction, rather than endure the sharp pain, acute self-reproach, and mental trouble of opening her eyes, counting the cost, and making a determined stand and an abiding choice as to what was

to be her conduct and fate. At the same time poor little square-shouldered Marianne was far less unstable by nature than from defective training and untoward circumstances.

SUNDAY READINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

OCTOBER 5TH.

Read Isaiah lviii., and 1 Corinthians xiii.

WE have probably all experienced moods when we feel weary of the endless warfare of different ecclesiastical parties, and when we are willing to exchange almost any form of opinion for some good work accomplished, or for some virtue of gentleness or charity that has been attained. Such moods often lead us to understand better the real purpose of religion and to put at their true value many of the disputes which occupy the interests of the religious world, but which are not of the essence of Christianity. We are then brought to think of the will of the Master, and of how He must regard the state of Christendom.

That warfare of some kind should characterize the advance of the kingdom of Christ, is plainly taught us by Himself; but it may be well to inquire of what nature ought that warfare to be. When Christ says, "To him that overcometh will I give to sit on my throne—even as I overcame, and am set down of the Father upon His throne," we may ask, what is it that He wishes us to overcome? What is the contest to which He calls the Church and the individual? We shall this evening consider this question in reference to Churches.

There can be no doubt as to the intensity of the warfare which has raged within the Church of God, and which rages at this moment between the different sections into which the Church has been divided. Without going to other lands we have abundant proof of this at home. No language can well exaggerate the keenness with which the strife of religious parties has been urged in our own country for centuries. It has not been confined to a contention between the various denominations into which the Protestant Church has been divided. The evil spirit of schism, in the sense in which St. Paul condemned it, has frequently been as violent within the same communion, as against those who do not belong to it. There can be no doubt as to the enormous expenditure of energy, learn-

ing, zeal, money, and of temper also on the part of different factions for the special dogma, form of worship, or of government which they have adopted. Sometimes it is in regard to the polity of the Church, whether its government should be by bishops or presbyters, or whether either of these are necessary; sometimes it is about the relationship of Church and State; or it is about the terms of some article in a creed; or about the forms and attitudes to be employed in worship; or about the use or non-use of a prayer-book in the Service of the house of God. And on matters like these we have beheld not only the community, but even families split up into bitter sections, and millions of money spent, and tons of literature disseminated, in support of the opposing claims. To such a length has it gone that the interest with which this clergyman or that, this congregation or that is primarily regarded, refers not unfrequently to the side which may be taken by them in some such ephemeral dispute.

Now if this picture is even approximately true, we may ask whether such points as these are the issues that are at stake when Christ says, "To him that overcometh will I give to sit with me on my throne." For consider for a moment the nature of a contest between Church parties. It is not a struggle against vice or immorality or infidelity. It is not a competition in the attempt to mitigate the sufferings of the poor or the sick. It is as between my understanding of a verse of Scripture and yours; between the form of Church Service I am accustomed to and the one you prefer; or between perhaps nothing more than the influences of different associations and prejudices. Now, suppose that one party should be able to outstrip its competitor, and that one section of the Church should succeed in eliminating another. Suppose that the so-called "Evangelicals" are able to crush the so-called "Broad Church," or that the Broad Churchman vanquishes the "High Churchman;" suppose the Dissenter should gain

his point against the State Churchman, or that the State Churchman should banish the Dissenter from the field; I ask whether any or all of these victories can be the kind of victory that is intended by Christ when He says, "To him that overcometh will I give to sit upon my throne"? Are not these various contentions destructive of the true idea of the Church as a body with many members and embracing a vast variety of form and function? Do not these absorbing conflicts present side issues for the zeal of the Church instead of the aims that are vital? For if but a very small proportion of the devotion given to these minor points were but expended on the moral and physical evils which affect society; if our keenest anxieties were bestowed on the ignorance and vice which are degrading vast masses of the population; if the miserable houses and miserable lives which are the disgrace of our civilisation received but half the attention now given to our various Shibboleths, then we should have some victories for which we might thank God. But it is the shame of our Christianity that it has treated duties in the inverse ratio of their importance. We can have no doubt as to what the will of Christ is in regard to the relative importance of the practical and theoretical. For He indicates the kind of victory He seeks at our hands when He says, "Even as I overcame." The work of Christ was not the promulgation of a series of abstract theological propositions for the intellectual assent of all men of all ages. He did not set up any sharply defined ecclesiastical system to be alone binding and authoritative for all times and countries. His contest was essentially with the evil and suffering of the world. His victory was that of love sacrificing self for the good of man. His struggle was against the sins and sorrows, the passions, hatreds, class distinctions, and ecclesiastical bigotries which cursed the time in which He lived. It was man that He loved and not any party. It was pride and unlovingness He opposed and not any sect. It was God the Father He glorified, and in that great Name He went forth to win back the lost children. And it was just such a grand "enthusiasm of humanity" which gave to the early Church its victories—an enthusiasm fired by the belief that man is redeemed, and burning with the desire to bring all the healing, love, hope, and courage which the eternal life and victory of Christ inspired to bear upon the many-sided wants of society. And men felt the power of a Church life like

that, which could change poor slaves and the outcasts of heathen vice into heroic martyrs and saintly confessors.

Now when we weigh, however casually, the meaning of all this, does not the ecclesiastical history of Europe appear in strange contrast? And does not the possible victory of one Church party or another in the many conflicts which at this hour affect so greatly the interests of Christians seem to be really quite beside the one question for the solution of which the Christian Church exists?

OCTOBER 12TH.

Read Micah vi. 1-8, and Matthew vii. 13, to end.

Last Sunday evening we considered the kind of victory which Christ seeks His Church to win. This evening we shall apply the same principle to the individual Christian.

When we turn from Churches to persons we find that certain aims are often set before the mind as being of the essence of religion, which have only a secondary relation to it. We may take one or two illustrations of what is thus meant.

(1.) There is the mistake of the pietist, who identifies religion with his feelings and experiences. Salvation is with him security after death, on account of certain opinions held by him respecting the atonement of our blessed Lord; and as the evidence of these opinions—or as he terms them, his "faith"—being genuine is found by him in the sense of "peace" which he enjoys, he endeavours accordingly to maintain a hot-house growth of certain feelings, on the presence of which he leans for assurance. Of this character is the luxurious piety of many useless men and women, who, if their every-day life be tried by the standard of the Christian spirit as revealed in Jesus, painfully surprise us by the contrast therein presented. For how intolerant and harsh in their judgment of others are such persons frequently found! how bitter in their antipathies and petulant in their tempers! They are almost impossible companions for their equals, and exacting towards their inferiors. The mind of Christ, which is of the essence of His religion, is not, therefore, necessarily attained by the pietist we have described, and to that extent he is unchristian.

(2.) Of another class is the formalist. His religion consists in the "soundness" of his belief in Church or creed, in priest or presbyter. He attends with regularity and becoming reverence upon all the recognised "duties of religion." He may be enthusiastic as to ritual, or keen in its condemnation.

Nevertheless it would sometimes be difficult to determine in common life whether the man is a worshipper of the holy, loving, pure, self-sacrificing Saviour, or a worshipper of fashion, social influence, material comfort, and success, or it may be of Mammon and of that accustomed "order of things," which does not disturb the "goods" that he would "keep in peace."

(3.) Or the religion of another may practically consist in the interest which attaches to speculative opinion, to the questions suggested by Reason and Faith, the relation of Science to Revelation, or to matters of criticism and evidence.

Now, without multiplying instances, it would be foolish to deny that each of these types of character presents aspects which are not without religious value. The region of feeling and sentiment, the sphere of dogmatic truth or of worship, the outworks of criticism and evidence, have each an important function to fulfil in the kingdom of God.

Nevertheless the true conflict of the Christian soldier, and the victory which is essentially the one that is recognised and crowned by Christ, belong to a different field and to another warfare. It is in the sphere of character, in the growth and activity of the Christian spirit, that the real conquests of the Christian are won. Church and dogma may be closely connected with the quickening and fostering of that spirit, but if they produce it not then they fail of the true ends of religion. We are to overcome even as Christ overcame, and that must be by living out the Christ-like character. If that is not in a measure reached, then no occasional fits of pious feeling, no degree of faultlessness in creed or observance, no amount of intellectual acumen or of "insight" can be taken as a substitute for the "one thing needful." Character is the great demand of the gospel, and to produce it the gospel is the one great power. It was to make us sons of God, like Himself, that Christ came, and "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of His."

And so when it is asked, What is that which we are to overcome in order to be set down with Christ upon His throne? the answer to the individual is similar to that which is given to the Church. It is your own evil and the evil you are finding in the world around you that you are to vanquish. It must therefore be yours to seek after the personal fruits of the Spirit, such as love, gentleness, considerateness, and peace, and in doing so to overcome irritability, vanity,

and selfishness. It must be yours also to endeavour to do good to others, and for that end to overcome sloth, false delicacy, and pride. You need not look to the ends of the earth, or to the world beyond the grave, for the opportunities of saintship. Everyday life, your fireside, your business, will afford ample scope for a noble struggle and a glorious victory. A man's spiritual foes are, indeed, most frequently "those of his own household," discovered in the difficulty of dealing with the common details of life in a truly generous, patient, and Christian spirit.

And such a victory cannot be gained without Christ. It is the love of Christ which can alone inspire the desire so to live, and His grace can alone give the power to live it. But we must beware of substituting in the name of Christ a religion which is but the reflection of our own selfishness and unfaithfulness. If we are to be "set down by Christ on His throne" it can only be by fighting His battle, through sharing His mind and character, and thus possessing His joy.

OCTOBER 19TH.

Read Job xxiii., and 1 Peter i. 1-9.

Is it possible to love a person whom we have never seen, or who has not been seen on earth for eighteen centuries? We may admire the character or writings and rejoice in the noble histories of the great men of the past, but it would be an unwarrantable stretch of language to assert that we loved Plato or Shakespeare with such an absorbing passion that it was the thought of their presence which cheered us in our sorrows, and the consciousness of their approval which inspired our virtue. This would be worse than paradoxical. And yet it is such language as this, used in the soberest manner, which has expressed the sentiments of believers towards Jesus Christ, "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

The form of expression used by St. Peter is suggestive, when he says "*in* Whom believing." We do not base the distinction between believing Christ and believing *in* Christ altogether on a verbalism. It rests on a wider foundation. For there is a common distinction between believing what a man says and believing in the man who says it. In the former sense we may accept the teaching of Christ and acknowledge the unapproachable excellence of His doctrine; we may also, in a similar sense, believe all that is said about Christ and of His claims. But it is a different kind of faith to believe *in*

Him, for it implies a certain experience of His guidance and grace. Taking a familiar illustration, we may distinguish between the historical faith of the student who is acquainted with the life and character of Napoleon, and who may accept his ideas as authoritative, from that kind of faith in the man possessed by the soldiers who fought under his command. They may have known little of his policy, but they had the enthusiasm of such faith in their leader as made them ready to brave shot and shell in obedience to his will. This may help us to understand the character of that glowing faith in Jesus Christ which transcends belief in a theology and becomes a transforming power in life and character. For it is trust in a Person, who is alive and cares for us, who is our Shepherd, Saviour, and Friend. It is that which translates an abstract creed into a commanding enthusiasm. If it is precious to say, "I believe in the incarnation, or the atonement, or the resurrection," it seems infinitely more so to have such abstract doctrines vitalized by changing the creed into the more personal one—"I believe in Jesus Christ, who lived and died and rose again, and is alive for evermore, Who is now reigning over us and all men, to Whom I can unburden every desire, and Whose path I will follow, however dark and mysterious it may now appear."

And Christian life is more than faith. "Whom having not seen, ye love," wrote St. Peter to the believers of the dispersion who, unlike himself, had never beheld Jesus of Nazareth. The best test of faith is to measure the extent to which it has led us thus to love Christ. When that love comes in with power it changes our motives and revolutionizes our aims. Money, pleasure, position, influence, sit no longer on the throne. "To us to live is Christ." Whatever is contrary to His will, will then affect us as with a shock of pain; we then instinctively care for the advance of His Kingdom, and the poor, the ignorant, the suffering, for whom He died, cannot be treated with indifference. Such love becomes our very nature. It possesses us, it vitalizes our sympathies, kindles our enthusiasm, consecrates our lives. And yet it is all the while love to a Person whom we have never seen. The paradox becomes a fact of experience. The invisible Lord is more really present to the soul that loves Him than earthly father, or mother, or wife, or child.

Some may feel as if all this were a fanaticism and a dream. They may say, "No practical man, far less any man of

scientific training, can receive this as his religion. He may confess the exalted morality and accept the hopes of the gospel, but in this world of fact, it is impossible to expect one to have, as the chief motive for all his conduct, love to Jesus Christ, Who is invisible."

One fact however we do know, that when we turn to the loveliest lives this earth has seen, to the gentle and wise, the pure and devoted, the sweet maidens, the manly soldiers and heroes of the Cross, who have been the very flower of our humanity, we discover that what inspired and sustained and sanctified them, was their love to the invisible Lord. And this is the secret power which consecrates the service of every one now, who "counting not his own life dear to him," labours for the redemption of humanity from sin and selfishness to the knowledge and joy of God. You cannot account for the undying enthusiasm of the Church as she sends forth her labourers into all lands, on any other ground than unquenchable love to Christ. And in other spheres we see its power burning with an intensity still more arresting. So have we beheld it amid poverty and weakness, and the agonies of mortal suffering, giving an intelligent and calm patience, a sense of strength, and a blessed hope which death itself could not assail. Love for the unseen Saviour may be a paradox, but it is also one of the most potent factors in actual life.

OCTOBER 26TH.

Read Psalm cxlv., and Ephesians iii. 8, to end.

The reign of law or universal order implies a unity of principle so complete that we are justified in looking for the universal in the particular. It was because he could calculate on the universal applicability of the principle discovered in a minor incident that Newton expounded the law which determines the course of the planets. It is the security of this method of reasoning which often makes analogy our sole instrument for constructing a theory of the next life. We believe God works on principle; and when we have discovered the principle of His activity in one sphere of interest, we are emboldened to rise into a survey of other possible worlds where similar laws prevail. The permanent facts of ethics or of social life may thus be regarded as indicative of higher relationships, for a moral instinct ought to be as sure an index of law as the swing of a pendulum or the shape of a rain-drop. Family life, which is the basis

of social life, is as much a fact of nature, or, in other words, a principle of God's government, as the law of gravitation. The names parent and child, brother and sister, which belong to the primary social nucleus, express principles which widen out into the larger organisms of city, nation, and race; so that in every home we can behold a microcosm, or little world, governed by laws which reach to the very throne of God. We feel warranted to rise from the earthly relationship to the heavenly, and can say with confidence, "Our Father which art in heaven," finding in our earthly thoughts of fatherhood a true prophecy of the eternal. For if these earthly ties are the work of God they reveal principles that cannot perish. There is therefore nothing to startle us in the saying of St. Paul, "The Father, of whom the whole family," or rather "every family in heaven and earth is named."

Two thoughts, among many, are suggested. (1.) Separation, and (2.) Unity. Some are in heaven and some on earth, but the whole belong to the family of Him who is the one Father.

(1.) There are few families in whose ranks there are no gaps. Most of us can understand what it means to see places empty, the occupants having passed "within the veil." And we still feel bound to them. They are "our" father or mother, "our" brother or sister, "my" husband or wife still. And we believe that they also feel similarly towards us. He who kindled those earthly affections which have been the source of so much good, could not have done so merely to quench them for ever after the few years of their existence here. We can have no doubt that they who live still, also love still. We can therefore feel the beauty of the phrase, "the whole family in heaven and on earth." Indeed, as we grow older the family in heaven seems the more real as well as the larger. There are many firesides at which the thoughts of those who are yet seated round the hearth are more with those who have entered into their rest than with the friends, however precious, who remain.

But the sadness of separation is not the only burden which those who remain have to carry. There is no one who has deeply loved another, and who has felt the closeness of the links which have bound soul to soul, to whom the fact of being parted does not suggest other and sometimes most trying reflections. We cannot but wonder regarding the conditions of the life which is now theirs. Where are they now? What are

they doing? What are they feeling? The mother asks it about the little child which has been taken from her arms to be educated in a higher school and under an infinitely better guidance. The child asks it regarding the parent without whom it once seemed impossible to live. The husband or wife asks it about the one who but yesterday shared their every care. Such thoughts press upon us whether we will it or not. In vain do we cry to our beloved ones for an answer to our questionings—"Do you ever think of us now? Do you love us still as you loved us then?" All is indeed terribly silent. Custom and time may with their healing ministry deaden the first keenness of our sufferings, and may even lend a placid and chastened grace to the sadness they conceal but cannot cure. And yet the gaps are there, and the old mystery still lingers beside the grave.

(2.) But, thank God, there is another side presented, when we read of unbroken unity in the words, "The whole family in heaven and on earth." If there is separation, there is continuity. And this unity is based on His own eternal Fatherhood. Every family on earth has been constituted in virtue of that great name "Father," with which we call upon God as the source of all our blessedness. And that name is the foundation on which we build our hopes of the continuance of the same blessedness for ever. For if it is God who has made the earthly home so precious, and given to the parent the child that nestles in the breast, and given to the child the parent who is its gentle protector; if it is He who has inspired the love which unites the members of the family here in ties that death cannot sever; we may rest assured that all which belongs to the unseen world will be in harmony with what He has thus bestowed in this present world—which is God's world as truly as that other that we call heaven.

And so it is that the earthly names which are so dear ought to lead us up to that one Name, from which they derive their significance, and as we say "Father" we can rest in peace as to all else. For it is the same Hand which guides us here that is guiding them there, who have gone from us. It is the same loving and wise Will which gives us our good things richly to enjoy, that is sustaining and meeting in higher and richer ways the wants of those who have entered on a far grander range of existence. If there is separation, there is also unity—perfect unity—for every family in heaven and on earth is named after the one Father, and all rest equally on the same good and perfect Will.





"She came nearer, near enough to see the placid, caseful look."

BETWEEN THE HEATHER AND THE NORTHERN SEA.

By M. LINSKILL.

AUTHOR OF "CLEVEDEN," "HAGAR," "ROBERT HOLT'S ILLUSION," ETC.

CHAPTER LX.—A VESPER BELL.

GENERAL sympathy is apt to be a very disproportionate and unreasoning thing; but all the same we acknowledge it to be priceless when we need either its condolence or its congratulation. Whether a great joy be yours or a great sorrow, you shall find your heart expanding to a general and genial fellow-feeling if the felicity be yours to win the same.

Not only in the wide district known as Murk-Marishes, but far beyond, the knowledge that the master of Usselby was laid low by sickness awoke a spontaneous and intensely anxious interest—an interest that seemed almost unaccountable on the surface of it. It was hardly more than a year since he had come to settle in the neighbourhood, and he had not made himself especially prominent in any way. It might truly be said of him that if his right hand had done any good his left hand was unaware of it.

What is that subtle sign by which souls recognise their peers? What is that strange personal attraction which is so much more than personal? What is there in the complex depths of human character, human nature, that betrays, without word or deed, the elevation of soul which is the habitual breath of this man's life or of that? All against our will we are reduced to the confession of Shakespeare's *Lucretia* :

"I think him so, because I think him so."

Though the December days were bright and keen, they yet dragged heavily at Netherbank. Noel Bartholomew was working persistently; not all his wearing anxiety for his friend might stay him from working. It was as if he were impelled by some motive outside his own consciousness. Not till the last hour of sufficient light had gone by did he lay aside his palette, and make his way rapidly over the bleak, lone heights of Langbarough Moor to Usselby. He might not enter—Dr. Armitage had forbidden that; but the daily message was something—whether it came from Mr. Severne or from George Kirkoswald himself, it was something. Oftenest it came from the latter, and then the painter's heart was made glad, and the gladness passed from him to another heart. Frequently Genevieve stood on the edge of the moor above the house while her father was making his inquiries, waiting there patiently, watching

the dim window where the light burned, and watching prayerfully. Had not her cross its inscription? "Be not afraid!"

But the days were fast coming when her faith's whole strength was to be tested. The crisis was at hand. Dr. Armitage rode to Usselby three times daily, and three times daily his words went abroad over the countryside. They amounted to the same each time: "The crisis is at hand; a few days, a few hours may decide."

"Decide what? His life or death, and my life or death?" Genevieve said to herself passionately when the words were repeated to her. "If he die his death will be at my door, and I cannot know it and live. There will be a curse upon my forehead; his voice will cry from the ground, and from the heaven above me there will come the cry, 'What hast thou done?'"

What had she done?

Her mental attitude on that evening after her return from Yarrell was a surprise, a mystery to herself even yet. The development of a new phase of her own character had astonished her, and that that phase should have been one of scorn and hardness was surely sufficient for a pain. It seemed now as if nothing could ever wholly do away with the recollections of that evening's bitterness. If the wound were healed ever so happily, would not the scars remain? Supposing this crisis passed, and passed as she hoped and prayed, then would there not still be a certain aloofness, born of the fear of recurrence, to be dreaded? Was a restored love, a restored friendship, ever quite the same as one that had needed no restoring?

These were no idle questions.

"Forgiveness may be spoken with the tongue,
Forgiveness may be written with the pen,"

and the forgiveness may be full and precious, even sweet—sweet in the memory for evermore. But behind there will lie that other memory, the memory of the thing that made forgiveness necessary. It is not in human power to erase the heart's records, and the wise man prays unceasingly that the records of no heart may be the darker for any word or deed of his.

It had, of course, been impossible for Genevieve to go to Havilands. She was sorry, and Mrs. Winterford was sorry; but it might not be. There were other reasons besides the illness of George Kirkoswald.

No letter had come from Mr. Montacute. Bartholomew had heard incidentally that Mr. Witherby, the artist who was to come from York, had not been able to come at the appointed time; but he had promised to give his opinion soon after Christmas. It was Christmas now. Christmas Day was over, gone by in a gloom and suspense that cast its shadow over the neighbourhood. But Bartholomew was not feeling impatient for Mr. Witherby's decision. He was trying not to think of the matter at all. It could only be pain, excessive pain, excessive humiliation; but something might be taken from his pain, or something might be added to it, and it was in the nature of the man to dread the latter with a shrinking, unrelieved, and daily-growing dread.

Yet he suffered his dread in unbroken silence, in perfect-seeming calmness. His devotion to his work accounted in part for his power to control all outward manifestation of inward discomposure. The "Ænone" was finished at last, and downcast though the man might be, he could not resist the thrill of satisfaction that came to him one morning when he drew the curtain aside after refraining resolutely from doing so for some days. His satisfaction was of a curious and mingled kind. It was all but impersonal. That a thing of beauty had been created to be a joy for ever was more to him than the fact that he had created it. That wan, sweet, uplifted face, sorrowful with a touching and lonely sorrow, suggestive with an infinite suggestiveness, would utter things too deep for words when the hand that had painted it was at rest for evermore. That the picture—though it was not faultless—was yet a noble and impressive picture he could not fail to see. The perfect colouring, tender and delicate and pure; the fine modelling; the exquisite gradations of tone, the graceful importance of the composition were not things that a man might achieve, remaining ignorant of his achievement. Yet no touch of pride marred his emotion, and the glow of gladness was but a transitory thing. Inevitably reaction set in, and sadness came down, brooding like a mist athwart the face and figure of the golden-haired and beautiful-browed "Ænone."

A day or two later he stood before his completed "Judas." This also was a full-length figure, standing

"Beneath the olive's moon-pierced shade,"

not far from the place where his Master was even then kneeling in that last agony in the garden.

On the face of the Judas also there was an agony; though the kiss was not yet given, there was agony, an agony of doubt, of temptation, that was all but overwhelming. The price—the thirty pieces of silver—was in his hand; but he had not yet earned his price. He had yet to earn it, this he knew, and of this knowledge was born the anguish on his face, an anguish that a man might be constrained to pity though he might never pardon the pitiless deed that came of that deliberation. The picture was powerful, fascinating rather than beautiful. The pale, intellectual, inscrutable face was a face to haunt you in any hour of life when you might be open to opposing influences. Yet, though it haunted you to torture, you would be conscious of yearning toward it, yearning to save the man from himself, from the aftermath of his own traitorous deed. Having once seen Bartholomew's Judas, you never forgot that the man who betrayed his Master had immediately found his remorse to be greater than he could bear. . . . Not every traitor has the grace to go out and hang himself.

There were a few touches to be put to the Sir Galahad. This was only a head on a canvas some thirty inches square. So much of the "mortal armour" as was visible, had been carefully copied from an antique corselet that adorned the studio. The bronze casque was thrown into relief by a background of greenish-grey, deepening in tone as it neared the bottom of the canvas. The uplifted face was of a clear, soft brownness that added immensely to the vivid, lifelike effect of the picture. It was hardly more than a portrait; but it was, of course, an idealised portrait. The blue eyes were a little less blue than Mr. Severne's eyes, but the expression was his—his in his highest and gravest moments. The light brown moustache was there, half-concealing a mouth that was always pathetic when the face was in repose. The painter had made it touchingly pathetic; and the spirituality of the picture was as the spirituality of the poem, a thing to move a man against his coldest and earthiest will.

Bartholomew was sitting before it, looking into it, passing the points of his brushes between his fingers listlessly.

"Shall you finish it to-day, father?" Genevieve asked.

"I don't know, dear. . . . I don't feel like touching it."

It was the last day of the old year, and it had a sadness not all its own for the artist and his daughter. Dr. Armitage had pro-

mitted to come round by Netherbank on his return from his first visit to Usselby; he had not come yet, and the suspense was growing as the moments went on. The doctor had thought it quite probable that he might have something decisive to say; but he had given no opinion as to the nature of that decisiveness. He had tried to make his manner as neutral as his words; but he had not succeeded in this. We always know more than we discern; and it seemed to Genevieve that she already heard him pronouncing that last fatal sentence that he would pronounce so clearly, so straightforwardly, and yet with such undertones of sympathy. These undertones had been there all through for her.

Once, meeting Dr. Armitage in the lane whilst her eyes were still wet with the fruitless tears, she had urged in wild abandonment—

“Make him well again, Dr. Armitage. Save him, for my sake, save him!”

And she would never forget the tones in which the answer came—

“*I wish I could!* I wish I could promise you. But believe that I will do my best.”

He always did his best, and he always knew when others did their best, and gave them credit for it generously.

“If Mr. Kirkoswald recovers, as I trust he will,” he said one evening, “his recovery will be largely due to Mr. Severne’s nursing; I may say to his devotion. I have not often seen anything like it. He seems able to do without sleep for a quite unlimited period.”

The morning wore on; and about noon the weather changed. The sky darkened suddenly, the wind rose, showers of biting sleet came driving up from the north-east. Work had not seemed possible before, and it was less possible now.

“I will go up to Usselby,” Bartholomew said. “I must go. I cannot endure this any longer.”

“You will let me go with you?” Genevieve said, pleadingly.

“In this storm, my child, and with that thin white face? It is out of the question. But trust me. I will not keep you in suspense one moment longer than is inevitable. Be quiet, little one; be good, as good and quiet as you have been all through.”

“Tell me honestly what you are thinking now, my father?”

“You will believe in my honesty?”

“To the last letter.”

“Then during the past hour I have been possessed by a hopefulness for which I cannot account. It seems like vision, like sight.

Scenes come before me, *and stay*, and George is in them always.”

The sleety hail was rattling upon the windows when he went out; the trees were tossing against a dark sky that broke here and there, letting through a cold steely glare that was worse than the darkness. All the way across Langbarugh Moor he had to contend against the bitter weather that had come to rave about the last hours of the dying year.

Old Jael answered his muffled knock. “T’ doctor’s here,” she said. “He’s been here all t’ daäy; an’ there’s noä chäänge, not yet. But there’ll be chäänge afore long. Ah reckon. T’ fever’s aboot as high as it can be; an’ he’s been wanderin’ all t’ neet—wanderin’ on aboot you an’ miss, for t’ most part; an’ thinkin’ he heerd her singin’.” Ah guess ‘twas another sort o’ singin’ he heerd, and it made me shiver when he talked on it. I’ve heerd it mysel’ i’ this hoose afore to-daäy, and it bodes noä good. There’s allus somebody hes a dark dyke to wade after it.”

The old woman spoke in hard tones and with dry eyes; but the drawn lines about her mouth, the hollow in her furrowed cheeks had only come there lately. There is a different grief to each of us, and misapprehension is easy.

They were standing at the door, a little sheltered by the projecting archway.

“I suppose I may not come in, since Dr. Armitage is against it?” Bartholomew said. “But if change is imminent I cannot go back yet awhile.”

“There’s t’ greenhouse doon at t’ bottom o’ t’ garden,” Jael said. “It’s nobbut a little spot, an’ it’s cram full o’ new plants; but it’s warm. Ben’s doon there potterin’ aboot efter t’ fire noo. Ya mud stop in there a bit.”

Bartholomew sauntered up and down rather disconsolately amongst the unarranged plants. It was a dismal little place at present; still, silent, oppressive. The dark clouds went on gathering; the night was coming down. Patience was not difficult, but it was appalling. The hopeful visions had deserted him. There were voices in the gusty wind that went shivering and wuthering by. Great cold rain-drops began to fall upon the glass relentlessly. Then, after two hours of dreary waiting, there was a welcome sound of footsteps upon the gravel path. . . . Was it welcome?

It was Dr. Armitage who opened the door. “*This* is lively!” he said in cheerful tones as he came into the dim silent little spot. “Where are you? Oh, there! . . . No, don’t thank me.” Bartholomew was shaking

hands with him. "Thank God!" he was saying, "and thank *you* for all that you have done." The doctor had said no word of Kirkoswald yet, but his tone had told nearly all that might be told. "Small thanks are due to me," he replied. "You will have to thank that young curate as much for his obedience to orders as anything. But come away out of this. I have my cart here. I shall be glad of your company home."

"And the danger is over?"

"The danger is over. My patient is asleep; and the fever has subsided rapidly. . . . If all goes well he will be as hungry as a hunter by this time to-morrow."

There was a white figure standing watching by the stile when the doctor's dog-cart began to descend the road that led down from the moor; but the figure fled swiftly, hearing voices on the wind. Genevieve knew that it was her father and Dr. Armitage who were coming down together; but she could not wait there for the news they might be bringing. "Is it life? Is it, is it death?" she said half-audibly, standing in the firelight with clasped hands and bowed head. She was trembling violently when her father came in; her eyes were looking out toward him eagerly, wildly, almost uncomprehendingly; her strength was gone. She put out her two hands, and fell into his arms with a cry.

"Tell me the worst, my father."

Then he kissed her, again and again he kissed her.

"There is no worst, my darling. There is no worst: . . . God has been very good."

There is no thankfulness like the thankfulness of relief. There is no quiet like the quiet that comes when long and intense anxiety is at an end, and the end is the end we have wished and prayed for.

Both Bartholomew and his daughter had had more of dread and less of hope than they quite knew. We never do know the full depths of a suspense until the end of suspense has declared itself, and upon no man does the shock of the worst come so hardly as upon him who has believed himself prepared to face it.

As life passes on, the great deliverances are received more and more quietly, more and more with hidden, abiding gratitude. It is the unworn, the untried who are overjoyed, and who hold that the terror that is past can have none like to it. Every spring prepares for winter; and though each calamity has its limit, you shall not discern how near the boundary of the next calamity lies to this.

Next day, New Year's Day it was, Noel Bartholomew went up once more across the moor and through the tossing pinewoods. He was alone again, the day being too cold and threatening to admit of his having the satisfaction of his daughter's company. He had promised that he would go back again as quickly as possible.

"I have only come up to wish Mr. Kirkoswald a happy New Year," he said to Jael. "And, of course, my good wishes include Mr. Severne. . . . You will tell them both?"

"Ay, Ah'll tell 'em noo," said Jael, more gratified than she was able to show. "Ah'll tell 'em noo. Mebbe he'll send ya a word or two back. He's as peart* as owt."

"He," of course, was always her master; but her master was asleep just now; and the message that came was written on a slip of paper by the patient watcher who was still at George Kirkoswald's bedside.

"Thank you very much," Sir Galahad said, "and I know I may send Mr. Kirkoswald's thanks as well as mine; and his best wishes for the New Year. I seem to feel sure that it will be a happy year for all of us. I never felt sure in this way before. . . . Please tell Miss Bartholomew, with my kind regards, that Mr. Kirkoswald is doing as well as possible—Dr. Armitage says so. I am wondering if I shall get down to church for the Epiphany. I should so much like to offer the Thanksgiving myself, and to offer it on that day."

So Ernest Severne wrote, not dreaming that when the day of light came he would be at the Rectory, lying there in the stillness and darkness of his own room, stricken with fever, sorely stricken; yet—so far—as fully conscious as he was wholly undismayed.

The stroke had seemed to fall suddenly. No one had noticed any change in him, not even George Kirkoswald, whose deep gratitude was growing with every hour of his convalescence. More than gratitude was growing. That indefinite charm of mingled boyishness and goodness, and simplicity and self-abnegation which had won the young curate friends everywhere, had won for him all the affectionate regard that was needful for the foundation of a strong and lasting friendship between himself and Kirkoswald. It was a friendship that was in its earliest stage as yet.

"I only know that there is something I want to keep alive, something I dread to lose," George said two or three days after

* Peart = alert, lively.

the critical moment of his own illness had gone by. And less than an hour after he had so said he perceived to his utter dismay that Mr. Severne was lying back in the big arm-chair that he used always, pallid, faint, and only half conscious. Jael came quickly. Ben saddled his master's horse and went hurrying down in the dim evening light for Dr. Armitage. The doctor saw at a glance how it was. The faintness was over, and the shivering fit that had followed was over, but other signs were written only too plainly.

He knew it all himself; he had seen too many fever cases of late not to know.

"I am not afraid," he said, "and the Canon is not afraid; so you will let me go home—to the Rectory, I mean, now while I may go." And though Dr. Armitage objected, and George Kirkoswald besought him to remain, he went on pleading. "Let me go home to my own room. I do not wish to seem obstinate; but please let me go home!"

And so when the morning came he was taken to the Rectory, back to his own sombre room, that was all hung with dark blue, and where all his own small treasures had been arranged to his satisfaction. The two narrow windows looked northward. The sun was shining on the paddock below when he went in; the shadows of the leafless trees stirred on the grass, birds were piping cheerily.

"This is good," he said, his parched lips parting into a smile. "This *is* good. I have always said the birds in the Rectory trees sang more sweetly than any other birds. I wanted to hear them. I wanted to see the field with the sunshine on it again. . . . Now I have all I wanted: it is very good."

For a day or two Dr. Armitage hoped that his first impression had been a mistaken one. The young man lay so calm, so still, and bore the pain and the strong thirst that was upon him so uncomplainingly, that his nervous system was quieter far than George Kirkoswald's had been; and this gave a better chance, and offered a straw for hopefulness to catch. But it was no more than a straw; to be utterly consumed in that dread fever-flame that was burning away the youth's life so quickly—so quickly and yet so quietly, so silently.

Unfortunately, his mother, who was a widow, had gone abroad, and had taken her two daughters with her. They had been at Nice, at Montpellier; then Mrs. Severne had written a hasty note saying, that having met some friends they were going over the Pyrenees into Spain. She would write again, she had said; but no other letter had come yet.

So it was that just at that moment Mr. Severne was hardly sure of their exact whereabouts. Letters were written, telegrams sent, but no answer came.

There was no lack of nurses: half-a-dozen women out of the little hamlet volunteered to come, and two were chosen; but the Canon seldom left the bedside except when duty called him away. The old man sat there, or knelt there by day and by night. If prayer might avail prayer should not be wanting; but every plea was ended as the Master ended His:—

"Not my will, but thine."

Delirium set in fitfully at first; consciousness came flickeringly between: one merged into the other in strange and unaccountable ways.

"Do you know me, Ernest?" the Canon said to him in the evening of the day he had desired to keep as a day of thanksgiving for the recovery of another. A little while before he had not known the face that was bent over him so anxiously; but now a calmer mood had come, and the Canon was fain to speak a little while he might. "Do you know me, my son?" he asked, with pale, patient lips, and eyes dim with watching. And the younger man smiled, putting out his hand.

"We shall always know each other," he said. "And I think I shall find and know your other son—we shall wait for you together."

"You will not have long to wait," the old man rejoined with the calmness of one who trusts death for all that life has denied.

"No; I think it will not be long. . . . When I say 'good-bye' to you I shall say it as *she* said it, *only for this present*. You will see her. . . . You will tell her I did not forget?"

"Genevieve?—Yes; I will tell her," the Canon said, still holding the hot hands in his own cool palm. "She was here to-day with her father—I would not let them come in; but I saw them for a moment, and I had to turn the child away from the door with her eyes full of tears."

"Tears!" said Sir Galahad, with the old look of wonder coming into his round blue eyes. "Why should she cry? Why should it be sorrow? Oh! tell her—tell them all that death is not sorrowful. . . . Why have we made it so? Why do people think of it with dread, when it is so beautiful, so fair, so calm a thing? . . . Three nights ago I heard the wings of the Angel of Death about my bed, rushing with the rhythm and sweep of

music; and there was a Face I could not see, and a Voice I could not hear—not clearly.

... But when the time comes I shall see plainly, and the Voice will speak distinctly, and I shall go—*I shall go with Him*. Can you think that is a sorrow?"

The Canon's lips trembled as he spoke—

"It does not seem sorrowful to me," he said. "But I am old, and full of years; and I shall be glad to be at rest. . . . But you. . . ."

"Does it take years to make one weary? I have been weary a long time; and I have wished for rest a long time. Now I am going where there will be no more weariness."

Then the blue eyes closed as if in sleep for a little while, but the lips went on murmuring half unconsciously at intervals.

"You will tell her," he said. "You will tell her about the lilies. I planted them for her; they are in the shrubbery, down where the larkspurs grow. When they are in bloom she will come and gather them, and take them home. Tell her I would have taken them. I meant to take them to her. I planted them all for her. And there are some lilies-of-the-valley, too. Roses of Sharon and lilies-of-the-valley. . . . A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon. . . . Awake! O north wind, and come, thou south, and blow upon my garden!"

And still the fever increased, and delirium increased with it, but the visions were the same, the same peace was in them, the same simple, spiritual beauty.

And on to the end it was the same. Not once might fear touch him; not once might dismay enter into him.

Though the Valley of the Shadow of Death be dark, if He walk with us there, in Whose Right Hand are the morning stars that sing together, and in Whose Eyes is the radiance of that love that led to the Cross and the grave, we shall not fear the darkness.

It was midnight when the Bridegroom came. He came with seeming suddenness. There was no one there but Canon Gabriel. The old man knelt, holding the still hands in his, praying, listening, watching.

"There is the bell for evening service," the dying lips said quietly. . . . I must go now. . . . I am glad I have a clean surplice. I will rise and go. . . ."

CHAPTER LXI.—SAPPHIRES AND AGATES.

THOUGH it was winter time it seemed as if all nature lent itself to the peace, the calm,

the beauty that gathered about the new-made grave in the churchyard by the Rectory.

On the very day when it was made the widowed mother came and stood there with new tears on her face, and hopes in her heart newly dead. Her daughters were near her to comfort her; and she knew that other sons in other lands sorrowed with her, and for her. Yet, though these were left, her tears went on flowing for the one who was taken, the one who was the youngest of them all, and whose life had seemed fullest of fair and high promise.

There was comfort in Canon Gabriel's presence, comfort, and healing and peace. "I cannot feel as if he were dead," the old man said in his gentle sympathetic way, walking up and down with Mrs. Severne over the green turf at the bottom of the churchyard. There was a little stream running by; a bold, bright-eyed robin was chirping on the briar-sprays that swept the water; a blackbird piped his short winter note in the boughs of a tall alder-tree; the bushes of rosemary in the graveyard were fresh and green; the golden yews were tinted with russet red. There was life everywhere, and promise of life to be.

"This is nature's sleep," the Canon said, "and his sleep is like to it. There is no violent break in the passing year. There is change, but there is also visible continuity. The night of death, such death as his, is but as the summer night when the sun scarce dips below the horizon for an hour. When the sunset ended, and when the sunrise began, you shall hardly know though you watch ever so closely."

When Mrs. Severne went away she took with her, to her great consolation, the portrait of her son that Mr. Bartholomew had painted. It was a gift from George Kirkoswald, and the Canon added another small gift; the latter was a piece of folded paper.

"It is only an old man's thought done into words," he said; "but it is one that may soothe you a little when the privilege of trying to do so is mine no longer."

The thought had come in the silence of the night. It was meant for no eye but hers; yet if it have comfort for any other it may be written here.

"IN MEMORIAM.

"E. S.

"Yea, weep for awhile, let the hot, slow tears fall sadly,
Since Jesus wept by the grave where Lazarus lay;
For now by a new-made grave stand many weeping—
Hush! let us grieve; speak not of solace to-day.

"When the time to be healed shall come we will not refuse healing.

Gently, and sweetly, shall memory come to us then,
Bearing with hands wide-folded the fragrant amaranth,
Flowerets of deeds done never for praise of men.

"Fair white roses of love, and balms of compassion.

Tendrils of pity that clung to the homeless and poor,
Violets of graceful humility, seeking the shadow,
Passion-flowers plucked from the Cross where he learnt
to endure.

"We will lovingly whisper of deeds done in secret and silence,

Of wretchedness sought in the haunts where the wretched
hide,
Of sorrow relieved, of sorrow foreseen and averted,
Of Christ-like sympathy, ceaseless, and priceless, and wide.

"Beauteous his life was, and beauteous too was the passing

From life that now is to the life that for ever shall be;
We mourn him, they welcome, the angels who dwell in that
City,
And sing to the sound of the harp by the crystal sea."

It was some days before the Canon was able to go over to Netherbank. The bright calm weather lingered on; a daisy or two studded the hedgerows; the catkins on the alder-trees turned to purple in the sun; the pale heads of last year's grasses were bowed gracefully; the red oak-leaves rustled and whispered together. Were they whispering sympathy? There was a smile on the face of the old man when he went into the studio down the orchard. And there was change in his voice too. Who does not know that strange touching intonation that comes into voices that have been silenced by bereavement? The unspoken words vibrate through the spoken ones; other meanings flash across the commonplace thing that is uttered.

"Dr. Armitage gave me permission to come; he thought that it would be better than your coming to me," the old man said, taking the chair that Genevieve placed for him by the fire. Here was all the old sweet life again, with all its old daintiness, its old homeliness. Sorrows had come and gone; and changes and chances had happened; but the changes had changed nothing. Genevieve's soft subdued smile, the pretty pink flush of pleasure that had come with the Canon's coming, and her great crown of shining golden hair seemed to take all the idea of mournfulness from her black dress. "There are so many things I want to know," the Canon went on, "so many things I want to say, that I could not keep away any longer than I was compelled. And first of all I want to know about Mr. Kirkoswald. The doctor's *bulletins* perplex me."

"You know that the worst is over?" Bartholomew said.

"Yes; I know so much as that; but I also gather that his recovery is slow and disappointing."

"Do you wonder that it should be so?"

the artist asked. "Do you think it has been no shock to him, this terrible sequence to his own illness? I have not seen him; but I can well understand that his trouble is very great."

"You think it is that, then, that hinders his convalescence?"

"I fear so."

"Then I shall ask Dr. Armitage if I may not go to Usselly to-morrow. I have messages that can hardly fail to be messages of peace," said the Canon, with the gentle smile coming over his beautiful face again. . . .

"But why do you say 'terrible'? There has been no terror. There is none now."

Bartholomew paused. "I suppose I used the word thoughtlessly," he said, "since the terrible that may undoubtedly be connected with the idea of death has never rooted itself as an impression in my mind. I will not say that I have not known dread; but I think it is certainly true that God permits the fear of death when it is intended that a man should live, and takes it away when it is intended that he shall die."

"You speak as if it were going from yourself?"

"It has gone."

Genevieve laid her hand on her father's arm, and looked into his eyes. There was only affection there, and patient endurance, and a quiet light lighting these to new beauty.

"I will not say I long for death," the artist went on. "There are many reasons why I should not desire it yet. But since—since that morning the idea of it has been very present with me. And, like all ideas that remain persistently, it has grown and widened within me till it fills a large space."

"Is it the idea of death that has so widened?" the Canon asked; "or is it the idea of what is beyond?"

"Mainly of what is beyond. The passing is a mere falling asleep. We die daily. Sleep is as mysterious as death. I do not say that death is not mysterious; the life after death is more full of mystery still; and no new ray of light is ever thrown there. But I think that since we human beings have done much by our dark and ignorant conceptions to invest the life to come with human alarms and misgivings, it is only fitting that we should now try to disencumber the spiritual ground of the old tangled overgrowths of childish terrorism, and low speculative ideas of the vengeance of a God whose wrath has been preached to us till we cannot, dare not, grasp the thesis of His love. Putting

aside for the moment the accepted views of the sure and certain hope of the Christian creed, I think that the merest glimpse into the vastnesses of the universal order of things assures to us a wider—and if I may say it—a more attractive and congenial futurity than most theologians venture to promise us. To the ordinary human mind the contemplation of such beatitude as that set before us in the Apocalypse is not—let me confess it—made without a certain shrinking, a certain awe, a certain sense of the overwhelmingness of that perpetual spiritual altitude to be maintained beyond the gates of pearl. There are men and women, and these not the worst, who are daunted rather than drawn, dismayed rather than encouraged; and it seems to me that so long as humanity is human that absolute transformation will be yearned for only by the few."

"Only by the few," said Canon Gabriel with a sudden light and comprehension. "Many are called, but only the few enter into that inner court of the Kingdom of Heaven where they rest not day nor night from adoration."

"And you think there may be outer courts?"

"I am assured that there are many, many mansions; and I am assured that one star differeth from another star in glory. . . . I fear there has been, as you say, a good deal of mistaken conception as regards the future life; doubtless it yet exists; and though all controversy on the subject must end pretty nearly where it began, something certainly might be done to put new life into ideas so overlaid by the old conventional phrases as to have lost all semblance of vigour and truth."

"I have suffered from those phrases all my life," said Bartholomew; "my soul's health has suffered; and I believe that millions of people, if they would confess the truth, would admit the same. It is even so with many texts of the Scripture itself. They have been repeated so often, and in such mindless, reckless ways, that they have come to have no meaning in them."

"Yes," said the Canon. "I have often wondered what exactly is the nature of the comfort derived by many people from the magnificent declaration—

'We know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him.'

Which of us has the joy in that that he might have? Which of us remembers that to be—humanly speaking—as we believe Christ to

be now, will be to have not only a spirit, a distinct individual spirit of one's own, but also an intellect, with all the known attributes of intellectual knowledge, and desire for knowledge; thought, and power to use thought; will, and power to exercise will; affection, and desire to expend and receive affection; and all these increased and heightened to a degree we do not dream of here. And could any one for a moment imagine it possible that a being so endowed with the powers of life would have no social and intellectual life to put such powers into requisition? Is it conceivable that no services save services of song would be demanded of him? Growth and advancement and achievement will surely be expected of us there, as here; and these things mean effort and action, and response to ever-increasing depths and heights of Divine influence. . . . It hath not entered into the heart of man, that full conception of what will be, it can never enter here, but assuredly we might open our minds, and not be afraid to open them to such conceptions as even human reason may attain by the light of the Spirit, and reverent effort to arrive at the truer and fuller meaning of such revelation as has been made. It is within the grasp of the least vivid understanding to believe that—

'There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;

The evil is null, is nought, is silence implying sound;

What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;

On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round.

'All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist; Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power,

Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist

When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.'

Genevieve was listening, thinking. It was becoming easier to recognise the fact that that other world, that other life, was only a continuance of this. He who had so recently gone had just slipped quietly and peacefully away, as some people like to do when they are going on a journey. "If he were to come back again, 'I should not feel it to be strange,'" she said to herself. She was sorrowing with a deep and silent sorrow, knowing that she had lost that rare possession, a true and faithful and loyal friend. His face came before her always just as she had seen it last when he stood in the light that fell from the cottage window. If she stood on the steps in the evening now she could always see it there. If she spoke, she felt he heard.

It was impossible not to see that there had been sacrifice, willing, loving, ready sacrifice.

He had given all that a man may give—his life—and he had laid it down for his friend, for his two friends. "It was as much for my sake as for yours, George," she said, "for yours as much as for mine." It was in the silence and loneliness of the night that she spoke to herself. Life was very lonely now, very full of negations and misgivings. Only hope remained, vibrating through the days, running in and out like a silken thread of blue all across the grey web that Fate was weaving. The next shuttle might be filled with strands of gold and silver; the pattern might be changed to a shining arabesque of fruits and flowers. It is good sometimes to think what may be. It is never good to refuse to see aught but ill. The fearful are seldom brave, seldom patient. Hope is the very centre and mainspring of long-sufferance. No beatitude was pronounced to the despairing.

CHAPTER LXII.—"I HAVE DARED AND DONE.
SO NOW I WILL TRY TO SLEEP."

GENEVIEVE's hope was not deferred to the point of heart-sickness. As the clear, cold January days went on, the messages from Usselby became more and more buoyant and gladdening. George was able to sit up all day; to read for hours at a time; to write letters. With the first mild February morning came the news that Dr. Armitage had said that his patient would be out on the moors before the end of another week. Netherbank was not far from the moors.

Let but a few more weeks pass, and the wild cherry would be in bloom, and the crab apple-trees, and Birkrigg Gill would be ankle-deep with wild-flowers again; and musical with birds as wild as the flowers were. And the cuckoo would be there upon the hills above, calling, calling, never weary of calling to the spring.

Was it really only a year, nay, much less than a year, since that day when George had held her hands in his with a warm, strong, passionate grasp; and had looked into her eyes beseechingly, and had asked her for her love, for her whole life's love, and she had answered, "I am yours, I am yours always till I die"? Was it possible that it was less than ten months ago?

She had lived a life since then; and learnt a life's lessons.

Her love that was only then dawning, only then awakening to the consciousness of the bliss and pain of love, had fathomed all the mystic depths of love's anguish since that day. Was the day of compensation at hand?

Would she now know the heights as she had known the depths—the heights of love's hope, love's gain, love's ecstasy? It could hardly be that her anticipations were unreasonable. It was in the nature of things that the one extreme should assure the other. Every night had its day; every winter its spring; every ebbing tide its free full flowing. No; her hope could not be unreasonable. She might cherish it in patience, in the calm and ample region of trust, in the divine strength of faith. The springtide was coming upon the land; it had already come in the heart of Genevieve Bartholomew.

So every budding snowdrop was welcome; and every spear of the daffodil left a new joy. The prophetic little celandine, spreading its golden stars to the pale sun, was a thing to be mused over with rapture.

And the rapture was doubly rapturous in that it had not to be enjoyed alone. Noel Bartholomew's quiet artistic receptivity of the promise that was in the very air was something almost solemn in the silent depths of it. His work was done. He was only waiting now for the decision that was to come through Mr. Montacute; and though he still kept silence Genevieve was beginning to perceive that the waiting was unfortunate. More and more he shrank from any mention of the matter, even to her; yet she perceived that he was brooding over it. The change on his face, the sudden greyness, the sudden strangeness in his eyes, the tightening of the muscles about his mouth if any one spoke of it, betrayed the fact that there was yet some hidden dread, some fear of further stings and arrows still in the hands of outrageous fortune. As much as possible she remained with him, drawing his attention to other and brighter things. And she had the satisfaction of feeling that she was not wholly unsuccessful.

One day, it was the last day of January, he had gone down to the studio quite early in the morning, going silently, and with a certain suddenness: and when Genevieve went down later she found that he had begun a sketch in oil of a picture he meant to paint on a large scale. The sketch was full of life, and vigour, and pathos. Genevieve saw at a glance that it was the outcome of inspiration, of that fuller and higher light of which her father had spoken so solemnly, and yet so sadly. There was nothing to awaken sadness in this sketch of the Good Samaritan. The rough, dark, stony background was indicated. In the foreground there was the Samaritan himself, an elderly rugged figure with no beauty save the beauty of a divine

compassion on his face. He was supporting the wounded man—too badly wounded to ride even that patient-looking beast without support. The figures were both half-nude, the Samaritan having evidently shared his own garments with the half-dead traveller, whose head was thrown back on his kindly neighbour's shoulder, and whose pallid face was yet expressive of consciousness, of satisfaction, of gratitude for deliverance. There was even a smile on the lips; and the half-closed eyes had peace in them, and knowledge of safety and succour.

There was slight attempt to teach any new or direct lesson; but no man looking into the picture, even into the sketch already made for the picture, would look there without receiving, unconsciously it might be, some fresh impulse to stir and elevate his idea of his duty toward his neighbour. And not only of his duty, but of his high privilege, perhaps even also of the great joy and gladness that might be his if he willed. If there be a pure happiness in this world that happiness assuredly lies within the lines of the acts of mercy.

The sketch was begun one day, completed the next, that is with such completeness as was necessary to Noel Bartholomew's purpose. It was dated Saturday, February 1st.

"I shall begin the picture as soon as I come back from London," he said, putting the easel with the wet canvas upon it into a safe corner. It was hardly yet twilight; but the best of the day was gone. It was a satisfaction to Mr. Bartholomew that it had not gone by unprofitably; and it was a sort of satisfaction that Genevieve knew to be particularly grateful to him. The healing and soothing that he found in his work was the best of all soothing, or at any rate next best to that that came to him in the voices from the hills, and from the large lone sea.

"You will go out for a walk, father?" Genevieve said as they lingered over their cup of afternoon tea. Dr. Armitage had left his cheery message. A package had come from Mrs. Winterford during the day containing a chalice-shaped vase of rose-red Venetian glass, and some beautiful Burano lace. Then a precious little note had come from Canon Gabriel, who had been to Usselby, and had gone back to the Rectory so glad, so satisfied, that his gladness had run over, filling another cup. It was a red-letter day; and the close of it was gratitude and peace, peace within and peace without, with Nature's great stillness brooding over all in sympathy.

They went out of doors together, the father and daughter. There was a young moon, the merest rim of silver in a luminous arctic heaven of dark blue ether, deepening to indigo above, paling and changing to dusky daffodil yellow below. The stars were coming out one by one. The landscape stood in still mystic darkness against the clear sky. Not a tree stirred, not a sound broke the silence till suddenly a woodlark burst into song as full, as perfect, as sweet, as touching as the song of any nightingale that ever poured her plaintive anthem across the valley-glades of the south. For a minute or two the artist was perplexed, believing that it was the nightingale's song he heard; then he remembered, and recognised the note that came from the leafless whitethorn overhead.

He stood quite close to the foot of the tree; his daughter's hand was on his arm; they listened almost breathlessly.

Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale," Shelley's poem "To the Skylark," must seem strangely far-fetched and over-elaborated pieces of sentiment to one who has never felt his whole being overpowered, his whole nature merged, in the ecstasy of a bird's song.

It is ecstasy in the daytime: it is double ecstasy in the night when the world is still, when darkness is upon the land, when the bird sings only to God and to you—to you alone of all the living breathing millions upon the earth.

Still the woodlark sang on, singing his thrilling, rippling, half-glad, half-plaintive song, burdened with meanings unutterable, unutterable and incomprehensible, yet turning surely upon the things that belong to the rest to be, its certain sweet acceptableness, its undreamed depths of beauty and satisfyingness.

"Now one feels," Bartholomew said softly, "how Keats must have suffered in his brief life before he could have written that ode. Poets are said to be 'cradled into poetry by wrong.' I think one has to be cradled into full appreciation of poetry by suffering of some kind. Who that did not long for rest would care for this?"

'Darkling I listen; and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful death,
Cal'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still would'st thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.'

"And you are tired, father; or you would not care for it so much just now," Genevieve

said. They were going homeward in the still starlight.

"Yes," Bartholomew acknowledged—"I am tired; I am very tired."

"It is partly because of your sleeplessness. If I lie awake for two or three hours I am wearied. And you lose whole nights, one after another. . . . I wish you did not sleep so badly, father!"

"Then remember your wish, dear, when you know that I am sleeping better."

* * * *

The next morning, Sunday morning, though it was but February, yet had all the attributes that George Herbert strung so finely together. It was sweet, and cool, and calm, and bright—calm as only Sunday morning in the country can be. Assuredly if there be on earth any foretaste of heaven it is then and there.

Bartholomew got up early; he had had another night of absolute sleeplessness, and the daylight had been welcome; the sweet clear sunshine spreading across the blueness of the morning was more welcome still. The doves came whirring and wheeling down; there was a sudden flitting of wings across the window-pane; a soft mavis note came from the thatch. The sparrows were darting vigorously hither and thither; the snowdrops hung straight and white and still. Down in the village the blue-white smoke was beginning to curl against sea and sky.

The artist sauntered along the field; it was to lie fallow this year, Miss Craven had decreed, and the weeds among the dead stubble were promising finely. A daisy or two studded the grassy edges of the lands; the swallow-wort was still sleeping on the shady side of the hedgerow near the stile; rich, green, changeful mosses were spreading everywhere.

The perfect stillness was broken presently. There was a footstep in the lane, a figure coming upward from the village. "It is not any one I know," Bartholomew said to himself as a tall dark young man came swiftly nearer. Then the artist turned, sauntering back along the field until he heard the step upon the path behind him. The young man had a letter in his hand.

"It is from Mr. Montacute," he said politely, giving it to Bartholomew. "I ought to have brought it over last night when I left the office; but when I got home I found my mother ill, and I was not able to leave her. . . . I hope the few hours' delay will make no difference?"

"None at all," said Mr. Bartholomew, who had hardly heard the explanation. He spoke

in a curiously absent way. "It can make no difference. Thank you for bringing it over this morning."

"There is not, of course, much time lost," added the young man, turning away. "Mr. Witherby did not come to our office till yesterday afternoon. Good morning."

For some minutes Bartholomew stood there between Miss Craven's weed-grown acres, holding the unopened note in his hand, looking out across the great stretch of sapphire sea that was beyond the green cliff-tops. Far off in the distance he could see the red-tiled roofs of Swarthcliff beginning to glitter in the morning sun. "Bright-blue, bright-green, bright-red," he said to himself. "To render that with any truth one would certainly fall into crudeness, while the word is simply sacrilege applied to the scene itself."

Who does not know the way in which thought seems persistently to wrest itself from some boding momentous thing, and turn to any irrelevant trifle that may offer itself? There is no great hour of our life that has not its small associations. If you sit by a dying bed you shall see the pattern on the coverlet; and while you wait for the word that is to decide your whole life's fate you shall see grotesque faces in the fire so distinctly that they become graven on your mind's eye for evermore.

A great flood of song from the sycamore-tree by the opposite gate seemed to arouse Bartholomew for a moment, to remind him that the unopened letter was still in his hand. He looked at it. "Mr. Montacute's handwriting is very excellent," he said, turning back again, and sauntering toward the stile.

It was a thrush that was singing its spring prelude in the leafless sycamore. It hardly stayed its song while Bartholomew passed underneath, going upward between the great dark whin-bushes, and the straggling briars where the last-year's leaves still lingered in tones of dusky gold and crimson and green. Genevieve, looking out from her little window under the thatch, was glad to see him going up to the moor in the still Sunday sunshine. "He will come back with some appetite for his breakfast this morning," she said as she stood coiling the lengths of her rippling golden hair. Presently she paused, stooping to the window again, watching her father as if drawn to watch him by some new and sudden springing of new affection. So she stood till the dark figure went up over the ridge and disappeared in the yellow sunlight that was upon the moorland hills above the sapphire sea.

"The people who watched when Moses went up to the Mount of God must have seen him disappear so," the girl said reverently. She was still standing by the window in the thatch.

If the silence had been great on the hill-side, it was sublime upon the heights of Langbarough Moor. The leagues of brown heather stretched darkly away on every side; the stalks of the tall dead weeds stood still and beautiful; dark whin-brakes broke the monotony of space and line; the great grey boulders were there, looking white in the sunshine. There was a slight haze upon the far landward distances, giving that sense of mystery, of something more than is seen, which is necessary to man's fullest enjoyment everywhere.

Bartholomew went slowly onward, his foot falling softly upon the tufts of bent grass that were by the side of the stony road. He was walking carefully, as if not wishing to break that solemn stillness. There was not even a bird's song to break it; nor one thread of curling smoke for a sign of human life.

"Certainly this is perfect," Noel Bartholomew said, stopping for a moment on the top of a heathery ridge, beyond which a narrow stony valley sloped to the south-west. The road led across the end of the valley; but the artist turned a little to the left, and sat down upon one of the grey scarred stones, with his feet upon the moss and the small beautiful bent grass that grows between the heather.

The unopened letter was still in his hand. "I wish I could write as well as Montacute does!" he said musingly. "It is a separate distinction in a man's life to have a handwriting like that. It is like having a good name, or a reputation for some special skillfulness."

Still he did not open the letter. It was sealed; and the seal bore Mr. Montacute's crest, a defiant-looking eagle with a scroll in its beak. So far Bartholomew had made no attempt to break the seal. Whatever it might be that deterred him, it was some sufficiently strong and prevailing thing.

He was still sitting upon the low grey stone, leaning back against a projecting bank of heather and grass, noting the russet-red of the withered heath-bells of the year that had been, and the pink-tipped petals of the one daisy near him of the year that now was. He watched the daisy long, watching it as Dante Rossetti must have watched his "woodspurge with the cup of three," recognising its apparent simplicity, its real com-

plexity, its infinite mystery of being. The little flower, with its fringe of petals and its yellow centre, was to the full as incomprehensible as the fate that had driven him on to dread the opening of a letter that was certain at least to be written in courteous terms. So thinking, he gathered the pink-tipped daisy.

Then, at last, he essayed to open the letter. Through all other thoughts and enjoyments, and quick vivid impressions, he had been steadily recognising the fact that the moment must come. His face grew rigid to his own consciousness; his grey lips closed firmly; his hand was upon the envelope. . . . What was it that arrested him, stayed him? . . . Was it a sudden cry close at hand? It was only a plover's cry, a long sharply-wailing note, "Weke-aye-woëke! Weke-aye-woëke!"

After a little while the beautiful thing with its curling crest; and its white and green, and blue-black feathers, came tumbling by in its insane flight, like a bird with broken wings and uncertain instincts about its destination. Presently there came another and another, and the wailing melancholy cry seemed to come from every part of the lone wide moor, "Weke-aye-woëke! Weke-aye-woëke!"

No other sound could have broken the stillness so greatly, and yet have harmonized with it so completely. Bartholomew sat with his thin nervous hand upon the letter; close to him a tall red spiral dock was quivering slightly in the hardly-perceptible air that stirred upon the upland. Was there any refreshment in the air for the grey pallid man who was lying with his head among the withered heather-bells? Did he still feel the charm of that wild plaintive cry that was upon the moorland hills about him everywhere?

All through the day the plovers went on crying in the soft sunshine, "Weke-aye-woëke! weke-aye-woëke! weke-aye-woëke!"

CHAPTER LXIII. — "FULL IN THE SMILE OF THE BLUE FIRMAMENT."

THE sound of the church bells came pealing across the Marishes as the clock struck ten, bursting upon the still sunny air like a psalm of joy and gladness. Genevieve was out among the snowdrops and the rich, green, bursting leaves of the lilies. She had thrown a little shawl of cream-white wool over her black silk dress; her straw garden hat was in her hand.

"What *can* ha' got the master?" said Keturah, coming to the door with her surprised eyes more surprised than ever. "D'ya think he's gone to Usselby Hall?"

"That, precisely, is what I am thinking," Genevieve replied, with a sweet, patient, satisfied smile. "And I am also thinking that I will come in and have some breakfast, since it is too late now to go to church."

The breakfast was soon over; then Genevieve sat down and read the services for the day. It was the second morning of the month, and the psalms began with a burst of thanksgiving that seemed like an echo of the gladness that had come upon the land with the sound of the pealing bells. The bells had ceased now; silence reigned once more, silence broken only by the rush of wings and the carolling of sweet, grateful, praise-giving birds.

Then again Genevieve went out, and sauntered up and down from the tiny garden to the stile at the end of the weedy stubble-field. No fear touched her, no impatience. The longer her father stayed the more certain was it that he stayed at Usselby. What so easy to understand as George Kirkoswald's gladness to have him, and eagerness to keep him? What so good and pleasant to the imagination as the meeting of those two, her father and—her friend?

"That is what he will be always," she said to herself, sitting down on the top step of the stile. The celandine was wide open to the sun now. The crowing of the cock in the farmyard at Hunsgarth came dreamily through the air; the pigeons were pecking about in the stubble. Far away in the blue distance a few white-sailed ships were seen.

"That is what he will always be," she went on saying; "a friend who will help me, and teach me, and make my life fuller and sweeter, and more complete, than a lonely life can ever be." It amazed her now to think how contented she had been with her loneliness once; how little she had cared for that finer and more perfect sympathy and confidence for which she yearned now. She had hardly yet tasted of this greater good; not once had there been an hour of unreserve, of communion of thought and feeling, of that subtle interchange of the best elements of two natures, that "running of two souls into one," which is the essence of all worthy and valuable human intercourse everywhere. This was yet to be.

Genevieve had no doubts now. Up to the measure of her capacity she could gauge his. She knew that there was more in him, more of character, of power, of goodness, than he had ever made evident by word or deed. And she was not overestimating him. She had not always counted him perfect. But

for this illness of his which had drawn her entirely to tenderness, to forgiveness, it is possible that the misgivings she had had might have crystallised and taken form. She knew that she had blamed him in her own mind for his want of trust and confidence in her; nay, she had blamed him openly, and had told him openly that he had failed—failed in insight, failed to give her credit for that larger grasp of things which is not always denied to a woman.

And for a long time she had been unable to shake off the effects of that shock she had received in the drawing-room at Yarell Croft. Time and thought—the softened thought that had come when George Kirkoswald was lying on the border-lands of his existence—had all but erased the dark vestige of that day; but Genevieve was making up her mind steadily to a fuller and more complete erasure of all the marks and stains that that experience had left. "It will be better to speak of it," she said as she sat there, looking up at the little white sunny clouds that were drifting slowly away. "It will be better to tell him that now I understand, now I see how he could be drawn for awhile to one like that, and then find out that he had been drawn by an illusion, that his soul was untouched, his spirit uninfluenced, his truer and higher self left lonelier than ever. All *that* I will tell him; and I will ask him to forgive—to forgive me, to forgive her. I can forgive her myself now, since God has been so very good."

Yet, even as she sat there, she knew that she had come to her power of forgiveness by hard strife—strife of thought and prayer and meditation. The thing that Diana Richmond had done on that day had seemed so utterly dark when it came to be visible all round, that for a long time no comprehension of it had been possible. Of course Genevieve knew now; she could not help perceiving that Miss Richmond's attempt to create the impression that an engagement between herself and George still existed, must have been an act of pure malevolence, with no idea behind it that the deed would avail for aught but the production of discord and trouble, and the wreck of happiness. And it had been so cleverly done, with such ease and lightness, with so few touches, and these so slight and dexterous, that it could not yet be contemplated without amaze. Not a word too much had been said; but no word had been omitted that was needful to the full effect Diana Richmond had aimed at. And then the little master-stroke of apparent regret—

fulness, of hesitation, of something that was almost sympathy with the grief she was so unwilling causing—it was impossible to withhold the admiration due to that. . . . The sensation of admiring a stroke directed against one's self is a curious one, and precludes permanent embitterment.

As for that other cause of unforgivingness—the return of the two pictures, and all that that deed had entailed—surely the time of grace and condonation had come. Though the end had not been quite touched, and though her father yet had his times of apprehension, it was doubtless a nervous apprehension, a feeling born of the past suffering, the past keen humiliation with its painful sequence of shattered nerves and broken health. It could not be that there was any real ill to be dreaded now. Mr. Witherby would come, he would take a few pounds from the price of each picture for conciliation's sake, and then all the pain and annoyance would be over. There would be nothing that could make any new difficulties in the way of forgiving and forgetting.

So Genevieve Bartholomew was thinking as she sat there in the calm Sunday sunshine. It was evident now that her father was going to stay at Usselby for dinner. She knew that there was no one who could have come over with a note or message except old Ben Charlock, and it was quite within the possibility of things that Ben would raise some objection if he were asked to go so far for so slight a reason on a Sunday morning. "Besides, my father will be sure that I shall guess all about it," she said to herself, opening a copy of the "Spiritual Voices" that was lying in her lap, and turning to its pages for that aliment which the soul needs day by day as certainly as the body needs the bread by which it lives.

And still upon Langbarugh Moor the sun was shining softly, and the weeds and the white dead grasses were glittering and quivering in the light air. Now and then a bird stirred in the whin-brake; a wood-pigeon swept by to the fir-copse; always the plovers went on crying, crying sadly, calling wildly, drifting hither and thither on uncertain, erratic wing. No other sound broke the wondrous stillness as the hours of noon went by. The peace that was on the upland was as the peace that is in the space between two worlds.

When the shadows were beginning to lengthen a tall dark figure came slowly up between the stunted oak-trees that made a landmark on the north-west of the moor—a graceful, noticeable figure, richly dressed,

and moving slowly, languidly, as became the languid afternoon.

It was Diana Richmond. What made the Sunday a heavier day than other days at Yarell Croft? What hint of early training, of hereditary instinct, of striving spirit, prevailed to the point of producing weariness, discomfort, dissatisfaction with all things that were or had been?

Nothing could have been more out of keeping with the dreary barren moorland than the appearance of Miss Richmond, as she swept between the sombre whin-brakes and the great scarred boulders that seemed to speak so plainly of some ancient cataclysm, some clashing of Nature's strongest forces. They did not speak to her; nothing spoke to her up there. The monotony of Langbarugh Moor was as the monotony of her own drawing-room; and the moor had the disadvantage of being less becoming as a background to a figure dressed with all the finish and elegance that the toilette of a fashionably-dressed woman demands. Still there was room to move, and to a woman who can move gracefully movement is a pleasure though there be no witness of her gracefulness. Diana Richmond liked to know that if any one had been there her rich bronze silk dress, with its trimmings of velvet of the same changeful colour, was a thing in perfect taste. She liked to watch it changing from green to gold in the sunlight, and deepening to a bronzed brown where it fell into shadow; and she was aware that her large Rembrandt hat, which was made of the same velvet, and trimmed with curling feathers of the same varying tints, was almost a picture of itself. These were new satisfactions, and they added to the old—the old pride, the old pleasure in her own great beauty. Surely to be very beautiful must be to have little left to desire in this world!

This was not always Miss Richmond's opinion, it was not her opinion this afternoon as she walked alone on the edge of the moorland. Her brother had gone to stay for a few days at Burland Brooms, where Sir John Burland lived, who was a widower, and who was—so the world was saying, a warm admirer of Miss Richmond's. But nothing within her had responded to his admiration so far. "It is strange," she said, half-audibly, "it is strange even to myself that I should never have cared truly but for one man, and that that one man should be an insignificant-looking artist of no particular birth, and no particular attractiveness. It is stranger still that I can move him to neither love nor hate,

to neither liking nor scorn. I have moved other men to all these; but him I cannot touch. If fate should give me the power to crush him to his death, I should not move him from his cold indifference."

She was still sweeping languidly onward over the moor, treading on the little edges of turf, listening to the rustling sound of her silk dress upon the dead yellow bracken. Why should she go onward? Why should she go back? When she stopped a moment on the overhanging brow of the moor, she perceived that she had already gone as far as it would be wise to go with the sun so low upon the purple hills in the distance. She was nearer now to Ussellby Hall than she was to Yarrell Croft. What if she were to meet George Kirkoswald? She had heard that he might go out for awhile any day now, if he chose. She had no particular wish to meet him, neither had she any dread of meeting him. A woman who is mistress of the elusive can hold her own under any circumstances.

She gave a little sigh as she gathered up some folds of her dress and turned to go. Even an encounter with Kirkoswald might have been better than this dreary solitude.

Going back is always dreary when you are alone. Miss Richmond lingered a moment. The little, rough heathery valley, with the grey boulders all down its sides seeming as if they must topple over, was close at her left. The low sun caught the upper edge of it, making a margin of gold. Something there, just between the gold and the purple-brown, arrested her, something that was lying half-across one of the whitest and smallest of the rough scarred stones.

It was a figure—certainly it was a dark figure that was lying so stirlessly there.

It was not far away, and Miss Richmond's sight was good, exceptionally good, though she never confessed it; holding firm belief that shortsightedness and blue blood were inseparable concomitants. There was nothing so vulgar, so certainly plebeian, as the ability to recognise a friend across the street.

Nevertheless Diana Richmond smiled as she stood there, though the width of two streets was between her and the friend who had arrested her attention.

She saw plainly that it was none other than Noel Bartholomew, who had fallen asleep in the still sunshine of the Sunday afternoon. So it was that she smiled; wondering in what seemly and graceful and delicate way she might awaken him.

Already she was moving toward him with a sweet, soft smile on her curved lips, a faint

blush on her cheek, and a glad subdued light in her beautiful eyes. Perhaps the mere rustle of her silken folds upon the withered heather would suffice to awaken him from his sleep.

She came nearer, near enough to see the placid, easeful look that was almost a smile upon the face of the sleeping man. The yellow sunlight lingered upon it, so that no unusual pallor was there. Was it the sunlight that made him look so noble, so beautiful, so grand? Was it the sunlight that had taken away all trace of care, all record of contact with human lowness, and narrowness, and hardness? Was it the light of this every-day sun that had so lifted him, even in seeming, so far above himself, above her recognition of him, above her power of comprehension, and appreciation?

Perhaps he might be dreaming. Who could say through what worlds a soul like his might not wander when sleep freed it for awhile from the bounds of physical existence? Who could say what converse this man's spirit might be holding even as his body lay there upon the barren moor?

Such was the presence of him as he lay that even Diana Richmond was moved to thoughts like these. The complacent smile faded from her lips imperceptibly. She sat down on a stone near him, gently, quietly, as if fearing to awaken him.

Some time she sat watching there. She did not dream once of what he might think if he were to awaken, and find her there by his side. She did not try for one moment to imagine what she should say or do, or how she should look when he awakened.

Long afterwards she knew that from the first moment when she had seen his face, she had had no thought of his awakening. Yet she could never tell when or how fear had entered into her heart. Was it fear? It was so soft a thing, so beautiful, and it came so gently. This could not be fear.

Still she sat watching there. The sunlight had left the face, left it in paleness and wanness; but still in great and reverent nobleness. His head was lying back upon the dead heather; the grey hair stirred in the light wind that came like a sigh across the moor. In his hand there was a letter—an unopened letter; and upon it a daisy—one little closed, drooping, pink-tipped daisy.

Presently Miss Richmond, still moving with all gentleness and quietness, knelt down by his side. Then she called him softly by his name.

"Will you not speak to me?" she said in

a soft whisper, and with lips almost as pallid as the lips before her. "Will you not speak one word? Will you not let me tell you all the truth? If you will let me tell you all, then I will go away. I will never see you any more. I will never vex you any more."

Then she waited, listened; but the only answer was the cry of a solitary plover far off across the moor.

As she waited she read the superscription on the letter; and she recognised Mr. Montacute's handwriting. She herself had received a letter exactly similar in appearance only the evening before. And Diana Richmond recognised more than the lawyer's handwriting. . . . She knelt there as a man might kneel by the friend he had slain by an ill-calculated blow in a moment of sudden anger. She had not the excuse of anger; but the excuse of love. She uttered no cry. She was struck far beyond the display of passionate emotion.

And still the sun went on sinking: it was behind the hill-top now; and darkness was coming up from the dark lone sea. She must do something. What could she do? she asked herself, feeling yet no stir of terror though she was alone there, on Langbarugh Moor with one who might not stir nor speak.

At last she touched the hand—the hand near to her that held the dead daisy; and it was a very terrible thing to touch.

When she rose to her feet she reeled as with a sudden faintness, but the light breeze came with the effect of an ice-cold wind; and she shuddered, and the faintness passed.

She must leave him—leave him lying there; and she must go to Usselby. She was nearer to George Kirkoswald's home than to her own; and some other unrecognised reasonings, or rather instincts, influenced her to this decision. She would go there, and then—what would happen then? . . . Miss Richmond could see no farther at that moment.

She stood awhile with her face buried in her hands: and presently with a great effort she stooped and kissed the broad forehead from which the wind was lifting the grey hair. Then she took the little withered daisy with its limp stalk, hiding it in her dress as she turned and fled. And as she went the plover cried again upon the moorland; and the wailing, plaintive note followed her like the cry of some dark, accusing spirit whose voice would be in her ears for evermore. All the way, by whin-brake and briar-brake, and down by the pine-woods of Usselby, that cry still came. To her life's end it would

come, and it would be full of pain, and dark terror, and mingled accusations and threatenings. To her life's end the plover's note would be to her what the scent of the Basil-plant must have been always to those brothers of Florence—a thing that no self-banishment nor other self-inflicted suffering might deprive of its remorseless power.

And while Diana Richmond was hurrying downward from the moor with white stricken face and trembling form, Genevieve Bartholomew was leisurely drawing the curtains, and lighting the lamps, and placing her own little table by her father's chair. "Surely he will come back to me for his cup of afternoon tea," she was saying. "He can never think that Jael's tea is as good as mine. . . . I shall scold him a little when he comes back."

CHAPTER LXIV.—"THITHER OUR PATH LIES:
WIND WE UP THE HEIGHTS."

THERE is often something that is both delightful and memorable about the state of convalescence. Men unused to illness find recovery from illness to be bewilderingly pleasant, and are sometimes tempted to make the most of it. For this, however, certain conditions are indispensable. A quiet sunny house between the moor and the sea is good; a comfortable reading-chair, and an abundance of books, new and old, are good; to have perfect peace of mind about your worldly affairs is good; and to know that there is some one whose greatest earthly desire is your recovery is also good. But even these are not all-sufficient. Solitude is apt to pall at such times; and to have no mother or sister, no wife or daughter for your ministering angel, does not tempt you to linger in a state of which the chief delight is the delight of being ministered to. Still, even under these conditions, convalescence is not without its satisfactions.

That bright, calm Sunday had certainly seemed to George Kirkoswald to be—

"One of those heavenly days that cannot die."

Though he had not been out of doors he had sat by windows open to the pine-woods, and the Marishes, and the dark, lone, blue sea, where the white sails were flitting. Seagulls had come up, flapping by on heavy wing, resting in great flocks upon the newly-ploughed lands; busy sparrows were darting about the gardens with swift unanimous whirr; the white-edged holly-trees shone out against the ancient yews; the first soft, sweet thrush note came up from the boughs of the mulberry-tree, and at times a tiny wren piped

as he flew from shrub to shrub on the green terraces.

To be able to lie quite still, listening, thinking, dreaming, yielding to the influence of the day and the hour, is to attain one of the highest peaks of earthly felicity. Wordsworth attained it, and, what is more, he kept it, lived in it. That is the secret of his charm for us who are hurrying through the burden and heat of the day, and to whom the primrose by the river's brim is not even a yellow primrose, but the *cachet* of a great political party.

All the forenoon George had tried to read; in the afternoon he had permitted himself to write a letter—the first letter he had written to Genevieve Bartholomew.

For days past the yearning to write, to pour out all that he had to say, had been growing within him. He told himself that it would be both better and easier to write than to wait and speak face to face. He could express himself, his love, his sorrow, his hope, more fully if he might put them all on paper; and he was just in the mood to do it now. His illness had been like a sharp dividing line in his life. On the one side there were all the old mistakes, the old sufferings and emptinesses. The one good thing on that other side was the day in Birkrigg Gill; and the influence of that day was above and outside the line that severed all else. Nothing that had happened had really lessened or impaired it. He knew that now—he had known it all through his illness. Even in his saddest and most desponding moments Genevieve's face had come before him just as he had seen it last on that evening when he had spoken of going abroad. The sudden pallor, the sudden silence, the sudden intense yet subdued emotion had had more meaning for him later than at the time. And he could never forget the look that had been on her face and in her eyes when he had said, with a twofold meaning in his words—

"Shall I come down again, Miss Bartholomew?"

And she had replied—

"Yes; come again before you go away."

Even as she spoke he had known that her generous, truthful words had prevented his going at all; and he had known also that this was not the most they had done. Her simple desire, so simply expressed, had meant a thousand things to him since then, and each one of them was as precious as it was nameless and undefined. All this, and more, was behind the mood that he was in as he sat there writing, pouring out his highest and

best and most passionate aspirations with the full certainty that they would be understood and responded to.

"I've writ all day, yet told you nothing,"

he said, thinking he was near the end of his letter. But that was a long way from the end. Not till the light began to fade, and Jael came in with a cup of tea and a pair of candles, was the envelope sealed and put ready for Noel Bartholomew to take down to Netherbank the next day.

This was hardly done when the heavy knocker sounded upon the hall door, clanging with a wild impetuosity that was strangely startling on such a day, and at such an hour. George rose to his feet as by an impulse of alarm; and Jael and old Ben went to the door together. The dim passages seemed to be filled with a great and sudden dread.

From the door of his own room George Kirkoswald saw that it was Miss Richmond who stood there in the dark blue twilight.

"What is it?" he said gently, going up to her, taking her hand, and drawing her into the house. "What has happened? Some one is ill. Come in here—into my study. You are ill yourself. Pray come in!"

For a moment Diana only looked into his face with eyes set in terror, and pallid lips that tried to speak, and could not. Her features were distorted, her hair was dropping down over her dress, her hands were clasped tightly together. Words came at last, broken, imploring, half-coherent words.

"Send them," she said. "Send your people to the moor. . . . You will let them bring him here? . . . You will let them bring him to your house?"

"It is your brother?" George said, placing her in a chair, and standing by her, ready to soothe and support her if he might. "It is Cecil? Is he ill? Whereabouts on the moor is he? But I will go myself, and you shall stay here. Tell me, if you can, exactly where he is?"

"It is not Cecil," Miss Richmond said, with increase of consciousness, increase of agony in her expression. "It is not Cecil. . . . I could wish that it were. . . . It is—it is Noel Bartholomew. It is he. And he is dead. He is lying there alone. And he is dead!"

No response was made. A minute or two later George Kirkoswald and Charlock went hurrying up to the top of Langbarough Moor in the still evening together. The young crescent moon was hanging in the clear sky;

the plovers were still wailing upon the upland. There was no other sound, only the wailing of the plovers.

CHAPTER LXV.—“EXPECTING STILL HIS
ADVENT HOME.”

THE people whose business and gladness it has been to help in the progress of humanity by means of things written, have written much of human love. First has come the love between man and woman—first and last. Then something has been said—not too much—of the love of a mother for her children. The love that may be, that often is, between father and daughter has been, comparatively speaking, neglected. Cordelia is less popular as a heroine than Juliet, Ophelia, or Desdemona.

And yet this love is very precious, very potent. Though a woman know no other love, she shall yet lack none of love's best beatitudes.

So long as there is one to whom she may say “Father,” so long that name shall stand between her and ill she then may not even dream of; so long will protection be hers, and sheltering care; so long will there be one to understand and believe in her; to defend if defence be needed; to spare her all that no woman who stands alone may ever be spared till humanity shall have touched the beginning of a new spiritual era.

While he is there—the father—all that his presence means so far as contact with the outer world is concerned, may be unrecognised. It is when he is gone that awakening comes, and amazement; then that a woman learns to cry in anguish, “O what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do! not knowing what they do!”

Not knowing what they do, not caring what they do, so they may but live their own narrow, self-bounded life untouched by any consequence of their deed upon other lives.

But even while the father is still in the house, still in his own chair, at his own fireside, it is felt to the full that it is good to have him there. The merest imagination picturing the empty chair shall strike you with the force of steel.

All that soft, bright Sunday Noel Bartholomew's chair by the fireside at Netherbank had been unoccupied: and more than once, as the day went on, the look of it had touched upon Genevieve's heart strangely for the moment, bringing slight chills, causing vague shadows, and sending far-darting thought out into the sombre and subtle regions of fateful mystery.

It was not thought that could be dwelt upon or handled. Half our mental discursiveness is of too quick and elusive a kind to be grasped, or followed, or reduced to exact thinking.

Many a sudden-seeming shock has found us half-prepared, not knowing how we were prepared. The unintelligible and invisible makes itself intelligible by moments at a time; so, when we know it not, it attests itself to us, and we feel for ever afterward that the actual, as we see it and know it, is not a fixed quantity; and the circumscribing lines of material knowledge come to be perplexingly uncertain.

It is when we are thus weighed upon by impending event that we make such pathetically unconscious efforts to ignore its preponderance. The little acts of life are done more carefully, as if to make sure that they matter much. A woman finds herself singing a light-hearted little song unawares, or humming over a favourite waltz; a man goes about whistling; or he chooses a better cigar, and smokes it with attention to his enjoyment. We have all of us tried to cheat ourselves so on occasion.

Genevieve had time and opportunity for many little self-deceptions. It was Keturah's “Sunday out;” and, as usual, she had stayed to tea, so that Genevieve was quite alone from the middle of the afternoon—alone, but not till after dark in any loneliness. Then it was that she began to murmur little tunes softly, and to walk up and down the tiny room from the door to the window listening. Her father would be quite aware that she was alone, with no human being within half-a-mile of the cottage.

When the sun had really gone down, and the silver moon was up; gusts of wind began to come round the house; and they came rather wildly, and there was a chillness in the air which was sufficient excuse for piling up the pine-knots till they blazed in the cheeriest fashion they knew of. Prince Camaralzaman woke up to Genevieve's singing, and joined in with a sleepy chirp or two; the kettle was joining in with a will. The little tea-table was still by the arm-chair, with the cup and saucer of real crown-Derby upon the tray. This had been Miss Craven's gift to Mr. Bartholomew on his birthday, and it had been given with the express desire that it should not be “kept to look at.”

As a matter of course, all causes possible and impossible that might underlie her father's long absence entered into Genevieve's brain as she paced the little room in

her growing loneliness. The one great dread that seemed to be taking root was the dread that some change, some relapse, had come upon George Kirkoswald. This was but natural, and it was consistent. If there was any darker dread it would surely be kept behind.

Still the time went on. The young moon sank over the edge of Langbarugh Moor; the gusts swept up the reedy Marishes; the kitchen clock ticked loudly, monotonously. Would nothing break that strange stillness, that heavy silence?

Ah! there, at last, there was a footstep on the stubble-field. Genevieve drew the curtain back so as to throw a light outside;

then she ran to the door, and stood peering into the darkness made visible.

"It is you, my father? It is you?" she cried, with the gladness of a little child, and holding out her two white hands to the dark figure that was coming nearer. . . . It had come, and was grasping her hands with a strong, kind grasp, and was leading her into the house, understanding, pitying all her sudden silence, her wordless wonder and dismay.

"You did not expect to see me, my child?" Canon Gabriel said, speaking with a new and grave gentleness. "But come in, dear; come in. The evening is very chill; come in-doors."

THE STORY OF JOHN WYCLIF.

BY PROFESSOR A. F. MITCHELL, D.D., ST. ANDREWS.

I.—HIS BIRTH AND TRAINING.

IN the extreme north of the great county of York, on the bank of the winding Tees, just below its junction with the Greta, there rises a rocky wood-crowned height with a modest mansion-house on its southern slope, said to hide within its modern shell remains of one more ancient and imposing. It bears the name of Wy-cliffe, or Water-Cliff, and gives its name to the neighbouring village and parish, whose old Gothic church with flat roof and ivy-covered walls is situated on the green sward by the river-side. According to tradition it was in this parish, either in its old manor-house, or in the now extinct hamlet of Spresswell, that John De Wyclif*—one of England's greatest sons, truest patriots, and most fearless Christian teachers—first saw the light, and in its modern rectory is now to be found one of the most authentic portraits of him, exhibiting those clear-cut features, "piercing eye, firm-set lips, and mantling smile," which are familiar to all acquainted with his story. His older biographers have named 1324 as the year of his birth, but more recent and careful investigators have come to the conclusion that that event must have taken place some years sooner, certainly not later than 1320. Of his early training nothing definite is known, but, in all probability, he received the rudiments of his education from the parish priest or family chaplain. In the fourteenth century youths seem to have gone up

to the English Universities at an earlier age than is now customary, and to have been left to acquire there some of the branches which now they would be expected to master before leaving school. His biographers suppose that it was in his fifteenth or sixteenth year that Wyclif left the home of his childhood, and some of them will have it, left it never to revisit it. But we cannot think that its scenery and story, and pure Saxon speech, would have been so deeply engraven on his memory, as his writings show them to have been, if he had finally left it at so early a date, nor that anything had then or for a good while after occurred which could lead his kinsfolk to withdraw their countenance from one of such talent and promise.

The College at Oxford where the young Yorkshireman laid the foundation of his future eminence was probably that of Balliol. It had been founded for northern students by a family living in the same district as his own, and numbered among its alumni in the first half of that century more than one of the name of Wyclif. No doubt he continued in it till he took his degree in Arts, and some will have it till he rose to be its Warden. But the facts brought to light by Lechler seem to show that at that time Balliol Hall was but poorly endowed, and that its alumni, however they might have distinguished themselves, were expected after taking their degree to leave and make room for others.

Merton College was at that time one of the best endowed in the University and had long been favoured with a race of gifted teachers and alumni. Friar Bacon, Duns Scotus,

* There are said to be no fewer than twenty-eight words of spelling the name. The two most in vogue at present are *Wyclif*, adopted by Lechler, and *Wyclif* by the Wyclif Society. Lechler's work has been admirably translated by the late Principal Lorimer.

Occham, Burley, the Preceptor of Edward III., Estwood, the astronomer, and Bradwardine, the profound mathematician and theologian, had given to it a renown in all the more important studies of their age. Though it was distinctively a southern college we can hardly think that a northerner—"second to none in philosophy, and in scholastic studies incomparable,"—would have been refused admittance to it then, any more than Duns Scotus in the previous century. We

think that Lechler is right in identifying the "John Wyclif," who was Seneschal in Merton in 1356, with our Reformer, and not with Wycclive of Mayfield. And if he did not enter in time to enjoy, as D'Aubigné supposes, the prelections of Bradwardine, he was there while that great teacher lived in the memories of his pupils, and was so indoctrinated in his principles that to the last there was no one to whom in theological opinion he came nearer than the profound author of the "De causa Dei contra Pelagium." In this congenial society he extended his knowledge of mathematics and astronomy, mastered the intricacies of civil, canon, and English law, and prosecuted with all the ardour of his soul the study of scholastic philosophy and theology. Then, too, if not at an earlier date, he was brought practically under the influence of the truth as it is in Jesus. Even though we may not ascribe to him the tract on "The Last Age of the Church," we cannot doubt that the mysterious visitation which swept away nearly half the population of England roused him, as it did many, to more serious thought. He may have



Wycliff Church—Porch.

passed through no such crisis as Augustine, Bradwardine, or Luther, but the stirrings of a life higher than that of intellect had begun and were more and more to show their reality and power.

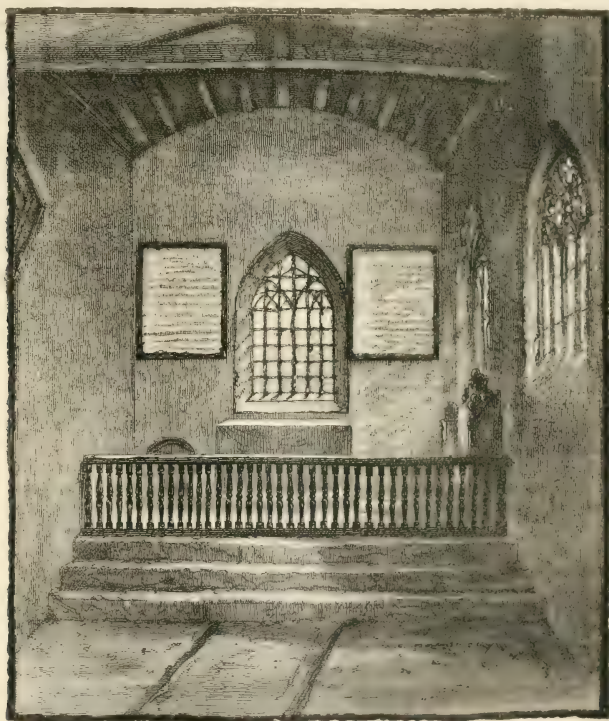
The theologians with whose writings Wyclif then became acquainted were, besides Bradwardine, the four Doctors of the Latin Church and Grossetête Fitzralph, who wrote a notable treatise against the errors of the Armenians, and contended both in Oxford and his diocese of Armagh against the corruption and deceit of the friars. How far in after life he may have become acquainted with "Piers Plowman's Vision," or its author, who strove as hard by his poetry as Wyclif by his teaching and preaching, to forward the cause of truth and righteousness, we do not know. There is one, however, whose work as a preacher and a translator of Scripture was more similar to his own, and who, as that work was carried on in the very district of Yorkshire to which he belonged, and ere yet he had left it, can hardly have been unknown to him. This was Richard Rolle,

termed the Hermit of Hampole, from his residence in that monastery in his later years, but who has lately been shown to have passed the earlier years of his life as a hermit and lay preacher in Richmondshire, traversing the district, visiting the sick, consoling the sorrowing and bereaved, assisting in the services of the church, and preaching as he had opportunity the unsearchable riches of Christ with winning tenderness and in

terms so evangelical that the orthodox, who looked upon him as a saint, affirmed that "evil men of Lollardy" "had corrupted his writings after his death."

II.—HIS YEARS OF QUIET WORK AT OXFORD.

The period which followed the completion of his studies was probably the happiest, and certainly not the least useful, in Wyclif's eventful life. In it he comes more clearly into



Wycliff Church—Interior.

view. In 1361 he is found in the honourable office of Warden of Balliol Hall, and before the close of the year he was presented by the Fellows to the rectory of Fylinghaw, in the diocese of Lincoln. The appointment was not meant to draw him away from the University, but to enable him to prosecute his work in it with greater comfort; and he generally continued to reside in Oxford, and to give himself with thorough devotedness to

the work of teaching in the schools and preaching in the pulpit. Lechler, to whom we owe by far the best biography of him, tells us that thirty-eight of his Latin sermons, still preserved in MSS., belong to this period of his life, when he was mainly occupied with those philosophic studies, the results of which he embodied in several large treatises, still also preserved in manuscript. According to his account it was some time between 1363 and

1366 that he took the degree in theology, which then constituted the only right to teach or profess that science in its full compass. From that time onward he occupied himself exclusively with the teaching of it in its scholastic as well as in its biblical form, and, possibly for the benefit of his students, he drew up the first outlines of the two great theological works, the "Trialogus" and the "Summa Theologicæ," which he was only able to elaborate and put into final shape towards the close of his laborious life. Lechler is also inclined to hold that he began, at an earlier period of his academic life than is generally supposed, to gather round him a band of devoted scholars, who went through the long theological course of that day under his guidance, and were afterwards either retained to aid him in academic work, or were sent out into the surrounding dioceses, barefooted and clad in long russet robe, as travelling preachers, to supply the deficiencies of the secular priests, and to preach a simpler and more living Christianity than was then current among the wandering friars. In the first stage of its existence, at least, he says that the members of the band were men who had passed through a University course, and been admitted to priests' orders. They may have been coarse in manners and of humble attainments, for that was the case with too many of the ordinary priesthood in that age; but they were in earnest about religion, and commended themselves by their varied ministries to those who were so. At a later period, when the hostility of the bishops was aroused, it is likely that they were generally laymen, and resembled more closely the lay preachers of the ancient Waldenses and modern Methodists, and possibly, like the former, they confined themselves in their exercises to the reading and explaining of Scripture, and so gave occasion to their founder from time to time to prepare translations of detached parts of the New Testament, and expository discourses on them.

For some years after resigning the Wardenship of Balliol the Reformer had occupied rooms in Queen's College, but in 1365 he removed to Canterbury Hall, having been selected as Warden by the founder, when he deemed it necessary to make some changes in the original constitution of the house. Some of the ruthless antagonists of the old traditions regarding him will have it that in this case his biographers have confounded him with his less celebrated namesake already mentioned. But all available information goes to prove that Wycliffe of Mayfield was

not a person of any eminence, or one who had taken any academic degree, unless possibly that of Bachelor of Arts. The references in the Reformer's own writings, as well as the testimony of his contemporaries, Wodeford and the monk who compiled the "St. Alban's Chronicle," suffice to settle the matter of fact beyond all question. Still one may hesitate to accept the assertion of the latter, that it was because of the rash and heretical opinions he ventilated that he was afterwards ejected from the office, no less than the insinuation of the former, that it was because of his ejection that he soon after committed himself to opinions at variance with the teaching of the Church. The Reformer was not permitted long to enjoy this new office in peace. After the death of his patron, the displaced monks appealed to the new Archbishop of Canterbury, and Wycliffe had to engage in a long and harassing contest, first in the Archbishop's Court and then in that of the Pope, in defence of his position. Events, of a more public nature, too, about the same time forced him from the academic seclusion in which hitherto he had been content to live and work.

III.—HIS WORK AS A PATRIOT AND POLITICIAN.

The year 1363, observed as a sort of jubilee in honour of the completion of the fiftieth year of the reigning sovereign, was a very notable one in the history of England. Edward III. and his chivalrous son, the Black Prince, were then in the height of their glory. Their victories in France had gained for them nearly a third of that fair land. Scotland also had again been humbled, and three suppliant kings were then at the English court. But to hold the conquests that had been gained overtaxed the resources of the kingdom, and the concluding decade of Edward's reign was as disastrous as the preceding period had been glorious. Misfortune followed on misfortune till almost all was lost that could be lost. Its naval power, on which especially the country prided itself, received a blow from which it did not recover for a long time to come. The crisis, however, served in a singular degree to call forth the national feeling, and to unite all ranks—sovereign and subject, Norman and Saxon, yeoman, burgher, and peasant—in defence of the national unity and independence against the insolent claims and extortions of the Papal Curia at Avignon, and some of the state ecclesiastical at home who made com-

mon cause with it. Wyclif was forced to the forefront as the representative of this national uprising. He grasped as no other did its real meaning, set it resolutely on an indefeasible basis, and laboured with might and main to carry it to all its legitimate results.

Three stages may be noted in the struggle then begun. The first—in 1365 and 1366—was mainly directed against the claims of the French pope. Either enraged by the renewal of the statutes of provisors and premunire, or presuming on the waning fortunes of the king, he presented a demand for the tribute promised by King John, when he disgracefully consented to hold his kingdom as a fief of the Holy See. The Parliament, whose advice the king took care to solicit in this grave emergency, replied with unanimity that “neither King John nor any other king had power to place his realm and people under such thralldom without consent of Parliament, which had neither been asked nor given,” and they determined that if the Pope should attempt by formal process or in any other way to enforce his claim, he should be resisted by king and people with all their puissance. Lechler supposes that Wyclif was a member of this Parliament, either as representing his University or the clergy of his Archdeaconry, or as the *Peculiaris clericus regis* summoned to give advice to the council or the Parliament in the emergency. However that may be, it admits of no question that he was challenged by name to defend the action of the king and Parliament by an anonymous monk who ventured to assail it. He courageously accepted the challenge, and it is admitted by one who is no indiscriminate admirer of his actings that he displayed in his answer “the ability of a sound logician, the learning of an educated lawyer, with the theologian’s reverence for the Church” of which he professed himself an obedient son. He adroitly shifted from his own shoulders the main burden of argument and laid it on those of the temporal Lords, whose reasonings in the recent Parliament he professed simply to report. The reasonings, whether real or imaginary, were vigorous, and in all respects worthy of the descendants of the bold barons who had stood for their liberties even against their sovereign, and were not likely to yield to a priest what they had refused to him.

The second stage in the struggle came in 1371, when the Parliament arraigned the conduct of the Lords spiritual themselves, and complained that not content with their ecclesiastical offices and benefices, they

engrossed to themselves all the more important offices of state to the injury of the laity, and the alienation of their own minds from the proper duties of their sacred calling. They were not really ministers of Christ, watching over the souls entrusted to their care, but “lawyers, statesmen, and architects in thin disguise, with a large share of the vices of the laymen and nobles with whom they mingled,” yet left in great measure free from the burdens of military service and taxation which at that time pressed so heavily on these. And so while they deprived the laity of offices which more fairly belonged to them, other prelates, with nominal dioceses in *partibus infidelium*, had to be sent out by the Pope who, instead of going to preach the gospel and act as pastors there, to live and if need be, to die for Christ, “hopped about in England to hallow men’s altars and creep among curators and confess people against the law,” and to supply the lack of service on the part of their immediate chief pastors.

According to the author of “Piers Plowman’s Vision,” who was a vigorous labourer in the same cause as the Reformer—

“Every bishop that beareth cross by that he is holden
Through his province for to pass to show himself,
Telling them and teaching them in Trinity to believe
And feeding them with ghostly food and giving where
it needeth.”

There were noble exceptions to the prevalent degeneracy in a Bradwardine and a Fitzralph, and some in humbler place. But, as Langlands hints, there were too many priests and prelates “emblaunched with fair words, and with fair clothes, and as lambs they looken, and as wolves they lyven.” Wyclif attacks them still more scathingly. In one treatise he adverts to the incompatibility of such offices with the teaching of the fathers, the apostles, and our Lord himself; and in another he testifies that such occupations interfered with habits of devotion, thoughtfulness and study, so that preaching of the gospel, visitation of the afflicted, and relieving of the poor, were neglected, and they themselves became so steeped in worldliness as to be utterly disqualified for rebuking it in others. The practice had grown up in times of ignorance, and had been allowed to increase while the barons were with the King and the Prince in France exposing themselves to peril and danger in the service of their country, and it was surely reasonable that on their return they should look for that share of the honours and emoluments of the state which naturally belonged to them. The movement, it has been said, was premature,

but it was a righteous one, and sure in the end to be adopted, and it would have been for the interest of the Church itself that its rulers should not obstruct or delay it, as for a long time they did.

The third stage of the struggle was reached in 1376-77. The Duke of Lancaster having failed in his conduct of the war, and the country being exhausted by its long continuance, a truce was agreed on between France and England, and commissioners from both countries met at Bruges to treat of the conditions of a permanent peace. Commissioners were also sent to negotiate with the representatives of the Pope for an effectual remedy to the grievances of which the nation had so often complained in vain. The name of our Reformer stands second on the list of these commissioners. This was the only opportunity he had of coming into closer acquaintance with ecclesiastics who were high in the confidence of the Pope, and his biographers will have it that his visit to this great emporium of Northern Europe was to him what his visit to Rome was to Luther. At all events he was but partially successful in his negotia-

tions, and soon returned home to affirm more confidently than ever that "the proud worldly priest of Rome was the most cursed of clippers and purse-kervers." At Bruges he formed or strengthened his acquaintance with the Duke of Lancaster, and probably he owed to him the only further preferments he received—the prebend of Aust in the church of Westbury and the Rectory of Lutterworth, where his last days were spent.

In the Parliament of 1376 advantage was taken of the duke's absence and unpopularity to form a coalition against him. The clerical party so far yielded to the convictions of the Commons as to join in a remonstrance against the Papal exactions and provisions, in return for which they secured their end in removing from office some of the most obnoxious of the Duke's friends, and joining some of themselves with him in the Council of Regency. But soon after his return he regained his influence, and though this Parliament continued to be termed the good Parliament, but little permanent good came of it, in restraining the appointment of aliens to benefices.

(To be concluded next month.)

SHETLAND AND ITS PEOPLE.

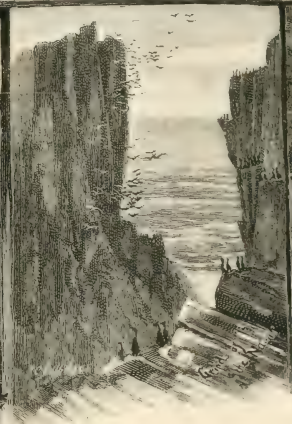
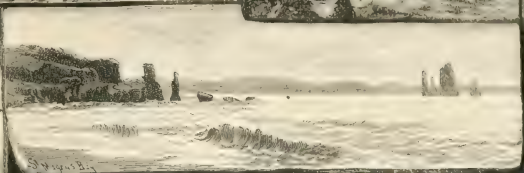
By SHERIFF RAMPINI.

TWO o'clock in the morning, but it is as bright as day. The sea is like a sheet of burnished glass. The sky is clear and unclouded. A rosy light, increasing every moment, gilds the top of the distant hills. Over earth, sea, and sky has fallen a silence deep as death, broken only by the monotonous plash of our steamboat paddles, or the plaintive cry of a solitary gull flying low across the surface of the water. From the deck of the good ship, *St. Magnus*, we watch the fast-enlarging landscape. We have left the Fair Isle, with its traditions of the wreck of the Spanish Armada, far behind. We have come safely through the seething waters of Sumburgh Roost. We have passed the island of Mousa, with its Pictish Broch, like a gigantic dice-box. Before us is the flashing light, now red, now white, of Kirkabister lighthouse. On the other side of the bay, and a little to the left, the Knab, a conical mass of weathered rock and sun-browned verdure, guards the entrance to Lerwick harbour; and right athwart our bows, the dim light in their windows twinkling as if only half awake, are the grey gables and towering chimneys of

the houses of the new town of Lerwick. A few minutes later and the hoarse roar of the steam whistle and the noise of the falling anchor indicate our arrival in Bressay Sound.

We are lying in an apparently land-locked bay, formed by the island of Bressay and the mainland, within whose spacious harbour—it is nearly three miles long and from a mile to a mile and a half in width—the most formidable naval armament that the world ever saw might find ample room and verge enough.

Fleets of all nations have ere now covered its waters. Here lay King Hakon Hakonson with the navy of Norway, on the unfortunate expedition which terminated in his defeat at Largs in 1263. Twice in the seventeenth century, in 1653 and again in 1655, two English fleets, the one of ninety-four and the other of ninety-two sail, have rested within it. In 1861 it was visited by the Channel Fleet; in 1883 by the Reserve Squadron; and summer after summer for centuries, in gradually decreasing numbers it must be confessed, the Dutch fishing fleet has enlivened its waters with brown-sailed busses and gaudily-painted "booms" and sturdy luggers, from



whose
 rigging,
 on a Sun-
 day forenoon,
 red shirts and
 canvas trousers,
 and water-proof pet-
 ticoats and heavy fish-
 ing-boots may be seen fluttering
 and drying in the sunshine. Once a great
 battle was fought here. In the summer
 of 1640 a convoy of four Dutch men-of-war
 was lying in the Sound, awaiting the return
 of their spice-fleet from the East Indies, when
 it was suddenly pounced upon by a formid-
 able flotilla of ten Spanish vessels. A terrible
 fight ensued. Two of the Dutchmen
 were sunk, another was run ashore and blown
 up by her crew; the fourth fell into the hands
 of the enemy. On two other occasions the
 Dutch fishing-fleet was burned by the French
 within its waters; and once—it was in 1778—
 it is said a suspicious-looking craft was seen
 making for its entrance, whose rakish rig and
 saucy bearing excited the strongest apprehen-
 sions in the Lerwigians' minds. Nor were
 their fears lessened when they discovered that
 it was the celebrated privateer Paul Jones
 himself, at that time the scourge and terror
 of all the British coast. As the news spread
 the whole inhabitants of the little town—they
 numbered barely a thousand—turned out to
 see the stranger. The lumbering old cannon
 of the fort, not yet known by the name of

Fort Charlotte, which had been placed there by Oliver Cromwell, and the rusty guns of the battery were got into readiness to give him a warm reception; and all the women in the town, in scarlet petticoats of Shetland "wadmal," flocked to the Knab to gratify their curiosity—perhaps, also, to be out of danger's way. But as they gazed and better gazed the brig was seen to slacken sail; then all of a sudden she tacked about, and before the astonished islanders could make out what she was after she was off with a fair breeze to the south. To this day it is believed that it was the women's scarlet petticoats that did it. Paul Jones had mistaken them for brave soldiers of King George, and had thought twice before attacking so strongly garrisoned a port.

In 1832 the first steam-vessel appeared off the Shetland coast, causing great alarm to the islanders, who not unnaturally took it for a ship on fire. It was not, however, till fifteen years later that the secluded inhabitants of the more northern islands were first introduced to vessels propelled by steam. "In the summer of 1847," says Dr. Cowie, in his excellent "Guide to Shetland," "the late Mr. Arthur Anderson, then candidate for the representation of the county, entered a certain *voe* in Yell in his steam-yacht. Some noise was occasioned by blowing off steam. Two unsophisticated islanders, who were engaged picking limpets on the sea-shore, surveyed the fire-ship in blank astonishment. At length the more strong-minded of the two handed his snuff-horn to his terrified companion, with the exhortation, 'Oh! Jamie, Jamie, tak' doo a snuff, for doo'll snuff nae mair wi' me till we snuff together in glory!' He had concluded the great day of wrath had come, and that on board the steamer was the angel blowing the last trumpet."

But now, with steam communication with Scotland thrice a week in summer and twice in winter, and a little restless local steamer, ever on the move round the islands, darting into bays and voes and creeks, the ideas of the islanders have expanded. And with the spread of enlightenment and education has been developed a spirit of energy, self-reliance, and emulation, which is not the least remarkable of the characteristics of the new Shetland, which is fast obliterating all the landmarks of the past.

Nowhere, perhaps, is this progress more visible than in the town of Lerwick itself. Originally a trading port of the Dutch fishing-fleet, its first house was built only two hundred years ago. In 1800 its population was

1,300; in 1881 it counted 3,854 inhabitants. With its main streets paved with Bressay flags, its steep lanes, crowded with houses, leading to the newer town on the Hill Head, its shops hung with Fair Isle hosiery, and with never a carriage or any wheeled vehicle larger than a country mail-gig, rumbling over its stony streets, the appearance of Lerwick may fairly be claimed to be unique. It more closely resembles a foreign town, Reykjavik in Iceland, or some out-of-the-way bourg in the Netherlands. As for its street scenes they are without a parallel in any other part of her Majesty's dominions. Shaggy ponies, bearing straw panniers, called "maiesies," laden with potatoes and poultry, eggs, and other country produce; women bent double under huge baskets of peats, their heads covered with dirty shawls, and their in-toed feet encased in sandals of untanned hide called "rivlins," knitting, like their sisters of Jersey, industriously as they go; others, with similar "keysies," from out of one of which peeps the fair-haired head of a child, whilst from another emerge the four legs of a new-born calf; men with circular nets over their shoulders, on their way to the Docks to fish for sillocks; here a group of fishermen in tarpaulin suits and sou'wester hats, calmly smoking their pipes while their women unload the boat, and attach it to the wharf; there a crowd of bare-legged children, boys and girls, playing cricket with three stones for wickets, in the middle of the highway. Anon, a herd of native sheep, black, white, grey, and *moorat*, coming into town to be shipped on board the *St. Magnus*; or a flock of geese stalking gravely across the path of the passer-by, or a band of scavenger ducks picking up the garbage from the gutters of the side walks. Then the soft *patois* of the natives, the use of *du* and *dee* for thou and thee, and yea and nay for yes and no in ordinary conversation, the Norse names above the shop doors, the keen, clear-cut features of the men, and the refined beauty of many of the children; all these things give a Scandinavian colouring to the scene, which, like the odour of peat-rick which pervades the whole, is not displeasing to the southern tourist. The truth is, that despite the four hundred years that have attached them to the crown of Scotland, the Shetlanders are still Norse to the core. Old Norse customs still prevail, old Norse words form the basis of their speech. The names of their lochs and farms and hills and valleys are Norse. There are as many *sæters* in the Shetland place-names as in Norway itself. Gords,

dales, nesses, and wicks are as common in the one country as in the other. Even the name of the principal town, Leirvik, the Clay-bay, is the same as that of an existing Norwegian village.

The inherent Scandinavianism of the Shetlander, which leads him to repudiate the appellation of Scotchman, and to cherish in secret the old customs and superstitions of his ancestors, asserts itself yearly in the high jinks with which he continues to honour the old Holy days of Yule. Until within the last two or three years he pertinaciously adhered to the old style in his observance of these festivities. On Christmas Eve, New Year's Eve, and Uphelya,—the twenty-fourth day after Yule, and that on which the Holy or holidays are supposed to be "up,"—the youths of Lerwick, attired in fantastic dresses, go "guising" about the town in bands, visiting their friends and acquaintances and reproducing in miniature the carnival of more southern climes. On one or other of these occasions a torchlight procession forms part of the revelry. Formerly blazing tar-barrels were dragged about the town, and afterwards, with the first break of morning, dashed over the Knab into the sea. But this ancient and dangerous custom has very properly been discontinued. The dresses of the guisers are often of the most expensive and fanciful description. Highlanders, Spanish cavaliers, negro minstrels, soldiers in the peaked caps, kersey-mere breeches and scarlet coats turned up with buff of the reign of George II., Robin Hoods, and Maid Marians, are found in the motley throng. Some with a boldness worthy of Aristophanes himself, caricature the dress, the walk, or some other eccentricity of leading personages in the town; others—for the spirit of "the Happy Land" has reached these hyperborean regions—make pleasant game of well-known political characters. Each band of guisers has its fiddler, who walks before it, playing "Scalloway Lasses," or "the Foula Reel," or "the Nippin' Grund," or some other archaic tune. Thus conducted and blowing a horn to give notice of their approach, the maskers enter the doors of all houses which they find open, dance a measure with the inmates, partake of and offer refreshment, and then depart to repeat the same courtesies elsewhere. At daylight the horn of the Most Worthy Grand Guiser, a mysterious personage, whose personality and functions are enveloped in the deepest concealment, is heard summoning all the bands to end their revels, and when, in the cold grey dawn of the winter morning, the worthy citizens of Lerwick awake to

pursue their wonted avocations, not a trace remains of the saturnalia of the night before.

How it happens that in a busy, bustling, go-ahead place like Lerwick, these vestiges of long by-gone years can still exist and flourish, is only to be accounted for by the immense hold which they retain upon the affections of every true and leal-hearted Shetlander. In the rural districts, of course, where the wear and tear of life is so small that centenarianism is a matter of every-day occurrence, old customs, old superstitions, and old prejudices are as natural as the lichens which cover the weathered rocks, and the mosses that grow on the roof of the crofter's cottage. Every district in Shetland has its own peculiarities as well as its own nickname. The Weisdale people are said by Low in his *Tour** to be the most superstitious in the islands. The last remains of the old udallers are to be found amongst the "peerie (small) lairds" of Fladdabister. The Cunningsburgh folk are "by all accounts the wildest in Shetland," and their inhospitality was in 1774—the stigma has long since been removed—proverbial. "It's mirk in the chimney, but light on the heath; it is time for the stranger to be gone," was the formula by which they were wont to inform a guest that he had overstayed his welcome. In Papa Stour, till within the last thirty or forty years, the sword dance, described by Sir Walter Scott in his "Pirate," was regularly performed during the winter evenings. In Unst—the garden of Shetland—a sort of circular dance, in which a dozen persons held each other by the hand while "one of the company sang a Norn Visick," was a common diversion of the "daft days" of Christmas. As for the inhabitants of Foula—the Thule of Tacitus—the most secluded of all the hundred islands which compose the Shetland Archipelago, towards the end of the last century their language was still Norse. Even at the present day, remains of old Scandinavian songs and rhymes which have ages ago been forgotten by all but the successors of Norna of the Fitful Head, are yet to be found amongst them. "Most or all of these tales are relative to the history of Norway; they seem to know little of the rest of Europe but by name; Norwegian transactions they have at their fingers' ends." Not more than a generation ago, the favourite amusement of these islanders on the Sunday afternoon was "putting the stone."

* George Low's "Tour through Orkney and Shetland in 1774," p. 79.

While the young men made trial of their strength, the elders sat by as spectators, encouraging the competitors, like their prototypes in the Sagas, by "reciting the ancient matches," and, in true heroic style, lamenting the degeneracy of their sons. If these poor Foula men were Norsemen and Pagans at heart, the fault, certainly, did not lie with them. They never saw a clergyman oftener than once or twice in the year. They are better off now, having a resident catechist of their own. They hardly ever saw a stranger; when they did, they scarcely knew how much to make of him. They loaded Low and his companion with fish, fowls, milk, butter and eggs; and when he offered to pay for what they had received "they were much affronted, and told me no such thing ever happened in Foula as to pay for eatables." Their sole industry, up to a recent period, was collecting the feathers and eggs of the myriads of wild fowls from which the island derived its name. With a rope fastened to his waist, the fowler was lowered by his companions some thirty or forty fathoms down the face of the cliff. It was as dangerous a trade as that of the samphire-gatherer of Dover. But the Foula-man was bred up from his infancy to look upon death by falling over the cliffs as his natural lot. "My father gaed before; my gutcher (grandfather) gaed before him, and I must expect to go over the Sneug too," he would say. And over the Sneug, 1,369 feet high, he would almost as a matter of course one day finally disappear.

All fishing communities are superstitious, but the Shetlander has an additional title to be so in his Norse descent. Old myths still linger in out-of-the-way localities, influencing the motions and moulding the conduct of many a fisher family. Lays such as the Eddic Rune-song of Odin, and the Arthur Knight song, or Nightmare Incantation, of which Dr. John Leyden, in his "Complaint of Scotland," had only "heard two lines that were made the frequent themes of speculation by mythologists,"* are yet handed down by oral tradition from mother to son.

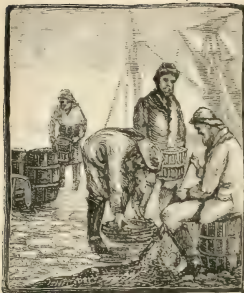
As for the domestic superstitions of the Shetlanders, they are of precisely the same type as those found in other isolated and uneducated communities. A belief in trows, elves, mermen, and mermaidens is universal. Wraiths and portents receive implicit credence. Many of the survivors of the great storm of 20th July, 1881, assert that they

owed their safety to the warnings they had received. A woman washing her husband's clothes in a burn sees his trousers fill with water, and infers from that an intimation of his approaching death.

The last executions for witchcraft in Shetland were in the beginning of the last century, when Barbara Tulloch and her daughter Ellen King were burned alive on the Gallowshill of Scalloway. A famous "vizard" of former days, who shared the same fate, was known by the name of Luggie, and dwelt on a little hill called the Knop of Kebister, a few miles north of Lerwick. "Like his countrymen in modern days," says Dr. Cowie, "he drew his harvest from the sea, but, unlike them, the calling exposed him to none of the dangers of the deep." For whenever he wanted fish he dropped his line through a hole in the Knowe, and drew up his fish ready cooked at some subterranean fire. "This," says Brand, the worthy missionary of 1700, "was certainly done by the agency of evil spirits, with whom he was in contact and covenant; but the economy of the Kingdom of Darkness is very wonderful, and little known to us." Spey wives and dealers in charms and incantations still ply a roaring trade. There are drunken old hags in Lerwick itself who earn their livelihood by imposing upon the credulity of ignorant sailors and silly servant-girls.

The influence of the evil eye is as well known in Shetland as in other parts of the world. But to rank an evil tongue in the same category of malefic potency is a refinement in superstition unknown to the folklore of the majority of people. "Nobody must praise a child or anything they set a value on, for if anything evil afterwards befalls it," this will be attributed to the tongue that spoke of it. This was called "forespeaking," and persons so forespoken could only be loosed from their enchantment by being washed in a water of which the concoction is kept a profound secret. A relic of Popery seems to linger in the superstition which formerly restrained some of the lower classes from eating or drinking on Sunday till after divine service. But it is difficult to find either rhyme or reason for the belief that, if two infants that have got no teeth meet in the same room, one of them will die immediately after. To have one's way crossed, particularly by the minister, when you go a-fishing is reckoned unlucky. At funerals in the country districts it was usual to lift three clods and fling them one by one after the corpse. Many of the old people

* See a series of recent articles on the Scottish, Shetlandic, and Germanic Water Tales by Karl Blind, in *The Contemporary Review*.



still collect wreck or driftwood with which to make their coffins, a custom which doubtless originated more in necessity than in sentiment.

Old Zetland, it must be admitted, was infinitely more picturesque than modern Shetland. It is difficult for even the most imaginative of minds to invest with an air of romance such prosaic bodies and personages as parochial boards, commissioners of police, inspectors of poor, and the modern school-board dominie. Even the parish minister of modern times lacks that racy flavour, redolent of the soil, which made his predecessor of seventy or eighty years ago the prophet, priest, and king of his district. As for the preceptor of the period, he is a colourless creature compared to his forerunner of the last generation. A quaint story is told of

one of these worthies in an outlying district of the Mainland. There had been a wreck, and as the cargo was a valuable one, a diver had been sent for from the south. He and his diving-bell, an invention which had never before been seen, were objects of the greatest curiosity to all the country-side. The diver himself was a good-looking young fellow, and he speedily captivated the heart of the local heiress, who insisted, much to the chagrin of her family, on marrying him. Accordingly, one Sunday when the congregation were assembled in the kirk of Lunnasting, the precentor rose to publish the banns. "Silence," he cried, "in the kirk of Lunnasting! There is a purpose of marriage atwixt wir" (our) "Leddy of L——* and ——" (naming the diver), "dooker and diver and head contriver o' that wonderfu' thing the in-jine!"

If those habits and conditions of life which Sir Walter Scott has idealised and exaggerated in the "Pirate," ever indeed existed, no trace of them can be found in our more refined and certainly more practical days.

* Heiresses in their own right, and the wives of the larger proprietors were always dignified by the courtesy title of Lady.

The udaller no longer sits in his sealskin-covered chair, framed all of massive oak by some Hamburg carpenter, amidst the jovial warmth and plenty of the mansion-house of Burgh-Westra. His days are now passed on a smoke-stained deal settle in a rude stone cabin with a turf roof, and the smoke, perchance, escaping through a hole in the thatch. No longer "dressed in blue coat of antique cut, lined with scarlet, and laced and looped with gold down to the seams and buttons and along the ample cuffs," he now wears a chimney-pot hat, a short black jacket without buttons, a pair of trousers once black, but now grown white and baggy at the knees, and in all likelihood a pair of rivilins on his feet. His daughters, clad in silks and adorned with pearls, no longer cap verses with Claud Halcro, or pass their time in dalliance with Mordaunt Merton or with Cleveland. They are dressed in coarse grey winsey, and on holidays in the brightest shades of blue or purple merino. They doff their shoes and stockings on their Sunday trudges to the parish kirk. Their hair is redolent of marrow pomade, and all their clothing smells of the peat-rick of their ancestral homestead.

For long after Shetland had come into the possession of the Scottish crown the old Norwegian laws and the Scandinavian machinery for the administration of justice continued to be upheld within it. The truth was, people were not very certain that Norway might not exercise its right of redemption, pay off the marriage debt for which it was mortgaged and restore it to its original position as an appanage of the Scandinavian crown. The ancient Law-ting or Parliament of Zetland had its principal place of session on a small holm in the Loch of Tingwall, about six miles from Lerwick. The Thing was always held in the open air. The Great Fowd or Lagman of Zetland, the principal executive and judicial officer of the islands, presided, and round him, seated on stone seats, were clustered the inferior Fowds, and the Rancelmen or lower executive officers. To this primitive assembly came all the udallers or freeholders of the Fowdrie on horseback, bearing themselves with the dignity and gravity which the importance of the occasion required. As there was no room for more than a limited number of them on the holm, the rest congregated on the shore of the loch. But the injury which the depasturing of so many horses on the adjoining lands occasioned was so great, that the proprietors had to be recompensed by

a grant of the scat or land-tax from the neighbouring parishes of Quarff and Dunrossness.* When the Thing, sitting as a court of justice, had condemned a criminal to death, it is said that a curious Scandinavian custom still gave him a chance of life. He was permitted to run the gauntlet between a double line formed by the spectators. If he reached the church, which was about two or three hundred yards off, in safety, his life was spared. But he seldom got so far alive. Whatever was the result, the *vox populi* was always regarded as the *vox Dei*. The execution of the decrees of the Law-ting and of the inferior courts of the district Fowds, was entrusted to Rancelmen, called in Orkney Law-right men, who in addition to their duties as bailiffs or sheriff-officers, as we should now call them, performed many of the functions now appropriated to the ruling elders of the Kirk of Scotland in the various parishes throughout the island. When, on the attachment of the islands to the Stewart-lands, or private domain of the Scottish King in 1614, on the forfeitment of Patrick, Earl of Orkney, their superior, the Great Fowd was superseded by the King's Chamberlain or Steward-depute, the services of these Rancelmen were still retained; and in the country-acts still extant, very minute and at the same time very primitive regulations are laid down for their guidance.† They were to inquire into the lives and conversation of families, whether there was any discord or unbecoming carriage betwixt man and wife, parent and child, master and servant, or any other unchristian or unlawful practice in the family. They were to prevent all quarrels and scoldings so far as was in their power, "by commanding the contending parties to the peace," and if they persisted to report them to the Fiscal or Clerk of Court. They were to see that the poor were taken care of in their respective quarters, and not suffered to stray abroad. They were to allow no beggars or thiggers (sorners) from other parishes to pass through their bounds. They were to try all dogs in their quarters and see that none kept dogs without authority from the Bailie. They were to inquire anent all persons using any manner of witchcraft, charm, or any other abominable devilish superstition, and faithfully inform against them that they might be brought to condign punishment. They were to examine all tradesmen within their bounds and see

* "Zetland Directory," 1861, p. 133.

† Compend. of the Country Acts, App. to "Historical Description of Zetland," by Thomas Gifford, of Ousta, 1733, p. 90.

that they made sufficient work and did not impose upon any in their prices. Lastly, they were admonished that as they were entrusted with a power of inspecting the lives and manners of others, so their own lives and conversation should be exemplars for good: and "take care," added the Act, with a simple and solemn earnestness that has a "flavour of the antique world," "that you are not found guilty of these faults yourselves that you are called to reprove in others: if you should, your punishment shall be double to theirs."

Records such as these illustrate better than any coloured description what manner of men the fathers and grandfathers of the present race of Shetlanders were. They do more. They throw light upon some of the most marked characteristics of the present generation. They reflect the simplicity, the truthfulness, the hospitality, the kindness of

their disposition; their law-abiding nature, their respect for all in authority, their affection for their "Old Rock," its habits, its customs and its traditions. They reflect also their vices, their indolence, thriftlessness and untruthfulness—vices, which perhaps the stranger who confines his visit to Lerwick and its neighbourhood alone, may not readily perceive, but which are not unknown in the less explored districts of the country. Yet if such vices are to be laid to the charge of the Shetland crofter, we must make ample allowance for the centuries of oppression of which he has been the victim. Crushed by monopolists, the thrall of the demoralising Truck system, ever harassed and burdened with debt to landlord and to merchant, it is to his honour that it can still be alleged that now, as in the past, crime is almost unknown in the Shetland Islands.

THE PARSON'S COMFORTER.

A Photograph from Life.

THE parson goes about his daily ways
With all the parish troubles in his head,
And takes his Bible out, and reads and prays,
Beside the sufferer's chair, the dying bed.

Where'er the secret skeleton may be—
Doubt, drink, or debt—that keeps within
his lair,
When parson comes, the owner turns the key,
And let's him out to "squeak and gibber"
there.

It seems a possibility unguessed—
Or little borne in mind, if haply known—
That he who cheers in trouble all the rest
May now and then have troubles of his
own.

Alas! God knows, he has his foe to fight,
His closet-stomach, severe and grim;
All others claim his comfort as of right,
But, hapless parson! who shall comfort him?

A friend he has to whom he may repair
(Besides that One who carries all our grief),
And when his load is more than he can bear
He seeks his comforter, and finds relief.

He finds a cottage, very poor and small,
The meanest tenement where all are mean;
Yet decency and order mark it all—
The panes are bright, the step severely
clean.

He lifts the latch—his comforter is there,
Propt in the bed, where now for weeks she
stays,
Or, haply, seated knitting in her chair.
If this be one of those rare "better days."

A tiny woman, stunted, bent, and thin;
Her features sharp with pain that always
wakes;
The nimble hand she holds the needles in
Is warped and wrenched by dire rheumatic
aches.

Sometimes she gets a grateful change of
pain,
Sometimes for half a day she gains her
bed;
And—lying, sitting, crawled to bed again—
Always she knits: her needles are her
friend.

Too well she knows what 'tis a meal to miss,
Often the grate has not a coal of fire;
She has no hope of better things than
this:
The future darkens, suffering grows more
dire.

Where will they take her, if betide it should
Her stiffened hand the needles cannot ply?
Not to the workhouse—God is very good.
He knows her weakness—He will let her
die.

The udaller no longer sits in his sealskin-covered chair, framed all of massive oak by some Hamburg carpenter, amidst the jovial warmth and plenty of the mansion-house of Burgh-Westra. His days are now passed on a smoke-stained deal settle in a rude stone cabin with a turf roof, and the smoke, perchance, escaping through a hole in the thatch. No longer "dressed in blue coat of antique cut, lined with scarlet, and laced and looped with gold down to the seams and buttons and along the ample cuffs," he now wears a chimney-pot hat, a short black jacket without buttons, a pair of trousers once black, but now grown white and baggy at the knees, and in all likelihood a pair of rivlins on his feet. His daughters, clad in silks and adorned with pearls, no longer cap verses with Claud Halcro, or pass their time in dalliance with Mordaunt Merton or with Cleveland. They are dressed in coarse grey winsey, and on holidays in the brightest shades of blue or purple merino. They doff their shoes and stockings on their Sunday trudges to the parish kirk. Their hair is redolent of marrow pomade, and all their clothing smells of the peat-rick of their ancestral homestead.

For long after Shetland had come into the possession of the Scottish crown the old Norwegian laws and the Scandinavian machinery for the administration of justice continued to be upheld within it. The truth was, people were not very certain that Norway might not exercise its right of redemption, pay off the marriage debt for which it was mortgaged and restore it to its original position as an appanage of the Scandinavian crown. The ancient Law-ting or Parliament of Zetland had its principal place of session on a small holm in the Loch of Tingwall, about six miles from Lerwick. The Thing was always held in the open air. The Great Fowd or Lagman of Zetland, the principal executive and judicial officer of the islands, presided, and round him, seated on stone seats, were clustered the inferior Fowds, and the Rancelmen or lower executive officers. To this primitive assembly came all the udallers or freeholders of the Fowdrie on horseback, bearing themselves with the dignity and gravity which the importance of the occasion required. As there was no room for more than a limited number of them on the holm, the rest congregated on the shore of the loch. But the injury which the depasturing of so many horses on the adjoining lands occasioned was so great, that the proprietors had to be recompensed by

a grant of the scat or land-tax from the neighbouring parishes of Quarff and Dunrossness.* When the Thing, sitting as a court of justice, had condemned a criminal to death, it is said that a curious Scandinavian custom still gave him a chance of life. He was permitted to run the gauntlet between a double line formed by the spectators. If he reached the church, which was about two or three hundred yards off, in safety, his life was spared. But he seldom got so far alive. Whatever was the result, the *vox populi* was always regarded as the *vox Dei*. The execution of the decrees of the Law-ting and of the inferior courts of the district Fowds, was entrusted to Rancelmen, called in Orkney Law-right men, who in addition to their duties as bailiffs or sheriff-officers, as we should now call them, performed many of the functions now appropriated to the ruling elders of the Kirk of Scotland in the various parishes throughout the island. When, on the attachment of the islands to the Stewart-lands, or private domain of the Scottish King in 1614, on the forefaulting of Patrick, Earl of Orkney, their superior, the Great Fowd was superseded by the King's Chamberlain or Steward-depute, the services of these Rancelmen were still retained; and in the country-acts still extant, very minute and at the same time very primitive regulations are laid down for their guidance.† They were to inquire into the lives and conversation of families, whether there was any discord or unbecoming carriage betwixt man and wife, parent and child, master and servant, or any other unchristian or unlawful practice in the family. They were to prevent all quarrels and scoldings so far as was in their power, "by commanding the contending parties to the peace," and if they persisted to report them to the Fiscal or Clerk of Court. They were to see that the poor were taken care of in their respective quarters, and not suffered to stray abroad. They were to allow no beggars or thiggers (sorners) from other parishes to pass through their bounds. They were to try all dogs in their quarters and see that none kept dogs without authority from the Bailie. They were to inquire anent all persons using any manner of witchcraft, charm, or any other abominable devilish superstition, and faithfully inform against them that they might be brought to condign punishment. They were to examine all tradesmen within their bounds and see

* "Zetland Directory," 1861, p. 133.

† Compend. of the Country Acts, App. to "Historical Description of Zetland," by Thomas Gifford, of Ousta, 1733, p. 90.

that they made sufficient work and did not impose upon any in their prices. Lastly, they were admonished that as they were entrusted with a power of inspecting the lives and manners of others, so their own lives and conversation should be exemplars for good ; and "take care" added the Act, with a simple and solemn earnestness that has a "flavour of the antique world," "that you are not found guilty of these faults yourselves that you are called to reprove in others ; if you should, your punishment shall be double to theirs."

Records such as these illustrate better than any laboured description what manner of men the fathers and grandfathers of the present race of Shetlanders were. They do more. They throw light upon some of the most marked characteristics of the present generation. They reflect the simplicity, the truthfulness, the hospitality, the kindness of

their disposition ; their law-abiding nature, their respect for all in authority, their affection for their "Old Rock," its habits, its customs and its traditions. They reflect also their vices, their indolence, thriftlessness and untruthfulness—vices, which perhaps the stranger who confines his visit to Shetland to Lerwick and its neighbourhood alone, may not readily perceive, but which are not unknown in the less explored districts of the country. Yet if such vices are to be laid to the charge of the Shetland crofter, we must make ample allowance for the centuries of oppression of which he has been the victim. Crushed by monopolists, the thrall of the demoralising Truck system, ever harassed and burdened with debt to landlord and to merchant, it is to his honour that it can still be alleged that now, as in the past, crime is almost unknown in the Shetland Islands.

THE PARSON'S COMFORTER.

A Photograph from Life.

THE parson goes about his daily ways
With all the parish troubles in his head,
And takes his Bible out, and reads and prays,
Beside the sufferer's chair, the dying bed.

Whate'er the secret skeleton may be—
Doubt, drink, or debt—that keeps within
his lair,
When parson comes, the owner turns the key,
And let's him out to "squeak and gibber"
there.

It seems a possibility unguessed—
Or little borne in mind, if haply known—
That he who cheers in trouble all the rest
May now and then have troubles of his
own.

Alas ! God knows, he has his foe to fight,
His closet-atomy, severe and grim ;
All others claim his comfort as of right,
But, hapless parson ! who shall comfort *him* ?

A friend he has to whom he may repair
(Besides that One who carries all our grief),
And when his load is more than he can bear
He seeks his comforter, and finds relief.

He finds a cottage, very poor and small,
The meanest tenement where all are mean ;
Yet decency and order mark it all :—
The panes are bright, the step severely
clean.

He lifts the latch—his comforter is there,
Propt in the bed, where now for weeks she
stays,
Or, haply, seated knitting in her chair,
If this be one of those rare "better days."

A tiny woman, stunted, bent, and thin ;
Her features sharp with pain that always
wakes ;
The nimble hand she holds the needles in
Is warped and wrenched by dire rheumatic
aches.

Sometimes she gets a grateful change of
pain,
Sometimes for half a day she quits her
bed ;
And—lying, sitting, crawled to bed again—
Always she knits : her needles are her
bread.

Too well she knows what 'tis a meal to miss,
Often the grate has not a coal of fire ;
She has no hope of better things than
this :
The future darkens, suffering grows more
dire.

Where will they take her, if betide it should
Her stiffened hand the needles cannot ply ?
Not to the workhouse—God is very good ;
He knows her weakness—He will let her
die.

Sometimes, but seldom, neighbours hear her moan,

Wrung by some sudden stress of fiercer pain ;

Often they hear her pray, but none has known,

No single soul has heard her lips complain.

The parson enters, and a gracious smile
Over the poor pinched features brightly

grows ;

She lets the needles rest a little while :

"You're kindly welcome, sir!"—ah! that he knows.

He takes the Book, and opens at the place—

No need to ask her which her favourite psalm ;

And, as he reads, upon her tortured face

There comes a holy rapture, deep and calm.

She murmurs softly with him as he reads

(She can repeat the Psalter through at will) :

"He feeds me in green pastures, and He leads,

He leads me forth beside the waters still.

"Yea, through death's shadowy valley though I tread,

I will not fear, for Thou dost show the way ;
Thy holy oil is poured upon my head,
Thy loving-kindness follows me for aye."

The reading's done, and now the prayer is said ;

He bids farewell, and leaves her to her pain ;

But grace and blessing on his soul are shed—
He goes forth comforted and strong again.

He takes his way, on divers errands bound,
Ablert to plead, and warn, and comfort woes ;

That is the darkest house on all his round,
And yet, be sure, the happiest house he knows.

Will it not ease, poor soul, thy restless bed,
And make thee more content, if that can be,
To know that from thy suffering balm is shed
That comforts him who comes to comfort thee?

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

SUNDAY READINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

NOVEMBER 2ND.

Read Psalm xxvii. 1-17, and 1 John iii. 1-10.

THE works of God are usually accomplished by slow processes. Few, if any, great results, either in the natural or spiritual world, are ever rapidly attained. Doubtless God, by a mere stroke of omnipotence, could at once have created this globe completely prepared as the theatre of human history. Yet by no such instantaneous fiat of the Almighty Will was this accomplished, but by gradual changes, stretching throughout vast cycles. Nay, those things in nature which seem to be sudden are but the startling effects of causes long at work. The lightning flash reveals the store of electricity which has been long accumulating in the atmosphere.

We find the same slow method of working in the history of redemption. After the fall of man the progress was gradual up to the incarnation of Christ. And by no single stroke of omnipotence, but by the same long and complicated action of a multitude of forces, is the final fruition of God's glorious kingdom on earth being now attained.

Now, what holds true of the material world

and of the history of the Church applies equally to the growth of individual character. For the grand result of spiritual perfectness is an inconceivably higher end, and one which necessarily implies more of slow culture than the forming of a star or the development of any physical organism. Undoubtedly it may be said that God in His omnipotence could make a sinner become a full-grown saint at once, and, by an arbitrary stroke of power, render slow growth unnecessary. But it never has been so. No one by a single bound leaps into a fully developed condition either of sin or holiness. The beginning of the true life may be sudden, but never its increase. We are at first "babes in Christ;" but of the most advanced saint the world has ever seen it can be said,—"It doth not yet appear what he shall be."

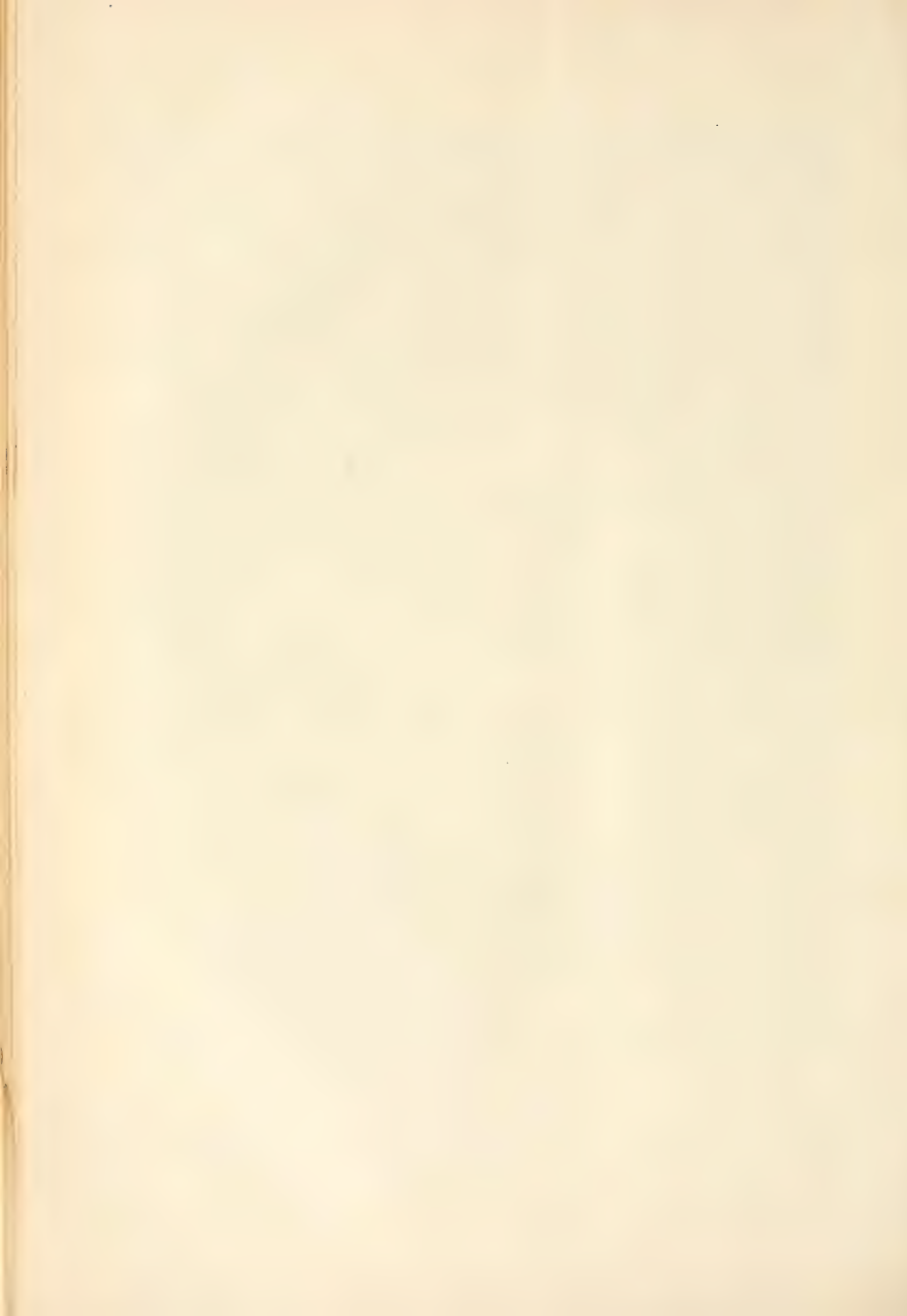
St. John puts the beginning and the ending both before us. "Now are we the sons of God;" and the end is, "We shall be like Jesus Christ." Between that beginning and end there is a wide gulf; but the true measure of the Christian heritage is to be found in its fruition. Just as the mature tree represents best the real value of the seedling, so it is only when we look to the ideal of son-



Engraved by]

[J. W. and E. Whymper.

JOHN WYCLIF.
FROM THE DENBIGH PORTRAIT.



ship as it is in Christ, that we can understand the "love the Father hath bestowed upon us in calling us His children."

The statement, "*Now are we the sons of God,*" is the foundation on which the sequence of blessing rests. For the difference between the feeble commencement of the true life and its full growth is one of degree not of kind. As in all life, there is a continuity of growth from first to last which always bears similar characteristics. Even when the soft eye of green shows itself above the ground, it can be said, "If this is *oak*, not *weed*;" then, 'though it does not yet appear what it shall be,' still, its nature is to ripen through the centuries into the gnarled strength of the majestic tree." Sameness in the kind of life is the one necessary condition. So is it in the higher region of the Spirit. "If children, then heirs, heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ." If "now we are the sons of God," then, "when Christ appears, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."

The question, therefore, on which hangs the long sequence of blessedness or misery is simply this—Have we or have we not the life characteristic of God's children? Is the Spirit of adoption in any real sense shed abroad in our hearts?

Now, without discussing the doctrine of regeneration, we may indicate some of those evidences of the Spirit of Sonship which may be accepted as elementary tests of Christian character.

There is evidently implied in such a life the awaking of some response to the Fatherhood of God. Thus, it is said, "Because we are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into our hearts, crying, Abba, Father." The love of the Father must quicken the life of love in the hearts of all who receive Him; and the righteous and holy will of the Father must draw forth the response of their obedience. As the flower turns itself to the sun, whose warmth has nourished all its beauty, so there must be a responsive turning towards God in all those over whom His love has exercised a real influence. The thought of God, however feebly, is working in such a heart. Some symptoms, however faltering, of obedience and confidence and loving desire must be there. Life cannot be inoperative—it must grow, and that growth is in an increasing response of faith and love to what has been revealed of the Father in His Son Jesus Christ.

If this be so, it ought not to be so difficult
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to recognise the presence in us of the Spirit of Sonship. We can generally tell who the persons are whom we love, and the objects which command our obedience. It ought not, therefore, to be impossible or even difficult for us to see whether the Spirit of Sonship is ours or not.

NOVEMBER 9TH.

Read Psalm xxviii. 23 to end, and Revelations xxi. 1-7.

Last Lord's day evening we considered the life of Sonship as the condition on which that sequence of divine promise rests which speaks of our sharing the future glory of Christ; and we touched on some of those evidences which indicate the presence of that life of Sonship. But St. John meets a difficulty which naturally occurs when he suggests the great contrast which this life may present in its feeble beginning to the grand fruition of its destiny, in our being like Christ at His appearing. The Spirit of Sonship, as it exists in the best of us, may be so beset with weakness and failure as to seem irreconcilable with so glorious a future. Life is, indeed, full of contradictions to such hopes, both in its outward forms and inner history. When Lazarus lay at the rich man's gate covered with sores there was nothing in his external circumstances to betoken the destiny of one who was soon to be borne by angels to the feast of God. And the contrast is still more striking when we look at inward realities, and measure ourselves by the sublime hope of the gospel. Is it conceivable, we ask with wonder, that we, whose lives are blurred with manifold inconsistencies, can be "heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ"? With most of us the flame of spiritual life flickers rather than burns; is it possible that it can ever blaze into the fulness that is in Christ, or that the love of God, which is now so faintly realised, shall one day absorb all other loves in its sunlike strength? Verily, the contrast is so tremendous that the promise may well appear a dream. And yet it is not so. The difference is one only of degree. A few years obliterate the contrast between the babe and the philosopher. The infant child of a monarch, however feeble, is yet his heir. It may not yet appear "what he shall be;" but, if a son, then he is from the cradle an heir of empire. And so the contrasts of the present with the future do not invalidate the blessed hopes of the child of God. If a son, he is already "an heir, an heir of God, and joint-heir with Jesus Christ."

And yet what an inconceivably glorious end is that which is thus suggested!

There is truly nothing little in man. His destiny is awfully great, whether it be the greatness of unspeakable good, or the greatness of unspeakable evil. We must grow in character for ever, whether upward toward God, reflecting more and more His infinite perfectness, or sink downward in the terrible increase of sin and corruption. In one light this growth is slow, for eternity alone can measure it; but in another sense it may be rapid and intense. Yet, whichever way we take it, man's future is of sublime proportions. If it can be said of the saint, "Verily it doth not yet appear what he shall be," there is a sense as emphatic in which it can be said of the sinner also. There may be an eternity of Wrong as there is of Right; and except for the intervention of influences, in this world or the next, sufficient to arrest and change such a course, this life may be the commencement of an endless development of either the one or the other. This thought of growth in character is an overwhelming one. There is a downward progress in evil which often startles us here by its rapidity; is it possible to imagine the growth of such a career, measured not by time but by eternity? If even during the short span of man's existence on earth we have seen the germs of indulgence, or sensuality, or falsehood, sown in youth, grow into the terrible fruit of a depraved manhood; if but a few brief years are all that is necessary so to ripen evil that one who lately was an innocent babe may become the hardened criminal, the curse and shame of all who know him; then it does certainly "not yet appear" what that same character may become when eternity is the measure of its advance. There is a time in the history of the worst when they are horrified at the thought of actions they afterwards perpetrate. "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this?" was spoken at the beginning of a career which ended in worse deeds. Worldliness, unbelief, selfishness, lust, passion, dishonesty, are sins which in their beginning may assume forms so feeble that we scarce suspect the terrible harvest which lies hid in those seeds. Yet let us be assured that whatever the character may be which we adopt, that character has in itself a power to grow and grow infinitely. "Be not deceived, whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap; he that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

A soul thus dowried with the tremendous necessity of existence, and left to itself to wreak the consequences of its own wicked character in an ever-increasing tide of moral confusion and wrong, presents the conception of a hell which needs no physical torment to increase its misery. That even such may at some time change is "the larger hope" which every loving heart must wish to entertain. Yet enough remains to make us pray lest, in the dreadful sense of such a career as I have indicated, it can be said of any of us, "*It doth not yet appear what that man or woman may become!*"

And not less awful in its sublimity is the destiny of the redeemed,—“to be made like Christ;” to be spotless as He is spotless; to love purely as He loves; to meet the Father in the response of Christ's unclouded Sonship; nay, to grow for ever into fuller thoughts of God, into closer fellowship with the divine Mind, and into richer measures of spiritual perfectness. If now we are sons of God, we have already entered on a path which stretches on to this unending fruition. Verily “it doth not yet appear what we shall be” when this shall be realised—centuries after this; when all this dream of life shall have been left behind, like a speck on the horizon of memory, and we have sailed far over the eternal sea. Scarcely can we link our very selves to a time when we are to be one with the spirits of the just made perfect, and sharers of the infinite future of Deity Himself; but it will only be then, when “the end is come, and God is all and in all,” that we shall understand the glorious purpose of God in Christ, and the manner of that love the Father hath bestowed on us in calling us His children. Then we shall comprehend the grandeur of this gift of humanity, which embraces such glorious possibilities.

NOVEMBER 16TH.

Read Psalm xvi., and Romans viii. 1-17.

What is taught by St. John regarding our “now being sons of God” and “our becoming like Christ at His appearing,” is put by St. Paul in a similar light, when he says, “If children, then heirs, heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ.”

Now what does this phrase, “heirs of God,” really imply?

It is evident that St. Paul does not intend us to identify the term “heirs of God” with ideas borrowed from earthly life, in which a son succeeds to the property of a father upon his decease. To be “heirs of

God" must mean something more spiritual, intimate, and personal than could be bestowed by any external possession, such as the heritage of all this wondrous universe of order and beauty. To possess God must also imply more than authority over nature; for any atheist or devil might obtain such mastery over physical law as to be able to wield its forces for his own purposes. Still further, while it may be true that none except the pure in heart can possess the loveliness of earth and sky, or taste that joy in the beauty of common things which is denied to the hardened and depraved, yet it would be too narrow an interpretation of St. Paul's words to apply them even to this enjoyment of external glory. All such heritages may or may not belong to the child of God, but it is evident that the bestowal of countless worlds would not express what he meant. That which St. Paul emphatically connects with our being "sons of God" is not the possession of what God has, but of God Himself, and he explains his statement by pointing to Christ and saying, "we are joint-heirs" with Him. He thereby teaches us that even as Christ possessed God, so may we through a similar spirit of sonship possess the Father. The two words, "Son," "Father," are made to interpret one another. The way to the Father can only be through the Son, for it is as sons that we can alone understand and enjoy the Fatherhood of God. The one channel, again, through which the Fatherhood of God can reveal itself, is by creating and meeting the response of sonship. Therefore to be "a son of God" is to be at once made an "heir of God," for it is that which puts us in possession of Him. The two go together, even as the gift of eyesight put Bartimeus at once in possession of the landscape. Spiritual fitness is the one key to spiritual possession. The true artist thus possesses the great picture more really than the proprietor, who may be devoid of the artistic eye. The one man gets all that the picture is really good for; the other has little more than the canvas and oils.

But when we consider St. Paul's statement more closely, we may ask, how is it possible to possess God? How can the creature possess the Creator, or the finite possess the Infinite?

Now there are two senses in which we can call another person "ours." There is the sense in which the master holds his slave, or the parent can control the child. It was in this external sense that Pilate possessed

Christ when he asked, "Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and have power to release thee?" So too did Nero possess St. Paul when the apostle lay chained in Rome. They each held their victim in their hands. Yet in neither case was there any true possession of Christ or of St. Paul. Herod might have kept Christ in chains for years, but as long as there was mutual antipathy, no external circumstance could give him possession of the Divine.

The other sense in which we can possess a person is through love, whereby we have sympathetic apprehension of what they are. It was in this sense St. Paul possessed Christ when he said, "To me to live is Christ;" "The love of Christ has constrained me;" when "rooted and grounded in love," he was able "to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge," and so was "filled with all the fulness of God." For love is the solvent which mingles soul with soul. Through loving sympathy nature interpenetrates nature, and thought leaps out to thought, and one person can possess another. It is in this way that we can understand the closeness of the connection, "If children, then heirs." Through childlike love St. John possessed God and found in that possession his eternal life. It is through such love, ever seeing more and more of the Divine glory, that the saints possess God for ever. They are continually being led into fuller realisation of "His unsearchable riches" and into a deeper apprehension of His glory.

It is in the light of such thoughts that we can also understand the negative statement of St. Paul, "If any man have not the spirit of Christ he is none of His." There is one eternal good for man, and that is to know God and to be in fellowship with the everlasting righteousness, truth, and love. And there is only one way of reaching that good, and that is by our becoming as little children, possessing the life of Sonship as it is in Christ Jesus. That life Jesus came to the world to bestow; and there is but one condition for its reception: "To all who receive Him, to them gives He power to become sons of God."

NOVEMBER 23RD.

Read Psalm lxxii., and Revelations vi. 9 to end.

It is said of the living creatures in the Book of Revelation, which seem to represent creation, that "they rest not day

nor night, saying, Holy, holy, holy." It is again said of the spirits of the righteous that "they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

These two statements, taken together, seem to express the double aspect of the blessedness of heaven as found in rest and ceaseless occupation. For the rest of an intelligent being can never be the rest of stolid lethargy. To sink into unconscious sleep, undisturbed by thought or aspiration, would be moral and intellectual death. No one can enjoy unconsciousness. If the saints rest from their labours, yet their works do follow them. There is a suggestive distinction here. We are taught that their painful struggles, languors, and fatigues will be past, for all that is implied in "labour"—the exhausting strain, the wrestlings against opposition, the burden of decay and feebleness—will then cease. Here the faithful servants of Christ know the power of a rebellious will and the tenacity of evil habits. "They groan, being burdened." But they shall rest from such labours, when every spot and blemish shall have been removed, and they are made like Christ Himself. There will then be no more any grief over wanderings of heart, or a languid love; no more the disturbing of unholy thoughts or the overtakings of passion. No alloy of wickedness will mix itself in the pure gold of perfect fellowship with the mind of God, for "nothing that defileth" shall enter there. There shall no longer be the thirst of unsatisfied desire, for all that are athirst shall drink of the water of life freely. There shall be no more clouds of concealment, for "there will be no night there." The painful doubt, child of imperfect knowledge, shall have vanished when "they know even as they are known."

They will also have rest from the trying discipline involved in their earthly education. Sorrow and chastisement, the sick-bed and bodily pain, the weight of weakness and the dishonour of decay and corruption will be past. The feeble body will not clog the wing of soaring thought, nor the pangs of physical agony cause the strong man to bend as a child. Nor will there be any more death with its sore partings. Blessed, verily, "are the dead who die in the Lord," that they may thus rest from all their labours.

But with this rest from labour there is also continual activity, for "they rest not day nor night." We read of "the rest of God;" yet we know that His rest is consistent with endless working. "God rested the seventh day," when the confusion of chaos and the

vast movements of formative change gave place to the wide peace and beauty of universal order. And in a similar sense, while the saints of God shall rest from all that labour which is implied in the struggle towards perfect harmony with the holy and loving, yet that perfection, when attained, will be but the fulness of vast spiritual power and unburdened energy. For if we remove the weights which now hinder us in our spiritual activities, then exertion will become most perfect rest. It is rest for the eye when it dwells on perfect beauty; it is rest for the ear when it is filled with purest harmony; it is rest for the heart when all its affections are satisfied; it is rest for the intellect when it has grasped the truth, and revels in the perception of its manifold appreciations. And thus, too, it is rest for our being when it has discovered what meets its cravings, and a field where it may expatiate without weariness or distraction. And yet such rest as this is the very fulness of activity.

NOVEMBER 30TH.

Read Ezekiel xxvii. 1-14, and 1 Corinthians xv. 19-28.

In discussing the blessedness of those who being sons of God are called into the eternal inheritance of the Saints, we have been compelled to touch on the darker side of the picture which refers to the destiny of the wicked. If we have learned that there is nothing arbitrary in connecting the possession of God with the spirit of sonship, we are bound to ask whether there are not spiritual laws which suggest as close a connection between the evil man and future misery.

This is not a question of "reward and punishment" in the common acceptance of these terms. We believe that much confusion has arisen from the employment of expressions which we associate with the discipline of school or of civil life, to represent consequences which are not imposed from without but are involved in the very nature of things.

This question of the future destiny of the wicked has of recent years awakened exceedingly anxious thought. The difference is indeed remarkable between the attitude of mind in which it is now regarded from what prevailed a generation or two ago. Then the most frightful representations of future torment and the most arbitrary conceptions of reward and punishment were received without a qualm. The Christian conscience would now be shocked by much of the teaching which was accepted by our good fore-

fathers without hesitation. Among the many reasons for this humaner instinct which prevails we believe that one of the chief causes is to be found in the change that has passed over the theology of the country. At one time it was the Sovereignty of God—His power to do as He pleases—which was chiefly inculcated. Now there is the higher conception of the Divine character as determining the exercise of Sovereignty. It is not arbitrary power, but the righteous love that wields the power, which we are called to adore. Sometimes, however, we feel that assertions are made on this dark question of the future which betray great lack of thoughtfulness. The difficulties that surround it cannot unfortunately be swept away at the bidding of mere generous sentiment.

Our own sympathies are very decidedly on the side of "the larger hope." As we fall back on Him whose name is love, we believe that all that is possible will be done in eternity as well as in time for the well-being of every creature, and that instead of the greatest pain it will be the least which is consistent with the good of the universe that will be inflicted. In this light we recognise with thankfulness the hints which occur in Scripture of a time when "God shall be all in all," and when every enemy shall have been destroyed, and when "all things," "both which are in heaven and on earth," shall have been "gathered together in Christ." We also recognise with gratitude the clearer conceptions we have gained in modern times of the term "eternal" as employed by the Evangelists.

Nevertheless it is well to recognise the true difficulties of the question, independent of those connected with the interpretation of texts.

(1.) We have no difficulty in rejecting that popular conception of future punishment which represents infinite and eternal torment as being the penalty fixed by God for some definite act or acts of sin done in this life. It would be easy to illustrate the dreadful applications which may be made of such views. Quotations might be adduced of things said and written by good men regarding the persons who were thus to suffer—ignorant heathen and even non-elect infants—which could not fail to shock us. But no one surely who thinks seriously on such a subject can believe that the principle on which God acts is to execute the verdict of an unending existence in ceaseless and unspeakable torment on every one found guilty of certain transgressions or omissions in

this brief life below. All that is best in us, and therefore all that is in us most like God Himself, rises in rebellion against so hideous a creed. Were this all, we would have little difficulty in denying the possibility of such principles determining the destiny of any man, woman, or child.

(2.) But the real difficulty lies elsewhere, and refers not to the eternity of punishment, but to the continuance of sin. When we grant freedom of choice to man, we must accept the risk of his choosing evil instead of good. He does so in this life. We see him growing worse in this world, in spite of every deterring influence. Is it not at least conceivable that such a career may continue? Being a free agent, man cannot be treated as a mere thing, or be moulded as a piece of clay is shaped. And if man does accept evil instead of good, and if he resists every influence which would lead to repentance, then, as long as that condition lasts, he must carry with him his own hell. If it is conceivable that there should be "a place of repentance" found even for such a man some time in the infinite future, no less is it at least conceivable that having successfully resisted God for so long he may do so for ever. In view of such considerations, we ought humbly and reverently to express our hopes, without indulging in wild assertions as to what we think "must be," because we have formed a picture to ourselves of what we deem the universe ought to be. Living in God's world here we are met by too many terrible facts of sin and consequent misery, and of men hardening themselves against His will, to warrant our constructing, on merely antecedent reasoning, the vision of an absolutely happy universe, or insisting, with a generous dogmatism, that there is no room for any hesitation in acknowledging the necessity for universal redemption.

(3.) Nevertheless, while recognising these difficulties, I think we are permitted to fall back with reverent hearts on the "larger hope" of "a restitution of all things." We know that the Lord reigns, and all His acts are done in righteousness and truth. We also know that His name is love, and that we cannot measure the possibilities which that name implies. We see, even in the material advance of the universe from lower to higher types, that a law of progress towards perfection everywhere prevails. So that, if clouds and darkness do curtain the sky, we may yet look hopefully to the far horizon, and catch with gladness the gleams where God may be making for Himself "an

awful rose of dawn." Baffled as we may be by difficulties, yet it is surely allowable to yield to the instinct of that Christian love which He Himself has kindled; and if we

can do no more, we can at least cast our burden upon Him—

"... falling with our weight of cares
Upon the great world's altar-stairs,
That slope thro' darkness up to God."

LIFE AND LETTERS BY THE SEA-SIDE.

By "SHIRLEY."

IV.—WITH THE SEA-SWALLOWS.

A SAD tragedy took place last night, we hear,—the mother Merganser was shot. We had seen her often upon the loch with her tiny brood behind her, oaring swiftly and deftly from side to side. No one had meddled with her on the loch; but yesterday she had made up her mind to take her little ones down the stream to the sea, and she had been discovered by some rustic sportsman who had valiantly then and there brought her maternal solitudes to a close. Would the little waifs be able to shift for themselves? How did they feel in the great, big, unknown world, as they huddled in among the rushes without guide or guardian? Would they all die of hunger and fright, while waiting in vain for the mother who does not return? Possibly these and similar reflections did not occur to the mind of the enterprising sportsman—more's the pity.

And yet, to do him justice, the man was not much worse than his neighbours, I dare say. It is hard to justify sport, but Mr. Ruskin is quite wrong in his passionate invective against sportsmen. We all know that fishing and shooting do not harden the heart or sear the conscience, and that in point of fact the most ardent sportsmen are to be found among the most tender-hearted men. To be logical and consistent, no doubt they ought to be cruel and blood-thirsty; but fortunately, as Mr. Ruskin knows, human nature is superbly illogical and splendidly inconsistent. It is not merely that they do not beat their wives or swear at their mothers-in-law; their kindness is positive, not negative. Izaak Walton and Charles St. John, for instance, have the most direct and catholic sympathy with the innocent creatures of wood, and field, and river. Yet, when their blood is up—nay, even in cold blood—they think no more of landing a trout or stalking a stag than does the merest Red Indian. I never knew a finer, gentler, or sweeter nature than St. John's; and I venture to say that the books of that delightful naturalist are the soundest and healthiest reading we can give our boys. If they imbibe his spirit they will

learn how to reconcile what appear at first sight to be inconsistent qualities—how it is possible, even in sport, to be high-minded and chivalrous. For sport is one thing and butchery another; and instead of shooting the poor maternal goosander, St. John would have watched her perilous journey down the stream with infinite sympathy and delight, and given her a helping hand if he could. And how the deft ways and the pleasant, crafty wiles of the little goosanders would have sparkled in his pages!

There is not a breath of air in the sky, not a single mare's tail even; not by hook or crook to-day could a trout be tempted to rise; so we put our rods aside and saunter down to the beach. It is a pleasant shore—the yellowest of yellow sand, brown tangle, and then the cool, fresh, intense blue of the sea. The oyster-catcher flits with shrill whistle round the point; the warier whaup keeps farther out. One, two, three, four herons are standing at intervals, like sentries, along the rocks, each at his favourite post. With hoarse croak, the chronic Darwinian development of some primeval influenza, and slow-flapping pinions, the unwieldy creatures rise as we approach. I do not love the heron; it seems to me that there is something cynical and sardonic in his expression—a natural ironic reserve which experience has only served to confirm. But the sandpipers, and the oyster-catchers, and even the curlews, with their ridiculously long bills (which, one would fancy, must be immensely in the way of anything like familiar intercourse or close friendship) form an altogether agreeable and delightful society.

Push the boat out, and we shall make our way to the Delectable Islands in the middle of the Sound. 'Tis a long pull, but the skiff is light as an egg-shell, and the tide runs strongly with us. As we cross the bay a whaup is startled from the shore and comes just within range. A snap shot brings him down—quite an event, for the whaup is the shyest and wariest of birds. Our Delectable Islands are merely a few jagged reefs of grey,

weather-beaten rock, with patches of coarse grass, among which a populous colony of the black-headed tern have established their nurseries. The nests (if nests they can be called) are now empty, and only one or two downy little morsels are to be found, lurking among the long grass. The whole colony, young and old, are on the wing, and wheel clamorously round our heads. Between the islands the tide runs like a river—a famous fishing-ground for saithe and lythe. But the only fisher at present is a round-faced, inquisitive seal, who persistently follows the boat until we fire a cartridge over his head. Then he drops away, and we see him no more. There are a family-party of half-a-dozen oyster-catchers on the outermost reef, and as the taxidermist of our party needs a specimen for stuffing, a shot is fired. Amid deafening clamour (for the terns almost pitch themselves into our faces), one falls upon the water. But he is only winged, and when we approach to pick him up dives as a duck or a guillemot would dive, reappearing on the surface after a long interval, quite a hundred yards off. I had never heard of the oyster-catcher (who is not one of the web-footed race) diving in this masterly fashion, and it was a surprise to us all. Is it possible that extremity of peril suddenly develops a dormant talent? We fired at him again, but he dived with the shot; and a third cartridge was needed before we secured him. The oyster-catcher is a brilliant little bird—his red, white, and black telling effectively against the blue of sea or sky.

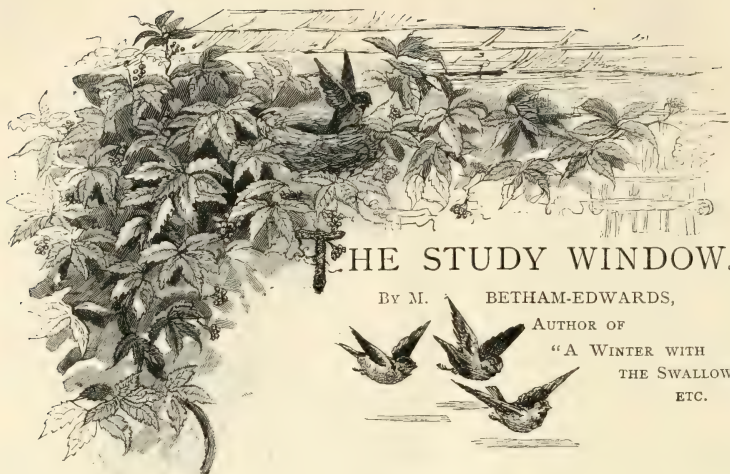
By this time the day was beginning to wane. We had a plunge into the clear sparkling water, an *al fresco* tea, and then we hoisted an artist's umbrella (for a fresh breeze had risen as the twilight fell), and drifted back leisurely to the mainland. It was a perfect night; day still lingered upon the summit of Ben More, but the shadows had gathered round about us. There was not a sound, save the occasional wail of a curlew passing high overhead, or the twitter of a belated sand-piper.

Yet even on such a night, there is not, I think, absolute silence upon the sea. For the ocean is never at rest; and the beating of its mighty heart is audible in the dearest calm. Deep calls unto deep. There is surely something strangely impressive in an everlasting ebb and flow which, like the swing of the pendulum, is adjusted with delicate nicety and absolute precision. But this chronometer that beats through the ages—was it set agoing once for all at the beginning, or is it

periodically wound up? *The will of mortal men did not beget it, neither shall oblivion ever lay it to sleep.* There is the fact—make of it what we like. For my own part, I do not think that Greek or Latin sage, French Renan or English Matthew Arnold has said anything much better about the mystery than was said by the Sheik of an obscure Arab tribe thousands of years ago. Our New Testament is very beautiful; but there are glimpses of insight, felicities of expression, in the Old, which, considering the time and the people, are even more surprising—especially from a purely literary point of view. *The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.* How did Moses rise to this height? All round about there was darkness—thick darkness—darkness that might be felt: yet on one favoured spot the light was absolute and unconditioned. May we not say that it is this intense imaginative vision that is the unique element in the early history of the chosen people?

The newspapers have arrived during our voyage, and what between Egypt itself and the more than Egyptian darkness of the peers, the prospects of the Monarchy are thought to be gloomy in the extreme. The British Constitution is on its last legs. Be it so. Whether indeed we have lost the faculty for governing ourselves and others which our fathers possessed remains to be seen. But the end must come some time. We cannot hope to escape the paralysis which has attacked, one after the other, the ruling races of the world. Meantime, however, there are big trout in Morar, and the Atlantic ebbs and flows through the Sound as it did before the British Constitution was set up, and as it will continue to do after it is taken down and put away in the museum where we keep our antiquities. *What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!* So the great Mr. Burke remarked; but Mr. Burke lived before the Burgh Police Bill was passed; and with the Burgh Police Bill positive history begins. Shadows indeed! when we have a telegraph wire right round the globe, and a telephone next door, and the whole tittle-tattle of the universe ready for us every morning with our muffins. There are grumblers everywhere and in every age; but even the Mummy who had helped to raise the Pyramids was forced to confess with a blush that his countrymen had no knowledge of Ponnener's lozenges or Brandreth's pills.*

*Every reader will recognise the resemblance between the Mummy in Edgar Poe's story; and "Ponnener's lozenges and Brandreth's pills" are, I imagine, the Scotch equivalents for Paine's pills and Holloway's ointment.



A Summer Song.

WELCOME, welcome, green leaves, so discreetly hiding
Neighbours' prying glances, curious gossips sidling ;
Once more come to screen me with your sunny arras,
Shut out idle prying, peeps that fret and harass !

Welcome, welcome, green leaves, Nature's airy curtain !
Now indeed I feel alone, privacy is certain,
Veiled my study window, from keen looks pursuing,
None but little birds to peer and see what I am doing !

All day long they flutter round this upper story,
Where my neighbours' chestnuts make a July glory.
Let them peep and welcome, harmless their espying,
Little wiser are they, certes, for their prying.

Welcome, welcome, green leaves, best gift of the summer !
Hid from quizzing neighbours, now I'm in good-humour,
Now the pen moves freely till October scatters
All these green defences, rends my curtain into tatters !

A Winter Song.

SNOW-FLAKES, soft veiling
Window and paling,
Come now and screen me
From eyes watching keenly.
Shut out the neighbours
Eyeing my labours ;
Let none get an inkling
Of what I'm thinking,
My pen move in languor,
Dash off in anger,
Poetic minds fire me,
Great causes inspire me,
And the sparrows only
Watch the student lonely,
Twitter and chatter,
And say, "What's the matter?"



AMONG THE TRAPPISTS.

A Glimpse of Life at Le Port du Salut.

BY SURGEON-GENERAL H. L. COWEN.*

THE monastic order of Trappists—a branch of the Cistercian—possesses monasteries in many parts of Europe, one, composed of German brethren, being in Turkey. Some of these establishments are agricultural or industrial associations; others are reformatories for juvenile delinquents; while some have been instituted for effecting works that might be dangerous to health and life, such as draining marshy lands where the fatal malaria broods.

The Monastery of La Trappe du Port du Salut, the subject of the present description, stands near the village of Entrammes, at Port Raingard, on the river Mayenne, on the borders of Maine, Anjou, and Brittany. Its site has been most picturesquely chosen in a charming nook, where the stream having rapidly passed through some rocky cliffs suddenly expands, and flows slowly through rich pasture-lands. With its church, farms, water-mill, cattle-sheds, gardens, and orchards, the whole settlement looks like a hamlet surrounded with an enclosure (*clôture*) marking the limits of the ecclesiastical jurisdiction. A narrow passage between two high walls leads to the entrance-gate, bearing the inscription, "Hic est Portus Salutis,"—"Here is the haven of safety." A long chain with an iron cross for a handle being pulled and a bell rung, a porter opens a wicket, bows his head down to his knees—the obligatory salutation of the Trappist—and in silence awaits the ringer's interrogation. The latter may have come simply from curiosity, or he may be a traveller seeking for shelter and hospitality, a beggar asking alms, or even a wrong-doer in search of an asylum; he may be rich or poor, Christian, Jew, or Mohammedan—no matter! the porter at once grants admittance, conducts him to the guests' reception-room, and summons the hostelier.

A monk in white robes appears, his head shaven with the exception of a ring of hair. He bows as did the porter. If the visitor only contemplates a stay of a few hours no formality is gone through; a meal and refreshments are offered, and he is conducted over the monastery. But if he proposes to sleep

there, the monk, whose rules are to consider that every guest has been guided to the place by our Lord Himself, says, "I must worship in your person Jesus Christ, suffering and asking hospitality; pray do not heed what I am about to do." He then falls prostrate on the ground, and so remains for a short time, in silent devotion. After this he leads the way to an adjoining room, and requests the visitor to write his name in a book, open here, as elsewhere in France, for the inspection of the police. The entry made, the father hostelier (as he is called) reads from "The Imitation of Jesus Christ" the first passage that attracts his eye. In the case of our informant it was, "I come to you, my son, because you have called me." But whatever the text may be, he adds, "Let these words form the subject of your meditations during your stay at La Trappe."

The *Communauté* is the name of the monks' private buildings, where no strangers are permitted to penetrate, except by special permission and accompanied by a father. Here perpetual silence is prescribed, save during the times of religious service, and the visitor is warned that in his tour around the domicile he is to kneel, pray, and make the sign of the cross when and where he sees his companion do so. This proceeding would at first sight seem to exclude from the monastery all non-Roman Catholics. The member of any religious communion, however, is welcome, provided he pays a certain deference to the rules, and as the Trappist guide walks in advance, and never turns round to observe how his guest is engaged, all derelictions in minor matters are purposely allowed to escape his notice. Were it otherwise, he would at once retrace his steps, lead the way to the entrance-door, show the visitor out, and without uttering a single word, bow and leave him there.

The church is a part of the *Communauté*, and is plain in architecture and simple in ornamentation. Here it is that each Trappist is brought to die. Whenever any monk is in the throes of death, an assistant of the hospital runs about the monastery striking with a stick on a board. At that well-known summons the brethren flock to the church, where their dying brother has been already laid on ashes strewn on the stones in the shape of a

* The writer is greatly indebted for the substance of the information this article contains, to his friend, Professor E. S., who has resided in the monastery of Le Port du Salut, both as a guest and as a temporary secretary to its abbot, Dom. H. M.

cross, and covered with a bundle of straw. A solemn joy lights up every face, and the Trappist passes away amid the thanksgiving of his companions who envy his happiness. It is the *finis coronat opus* of his life-work.

The Trappist must always be ready for the grave, and as he is to be buried in his religious vestments, so he is bound to sleep in those same vestments, even to the extent of keeping his shoes on. The dormitory is common to all, the abbot included. The beds are made of quilted straw; as hard as a board, and are separated by a wooden partition, without doors, reaching more than halfway to the ceiling. There is not the least distinction of accommodation. The Superior rests not more luxuriously than the brethren, because equality rules here as elsewhere in the monastery. For La Trappe is a republic governed by a Chapter, the abbot being only the executive for all temporal affairs, and wielding absolute power in spiritual matters alone. But although he holds authority from the see of Rome, yet he is elected by the brethren, who may if they choose elevate the humblest official of the monastery. There are no menial occupations, as the world esteems them, inside the religious houses of the order. The commonest duties may be performed by inmates of the highest social rank.

The Chapter House answers the double purpose of a hall for meetings and of a reading-room. The Chapter assembles daily at 5 A.M.—the fathers in their white gowns, the brethren in their brown ones—in order to discuss any matter, temporal or spiritual, interesting to the general community. When the secular business of the day has been gone through the abbot says, "Let us speak concerning our rules," implying that any derelictions which may have occurred during the past twenty-four hours are to be considered. Then all the monks in succession, as they may have occasion, accuse themselves of any neglect, even the most trivial. One may say, "Reverend Father," addressing the abbot, "I accidentally dropped my tools when working;" another, "I did not bow low enough when Brother Joseph passed me;" a third, "I saw that Brother Antony carried a load that was too heavy, and I did not assist him." These and suchlike self-accusations may seem puerile, but they lead up to the preservation of some of the essential precepts of the order, unremitting attention while at labour, deferential demeanour and Christian courtesy towards brethren.

But if any brother may have omitted to mention derelictions of which he himself was not aware it then devolves upon his companions, with the view of maintaining rules, on the observance of which the happiness of all is concerned, to state to the abbot what those faults may have been. For instance, one will say, "When Brother Simeon comes to the Chapter he sometimes forgets to make the sign for the brethren who stood up on his arrival to sit down again, and yesterday Brother Peter remained standing for one hour, until another brother came in and made the sign to be seated." Thus warned Brother Simeon rises and kisses the informant, thanking him in this way for kindly reproving him. These accusations are considered by the brethren as showing their zeal for reciprocal improvement.

The Trappist is bound to make the abbot acquainted at once with everything that occurs within the precinct of the monastery, and minutiae of the most trifling and sometimes even ludicrous nature must be reported without delay. To the same ear, and in private, must also be communicated those confessions in which personal feelings—even against himself—are concerned. To quote a single instance. It once so happened that a brother of Le Port du Salut took a dislike to Dom. H. M., the abbot, and came to tell him of it.

"Reverend Father, I am very unhappy."

"Why so, brother?"

"Reverend Father, I cannot bear the sight of you."

"Why so?"

"I do not know; but when I see you, I feel hatred towards you, and it destroys my peace of mind."

"It is a temptation as bad, but not worse, than any other," replied the abbot; "bear it patiently; do not heed it; and whenever you feel it again, come at once and tell me, and especially warn me if I say or do anything that displeases you."

The common belief that Trappists never speak is altogether erroneous. They do speak at stated times and under certain conditions, and they make use besides of most expressive signs, each of which is symbolical. Thus joining the fingers of both hands at a right angle, imitating as it does the roof of a house, means *house*; touching the forehead signifies the *abbot*; the chin, a *stranger*; the heart, a *brother*; the eyes, to *sleep*, and so on with some hundreds of like signs invented by Abbé de Rancé, the founder of the order. Trappists converse in

this manner with amazing rapidity, and may be heard laughing heartily at the comicality of a story told entirely by signs. Strange to say, there is no austere gloom about the Trappist. His face invariably bears the stamp of serenity, often that of half-subdued gaiety. The life he leads is nevertheless a very hard one. No fire is allowed in the winter except in the *chauffoir* or stove-room, and there the monks are permitted during excessive cold weather to come in for fifteen minutes only, the man nearest the stove yielding his place to the new-comer. The *chauffoir* and the hospital are the only artificially heated apartments in the building.

The Trappist takes but one meal and a slight refection per day. He is the strictest of all vegetarians, for he is not allowed to partake of any other food except milk and cheese. From the 14th of September to the Saturday in Passion week, he must not even touch milk. Vegetables cooked in water with a little salt, together with some cider apples, pears and almonds, being all that is permitted him, and during that long period he takes food but once daily. The diet is not precisely the same in all monasteries, certain modifications being authorised, according to the produce of the monastic lands. Thus at Le Port du Salut they brew and drink beer, and at other places where wine is made, they use that in very limited quantities, largely diluted with water.

Trappists wait in turn at table upon their brethren. No one, not even the abbot, is to ask for anything for himself, but each monk is bound to see that those seated on either side of him get everything they are entitled to, and to give notice of any omission by giving a slight tap upon the table and pointing with the finger to the neglected brother.

Any monk arriving in the refectory after grace prostrates himself in the middle of the room and remains there until the abbot knocks with a small hammer and thus liberates him. A graver punishment is inflicted now and again at the conclusion of dinner. The culprit, so called, lies flat on the stones across the doorway, and each brother and guest is compelled to step over him as he makes his exit. I say guest advisedly, for it is the privilege of all who receive hospitality at La Trappe to dine once—not oftener—in the monks' refectory. During meals one of the brotherhood reads aloud, in accordance with Cistercian practice.

The dinner at Le Port du Salut consists generally of vegetable soup, salad without

oil, whole-meal bread, cheese, and a modicum of light beer. Though the cooking is of the plainest description the quality of the vegetables is excellent, and the cheese has become quite famous. The meal never lasts longer than twenty minutes, and when over, all remaining scraps are distributed to the poor assembled at the gate. Six hundred pounds weight of bread and several casks of soup are also distributed weekly, besides what the abbot may send to any sick person in the vicinity.

The ailing Trappist is allowed to indulge in what is called *Le Soulagement*, viz. two eggs taken early in the morning. In cases of very severe illness, and when under medical treatment in the hospital, animal food may be used; but the attachment to rules is so great that the authority of the Superiors has frequently to be exercised in order to enforce the doctor's prescription. In the words of Father Martin, the attendant of the hospital, "When a Trappist consents to eat meat he is at death's very door."

The cemetery is surrounded on all sides by the buildings of the *Communauté*, so that from every window the monks may see their last resting-place. The graves are indicated by a slight rising of the grass and by a cross bearing the saint's name assumed by the brother on his *profession*. Nothing else is recorded save his age and the date of his death. Threescore years and ten seem to be the minimum of life at La Trappe, and astonishing as this longevity may appear *prima facie*, it is more so when one considers that the vocation of most postulants has been determined by a desire to separate themselves from a world, in which they had previously lost their peace of soul and their bodily health.

Under the regularity of monastic life, its labour, its tranquillity, and either despite the severity of the diet or in virtue of it, it is wonderful how soon the dejected and feeble become restored to health. Out of fifteen novices, statistics show that only one remains to be what is called a *profès*, the other fourteen leaving the monastery before the expiration of two years. A touching custom may be here mentioned. Trappists are told in their Chapter meeting, "Brethren, one of us has lost a father (or any other relation); let us pray for the departed soul." But none know the name of the bereft brother.

After having taken vows as a *profès* the Trappist holds a co-proprietorship in the buildings and lands of the association and

must live and die in the monastery. Death is his goal and best hope. In order to remind him of it, a grave is always ready in the cemetery; but the belief is altogether erroneous that each Trappist digs his own grave. When the earth yawning for the dead has been filled another pit is opened *by any one ordered for the task*. Each Trappist then comes and prays by the side of this grave which may be his own. Neither do Trappists when they meet each other say, "Brother, we must die," as is also generally accredited to them. This is, we think, the salute of the disciples of Bruno at La Grande Chartreuse.

The farm buildings of Le Port du Salut are many and various, including sheds for cattle, a corn-mill, and looms for the manufacture of the woollen and cotton clothing the monks wear. There is much land, outside as well as inside the walls of the precinct, which the monks cultivate, and they may be often seen in their full robes, despite the heat of the summer, working steadfastly in the fields, and the abbot harder than any of them.

During the twenty-four hours of an ordinary working day the Trappist is thus employed. He rises generally at two A.M., but on feast days at midnight or at one o'clock in the morning according to the importance of the festival. He immediately goes to church, which is shrouded in darkness, except the light that glimmers from the small lamps perpetually burning before the altar as in all Roman Catholic churches. The first service continues until three o'clock; at that hour and with the last words of the hymn all the monks prostrate themselves on the stones and remain in silent meditation during thirty minutes. The nave is then lighted and the chants are resumed until five A.M., when masses commence. The number of hours given to liturgic offices is, on an average, seven per day. Singing, but in a peculiar way, forms a part of the worship. All the musical notes are long and of equal duration, and this because the Trappist must sing hymns "for the love of God, and not for his own delectation." Moreover, he must exert his voice to its utmost, and this being prolonged at intervals during seven hours per diem proves a greater fatigue than even manual labour.

The distribution of the labour takes place every day under the superintendence of the abbot, the prior, and the cellérier, the last-named official having the care of all the temporalities of the place, and being permitted,

like the Superior, to hold intercourse with the outer world. The cellérier stands indeed in the same relation to the monastery as does a supercargo to a ship.

Labour is regular or occasional. To the first the brethren are definitely appointed, and their work is every day the same; the latter, which is mainly agricultural, is allotted by the Superior according to age, physical condition, and aptitude, but it is imperative that every monk *must participate in manual labour*. Even a guest may, if he pleases, claim, what is considered as a *privilege*, three hours of work a day.

After dinner the Trappist gives one hour to rest, but the maximum never exceeds seven hours, and on feast days is materially reduced by earlier rising. The mid-day siesta over, labour continues until a quarter to five o'clock, which is the hour of refection. Then comes the last religious office of the day, the "Salve Regina," at which guests as well as brethren are expected to assist. The last word of the hymn at this service is the last word of the day. It is called "The Time of the Great Silence." Monks and guests then leave the church, smothering the sound of their footsteps as much as possible, and noiselessly retire to their respective resting-places; lights are put out, except in case of special permission of the abbot, and a death-like quiet and gloom reigns everywhere throughout the habitation.

The life of guests at Le Port du Salut differs from that of a Trappist. There is a parlour, common to all, with a fire burning in it during winter, but each one sleeps in a separate cell, and has three meals a day; he may eat eggs from Easter until September, and have his vegetables cooked with butter. Last, though not least, his wants are attended to, and his cell swept and cleaned by the father and the brother of the hostellerie, who are also at liberty to hold conversation with him.

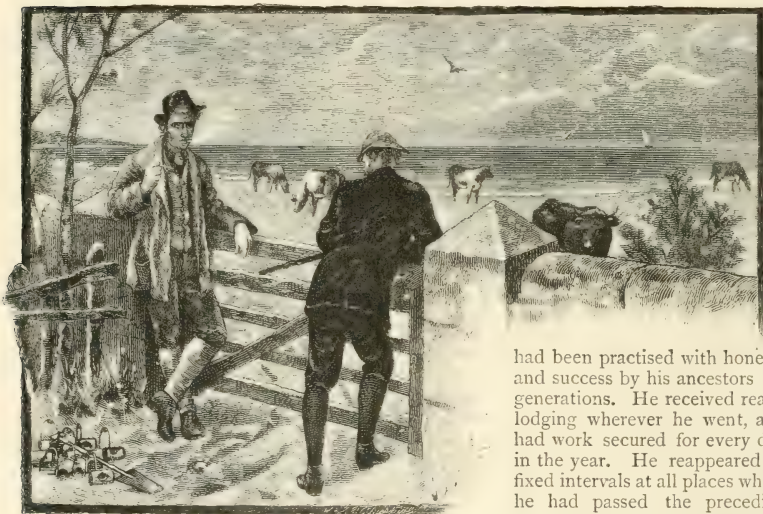
A guest may stay in the monastery for three days without giving any particulars of himself, for fourteen days if he chooses to disclose who and what he is, and for as much as three months if his circumstances seem to need it. After that time, if he be poor, he may be sent away to another monastery at the cost of the senders; but the abbot is free to extend a guest's visit to any duration.

Trappists are most useful citizens. They perform, per head, more labour than any farmer; they expend upon their own maintenance the very minimum necessary to support existence; they undertake, at the cost of

their lives, works of great public utility, such as the draining of the extensive marshes of Les Dombes, in the south of France, and of La Metidja, at Staouëli, near Algiers, which they are converting into fruitful fields. As horticulturists, agriculturists, dairymen, milkers, and breeders of cattle they are unrivalled; for men whose faith is that to work is to pray, cannot fail to excel those with whom work is, if even necessary, a tiresome obligation. Lastly, in all new establishments, the Trappist only considers his monastery

founded when a dead brother has taken possession of the land and lies buried in the first open grave.

Such is the real life of the Trappists. It is apparently a happy one; and it is with feelings of deep regret and of friendly remembrance that the departing guest, as he reaches a turning of the road and sees the steeple of the monastery of Le Port du Salut disappear, stands for a moment to cast a last look upon that peaceful abode ere he wends his way again into the wide, wide world.



MOLES AND MOLE CATCHING.

By JAMES PURVES.

GEORGE SAND, in "Mauprat," incidentally describes a mole catcher in her native place, Berry, and, short though the description is, we at once see it has been done on the spot. In her sympathetic style she depicts the man whose business it was to purge the houses and fields of rats, weasels, and polecats, who travelled alone and on foot through every part of the country where the farmers had the good sense to appreciate his talents. He was everywhere well received, in the château as in the hut, and his trade

had been practised with honesty and success by his ancestors for generations. He received ready lodging wherever he went, and had work secured for every day in the year. He reappeared at fixed intervals at all places which he had passed the preceding year, and was accompanied by the same dog and the same long sword, and he was cautious not to repeat in one house what news or gossip he had heard in another.

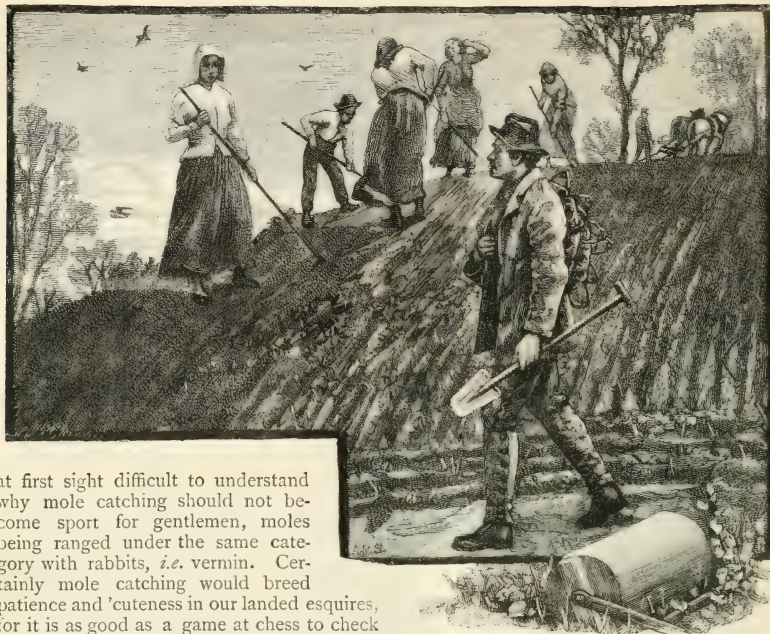
In the south of Scotland or north of England some thirty or forty years ago, the mole catcher led a similar life. He lived in the farm-house till his work was done, and generally slept in the stable-loft above the farm horses, where the night's rest was disturbed only by the squeaking of mice and rats, and the horses crunching their food and rattling their halter-chains in the treviss. His visit was looked for twice a year, in spring and midsummer, and he travelled sixty or eighty miles south, working his way by short stages and staying a week at a time at some farms

until he had killed what moles he could in the infected fields. In his homeward journey later on he would again make a brief stay. In this manner he would take the north news south and the south news north, and bring information to farmers about the latest improvements in agriculture, or what their wives loved better, a good gossip about the farmers they only knew by name. In this not unpleasant way nine months of the year would be spent until winter set in, when he mended his old and made new traps, and followed the other occupations that a clever-handed man like a mole catcher generally has. He can kill rats, ferret rabbits, train a dog, rear pheasants, and clip horses, and so a mole catcher, like the mole, seldom or never starves. Things are now greatly changed. My authority, old Jim Black, states that the "blasted" railway has done away with those journeys, in which he made the bulk of his money, as it has done away with a lot of canny nooks of roadside inns which used to live and thrive on the stage-coach and road traffic. In a confidential mood he lets slip what may be a stronger and more convincing reason. He has never made a six months' journey since, for, as he phrases it, "he got married, and so had to give it up." A mole catcher's opinions of marriage are not without interest; in a quiet, ruminating way—the result of ordinary villagers' experience—he adds: "Wives are feared a man gets another sweetheart in six months' time away fra' hame. I'll no say that they're jealous-minded, but they dinna like their man to be long away. Faigs, no, man; wives are curious creatures."

A mole catcher is a picturesque personage, more interesting in his life and surroundings than many better-known or prettier types of life. He can hold his own with many gamekeepers, and the country characters which abound where leaves are green and fields are ploughed and waters clear, though he has nothing more terrible to hide in the earth than a wooden trap, and all the skill he possesses is his own experience of cunning. He follows his work as silent as the moles themselves, and his humble earnestness would stand many a preacher in good stead. We might with a little wit make fun of his old clothes, his leather gaiters, his soiled knees, his battered hat, and rough hands, and compare him to a scarecrow; but the moment we talk to him we find what a store of strange observations have been gathered up by those cute eyes, observations which his wife at night by the fireside alone shares, and we begin to consider what an immense debt we dwellers in cities owe this rustic for keeping down the

moles and preserving the crops. As you travel on the highway you see the rude mole catcher down on his knees at work, with his hands in the soil blessing the ground by playing havoc with the black vermin; and wherever the marks of his knees have been the land prospers and grows green in spring. His hands are so stiff with rheumatics that they can hardly close, and his eyes are always among his feet, "as if," he says with a wan smile, "he was in search of half-a-crown he had lost in his young days." Yet in fact his occupation is an artificial one, and has been brought about by high farming and game preservation. "Weasels," he remarks, "destroy moles like smoke. God has aye one vermin to keep down another!" The gamekeepers having destroyed many weasels, artificial means have to be taken to destroy moles. Looking from the window of a railway carriage at the solitary figure on the fields, you would think he has about the most lonely and wearisome work on the face of the earth; but old Jim says, "Man, I never weary, I'm aye seeing something new. Faith, the moles'll no allow one to be idle or weary. So, I whiles think my auld watch has ta'en fright an' leaped an hour or two, the time flees by so quick. You set a man to kill moles, an', faith, he'll never weary." "It's fine," continued he, and the remark was that of a healthy man, "it's fine to be tired at nights after a long and a hard day's work, and to fa' asleep as your cheek kisses the pillow. A hard day's work has a good night's rest." Any open-air work like mole catching makes one sane-minded and moderate in thought, and gives one a natural life.

The mole catcher's work takes him and keeps him among the fields all day long. He passes from field to field and from farm to farm, by way of "slaps" or stiles, without ever using the high-roads or by-roads. He has greater knowledge of the fields in consequence than any other rustic. He may work for days on end without enjoying a chat at his work; the only characters he may come across being the ploughman with one foot in the furrow and taken up with his plough-shares and his steaming horses, or gangs of women field-workers stretched across the field in a row, gathering with hand hoes the dry weeds brought to the surface by the horse harrows; these may salute him with dull staring eyes and a pause in work, and probably a "Good day," and a few words of parish gossip. But catching moles is really exciting, and will keep any man alive with interest, especially if he is paid to do it. It is



"He passes from field to field."

at first sight difficult to understand why mole catching should not become sport for gentlemen, moles being ranged under the same category with rabbits, *i.e.* vermin. Certainly mole catching would breed patience and 'cuteness in our landed esquires, for it is as good as a game at chess to check the movements of a quick-witted mole.

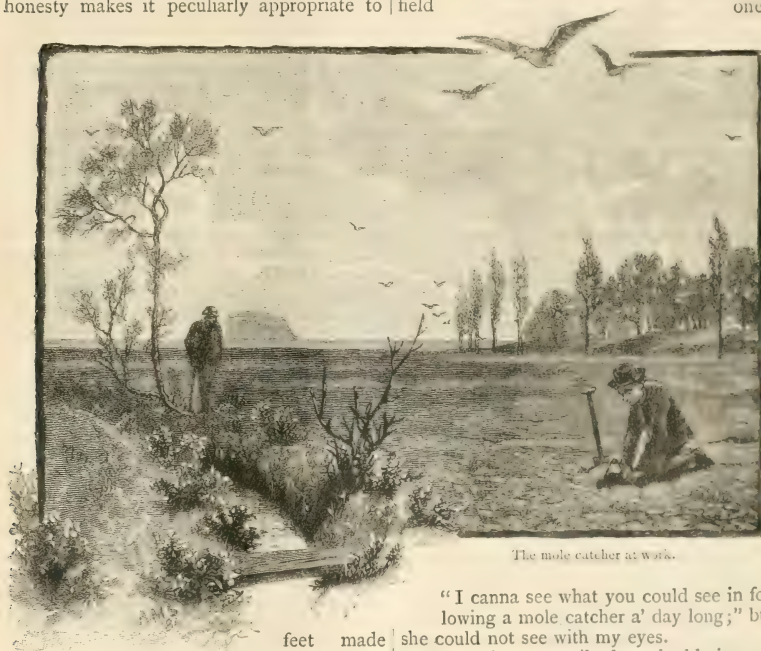
Is the mole the farmer's friend or the farmer's enemy? This is a debatable point on which there is considerable difference of opinion. The mole devours very vast numbers of worms and grubs, which, if they were not so destroyed, might prove as destructive as the mole; the mole catcher's opinion is, that it does terrible destruction in arable fields; that when the seed is taking root and quickening in the earth the mole, by its runs and its holes, covers and destroys an immense amount; and that the subterranean galleries giving too much air and too little of the sap of the earth leave the seed dry and moistless. In this way much seed, which represents human food, is destroyed, and mole catchers deserve the thanks of the farmers and the State, and have earned that approval which those have who made two or three blades of corn to grow where none would have grown but for their skill. The defenders of moles urge in their favour that they are the cheapest subsoil-drainers a farmer can have, as they work without wages, that they keep the prolific worms within reasonable bounds, and that they, in some mysterious way, prevent foot-rot in sheep. On arable farms moles are a pest.

It was early in "proud pied" April when I spent the better part of a day in the company of a mole catcher at work. The spirit and warmth of returning spring were felt by the earth and the trees. The trees were juicy with the returning sap, and the rustle of the branches blown with the breeze had the fresh, quickening sound of spring, and the lark seemed to rejoice in the sun and the warm west wind. The moss at the tree-roots was springier and yielded to the touch, as if spring had got hold of the tendrils and sent them rejoicing to the foot of man. It was a warm day after the cold and the rain—a day to sit on a rustic stile with the grassy footpath dotted with rich glowing primroses and homely daisies, red and white, for a prospect, and to open one's heart in careless talk. One felt with the force of personal experience that spring, with leaps and bounds, was making the earth young again. The fields and pasture lands were rejoicing more than my heart was. The water in the ditches seemed to have a fresh sound, the hedges were budding, the winter wheat in the red loam was growing

green, and the gorse alongside the ditch was in full bloom. The only figures in view were bending women heaping weeds together with their hoes on the field slopes, and the west wind that blew mild kept their grey clothes tight about them, and rounded their flexural figures into academic forms. Gorse in fresh full bloom is our finest spring colour; its spring flourish makes up for its dulness and prickly touch the rest of the year. It has about the most delicate yellow tinge of all wild flowers, and its rough, unaffected honesty makes it peculiarly appropriate to

its surroundings—the hills or the downs, or babbling water-courses or stony soil.

The mole catcher was working in zigzag fashion across the field, and watching him for a few minutes I noticed he did not raise his eyes from the ground, straighten his back, or rest himself on his spade, like other labourers. It was a sandy field, about half a mile distant from the sea, and the roar of the breakers and the voices of sea-gulls and curlews and the whistling trill of the sand-pipers were in the air. In the soil of the one's field



The mole catcher at work.

feet made deep imprints. Carrots were sown in it, and on stooping down and scraping with one's fore-finger in the soil the seed was visible, throwing off numerous tiny branch roots. Thence our eyes turned to the worms, to their life-long enemy, the mole, and to the worker's occupation, mole catching. Realism with the mole catcher is fiction to us. Moles are among the most interesting vermin, and you would find half a day spent with the mole catcher at his work on the fields among the most romantic hours ever spent in the country. This I venture to say, although a wise old country woman declared,

"I canna see what you could see in following a mole catcher a' day long;" but she could not see with my eyes.

The mole can easily draw double its own weight in below the ground, and seven times its own weight on the level surface—like one o'clock, as Jim says. It requires more water than food, and runs long distances underground to drains and ditches, and will, if need be, puddle a hole or sink a well for water to lodge in. It travels a considerable distance in a day, and runs as quickly backwards as forwards. It is very active and 'cute, and burrows out of sight in a moment. A voracious eater, when it gets its belly filled and a good drink of water, it goes to bed, Jim says, like a little pig. Its nose is delicate and soft and sharp, and few animals have a

keener smell; it is said to smell a worm three feet distant in the solid earth, work its way towards the surface, snatch the worm, and pop backwards to the burrow. In a run you can observe small openings where the mole has deviated in search of worms, and popped backwards to the run. The worms have an intuitive terror of moles; by their sensitive sense of the earth's motions they feel the moles burrowing, and crawl as fast as they can in terror from the mole's pursuit. Like a rabbit the mole smells the hand of man at the traps or the earth, so the mole catcher carries a piece of wood like a carpenter's foot-rule, whereby he presses the earth level in the runs, and sometimes, though rarely, he carries a wisp of barley straw, so that the smell of the human hand is not communicated. Popular belief will have the mole blind, and there is a number of old country rhymes of false wisdom, *e.g.*—

"If the mole could see as well as it could hear,
It would keep the world a' in a steer."

The old phrase speaks of being as blind as a mole, but a mole is not blind; its eyes are like two small black spots, set well back between its head and its shoulders, and it can project them and as quickly draw them back.

The mole's natural life is spent below the earth, and it only comes to the surface in search of food or water, or to cross a road. It runs zig-zag whenever it can get the smallest insect or grub, and seldom goes a yard in a straight direction, except in the main run, and it can turn itself in the run like a worm. It runs every six hours, and strange to say, runs more actively about the witching hour of midnight than during the whole day, and then it makes the greatest destruction of the slumbering worms. It is a striking fact that if this voracious animal be imprisoned without food for twelve hours it will die of sheer starvation. When the ground is covered with snow it burrows most, and is most active, and in rainy weather, when the worms rejoice in the earth, "any amount" of moles, old Jim says, can be caught.

The mole is a splendid architect and sure builder. It constructs perfect subterranean galleries. The nest is a wonderful building, bearing immediately above it as much earth thrown up as would fill a moderately-sized wheel-barrow. The soil roof of the nest is so strong that an ox may with safety stand on it, in spite of its being surrounded and intersected by runs, by which the family can separately escape in case of sudden danger. In one I saw there

were at least, within a foot from the nest, four main runs, and these main runs again had three immediate branch runs towards the nest from the wheat-field, making twelve within two feet of the nest, while there were many escape runs towards the surface for hiding. A favourite place for nests is about old broad hedge-roots, where the moles have plenty of room, and where their nests are concealed by the undergrowth, which again protects their surface runs from being trampled by the hoofs of horses or cattle. And the moles nesting on either side of the hedge stick religiously to their own side of the field. Between the nest and the water there is a main run, and to an inexperienced eye its only distinguishing feature is that it is somewhat more direct than the other runs. But the mole catcher observes it in an instant, and he catches most moles there at the time when the moles are returning home from their food or water. It is wonderful how the moles find their long ways home, and it is remarkable the distance they travel every twenty-four hours, in the ins and outs and confusing number of intersected runs. Moles multiply very fast; they pair for the season, and breed four or five times every year; and they are among the few animals which have preponderance of males. Their young run about shortly after they are born, and are taught to run in the main run first, the parents leading the way. The mole is said to be affectionate, and to brave death for its offspring or its mate, and to be found sometimes starved to death beside a trapped mate. It prefers dry loam or sandy soil, and does not much frequent stiff clay soil, which is both wet and cold, and difficult to burrow in. For every one that is to be found in clay soil ten will be found in dry loam. And it is a noteworthy fact, if true, as it is said to be, that there are no moles in Ireland.

A mole catcher requires considerable skill and cunning. To set the trap is the smallest part; you could do that in ten minutes, though you only saw it once done. The point is, where to set it, and with what bait, if any, and how to arrange the earth about the holes. My friend the mole catcher tells me "you have to be as 'cute as you can," and on pressing him further he unconsciously repeats himself, "you have to be as 'cute as you can, and use your wits." Experience is his great teacher, until he has an unfailing instinct, or, as he says in old English, "practice makes profiteness." A mole will throw the trap out of the earth in anger, or it may scent the trap and fill it up with earth to

prevent the trigger going off, and then run backwards, giving warning to others. Jim let me see such a trap just taken from the ground, and he pointed out what I would have taken years to notice—the glossiness of the mole's skin on the wood pin or trigger, where the mole had burrowed underneath and thrown up the earth, and the marks of its feet where it had so scratched on the ground to get underneath the trap. "He's an old dog, a great scoundrel, I warrant you, sir," old Jim said, on his knees, "a very 'cute gentleman." In another empty trap just lifted he showed me a worm, half eaten, lying below it, and said the mole, when it was feasting itself, had just discovered the trap, and then let the worm drop, and bolted along the run as fast as its legs could carry it. In this case Jim clogged the holes of the run firmly up with earth, and taking the half-eaten worm tied it on to the trap, so that, he said, the mole coming cautiously to the earth, and smelling the worm, will come slap through the earth into the trap, and be fairly caught at last. A mole that leaves a worm half eaten and takes to flight is certainly terrified. Old Jim never holds the moles too cheap; he gives them credit for as much cunning as he possesses himself. He uses at the proper seasons a little dry grass, such as the mole carries for its nest, so that smelling the grass "it will be thinking," as he says, "to enjoy itself, and get a bit o' fine bedding and nesting this time," play slap against the grass hanging from the trigger, set it off, and be trapped. "Experience teaches a man heaps o' things. One has to be 'cute how to lead these 'cute scoundrels on to destruction. They are sly gentlemen." Sometimes they are caught by the snout. They present a pitiable appearance with their small legs outstretched, and their noses pinky red against their black bodies. They are easily killed, a very slight touch on the head with a hard substance puts them out of pain. The slack earth plugged up against the run at each end of the trap often deceives them, or, as he vigorously says, "they play pop at the earth, and they are no more in a jiffy, as the saying is." But the trap gives them little pain, and strangles them in a moment.

"A mole is all life, 'cute, a quick little devil," said old Jim. And then, after a deliberate pause, he looked me in the face and said, "It knows what it's about, I can tell you. It works most when we're all asleep; when we don't know whether our heads or our heels are uppermost it's work-

ing death among the worms. Gosh! he's never idle, he never tires." A great dodge is that no light must be let into the run where the trap is set; the holes in the trap top must be carefully covered up. The slightest gleam of daylight arouses the mole's suspicions, and he observes it in an instant. Another dodge is not to let the wood trigger, —which, being pressed against by the mole, causes the trap to spring and so strangle the mole with the twine,—remain uncovered. The mole-catcher spat on it, so that the light, sandy soil should adhere, and looking up in my face remarked, with a confidential nod and wink, "As the byword says, an old dog for the hard road." On observing the ground being newly thrown up by a mole on forming a new run, a mole catcher slips gently on tip-toe to the leeward of the mole, and suddenly pounces on it. One has to tread softly, not because the mole actually hears the sound of the falling foot, but that it is very sensitive to the vibrations of the earth produced by walking. It can smell a man from the windward. Quick as lightning on reaching the spot the mole catcher puts one foot in the run between him and the mole, so as to prevent it running backwards into the run and escaping; and with his long, narrow spade he pierces the ground where its movements were last observed, and unerringly shovels the mole and earth on to the surface. This is the most exciting part in his work, and he does it with great glee, and sometimes he will catch three moles in this way. I saw him catch one, and he cried exultingly through high spirits, as he tipped up the earth and the mole with his sword-like spade, "Come on like the flowers o' May!"

The cleverest thing he did was to skin a dead mole. He had the head and feet severed, and the skin stripped off the animal in, as he said, "two jiffies." He gave the big blade of his pocket-knife two or three scrapes alongside his boot by way of sharpening it, then he held the body in his hand and looking at it earnestly with his head aside, with four quick, sharp, snick, snicking sounds the legs were off and fell to the ground; he then pressed his left hand firmly round its body, and with two sharp cuts its head and neck were to the ground, and in a twinkling the skin was stripped from the body. It was very cleverly done. Taking the skin in one hand he ran it quickly two or three times between his other hand, clasped, so as to strip the skin of fleas. This done, he took his well-seasoned meerschaum pipe from his waistcoat pocket, which his daughter,

a dairy-maid to a baronet in the parish, had given him, and after lighting the tobacco he placed a tin cover over the pipe-head to protect the burning tobacco against the wind, though certainly a tin cover on a meerscham pipe looked odd. And as he smoked and coughed and spat about his feet he said the most wonderful thing of all is that he could go back blindfold or in the dark and visit in regular rotation each of the twenty traps we had passed. But that I did not quite believe.

My experience is that a mole catcher is, of all rustic workmen, the most communicative. The reason may probably be it is so very seldom any one condescends to notice him or talk to him about what he knows best—his occupation; and some way or other he is generally an odd, wayward man whom the villagers think an idler. It is said by parish and village cynics—and they form a large proportion of the population—that mole catching is another name for poaching; and that if the mole catcher's spring vans were searched, there would be found, below the straw, more hares and pheasants than dead moles. I cannot say whether this be true or not, never having had occasion to search their vans; but to me their talk is interesting and true, as all talk is which is based on ex-

perience, though the villagers tell me in a side way they would "stuff one's head with a parcel o' lies." It is stuffing that agrees with me, and I wish I could get more of it.

His talk held me captive. Whether he told the truth or not I liked to hear him talk about the "'cute little devils o' moles." His voice rings in my ears yet; his eager eyes, his sucking lips as he drew away at his tobacco-pipe, and his vigorous voice were at least pleasant facts. When I got him fairly started on the subject he talked, as the villagers say, "like a book;" and when he talked I was as silent as a book.

To succeed as a mole catcher depends on "one's naturalness," he says, "there's no rule o' thumb wi' 't: there's no highflying cuts wi' 't but 'cuteness—'cuteness," and that "it stands to the face o' things it canno' be taught." His son, Young Jim, who also follows the calling, boasts that Old Jim can kill moles "wi' the face o' day, wi' any mortal man on the face o' God's earth, wi' any white man, an' my certes! that's a big word." In the old man's emphatic way he says, "there's no use o' speaking;" and then he talks volubly of the moles, worms, and traps, and the copped hills, and the long experience of his own eyes, that are to him of enduring interest.

MEN AND MOUNTAINS.

Short Chapters of Swiss History.

NO. II.

NOT far from Sempach, on the other side of the lake, that side along which the Berne and Lucerne Railway runs, is the GÜglers' mound, or Englishmen's barrow. Rich country that enough, with its fine beech woods, its good crops and wonderfully substantial wooden houses. So the "Free Companions" thought, when, during the truce after Poitiers, Charles the Wise bribed them to give a little respite to his miserable kingdom. One band threatened Basel, but retreated at the sight of 2,000 Berners, all in white shirts with "the bear" on their breasts. Another band swept through the Aargau. They were under Ingram de Coucy, son-in-law of Edward III. His mother, daughter of the Leopold who was beaten at Morgarten, had Alsace and the Aargau for her dowry. These De Coucy claimed as her heir; but the Aargau would none of him: so he invaded it, many English knights, besides plenty of foreigners of the Sir Walter Mannysort, joining him. From their pointed helmets the Swiss called them *Güglers*, and in Balmer's picture a

most disreputable lot they look—fat of course ("John Bull" always is so painted abroad) and hung round with strings of ducks, fowls, and sausages, as if they had been dressing up for Father Christmas; driving withal lots of fat pigs and lean goats before them. In her distress Austria turned to the Federation for help; and Zurich, Berne, and Lucerne sent their troops at once, the Forest cantons (I am sorry to say) selfishly holding back, saying: "the GÜglers can never get near us." The English were beaten (though the Bishop of Basel, angry with Berne for seizing one of his towns, had joined them with 500 men). After two defeats, De Coucy fell back into Alsace, leaving all his pigs, ducks, &c., behind; and the Englishmen's barrow, near Büttisholz, contains, they say, the bones of the GÜglers who were slain in one of these battles (1375).

But this was only a little by-play. The desperate struggle took place at that Sempach of which I have just spoken (1386). Under Archduke Leopold II., Austria determined

to make one more effort to regain its old power. This time Berne held aloof (these divisions seldom seem to have hurt the Swiss); she had an excuse, for she was cut off from the rest by the Entlebuch valley, owned by the lord of Thorberg, and by the Willisau, whose Count was her enemy, while close in her rear lay Freiburg, the fast friend of Austria. So the rest of the Federation went on alone, hurrying to defend Zurich, against which Leopold made a feint, his real intention being to march up the Sempach valley, right on Lucerne. It was a glorious sight, says the Chronicler, to see the Austrian host come on, the horse in front, as at Morgarten, banners flying, armour flashing, the Duke himself the handsomest man in his army. Out of very scorn they had mown off the ripening corn and had fed and littered their horses with it; and some of them rode up to the gate of Sempach and asked for "breakfast for the mowers." "Take care," cried a townsman, "or the Confederates will give you such a breakfast as you've no stomach for. Don't drop your spoons out of your hands while eating it." When Count Hasenburg, who had already fought the Forest men, suggested that their work would not be all play, the rest cried him down saying: "What can you expect from Hare's castle (Hasenburg) but a hare's heart?"

Leopold, however, was not quite so foolish as his knights. It was clear that horses could not get at the Confederates, so he made his men dismount and, taking their long sixteen-foot lances, form in close column. On the column went, forcing the Forest men before it by its very weight, and if light-armed infantry had been at hand to take them in flank, the Confederates must have been cut to pieces. As it was, the Swiss couldn't get at their foes. "Break the wooden handles," shouted an Uri man, but it was no good; as fast as a lance was broken, another from behind supplied its place, and sixty Swiss—a great number out of their little army—had fallen, when Arnold of Winkelried, crying, "Take care of my wife and children, and I'll make a passage for you," rushed on, seized in both arms a sheaf of lances, forced himself upon them, and falling, bore them down to the ground. His friends swarmed in over his body, and the day was won. The long lances were only an encumbrance in hand-to-hand fight, while the short swords and clubs and bills of the Swiss dealt destruction in the ever-widening breach. Another body of volunteers, coming up at the same moment, in-

creased the dismay of the Austrians. Leopold thrice led his knights to the charge; and then, when they fled on all sides, rushed into the midst of the foes and fell. He had brave men on his side; the banneret of Zofingen, for instance, wounded to death, tore up his flag and held the broken staff in his teeth, fighting with both hands as long as life lasted. But individual valour was of no avail; the knights fled, and when they came to where their horses ought to have been, the cowardly grooms had ridden off with them. The infantry, as usual, did nothing; we don't this time even hear of their having been cut to pieces. Several hundred counts were among the slain; fifteen banners and the Archduke's coat of mail were taken, and so was the iron collar with spikes inside, which the Austrians had intended for the *Schultheiss* of Lucerne, who himself was killed just as the victory was won.

If you go from Lucerne home by the Brünig pass (and it is better than the railway) you should stop at Stanz and see Winkelried's statue and what is left of his house; and get some one to read to you Herwegh's poem, "*Der Freiheit eine Gasse*." Naturally, the Austrians were very angry; and Archduke Albert sought, two years after, to avenge on the Glarus men their share in Sempach. Glarus is all one big valley, into which 6,000 Austrians forced their way before there had been time to send news to the Federation. Matthew Ambüel, the headman, gathered a few hundred men and tried to stand his ground, adopting the Morgarten tactics; but perhaps the country was more suited for cavalry. Ten times the handful of Glarus men was broken and dispersed, each time retreating mountain-wards. As they were making their eleventh stand, they heard the Swiss war-cry re-echoed from the rocks, until it seemed to come from thousands of throats. It was only fifty Schwytzers who had heard what was doing and hastened to give help; fortunately, the Austrians did not see them, but, deceived by the sound, broke and fled; the bridge over the Linth gave way under them, and the men-at-arms, in their usual helplessness, were mercilessly cut to pieces—2,500 were left on the field. At the village of Näfels, half-way on from the gloomy Wallenstadt lake to Glarus, they keep the first Thursday in April the anniversary of perhaps the most desperate, though not the most world-famed of Swiss battles for freedom.

I said their divisions seldom hurt the Swiss—that was perhaps true on Swiss ground,

certainly not on Italian. Their first effort to get hold of Bellinzona, the key to the country of which the St. Gothard is the keyhole, resulted in an ignominious defeat at Arbedo. They had bought the place and its valley, the Livinenthal, of the German Emperor for 2,400 florins; but the Dukes of Milan, its real owners, would not agree to the bargain, and, while Schuyz was quarrelling with Uri, fell on and defeated them both. But this check (1422) was more than compensated by the coming in of the Graubunden (Grisons—so called because when the league was signed (1424) the snow lay deep on the mountains); and this defection of what was really a part of the Tyrol (Upper Rhetia) incensed the Austrians more than anything, so much so that they even deigned to seek French help against the Confederates. Times in France then (1444) were much as they had been after Poitiers. At last there was peace with England, and nothing pleased the French so much as the idea of getting rid of the loose troops whose plundering was worse than actual war. So the Dauphin Louis was sent, some say with 12,000, others with 20,000 "Armagnacs" to help the Austrians. The Dauphin was threatening Basel (which had become a Confederate town) when the Confederates (some 1,600 strong) hurried along the Münsterthal—you know it, if you've gone by rail from Basel to Bienne along the banks of the little Birs with its green meadows and stern castle-crowned rocks, and its villages where they still call the red wine Switzers' blood. They drove before them 4,000 French, and, wild with victory, swam the Birs, rained upon by French shot, and forced their way to St. Jacob's chapel, where they fortified themselves. That passage had cost them a third of their number. Louis, admiring their bravery, wished to offer them terms, but the Austrian Knight of Mörsberg managed to persuade him to "let the peasant dogs die," as he expressed it. After three unsuccessful charges the French set the chapel on fire, and at last the Confederates all fell, save ten who ran away, only to meet sentence of death at home for deserting their fellows. The Knight of Landskron, near Basel, who had been guide to the Armagnacs, rode over the field that evening making sport of the slain heroes. "Now," cried he, as his horse plunged amid the blood, "we're bathing in roses." "Take one of the roses then, and see how you like it," said a voice from among the corpses, and straightway a big stone hit Landskron so shrewdly on the head that he died three days after. It was Arnold Schick, of Uri, who, mor-

tally wounded, gathered up all his strength when he heard the taunt, and sent that forcible answer to it. Louis had had enough; he made peace with the Federation, and took himself off. This Swiss Thermopylæ (they had many Bannockburns) was as good as a victory to the Confederates; they seized the Thurgau, (as they had done the Aargau before) and made it one of those dependencies which (as I said) I am afraid they treated quite as harshly as ever nobles or abbots did. Of the Burgundian war I need not say much; we have often read how Charles the Bold lost battle after battle, and finally his life. The story is less pleasing than that of the former victories. The Swiss were tools in the hands of Louis XI., who as Dauphin had had a taste of their bravery at the Birs, and who wanted to ruin Charles. The Austrians, too, had their reasons for wishing Burgundy to fall to pieces. So the Swiss, on the pretext that Charles was making his army dangerously strong, invaded Burgundy; and Charles, as soon as he had finished conquering Lorraine (his idea was to have a "middle kingdom" from Holland to the Alps, dividing France and Germany) gathered his host at Besançon, and marched to Granson on the Neuchâtel Lake. Here a garrison of 500 Swiss was betrayed to him; he hanged or drowned every man of them, including the monks who came as chaplains. Justly 'enraged, the Federation gathered its whole strength, and with 24,000 men fell upon Charles unawares and defeated him utterly. The booty was something fabulous; Burgundy, taking taxes from all the rich Netherland towns, was then the richest power in Europe. The spoil was valued at a quarter of a million. You may calculate what that would be worth now. The big diamonds—one is now in the Pope's tiara, another was long the glory of the French regalia—were among the valuables. The Duke's throne was valued at 11,000 gulden; all his plate, his silver bedstead, his wonderfully illuminated prayer-book, were taken, besides 1,000,000 gulden in his treasure chest, 10,000 horses, and a proportionate quantity of all kinds of stores. No wonder the Swiss never recovered Granson; there were long and bitter quarrels about the division of the booty, and the coming in of so much wealth amongst a simple people demoralised them sadly, and led the way to their becoming the chief mercenaries of Europe.

Less than four months after Granson came Morat, preluded by a little act of heroism, of which the Swiss make as much as the old Romans did of Horatius keeping the bridge.

More than half a century before, Neuchâtel (Neuenburg) and her count had found it advisable to put themselves under the protection of Berne, and so had got linked on to the Federation. The Neuenburgers therefore were now afieid, among them one Jacques Baillod. One day this man saw a horde of plundering Burgundians making for the bridge across the little river Zihl which joins the Neuchâtel and Bienné Lakes. Springing forward, he drew his double-handed sword, and not only held the way but slew so many of the foe that a panic seized them, and they ran off. A medal was struck with the motto, "Ein Mann ein Heer" (one man is worth an army), and was given to Baillod, a strange motto (by the way) for a French-speaking Neuchâteller.

At Morat, as at Granson, Charles was taken by surprise. All day he had kept his troops in order expecting a battle; but just when he drew off, the Swiss fell on his flank, threw his men into confusion, and, though he fought desperately, even when none stood their ground except his body-guard, he was at last swept away in the *saufte qui peut*. It was not many who could save themselves. Fifteen thousand fell, many drowned in the little lake or smothered in its muddy banks. The Confederates gave no quarter. "Revenge for those hanged before Granson," was the cry; and the killing went on as the rout swept past quaint little Morat town, with its arcaded streets, miles away to the south-west. "Grausam wie zu Murten" (grim as at Morat) became a Swiss proverb. You know all about the pyramid of bones, destroyed by the French revolutionary soldiers, of which Byron managed to get enough to make what he calls "the quarter of a hero." Napoleon I. went over Morat field, and remarked to some Swiss officers: "If we ever have to fight you here again, you may be sure we shan't put the lake in our line of retreat." The marble obelisk, set up fifty years ago by Freiburg, attributes the victory to "*concordia patrum*." Certainly Freiburg was then, for a wonder, at one with Berne; and they signalled their amity immediately after the fight by jointly falling on and "annexing" the Pays de Vaud. But, as I said, one does not think of Morat as one does of Morgarten. The Swiss had a big army; and they were not on their own ground. The war was of their seeking, and that makes all the difference. Those whom one pities are the poor Burgundian rank and file; whose bones and armour the fishermen still bring

up now and then from the depths of the lake.

Six months after came Nancy, where Charles, having lost his treasure at Granson, and his honour at Morat, lost his life—drowned in a half-frozen ditch which he had set his horse to leap across. The part of the Swiss at Nancy was but small; Charles was fighting against Duke Renatus of Lorraine; the Confederates would not come as allies, but they let Renatus hire 6,000 mercenaries. Charles was easily beaten. Campobasso, his Italian general, had just betrayed him. His presentiment of defeat was so strong that, as he was mounting his charger, he gave his last will to a trusty servant. In the rout his horse leapt short of the bank, and as he was getting out of the ditch the Castellan of St. Dié came by and wounded him. "Save the Duke of Burgundy," cried he; but St. Dié was deaf, and thinking he said "Long live the Duke," beat him back into the freezing water. Next morning he was found naked, and half-eaten by dogs and wolves.

The Swiss League was now respected abroad; they were rich; Louis XI. paid them 100,000 gulden as their share when he took poor Burgundy as his prey. But primitive simplicity was gone; the heroes of the Forest cantons would not have owned their fifteenth century representatives—lawless, greedy, dissolute, corrupted by foreign service, unable to take to peaceful work at home. Robbery became so frequent that the Federation passed a law that a man should be hung for stealing the value of the halter. But the change did not come on without protest. What one man can do, not only in heading a popular rising, but in the far harder work of stemming a people's degradation, is shown by the work of Niklaus Leuenbrugger von der Flüe. Brother Klaus, he is called—never St. Klaus, though he has been canonized, and his bones are to be seen at Sachseln by the little lake of Sarnen, between Lucerne and the Brünig, in a glass case over the high altar. There, instead of his heart, is a jewelled cross, and on the breast-bone hang military orders, and other decorations of which pilgrims have stripped themselves. But better than jewels is the memory of him in his countrymen's hearts. Scarcely a cottage thereabouts in which you won't see his portrait, just as you find Luther's in the Saxon miners' huts, and O'Connell's or Father Mathew's in Munster cabins.

Klaus was for fifty years simply a good ordinary man, serving his time as a soldier and then doing his duty at home. He

then "left the world," fixing his hermitage at a wild spot in the Melchthal (the name, valley, and home of one of "the three men of Grütli"). His fame soon spread; people came from all sides to take counsel of him in difficulties. There began to be talk of miracles; some said that he lived for months on nothing but the Holy Communion. But the real miracle was when, in 1481, he walked into the Rathhaus, at Stanz, and said: "Men, you were strong because you were united. Are you going now to throw everything away for the sake of paltry booty? Will you listen to foreign advice which is given to ruin you? Will you keep out of your League towns whose citizens have fought and died beside you for fear they should claim a share of the spoil? Far be all this from you; for it means the ruin of the League." Simple words, but they told, coming from such a man who had nothing to gain by what he said. The Confederates had been at

daggers drawn about the division of the Granson booty; they had put it off for four years, hoping that, as time cooled them, it might be settled without bloodshed. That they did not fight about it and by so doing break up the whole Federation, was owing to Brother Klaus. Do stay at Sachseln, if you can, and see his relics; and don't smile at the quaint wooden figure, dressed up in his veritable robes, which is kept for the edification of pilgrims. It does tend to edification, if coming to his shrine makes them try to be like him.

And thus you have two acts in the drama of Swiss history, her stand against Austria and her conquest of the Burgundians, both proving my theory that it is not the high-Alp folk, stunted for the most part like the plants that grow on the moraines, but the stout well-fed men of the lower Alps and middle valleys who were the fathers of Swiss independence.

HENRY STUART FAGAN.

(To be concluded next month.)

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

By SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—A RAINY DAY.

THE next morning rose with such a raw, white Scotch mist or drizzling rain as to catch everybody in the throat worse than her cold had caught Lady Fermor, and to forbid preliminary strolls and seats on the border moors. The two young men tried them on several occasions, only to return thoroughly soaked, to be sent to the lower regions, where, as Marianne Dugdale declared, the pedestrians were turned before a slow fire. Even in fine weather these moors are bleak in August, for the bloom of the broom is past, and the first purple of the heather is growing brown, before the burst of September red ling which lends the final glow to the wilderness. It was hard to be assailed by the Scotch weather-fiend before the party had done more than set foot in Scotland.

Marianne Dugdale was crusty when she came down to breakfast in the inn parlour, where Lady Fermor sent Soames to pour out tea and play propriety at the table with the young people. "Nobody shall say that I have not looked after you. After what I've seen and known, I trust nobody," the old lady told her nieces insultingly.

"Quite right, granny. We've all heard evil doers are evil dreaders," retorted Marianne recklessly, while Iris crimsoned and hurried out of hearing.

Marianne's temper was not improved by a somewhat agitated announcement from King Lud that he must leave them and start by the night train. He had not heard from the Admiralty, but there were letters from the Rectory, where he ought to have been weeks before. The mother had been ill; and even without that obligation his last days on shore were due to those at home. They were too kind to complain, but he should not have failed them.

No, of course not. Good little boys could not play truant for any length of time, Marianne told him scornfully, while she crumbled down the bit of oat-cake with which she had provided herself, but could not eat. But how any one could leave his friends in the lurch she could not understand, she went on tartly. It would have been bad enough to have deserted them before they had reached their destination, but it was mean to go in such weather.

He brightened up a little, and said earnestly, "You must be aware I have no choice, Miss Dugdale." And then the big, sandy-haired, full-faced lieutenant, the diver among sharks and the defier of polar bears, positively blushed like a girl when he went on: "But I may comfort myself—may I not?—with the selfish hope that I shall be missed—a little?"



"You are wrong, Jeannie, altogether wrong."

"Not unless by Iris or Lady Fermor or Sir William," Marianne assured him coolly. "I never flatter a man's vanity. We can really get on very well without you—can we not, Sir William?"

"If you like to put it so, Miss Dugdale," said Sir William a little awkwardly, and so deliberately that Marianne could have shaken him, to have roused the man into greater alacrity.

Ludovic Acton had deferred his departure till he should have to encounter the chill and darkness of midnight in such weather, in order—infatuated fellow—that he might have ten or twelve hours more to sun and scorch himself in the flame that was consuming him. Marianne proposed to repay him by render-

ing these hours one prolonged period of bitterness, till it was just possible the cruel cauterisation of his wound might be complete and prove effectual, and the last boon be granted to him of departing limp and spiritless, but cured, if he were capable of cure, of a misplaced attachment to an unfeeling, ungrateful girl.

It was a blank, disconsolate day for belated travellers at a country inn; a day to order a smoky fire to be lit, draw the scanty curtains, and aim at the severe discharge of duty, and the acquisition of a rampant sense of self-righteousness, by writing off a dozen letters—long due; to collapse into calling for refreshments, to yawn and dawdle and tell idle stories, and finally to sour and ferment into

quarrelling with might and main, and get a little heat and vigour into life in that way.

Marianne tried none of these plans, for she did not deign to quarrel with King Lud; it was not her cue to dispute with Sir William, except in spurts of uncontrollable exasperation; she had a notion that Iris would not wrangle with her, and Lady Fermor was not visible all the morning.

Marianne lugged Sir William into the passage to play battledore and shuttlecock by means of ancient implements for the game, which she had discovered in some corner; but found that he had to be taught, and though he insisted that he was good for rackets, he made no progress in catching and returning the mounted bunch of feathers. She sat down to backgammon with him, and found, to her disgust, that he could not only beat her to sticks, but did it without ceremony, with a wooden-headed adherence to the rules of the game, and a quiet grin of masculine superiority, which were beyond bearing. She rummaged out of her trunk silks and worsteds, and set him to wind them for her, as Lady Thwaite had once done before. But either Sir William was now a more adroit master of the situation, or Marianne was not such an adept in taking amusement out of her neighbour's blunders. Marianne asked her victim to read a guide-book aloud while she worked; but he read, according to his custom, in a stentorian voice, so that everybody in the room had the benefit of the performance. It ceased to be private, as she had intended, and the publicity did not suit her, since she had a little weakness for monopolising men's notice—a weakness which this day had become an urgent necessity to her. In the end, between worry and the noise her squire made in obeying her last behest, her head began to ache violently. Then it became evident that Marianne was in a state of nervous weariness and crossness, which, to her extreme mortification, caused her to be viewed as an object of pity, rather than of reprehension.

There was more sorrow than anger in King Lud's kind eyes, and the sorrow smote Marianne Dugdale, so that she was barely able to persist in the line of behaviour she had adopted towards him and other people. She was extremely offended by Iris's offer of eau-de-cologne for her headache, the more so, perhaps, that Iris had been conversing for the last three-quarters of an hour, in the most natural, unaffected manner certainly, but still on confidential terms, with

Ludovic Acton, on scraps of Rectory news and on his probable destination when he should get a ship. Iris had no right to such information as Marianne had not cared to seek. To sum up the sufferings of Marianne's dog-in-the-manger mood, she began to grow frightened at Sir William, whom she had only looked upon as a temporary servant to suit her purpose. She had raised up a spirit with which she could not cope, and that she did not understand. His looks and tones had changed to rueful, unbounded forbearance and repressed tenderness, as she had known them change on the morning at the Academy. Marianne could not comprehend it, and her ignorance abashed her for the moment in her perversity. Iris believed that his heart was melting and thrilling because he was thinking of his dead wife, poor, wild Honor, to whom, in the person of this capricious, captious, yet withal generous and warm-hearted girl, he might be called on in some sort to atone for his errors.

And all the time Iris was as sure as she could be of the result of any human act, that if Sir William Thwaite were led on and suffered, by the contrivance of Lady Fermor and the folly of Marianne Dugdale, to accomplish the reparation which had more than once flashed across his mind, it would not only be a repetition of his former grievous blunder, it would be the consummation of the misfortunes of his chequered life.

Luncheon was welcome by way of variety, and still more dinner, with Lady Fermor declaring herself recruited in spite of the weather. Appearances brightened still more with coffee. Lady Fermor was at her best, chatty, with a rasping good-humour, inclined to encourage the young people in any form of diversion, though she still declared herself unfit for her usual game of cards. "But you boys and girls may set a-going games for yourselves. What games we had long ago, when we were not too wise or grand or goody-goody to play games! Old-fashioned, homely riddles and forfeits, when I was a very small child, charades, tableaux, not to speak of private theatricals for our own benefit, without any shoddy pretence of helping charities or entertaining paupers. Why, Marianne, are you so down in the mouth with one day's rain that you cannot even get up a sham Penny Reading?"

There had been a reaction from Marianne's exhaustion before this speech, a return to the restless excitement of the morning, deepened, as in the case of all relapses. But it was Lady Fermor's goad which sent the

girl beyond all bounds of discretion and delicacy.

"Thank you, granny, for the suggestion, which I'll take leave to improve upon," cried Marianne with flaming cheeks and flashing eyes. "Ladies and gentlemen, we shall act one of the runaway marriages, for which this place was once famous. It will be a play in a single scene, and the words are so few that nobody need pretend not to be equal to learning his or her part."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Lady Fermor, with the baleful fires in her sunken eyes leaping up for an instant; "if you are able to carry out the idea. But who will bell the cat? Who will assume the principal parts, and play bride and bridegroom?"

"I, said the sparrow," quoted Marianne, with an assumption of sparrow-like pertness, "I will play the bride, and I choose Sir William for my bridegroom."

It was a bold speech, and seemed to take the person most concerned by storm. "How am I to thank you for your condescension, Miss Dugdale?" he said with an agitation and seriousness which were startling, and caused even Marianne to look put out and to pause for a moment in her recklessness.

"Oh, by acting as well as you can," she said hastily. "I ask nothing further. I can coach you; I can coach everybody. I heard all about it from the maid. Somebody has to ask the bride and bridegroom if 'Barkis is willin',' and then we have only to say 'yes' or 'boo,' which seems to be letting us off by an easier method than speaking—even in a monosyllable. But what can 'boo' mean? I understand, and am able to say, 'bo' to a goose"—with a fleeting, impatient glance at King Lud, sitting back in a corner, with a sudden lividness of cheek and lip, yet with the self-control of a gentleman and an officer. "But I confess 'boo' beats me."

"It means 'nod,' Marianne. Couldn't you guess it by the corresponding word 'curtshey'?" said Iris, speaking with an effort, as if she were forcing herself to join in the conversation. "But if I were you I would not bow to such a bad jest. I think you might find a better game."

"Oh, we are too demure to go through with a marriage even in a play," said Lady Fermor with suppressed rage because her opinion was disregarded. "Or is it sour grapes, because the chief rôles are appropriated?"

"And the smallest and silliest of us can nod easily enough," maintained Marianne, so that Iris was silenced.

Sir William glanced at her with a quick, disturbed inquiry; but he could not read her face or her heart.

"Acton"—Lady Fermor turned ruthlessly to the lieutenant—"you are glum enough to play the owl or the parson; you'll dig the grave—no, I did not mean that—you'll perform the ceremony."

"Thanks, Lady Fermor"—he choked down his feelings—"but I am not qualified to take my father's place."

"I'll teach you," insisted Marianne flipperily; "you have only to utter three simple sentences. You ask whether the man will take the woman and the woman the man for husband and wife; you bid them join hands, and then declare no power in heaven or on earth is ever to part them. Surely you can remember that."

"Don't spoil sport, Acton," enjoined Lady Fermor in her deep gutturals. "We have no substitute, unless we call in the innkeeper—honest man! as they say in his country—and he may not be able to see a joke. You know you have to punch a hole in a Scotchman's head before you can get a joke into it. Never shirk what you've got to do, however much against the grain. I thought that was part of a sailor's creed."

"So it is," said the badgered man, raising his head and pulling himself together. "I'll do what you want. Don't fear that I shall spoil sport, Miss Dugdale—Lady Fermor."

"Are you all mad?" implored Iris; but she spoke in a low tone, and nobody, unless Sir William, heard her.

"Be off, Marianne," urged Lady Fermor, entering into the spirit of the unseemly frolic, as she had entered into many another of the same description. "It won't be hard for you to dress in character, since there are no white silks or satins, or veils or orange-blossoms, required here. Your travelling dress will do, and Thwaite need not change his coat. Your cousin Iris will not object to bring you in, and stay as a spectator, unless she holds that the bride's shoes are hers by prior right—is she so many months the senior or the junior of the two? I forget which—and ought not to be filled by other feet. I'll arrange where the men shall stand."

Marianne went out of the room, with Iris following her, sure enough; but Iris did not overtake her cousin as she ran up-stairs before she had passed Jeannie, the chamber-maid, smilingly making room for her. The young lady had a roguish whisper for her humble ally. "Jeannie, I'm coming down

again to be married. The house has not lost its spell."

"Eh! Megsty me!" cried Jeannie, instinctively setting down the jug of hot water she was carrying for some gentleman's toddy, that she might not scald herself or any other person in the height of her excitement. But Miss Dugdale had already gone into her room, followed by the other young lady, looking "that taken up" that she did not notice Jeannie.

In reality Iris was moved to the depths of her soul. The moment she was alone with her cousin Iris went up to the little actress and poured forth, for her benefit, such a torrent of passionate upbraiding as the gentlest lips will utter when the heart is stirred with poignant sympathy, and the honourable spirit outraged by what is unfair and ungenerous. "How could you, Marianne Dugdale—how could you have the heart? You may not care for him a bit; but you see how he cares for you, and if you had any pity, any womanly feeling, you would spare him. It is only acting, of course, and there might be no great harm in that; but it is brutal—yes, brutal, to get up such a farce, knowing what he is suffering. I cannot tell whether you are making a fool of Sir William also; but you have no right to do that either," said Iris, holding up her head and flushing rosy red. "He is a man who, though he is not much older than ourselves, has had great troubles and sorrows. The knowledge of that alone should keep the most thoughtless girl from harming him—perhaps in a way she cannot guess. I could never have believed it of you, Marianne." Iris ended, exhausted by her vehement defence of her friends and protest against wrong.

Marianne stared with big brown eyes, tried to laugh, turned away her head, to hide her changing colour and drooping eyelids, and cried out ironically—

"Well, this is a tirade from a quiet-going young lady!" At last she sat down, crossed her arms, and faced her flushed, overcome accuser. "So I don't care a straw for King Lud, and I have a sneaking kindness for Sir William, or rather for his place and title, I dare say. I am going to sell myself for a little rank and wealth, as thousands of girls have done before me. That is the way of it—is it? Will you tell me just one thing, Iris? What business has Mr. Acton to go away in such detestable weather, as if to face the elements—in the rhetorical phrase, at their very dismallest—is a great deal better than

a comfortable enough inn with our company? He has no summons from the Admiralty compelling him to start on the instant; he has to get up a story of his mother's being ill and wanting him, and it can't refuse its mamsie's lightest whim, pretty dear!"

"Oh, Marianne! how can you be so horribly unreasonable and unkind?" Iris said again with fresh wonder and wrath. "It is not why should Ludovic go, but why should he have stayed so long, in consideration of the little he has got for all he has given? He is a good son and brother, however little you may be capable of valuing such a character, and Mrs. Acton is a good mother, who would not grudge her boy his happiness, or make an outcry about her health for the purpose of recalling him. You cannot imagine how much he is thought of, how he is waited and wearied for at the Rectory. And he is going to sea and may never come back. Before he knew you he had a happy and honourable life before him, and he loves his people, which you seem to think rather a flaw in his character. To-day may be the last time we shall see him in this world—dear old King Lud! whom I have liked and respected, boy and man. How I should mourn for him! But how will you look, and what will you say, if you are told next winter or next summer that his ship has gone down to the bottom of the sea, like the *Captain* and the *Eurydice* and the *Atalanta*, and that he has gone down to the depths with it, or that he has died far from home in some foreign hospital?"

However she might look then, there could be no question as to how she looked now; she looked white as a sheet and trembled like an aspen, and what she said was the strange outbreak: "Yet he will give his mother the last word, the last look, which ought to be mine."

Then she put up her little hand to her face, and

"Like summer tempest came her tears."

The storm was as short-lived as it was violent, and even while Iris looked on in dismay at the effect of her words, the big drops ceased to rattle down, the chest left off heaving with sobs, while Marianne began to accuse herself piteously, passionately, laughingly, for extremes are always meeting. "I am a wretch of a girl, and he's the dearest, best of fellows, as gallant a man as ever stepped, as true as steel, as tender as only the best men can be. And what did you take me for, that you could think I preferred Sir William Thwaite, who has risen in the world, and been wild, and is reformed, and

is well enough in his way? But what drowning women did he save? What shipwrecked crew did he rescue? What torpedoes did he help to launch at the peril of his precious life—like—like Jove scattering thunderbolts?"

Iris looked up in sheer bewilderment at this extravagant laudation. She was tempted to put in the reservation: "Where had he the opportunity, though he, too, fought and bled for his country? And are there not spiritual conflicts and conquests harder and nobler by far than any physical warfare and victory?" But she had not the chance, for it was Marianne's turn to speak, and she was making abundant use of the privilege.

"There is one good deed I have done him, I have saved him from the consequences of an unworthy choice," she said, her voice, which had sounded shrilly eager and exultant an instant before, suddenly sinking in despair.

"No, Marianne. He does not think so; he never will. I have known him since we were children. I know how hard it is to offend Ludovic Acton, how lenient he is to offenders, how sure to forgive," represented Iris earnestly.

"Yes, he will think he has made a fortunate escape, after to-day," persisted Marianne dolefully. "No man could bear what he has had to bear and forget it."

"But you mean to make it up with him before he goes? You won't go on now with this stupid, coarse play, surely, surely, Marianne?" besought Iris.

Marianne shook her head in wilful determination to suffer the worst penalty she had brought upon herself, and with a perverse doggedness which was characteristic of the girl: "I cannot; it is too late. It would make no difference now. Besides, we are not on terms to admit of an explanation, and I dare say he will be thankful in years to come that there never has been a ghost of an engagement, or even of a mutual understanding between us," she said sadly. "I would not let him speak, or grant him the least satisfaction. It was a game in the beginning, though it has ended in earnest. Oh dear! I liked it so much while it lasted—to feel my power, and know I could make everything bright or dark to him by a word, a look. It was dreadfully inconsiderate and selfish to him, no doubt, and I shall be punished as I deserve."

Iris was altogether taken aback, though she had not been without her suspicions. She protested that Marianne would punish at least one other person as well as herself, the

innocent with the guilty. And Iris pleaded, "Won't you say, or let me say, that you have thought better of it, and cannot carry out this absurd, unbecoming mimicry of a marriage? That will be some compensation to Ludovic before he goes, and he may understand—may suspect."

"No, no," cried Marianne, starting up in a fresh access of wilfulness and waywardness, "I am not going to crave mercy from any man, or seek to call him back. Besides, I am certain that granny would begin to jeer and taunt me till I became possessed, and then my last error would be worse than my first. Let us act the marriage and have done with the whole thing. I believe he has renounced me already in his heart; let him have the comfort—the sop to his pride, poor fellow, of doing it in so many words. After I have treated him as I have done, and gone so far, I owe him his revenge, and do you think I'll stint him in it?"

Marianne in perfect sincerity doubled in the argument, and twisted it round to make herself and everybody miserable in an ingenious fashion of her own, which is yet not altogether uncommon.

In any imminent danger in which Iris had ever seen a fellow creature, her immediate instinct had always been to save the threatened victim—to save at Iris's expense if need were—as when she controlled her natural recoil and held close the severed artery in her servant's wrist, as when she walked back to Whitehills with Lady Thwaite dressed in a groom's clothes and faced a man whom she had reason to know she had deeply offended, and whom all her friends and neighbours were then denouncing as a drunken ruffian. The instinct did not fail to assert itself at this juncture. "Let me act the bride," she said with quiet determination. "It will be all the same who takes the part in a piece of child's play that neither Sir William nor I need mind, and it will save you and Ludovic Acton from a last misunderstanding, which, though it is only about a silly joke, may separate you for life."

Marianne hesitated, with changing colour and parted lips. Her susceptible pride and fiery temper had been up in arms a moment before. She had forbidden a compromise, yet she might snatch at a reprieve. Her decision would be very much a matter of chance, as were many of the resolutions she formed in her honest but unregulated mind.

In the meantime Iris, awaiting Marianne's answer, frightened to look at her for fear of influencing her, looking on the floor instead,

was calling King Lud her brother in her heart and remembering all that his family had done for her—Iris Compton. She was thinking of Marianne's affectionate championship soon after they had become acquainted, and what a different world it had been to a lonely girl, when she had found a bright, frank young companion, generous and lovable even in her transparent follies, constantly by her side. Iris was thinking of Sir William and the debt he had already paid to Lady Fermor, and the other debt he had paid to Honor. Iris's mind was even recurring to old stories and old wrongs in which her ancestor had been the wrong-doer and Marianne Dugdale's the sufferer of the wrong.

"What an excellent idea!" cried Marianne suddenly. "You can play the bride, as you say, as well as I. They will not suppose that I have drawn back—only that we have agreed to change places. Indeed, as our hats and travelling dresses are alike, and the light is none of the best, if we had not been so different in height, they might not have known the one from the other," she ended with a little uncertain laugh, beginning to recover her courage and spirits. "I wonder if he will give a great start and gape, forget all I told him, and not be able to proceed with the ceremony? Won't he look dreadfully foolish? But I shall not have vexed him—the very last thing. Iris, it was taking a despicable advantage of me to work upon my feelings and pretend he would not come back safe and sound—a great, strong, fearless fellow like King Lud, twice as big as our boys at home, with a face like a full moon. Yes, indeed, it is true; but I hate small faces in men, I think they cannot be too big every way. He has so often gone away, and always returned like a bad half-penny. I wonder how and when we shall meet next," melting into tenderness, but rushing off at a tangent the next moment. "He can never be so base as to forget 'the girl he left behind him.' Remember, I shall be fit to kill you if he should jilt me, after what you have made me tell you. In the meantime I'll play that tune in my own honour, every day that I can reach a piano till he come back. Must he stay away months? A whole year or more? The man should not have made me so accustomed to his fusesome ways. How will the time pass without them? Shall I grow sick with hope deferred? And do all the girls in my position complain of the cruelty of the Queen and the Lord High Admiral? Who would have said I should be a spoon? How our boys would laugh, and even Cathie and Chattie would

giggle. But they shan't know a syllable till he is a captain and able to propose for me to granny or papa in due form. I suppose that will not be till he has made a pot of money, poor fellow, to keep me with; but if the ruling powers continue long obdurate, we'll know what to do, we'll run straight away to Scotland. Then we'll have to go into sea-side lodgings and be careful of our coals and never allow ourselves an extra pair of boots. Will you still acknowledge us, Iris? you ought to, for you have been at the bottom of the mischief—even though granny has nothing more to say to us. By the way, we must not keep her waiting any longer. She will not stand the further delay of this marriage."

Iris was hardly listening now as they proceeded to put on their travelling jackets and hats of brown tweed, with which they had provided themselves in preparation for what they had been pleased to consider the arctic climate of Scotland. "What a dress for a bride!" cried Marianne in lively disgust.

"But it is a runaway bride," said Iris. "Yes, but depend upon it if she ran away of her own accord, she had some respect for her own feelings and those of her bridegroom, and put a bridal touch somewhere to her dress. Besides, my dear child, there must be something to mark the difference between us—in our parts. Here, take this bunch of wet bridal roses—I dare say they are the descendants of Jacobite roses—which Jeannie brought me from the kailyard. Roses are later in the north than in the south; we are not travelled girls, so we may speak of Scotland and England—all we know, as north and south. Fasten the flowers in your jacket."

Iris did as she was bidden to please Marianne, and get the sooner done with the foolish play. The couple hurried down-stairs arm-in-arm and entered the room so abruptly that it was not difficult to picture an angry father at their back.

Somebody had drawn a table before the corner where Ludovic sat, looking grim. Sir William was standing beside it with a curious mixture of affront—as if doing something preposterous—and wistful yearning and pain in his face.

Lady Fermor sat still in the chair which she had before occupied, but she must have rung for Soames in order to enable her maid to enjoy the little entertainment, for the long, lank functionary was ranged behind her mistress's chair.

The room was dark from the state of the weather, and the old-fashioned little

windows; besides the company were not quick enough to take up at once the cue of the roses with which Marianne had obligingly supplied them. Iris had volunteered to act her part, and was doing what she needed to do with a growing reluctance which became so nearly insupportable, that she could not stop to think what she was about, but must hasten through it, behaving like a creature in a dream.

Marianne took the initiative, as she was always disposed to do. She walked straight up to Sir William. There she paused for a second. In truth she was not at all clear how the office of giving away a runaway bride was performed in the strange Scotch marriage. She was afraid Jeannie had forgotten something. Marianne had to use her own judgment; she wisely confined herself to dumb show. She simply dropped Iris's arm and retreated, leaving her cousin standing by Sir William.

King Lud leant forward confounded, yet eager as at an unlooked-for release from a piece of sport which had galled him like a wanton insult, a real irreparable injury.

Lady Fermor put up her hand to her eyes, as if to clear her sight, and let it fall again, sitting upright, with her eyes glittering, and nodding her head, as if she were the person called upon to bow her consent.

Sir William flushed scarlet, and looked, like a man driven wild, from one to the other. He could read nothing in Iris's little face; it was blank, like that of one forcing herself to stifle every warring inclination and go on with an ordeal.

"Proceed with the marriage, Mr. Acton; there is the bride," muttered Marianne *ex officio*, with a little quiver, partly of laughter, partly of another feeling, in her voice.

Ludovic Acton started up to obey his mistress's behest, while life was once more opening out before him with hope and love and joy among its possibilities. Why had he been such a fool? This acting a marriage was nothing, the merest jest, when Marianne Dugdale was not to play the bride to another bridegroom than himself. It was no worse than fifty charades and *tableaux vivants*, in which he had taken part. If it had been so, Iris Compton, good little Iris, whom he knew so well and could depend on entirely, would not have been in it. He stood behind the table facing Sir William and Iris, and tried to respond to Marianne's appeal, and to do credit to what she had told him when he had utterly mistaken her intention. He looked imploringly at her for inspiration

instead of at the pair before him. He sought to recall the sentences she had repeated to him. If he made a verbal mistake it would be forgiven in an actor who had only once heard his part.

"Will you take this woman for your wife?"

Marianne, who had drawn nearer the couple, turned prompter again—this time on behalf of Sir William, with the pantomime of an emphatic nod, but he took them all by surprise, speaking out distinctly and so loudly as to sound roughly, "I will."

"Will you take this man for your husband?"

"Boo, or 'curtshey,' Iris," whispered Marianne mischievously. Iris smiled slightly as at a dimly apprehended, far away bit of fun, and inclined her head.

The impromptu parson looked despairingly at Marianne, who in answering despair clasped her hands, shaking her head reproachfully at the same time.

"Join hands," cried Ludovic.

Sir William put out his hand and grasped Iris's in so tight a clasp that it half roused her. She made a little motion to draw her crushed fingers away. He was the better actor of the two certainly, but he overacted his part. Iris was so far recalled to herself that she became aware of a stir at the room door. Glancing in that direction she saw, to her vague distress, it had been left open and pushed slightly ajar, and that there was quite a group of people on the threshold, the most of them seeking to see without being seen. Jeannie, the chambermaid, formed one bashful spectatress; another gazer was the landlord, a thick-set, shock-headed man, who still wore mine host's conventional red waistcoat. But he was not skulking, whatever his companions might be; he held a candlestick with a lit candle in his hand, for the rainy gloaming was fast deepening into mirk. He looked excited, as if he wanted to come in and either interfere with the performance or join in it.

Apparently Lady Fermor had also detected the intruders, for she called out, "There, that will do," and sure enough the group melted and vanished, pulling the door close behind them. But her ladyship, who was in high glee, might not so much intend to give a reprimand as to say the scene had been sufficiently represented; for she almost immediately afterwards, addressing her own party, "We need not mind signing the register or the bride's 'lines.' Upon my word it has been a very pretty wedding. Let me congratulate you, Thwack and his—that is my part of

the performance, and a very pleasant part it is, I can tell you. You have given us a good notion of what a runaway marriage is like. I suppose, Iris, you thought, after all, you were the fittest match for the bridegroom."

The hands so lately joined had already dropped asunder. Sir William remained standing alone by the table, as if he were trying to reason with himself, to get rid of a momentary hallucination, to cast off a disordering, maddening impression. He did not go near Lady Fermor. He hardly suffered himself to throw a look after Iris as she rejoined Marianne.

"How stupid you were, Mr. Acton," Marianne accused King Lud. "It was I, not you, who married them. I must ask Jeannie if that is correct, and if a woman can marry a couple in this improper little Scotland."

Iris left the room with Marianne to put off their out-of-doors habiliments. As the girls did so, the roses fell unheeded from Iris's jacket on the floor, and would have lain there to be trampled under foot if Sir William had not stepped forward, stooped, and picked them up.

When the cousins came back the subject of the acted marriage was dropped as if by common consent. The talk had turned upon the lieutenant's departure, the hour for which was drawing near. He had engaged a trap from the innkeeper to take him through the rain and darkness to the nearest station, a few miles off. He was far brighter and more animated than he had been all the day, while Marianne Dugdale, on the contrary, became somewhat silent, only emitting an occasional little jet of contradiction and sauciness. He announced confidently that he expected to see them all again before he sailed, and nobody deprived him of the hope or forbade him the privilege. If he wrung Marianne's hand in saying good-bye, nobody could see and censure the deed, since she did not wrench her fingers away—for that matter she had not flouted him for the last five minutes; but if she cried herself to sleep and bemoaned her former perversity and cruelty, it was in the silence and solitude of her room.

Iris thought it was charity to everybody to adopt Lady Fermor's early hours this night. A sudden sobriety which was almost oppressive, the natural result of contending emotions and of King Lud's going, had fallen upon the young people. As for herself she desired nothing better than to be able to recall undisturbed the whole events of the day, in-

cluding the grotesque farce in which she had been involved. When she had thought it all over she would dismiss it from her mind at once and for ever.

The dismissal was not quite so easy as Iris had anticipated. She felt haunted by the foolish play; she tossed on her bed sleepless and feverish. When she did drop asleep, she dreamt she had married Sir William Thwaite in earnest without intending it, and what was worse, she had not asked his leave and he had not spoken one word, or given a single glance, in renewal of his passionate love-making and proposal to her in the hayfield at Whitehills four years before. Nay, he had seemed at every crisis to turn—with whatever mixed motives—to Marianne Dugdale.

At last Iris slept soundly; but even then she was disturbed by the business of the inn, or by the figments of her own imagination. She thought she heard some one calling her name loudly and urgently, and when she started up in bed and listened and failed to distinguish a voice speaking to her, she seemed to hear the noise of wheels driving rapidly from the door.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—THE BEAST RISES UP A PRINCE.

IRIS slept late after a troubled night, and when she awoke and looked at her watch she could take nothing into account save that she had been shockingly lazy; though the sun was shining brightly enough, after the rain, to tempt all exemplary travellers to be up and abroad on unfamiliar ground. Iris grudged losing the bright morning, and she grudged still more keeping Marianne Dugdale, Sir William Thwaite, and Soames hanging about till she should choose to appear for breakfast. She had no time to spare for more than the general confusion with which the incidents of the past day—especially if they have been of an unusual character and crowded together—are apt to present themselves to people on their first awakening from a few hours' welcome oblivion.

Iris for once took refuge in self-evasion, for she had a half-formed notion, after her dim, partly-remembered dreams, that she too had acted rashly and foolishly in what had passed, though it was no more than in being guilty of an appearance of evil in yielding to figure in an indiscreet, not too delicate parody of a solemn service. She might well feel provoked and mortified by discovering that she had put herself—unless her companions were considerate and forbearing—and when had Lady Fermor been either the one or the other?

—in an awkward, embarrassing position? It was not to be thought that nobody would ever allude to the rainy day at the inn on the Borders, and the amusement to which the party had resorted in order to spur on the lagging hours. If such allusions were made, what was she—or when it came to that what was Sir William—to think?

When Iris ran down-stairs, half-unwilling to face her companions, and yet eager to have the meeting over, she believed she was later than she had suspected. The maid Jeannie, standing at one of the doors on the landing, withdrew into the room, as if ashamed for Iris's credit to encounter her at such an hour, and unwilling to detain her, while another servant, Iris fancied, looked at her with tittering significance.

But what was Iris's surprise when she entered the inn parlour and found it empty, with breakfast only laid for one! She rang the bell in a little trepidation, for she was conscious that Marianne was capable of playing her a trick, though Iris considered it would be especially unkind and undeserved this morning.

As another instance of the unexpected happening, the landlord chose to wait in person, bringing in the dish of trout as his excuse for his presence. "Where are the others?" Iris inquired without waiting for the departure of the single rustic young waiter, who was also favouring her with his attentions and showing no hurry in depositing and arranging the tea and coffee service so as to satisfy a scrupulous taste. "Have they all breakfasted and gone out? I am afraid I am very late," and Iris tried to smile instead of feeling absurdly disconcerted.

The landlord did not hasten to answer her with civil fluency. He began staring at her in silence. "Do you not know, miss, they are gone?" he said at last cautiously.

"Gone!" exclaimed Iris, not able to believe her ears. "Ah! for a morning's excursion, I suppose," she took heart to exclaim. "But Lady Fermor never drives out before luncheon, and Mrs. Soames cannot have left her."

"The ledly and her maid and the other young ledly went first," said the landlord with precision. "The gentleman only left about an hour syne."

"An hour ago? Where have they gone? When are they coming back?" cried Iris in unrestrained bewilderment.

"That I cannot take it upon me to say, miss—you should know better than me. But I apprehend you're in error on one point.

You seem to think all your party went the same gate, nigh hand together?"

Iris nodded, her tongue refused its office. The man looked a respectable man, and was respectful enough in his manner, but the wariness with which he conducted the conversation was remarkable, and there was in his tone the slightest shade of irony not unmixed with dry humour—if she could have recognised it—and a degree of perplexity. It was as if he suspected her of still playing a part, and had no objection to let her see he suspected her.

"Now, you're wrang there, begging your pardon. First there was the young gentleman who took the trap to catch the last train overnight, but I think you were with the four when he set out. Syne, not long past the sma' hours, between four and five o'clock, when the rain was still spittin', afore the inn was richt astir, the auld ledly sent for me and but to be aff to meet the first train, though it was a fell-like fatigue for a woman at her time of life. Her body-woman was dressed and ready like her mistress, but the young ledly seemed laither to quit her pilly. She did not come down till the chaise was at the door, and then she made such a colly-shangie calling out for somebody after she was in the carriage, and wanting to stop and go back, that she was like to wauken the whole house. But the auld ledly maistered the lassie—that I should speak so unmannerly—and drove off in spite of her. Lastly," and mine host looked still more curiously at Iris from under his eyebrows, "there was the titled gentleman, who did not appear to have been disturbed any more than yourself, miss, for he just came quietly down at his usual hour. It was only after he found that so many of the party were gone that he wrote a letter or two in haste—sending off one by a messenger, asked for a time-table, and left to meet the mid-day train. He did not speak to me of coming back when he paid his share of the bill—what was left after the auld ledly cleared the score—though he may have mentioned it otherwise, as it is what one would expect," the speaker observed meditatively. "However, he left a bit parcel for you in my hands," the inn-keeper went on briskly, as if the truth might lie in this nut-shell, extracting a small packet from his waistcoat pocket and placing it ostentatiously before Iris; "and it need be no secret that it was he wrat one of the letters which were left for you that I jalouse you have not seen." He bustled to bring two letters from where they were stuck conspicuously in a card-rack on the chimney-

piece and, laying them on her plate, left her at last with evident reluctance and disappointment at her reticence. In any other circumstances Iris would have been amused by the worthy man's inquisitiveness, and by the mingled shrewdness and simplicity with which he betrayed that he had been speculating on her affairs, and putting two and two together in order to bring out the sum of them to his satisfaction. But she was far past such amusement. She sat for a moment, before opening the letters, staring at them mechanically with a stunned sensation. The one was in her grandmother's big, blurred, shaken hand-writing, the other displayed the square upright characters which Sir William Thwaite's pen was wont to produce.

Iris tore open her grandmother's letter first. It contained only a few lines:—

"DEAR IRIS,—I am glad you have come to your senses at last, though I must own you took me—and I presume more than me—by surprise. However, when that person was perfectly agreeable, there is no more to be said. All's well that ends well. As I think you and Sir William had better be left to yourselves like other young fools, for your honeymoon, I have taken myself and Marianne Dugdale off with the greatest expedition. You ought to give me credit for my youthful activity. I trust to see you when you go to Whitehills, and I have returned to Lambford.

"I remain your affectionate grandmother,
"MARIANNE FERMOR.

"P.S.—As Scotch marriages properly attested, which yours can easily be, are quite legal, if I were you and Thwaite I should not put myself to the trouble and expense of a re-marriage with the benefit of clergy, favours, and cake, and a crowd of idle on-lookers. In fact, these re-marriages are often great mistakes, mere sources of confusion and misconception, so the less you have to do with them, in my opinion, the better; but please yourselves.—M. F."

Here at least were basest betrayal and desertion; whether premeditated, or the instant relentless improvement of an unfortunate opportunity for gaining an end and paying back the opposition to an imperious will, Iris could not tell, then or ever. She thrust back the paper with trembling fingers into the envelope. As she turned it over she looked beyond the handwriting and read the address, it was to—

"Lady Thwaite,
of Whitehills."

She flung down the letter as if it stung her. While she did so a vision of Honor who had last borne the title rose before her. Poor Honor, who had so scandalised the public, had she ever acted more imprudently, or felt so degraded and disgraced as Iris did upon this miserable morning?

Iris read the address of the other letter before she opened it, and it gave her a grain of comfort, for it bore the familiar direction to Miss Compton.

"Madam," Sir William must have written first in his massive letters, then he had squeezed in "Dear" at the edge, as if conscious, on reading over the note, that he was warranted, nay bound, in exchange of confidence, to use the friendly prefix in cold blood. "I am confounded by Lady Fermor's unexpected departure. I feel that she has taken a gross advantage of you by representing in another light what I can never presume to regard as anything more than your having been induced to lend your countenance to a frolic of Miss Dugdale's. Perhaps Lady Fermor means this last act as something of the same kind; but a frolic which I am sorely afraid must inconvenience and distress you, for the time, is too much of a good thing. I have come to the conclusion that the best I can do for your relief is not to stay here a moment longer. I will go away instantly and await your pleasure elsewhere. Perhaps I had better stop at Dumfries in place of following Lady Fermor to Moffat. It sounds too much that you should wish to write to me, but if it is necessary, I shall get the letter at the post-office there. You have done so much for me and mine in the past, that I think you will do me the justice of believing that I would die rather than vex you—far less intrude upon and insult you. "Your obedient servant,

"WILLIAM THWAITE."

Here was no treachery, and if she were forsaken the deed was done out of manly, grateful, jealous care for her best interests—as a faithful brother would shield his sister. It was clear that the letter had been written in agitation and with anxious pains, no less than with earnestness of purpose. The strong characters had not faltered, but there were erasures, as if he had found difficulty in expressing himself. Iris was both comforted and troubled by the letter—comforted that her old friend, as she had come to consider him, was not destined to fall lamentably in her estimation by becoming her deadliest foe.

On the contrary, he was as innocent as herself, and he was judging wisely and acting truly in the painful dilemma into which they were both brought by Lady Fermor's wicked will and their own weakness. Still, however inconsistent, she could not help wasting a regret on the utter extinction of his early feelings for her. His love had not appeared wise or suitable, or even seemly to her—nobody had felt that more strongly than she herself had felt it in those days. Still the knowledge of the destruction, root and branch, of the old desperate regard cost her a pang.

But there was another communication from Sir William besides the letter, which he had possibly intended to be all, till something had occurred to him at the last moment that had caused him to turn, make up the packet, and intrust it to the landlord. When Iris unfastened the paper she stared at the contents stupidly for a moment, while her colour went and came in mute amazed protest. He had enclosed two ten-pound notes—probably the greater part of the money he had about him—in a cover, on which he had written in pencil, "Will you do me the honour to accept this loan in case you should want it?"

"In case she should want it"—as she read the sentence, she realised the truth fully for the first time. She had been left behind, abandoned in what the people of the house might well view as compromising circumstances, a young woman alone in a strange inn, on the borders of a strange country. And whether she should determine to follow her grandmother, upbraid her with her barbarity and insist on her undoing her part of the play; or attempt the return journey by herself over more than half the length of England to seek the protection of Mrs. Haigh; or throw herself on the old friendship of the Actons at the Rectory—her slender purse would have been unequal to the demands either of the shorter or the longer expedition, since Marianne Dugdale, having spent her own quarter's salary, had freely borrowed from Iris. She would have been without the means of paying her expenses in any direction had it not been for the humanity of Sir William Thwaite.

Iris felt humbled and distracted, unable to fix what she should do, yet aware that she must do something without loss of time. She tried to swallow her breakfast as the first necessary task to be performed. Then she, too, studied the time-bill, but shrank unconquerably from the possibility of encountering

Sir William at the little way-side station. The landlord had spoken of the mid-day train, apparently not many trains stopped at this out-of-the-way junction, and he might not be gone by the time she reached the place.

As she began to recover from the blow and her natural presence of mind and power of resource returned to her, it struck her that the obviously sensible course for her to pursue was to stay where she was, till she had contradicted to the people of the house the false impression they had received. Some of them, from whatever cause, had been witnesses to the carrying out of the ill-timed jest—in keeping with the old reputation of the house. The misconception of the inhabitants was deepened by their knowledge that irregular, but at the same time lawful, marriages could still be performed within their precincts, as for that matter within the entire bounds of Scotland. Above all their credulity was imposed upon by the coarsely cruel conduct of Lady Fermor.

As Iris reflected, her courage and even her spirits, though they had been greatly tried, revived a little. In spite of the outrageous interpretation which Lady Fermor had chosen to put upon the story, it was simply preposterous. Nobody could treat it seriously for a moment. Neither the pretended bride nor bridegroom was in earnest, and as little was King Lud who spoke the words, or Marianne Dugdale who prompted them. She was at the bottom of the practical joke, and yet she had strangely, though not without protest, according to the inn-keeper, gone over to the enemy. Of course no reasonable person could attach the slightest importance to the scandal.

Iris did not suffer her heart to fall before the disheartening recollection of the limited number of reasonable persons in the world, and the sorrowful comprehension that the bare breath of the most incredible scandal is baleful, even where the sins of the fathers are not visited on the children.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—THE LAW OF THE LAND.

THE landlord had appeared to lay himself out for Iris's confidence, but he had not uttered his suspicions in so many words. Iris had not inherited her grandmother's propensity of invariably choosing men for her advisers. It would be doubly disagreeable for Iris to try to make a man measure the extent of the late piece of folly—as mere folly. Yet she wanted a mouth-piece to tell it to all who would listen. Her security lay in the immediate publication of the truth,

and her inclination pointed to the bright yet douce girl Jeannie, who had spoken only too graphically and amusingly of the Border marriages to the English young ladies.

Iris walking restlessly about the room saw from the end window Jeannie, in her morning calico wrapper, linen apron and bare arms, carrying a great basket full of wrung-out clothes to spread over a washing green. Iris took a swift resolve to go out and talk to the girl and tell her the truth, which she would surely convey to her master and mistress.

Iris found Jeannie busily employed on a haugh or strip of meadow by the side of one of those rapid, white and brown, brawling streamlets, "the bonnie burnies," with their endless songs, which are among the chief delights of the north country. Though the brook was swollen by the rains of yesterday, so that every slippery stepping-stone was covered, and its clear water rendered turbid, yet it did its best to flash in the sunshine and "jouk" round each corner.

Jeannie glanced up from her occupation and made one of the "curtsheys," which, unless in remote country places, and among very primitive people, form now the depth of respectful greeting reserved solely for royalty.

Iris had grown nervous, or else Jeannie was really shyer than she had been before, and the single look which she gave was not directed so much to the visitor's face as to her uncovered left hand. Was Jeannie looking in vain for that "bit giftie" of a wedding-ring, which, though it does not always play a part in the Scotch marriage ceremony, is always bestowed as the first token from the husband to the wife, and in this light is regarded as a proof of marriage and universally worn till death in Scotland as well as in England. "Oh! what a miserable day it was yesterday, Jeannie," began Iris, referring to the weather.

"Did you think sae, my leddy?" inquired Jeannie, as if there could be two opinions on the subject, while she completed laying out a row of towels on the grass.

"Did you not think so? Have you so much worse weather?" Then Iris added hastily, with regard to the changed form of address which Jeannie had used, that had struck the listener's roused ear. "But I'm not 'my lady,' only my grandmother, the old lady who left early this morning, is entitled to be spoken to in that way."

"As you like, mem," said Jeannie slowly and doubtfully. "You should ken best; it is for you to tak' your choice how you're to be

ca'd. For the weather, weel, whiles we've deep snaw in the winter, and sleet as late as April, and rain—no' drizzlin' but poorin' in buckets fu', with spates in the burn till it rins ower a' the haugh, and the beasts are flooded in the byre and the stable, and we're keepit in the hoose for twa or three days at a time. But I was meaning that it is often the mind that makes the weather to folk; the sun will be shinin' for some when there's nocht but cluds for others—div you no think sae, mem? In that case yesterday michtna hae been sae dowie a day to you."

Jeannie, in spite of her momentary bashfulness, was not unwilling to approach the subject Iris wished to discuss. In fact, the girl was dying to pick up some crumbs of information if the young lady would drop them. The whole house was on the alert in reference to the supposed marriage which had taken place, and in addition to Jeannie's craving for a share in an exceptional and half-forbidden experience, the friendly heart pitied "the bonnie young leddy, left her lee lane the day after her marriage, by her very man." This was the great and not to be admired eccentricity in the proceedings which had puzzled and exercised the minds of the inn household, and of such boarders and customers as were privileged to be privately informed of the occurrence. It was not unusual for the bride or the bridegroom expectant to make their entrances on the scene separately, as Jeannie had told Iris and Marianne, but it had been the good old custom that they should make their exit in company.

"Yesterday was dowie, if that means unhappy, to me, Jeannie," admitted Iris with tears in her eyes, "and I am bemoaning it at the present moment, though I trust it will not be for long."

"Gude forfend, mem," Jeannie said so solemnly that Iris felt she must beat about the bush no longer.

"What do you think we were so tired of ourselves and of everything else, and so silly as to do, yesterday, in the gloaming?"

"I think I ken, mem," said Jeannie with a slightly reproachful accent. It appeared to her that Iris was not approaching the subject in a proper spirit. It seemed as if the young lady was trying, from what motive it would be hard to say, to throw dust in Jeannie's wide-awake eyes, and pass off an incredible version of the story on a lass who had heard all about the grand old runaway marriages from her grandmother and her father and mother, who had herself seen

humble, discreditable editions of the originals. More than that, Jeannie had been told something of what was going to take place by the other franker young lady. Then the servant-girl had rushed off and informed her master and mistress, as in duty bound. Afterwards she had gone back with them and others and stood at the door of the room, and had heard and seen the couple take each other for man and wife, and join hands before witnesses in due form, till the old lady, who did not look offended either, put an end to the spectacle.

Jeannie was "ill-pleased" by what struck her as levity on the part of Iris, by her trifling with the truth, to which she, Jeannie, could swear, if need were. She commenced re-wringing the drops of water from the next towel with all the strength she possessed. As she did so she said something plainly, to show she would not be taken in; for why need the bride come to Jeannie and pretend to confide in her, if the young lady was to begin by speaking deceitfully?

"The ither miss telled me as she passed me on the stair that there was going to be a marriage—I thoct she said she was going to be married hersel', but I maun hae taen her up wrang. An' I telled the maister, as I behoved to do, and him and me and ither in the house stood at the door and saw the waddin'. I may hae ta'en a liberty, mem, but I did ye nae wrang, for there was naebody pursuing to track you, and the mair witnesses the better for you and yours. It is only when the couple is like to be caught in the act, or when there's mischief in the wind, that sic a business is done hidlins."

"But, Jeannie, there was no marriage," insisted Iris. "We were all in jest; we were only making a little play out of your mariages."

"Dinna tell me that grown-up men and women, educate leddies and gentlemen, would play sic a fule trick here," cried Jeannie incredulously, and well-nigh disdainfully.

She took up a pillow-case, and, holding it up high, shook it as if in protestation, till she brought down a shower of glistening drops upon her brown hair and ruddy face. Then she dropped her bare brown arms by her side and said severely—

"It's nae matter o' mine if ony titled leddy likes to lee—I beg your pardon, mem, I might hae fund a safer word, but I'm no used to cringing ony mair than to dooble tongues. My folk's a' honest and steady, though they're only puir working men and women, no sae muckle as a runawa' marriage after a feen' market amang the whole lot o'

us, as the minister kens. I put it to you, mem—my leddy, I should say," Jeannie corrected herself with malicious punctiliousness, "though it may not be your will to tak' your title for a time, how can I or onybody in his or her senses credit that you were a' daffin' wi' ane anither at a wild game? It was hardly fit for bairns, though it could be said for them, forae thing, they wouldna ken its danger. But, if you were just wilin' awa' the close o' a rainy day, what for did the lave o' the players melt awa' at aince like a snaw ba' and gang their wa's here and there, and leave you and anither to bear the wyte? Weel-a-wat it would hae been but richt and kind if he had bidden still to bear his new-made wife company; however, there's an odds in the manners o' gentle and simple, and he may hae gone on a richt gude errand, and be back again like a shot," continued Jeannie, recovering her good-humour as she built up her edifice to her satisfaction.

"You are wrong, Jeannie, altogether wrong," was all Iris could say.

"Maybe sae," answered Jeannie cautiously, not liking contradiction, but certainly doubtful where this ill-fitting, loose stone could come into the building. "There was them that telled me when he came down in the mornin' and fund the feck of his friends gane, and saw the letter for you—the ane wi' the proper address—he grew as red as fire, and there was a glint in his een like a man who has gotten his heart's desire—be it a croon, or a lass, or a lad bairn. Neist he grew as white as death, and there were draps o' swate on his brow, as he gripped the table after the fashion o' a man who is riven in twa in his contention wi' his deadliest enemy. Syne he strachtened hissel' and gae a sech, and said he was ganging immediately. He wrat a letter or twa, and sent aff a messenger express wi' ane and laid the ither down, and cried for the time-table, paid the lawin' and walked oot without looking over his shoulder for his breakfast. But when he was as far as the yett what did he do afore he gaed?" asked Jeannie, resuming her tone of superior knowledge and settled conviction. "He cam' back and pat up siller—you'll no hinder the maister frae kennin' what he was taking care o'—and left it, like a canny young gudeman, for the use o' his young gudewife, though he did not ca' her sae, in case he should be detained long—than they foresaw, till he cam' back to see her. What mak' you o' that, mem? Is that part o' a fule play? My leddy, it is neither fair nor wise to seek to darken the truth, the deil—that I should

name him—only kens wherefore, even to a stranger lass, your inferior in warldly station, who yet would never harm you, but would stand up for you if she got the chance, and you needed her countenance.”

“Woman!” said Iris in the vehemence of her remonstrance and the extremity of the moment, “I would not depart from the truth to save my life, any more than you would, and if you are a happy girl in being able to boast of the virtue of your kindred, it should not make you hard to others less fortunate. If you, a girl like myself, will not believe me, where can I hope to find trust?”

Overcome by the successive shocks of the morning Iris could only restrain by a great effort the sob that rose to her throat and the tears to her eyes.

Jeannie’s sharp eyes took in the signs, and the really kind heart of the girl, under her sturdy independence and shrewd observation, was touched.

“Na, dinna greet, my leddy, or mem, as you please, I’ll believe anything reasonable you like to tell me, and gif there has been ony fause or base trick played upon you, I’ll do my best to see you richted, though I’m but a servant lass, and sae will the maister and the mistress, which is mair to the purpose. I’m free to own they werena averse to me speerin’ the ins and outs o’ the story, if you gie me the chance. But if a living soul is to do you ony gude, mem, you maun speak oot, and keep naething back that has to do wi’ the case.”

Iris could recognise the common-sense of the recommendation, and in the circumstances she felt she had better meet Jeannie’s advances. After all, however much Iris’s shrinking delicacy and the prejudices of her education recoiled from bestowing the confidence, there might well be worse confidants and counsellors than peasant-bred Jeannie, with her perfect candour, honest maidenliness, warm heart, and ready wit.

“It was as I said, Jeannie. Miss Dugdale, my cousin, proposed to act one of your runaway marriages, and went to dress as a runaway bride. But I did not like the play, and I liked it least of all for her, because she and one of the gentlemen—the taller and fairer of the two—are sweethearts, though she had never let him know that she cared for him; indeed, she had been teasing and vexing him all the morning.”

Jeannie was intensely interested and appreciative. “Biting and scarting are Scotch folks wooin’,” she said. “The young leddy maun hae a drap o’ gude Scotch blude in her

veins. There’s mony a Maggie has ‘cuist her head and looked fu’ skeich’ to begin wi’. But you mauna stand and wear yoursel’ oot, when you may hae eneuch afore you.” And Jeannie nimbly emptied out her basket, turned it over, and made Iris sit down upon it. It did not signify that Jeannie was in danger of losing the best of the morning for bleaching and “withering” her “claes.” Such a cause—the last grand marriage that was ever likely to be enacted in the inn, about which there might be trouble in time to come—even the mistress must allow, justified the wasted sunshine.

“It was not the man she liked in that way she had arranged should be the mock bridegroom.” Iris struggled gallantly to tell the story.

“Na, I could guess that,” commented Jeannie from her own experience and maidenly instinct.

“Mr. Acton—her real lover, I mean—was much hurt, and as he had to go off last night to see his family and join his ship—he is a sailor—there would have been no time for a reconciliation, and I fancied the thoughtless offence might have parted the two for ever.”

“For certain,” chimed in Jeannie decisively. “If the chield had ony spunk. Eh! but she maun hae been a wilfu’ heedless lassie.”

“I said I would be the bride instead of Miss Dugdale.”

“It was very gude o’ you, mem, very gude, but unco fule-hardy,” declared Jeannie with her characteristic plain speaking. “Them that devised the mischief ocht to hae run the risk and borne the brunt.”

“We had not the slightest idea, and I cannot see it yet, that there was the least danger, or that there could be a mistake when none of us, neither bride nor bridegroom, nor the gentleman who consented to say the words which you use in your marriage ceremony, meant anything by it.”

“Then what for did they a’ slip awa’ like a knotless thread and leave you and the titled gentleman, who maun hae been the bridegroom,—’deed I seed him in the character wi’ my ain een, and a braw bonnie bridegroom he looked—to suffer the scaithe and the scorn?” questioned Jeannie with natural unmasked impatience.

“It was the old lady—Lady Fermor, who is grandmother both to me and Miss Dugdale, that did it, and this is the painful part of the story,” confessed Iris with furious blushes. “She has a great friendship for—for Sir William Thwaite—you know his name already.

She wished greatly that there should be a marriage between—between him and either of her grand-daughters—first one and then the other, but she has not been able to bring it about. I suppose, but I cannot tell, that she suddenly thought when the temptation met her, for I cannot believe she brought us all this distance to lead us into a snare,” cried Iris, wringing her hands, “she would make the jest look like earnest, deceive Sir William and frighten Miss Dugdale and me into imagining there was nothing left for us but to be married truly.”

“Oh, the auld bizzum! forgive me, mem, since she is your granny, but it is a sair pity when the auld, who suld be thinking o’ a better place, hae neither conscience nor mercy, and are fit to sacrifice their bairns and their bairns’ bairns if it will but compass some worldly plan of their ain. But what for did the other young leddy forsake you when you had done her sic a service?”

“I cannot tell, Jeannie,” said Iris sadly. “But I think Lady Fermor and her maid must have misled my cousin up to the last moment and then forced her away. If so, she will never rest till she finds me out, I can trust her for that.”

“You’ll no think me impident, mem,” said Jeannie gravely, “gin I say I canna a’-thegither comprehend, though I dinna misdoobt your word. But I maun hae a’ the airts and pairts o’ the story to gie to them that may help you. There were letters left for you—one o’ them directed to Leddy Thwaite, you opened baith, as gin you were free to do’t—more by token, the gentleman sent you money for your use.”

It was unmistakable that Jeannie, though genuinely indignant on Iris’s account because of what the young lady had told the girl, still clung with a certain faith to the marriage, partly because of the perplexing contradictions she had alluded to, partly from a natural reluctance to find that her first, and it might be her last, example of a real grand runaway marriage was likely to end in smoke.

Iris sat aghast at these fresh complications. Were the meshes of the net closing round her? But she would strive to the last to break through them.

“The letter addressed to Lady Thwaite was in my grandmother’s handwriting. I knew the handwriting and looked no farther. I never doubted it was written to me.”

“It was a thousand pities you tore open the envelope, for a written word gangs far in law. It makes nae odds what you did wi’t,

though you hae burnt it to aes, for a dizzen folk could swear to the direction, and you daured na deny you opened and read the letter.”

“But it was not Sir William who addressed it,” argued Iris with a faint blush, “I could understand the name would be of moment then. Think, Jeannie, anybody might write a letter to you calling you by a name which the writer had no right to give you, and you might open the letter by mistake, but the unwarrantable name would signify nothing, could not implicate you.”

“You forget, mem, the ither proofs,” said Jeannie, who had the logical head and the good parish schooling of many of her nation.

“I have a letter from Sir William Thwaite, mentioning the marriage as a frolic and addressed to me as Miss Compton. Will that letter not contradict the other?”

“Weel, it suld do something,” granted cautious Jeannie. “But what about the money for your use, mem?”

“He sent it to me as a loan lest Lady Fermor should have gone away and left me without caring to ascertain whether I had enough in my purse to pay my railway fare in following her, or in going back to my other friends in England. The precaution was justifiable,” said Iris, flashing out in the middle of her patient humility and holding up her fine little head in the old style. “We had many expenses when we were in town. I had lent Miss Dugdale part of my last quarter’s allowance and I had not got the money for the next quarter—I was nearly penniless.”

“The heartless, hard-fisted auld sorry,” cried Jeannie, unable to restrain herself or even to offer an apology for her freedom of speech. “Even a servant lass like me, gin she be wise, has maistly a pund or twa in the savings bank, or a couple o’ croons in her kist to fa’ back upon. But you puir young leddies, who mustna mint at working for your ain hands, are often as helpless as bairns, and mair hardly dealt wi’ by evil paurents. Weel, mem, I hae you noo. I can follow your tale, though as sure’s death it’s gey daft-like, still it’s within the boonds o’ possibility, and it’s no aye the daftest lass that gits into trouble. For my pairt I believe you ilka word, and sae micht jurymen and judge, if it were iver to get into a coort, though the auld leddy and her maid were to take fause aiths—as you may swear the t’ ain wouldna stick at, and though the direction o’ the letter and the money and a’ were

brocht in. But losh! mem, it was playin' wi' fire to play at a Border marriage, on the very spot, as gin the spirit o' the place possessed you. The mere word o't might stick to you and bleck you to your deen' day. What modest lass—be she o' the laigest degree, would care to gang into a coort and be speered and back-speered by sniggering cunning blackguards o' lawyers, aboot sic a job? The bare word o' the scandal would stick to her."

"But the story's far too absurd for a court—who would carry it there? not even Lady Fernor," pled Iris.

"You dinna ken," said Jeannie, who preferred to look at all sides of a question, and rather inclined to take the dark side, "one can never tell how bools will row or what ferlies may come to pass. It might be a score or fifty years hence, when maist who could hae telled the truth were gane, gin you had married and had bairns, and ony money were to be left to them, or to yoursel', and there were ither claimants for the siller who heard a sough lingering here o' what happened last night, heth! it might cost your lads and lasses their birthright and cast shame on their mither in her grave."

"Oh, Jeannie, don't be a prophet of evil," implored Iris; "and surely there is no need to look so far forward."

"Deed, that is just what there is need o', and a fair outlook is a grand thing. Could you no mak' it up among yoursel's," suggested Jeannie, feeling her own responsibility and striving to give the most discreet advice to the young English lady who had been so simple in her uprightness and was so gentle in her tribulation. "The titled gentleman seems to be a manfu' mindfu' chap and a kind lad, taking it into account that he was made a cat's paw o' as weel as you, by the auld ledly; for I fancy he wasna seeking the price o' either o' you twa young leddies. I say naething o' his being a grand match, though when a' else is richt, siller and a lairdship and a Sir before his name are God's gifts and no to be lightly despised by ony prudent young ledly. He's faur frae ill faured and you're a rale bonnie, civil-spoken young ledly, gin you'll let me say sae. You would mak' a braw young couple—your granny was no far wrang there. Noo, you're baith in the scrape, could you no think ower't and gin there be nae ither lad or lass standin' between, which maks a fell odds, could you twa no draw thegither and mak' the best o' what has happened? Whiles a prudent marriage is no the warst, and they say—

'Happy's the 'coin'
That's no lang o' doin'!'"

"Jeannie!" cried Iris, starting up as if the girl had been suborned by Lady Fernor to betray her grand-daughter's confidence which she had forced herself to give. "How can you say such a thing, after I had proposed to be my cousin's substitute, as if I were offering myself to Sir William and throwing myself at the head of the man I rejected with scorn years ago?" persisted Iris, betrayed into casting down the last barrier of reserve she had jealously guarded.

"Keep me!" retorted Jeannie, "here's another cat louped out o' the poke, no that it mak's ony great differ that I can see, except to prove the heart's gueness o' the fine lad. Canny! mem, you're under nae obligation to mind what I say, and troth I dinna ken that I would do what I bade you, mysel'. But I maun mak' you aware of something mair bearing on this wark. I spoke to you aboot my auld granny who has a' her wits aboot her and minds fine yet o' the grand runawa' marriages lang syne. She bides wi' a single woman, a niece, a' her ain bairns being dead lang syne, in a hoosie by the roadside—the road that leads to the station. Granny's an ill sleeper, and in summer she often gets up by screech o' day, and puts on her duds—she's fit for that yet—and creeps to the door for a breath o' the caller mornin' air. She was at the door this morning when the chaise wi' your ledly granny passed, driving to the station, and my granny has sent for me sin syne. She thinks she kenned the auld ledly. Granny had time to look at her, for the horse next the hoosie had gotten a stane in ane o' its fore feet, and the driver drew up and lichted down to pick it oot, jist forenent granny. And the auld ledly stood up and lent oot and banned him. Granny will hae it she kenned baith the face—though it was a hantle aulder, and the vice as weel as the rampaging way. Granny says it was a ledly wha run awa' frae her man, and came wi' a lord as ill as hersel' to be buckled thegither on the Borders. But the man wha married the couples then resisted. He said it was clean against the law o' Scotland. Had the twa been bachelor and maid, or widower and widow, he could have jined them sae as nae man could lowse them, but he couldna an' he wouldna, and it would be as muckle as his place was worth, for him to marry siccan a couple. For the auld marriage law o' Scotland was to aid the helpless and defend the wake, but never to paunder to sin."





Frontispiece.]

"THE NOONDAY REST."

By L. LEBLANC.

[Engraved by C. Bellenger.

BETWEEN THE HEATHIER AND THE NORTHERN SEA.

BY M. LINSKILL.

AUTHOR OF "CLEVEDEN," "HAGAR," "ROBERT HOOT'S ILLUSION," ETC.

CHAPTER LXVI.—IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

THEY went into the little room where the pine knots were blazing; the tea-tray standing by the arm-chair cosily; the foot-stool drawn quite near.

"You shall sit there," Genevieve said to the Canon, moving the chair forward in nervous unconsciousness. "And tell me what has brought you to Netherbank on Sunday evening during service-time—tell me quickly, please?"

She spoke strangely, trying to speak quietly, trying to speak lightly. Her lips quivered, not knowing whether they should smile or no.

"It is a little out of the usual order of things, is it not?" said the Canon, taking her two hands in his. She had knelt down by his side, and was resting with one elbow on the broad arm of the chair. Kneeling so she could look into the old man's face, and try to read all that he might hesitate to speak. Assuredly he had that to say which might make him hesitate.

"It is a little out of the usual order of things," he said, keeping the girl's hands in his, and looking outwards, beyond the boundary of anything he saw. "My new curate, Mr. Summerhayes, is taking the evening service entirely, and that is not usual. I happened to have stayed at home, and that is not usual. Then there came a visitor to the Rectory, and the visitor was Mr. Kirkoswald. . . . It has all been unusual."

"Mr. Kirkoswald!" exclaimed Genevieve, for the moment surprised out of all fear. "He is able to go out?"

"He has been out this evening for the first time."

"Why should he have chosen to go out in the evening?" the girl asked, conscious again of hidden dread, and some bewilderment.

"He did not choose, dear. He went on an errand of mercy."

Then, for the first time, the Canon looked into Genevieve's eyes, while she looked into his, reading there nothing to put an end to fear.

There was a distinct and impressive pause. The flames of the fire went up with a rhythmical beating; the clock ticked audibly, the Canon's grasp tightened upon the girl's white hands.

"And that errand of mercy concerned

me?" she said at last, turning her beautiful dark eyes, and her pale, finely-cut face toward the old man again.

"Yes, my child," he said, feeling and knowing that he need dread no scene; that the woman who knelt at his feet was one who might have gone to her death as Agnes and Perpetua went to theirs; and who therefore might meet the tidings of the death of him who was nearest and dearest to her with something of the same courage with which she would have met the sentence of her own death, with something of the same martyr heroism, something of the same Christian fortitude.

"Yes, my child," he said, "it concerns you, even as it concerns himself. His emotion was such that he could not come here to-night. He asked me to come. . . . He has asked me more than that. . . . He has asked me if I would be to you a friend . . . a father."

So it was that knowledge came—the knowledge that she had no other father.

* * * * *

No cry went upward. No word broke the silence.

"I tell you, hopeless grief is passionless;
That only those who feel it deeply,
Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air
Hunt up words that God has given to none in death;
O, striking and repulsive!"

For a long time Genevieve lay with her head on Canon Gabriel's arm, stricken, but not unconscious; bereaved, yet knowing all that she might then know of her bereavement. All that she might know then. No bereaved woman ever knows all in that first moment when death has but just closed the eyes that were ever open to watch and guard her, but just sealed the lips that were ever eloquent at her need.

It is Time—Time, the healer of other griefs, that tears open this wound afresh at every point of contact with a hard and blind, a self-seeking and ungenerous world.

The arrangement is merciful. If foresight were added to the anguish of loss, then were grief beyond consolation. The arrangement that denies consciousness of night save that one form lying peacefully in the arms of Azrael is most merciful.

After a time Genevieve raised her head and looked with tearless eyes into the Canon's face again, and spoke with quivering lips—

"I have not misunderstood?" she said, speaking as people speak who awake from

the effect of some anæsthetic that has confused the senses and changed the voice. "I have not misunderstood; my father is . . ."

"Your father has fallen asleep, my child."

And even as the old man spoke, the words that Noel Bartholomew had used only the night before came as if she heard them again—

"Remember your wish, dear, when you know that I am sleeping better."

Had he known? Had he felt that such great weariness as his, weariness of life, of work, of pain, of disappointment, had he felt that such weariness was significant of coming rest? Even as she asked herself the question she knew that he had felt it; that he had known it long. He had prepared himself for this quiet falling asleep.

She did not ask more questions; but Canon Gabriel wisely thought that it would be better to tell her then all that there was to be told, then while her stun was greater than her sorrow; then before sensitiveness to the sound of her father's name, to the mention of aught connected with him, had come upon her, as so surely it would come.

She listened very patiently while the Canon told his tale, heightening the halo of quiet spiritual beauty that was about it. She spoke of her own last sight of her father, of how she had watched him going up to the moor, gliding away out of the shadow into the full light of the morning sun. She had known nothing of the letter that had been in his hand. The Canon told her of it, and she felt its significance as a factor in the thing that had happened. None could know as she knew how her father had shrunk from all save the gentlest and kindest human intercourse; how he had suffered from even the unthinking, and how any signs of evil will had preyed upon him "like night fires on a heath." None could know as she knew; yet both Canon Gabriel and George Kirkoswald had partly perceived the meaning and weight of that one small incident. The letter was in Kirkoswald's hands now, and it was still unopened, the Canon told her.

"Then it shall remain unopened," she replied. "Since he never knew what it contained, I will never know. It shall not be opened; and *they* shall know that it was never opened."

"You are speaking of Mr. Richmond?"

"I am speaking of all who have done this," the girl said, rising to her feet and uplifting her clasped hands passionately. "I am speaking of all who have done this—who have done my father to death. . . . There is a word, I will not use it, but all my life I shall

know that there is no other word. . . . My father! my father! my father! all my life that word will ring in my ears at the thought of you!"

Yet no tears came. Her eyes were beginning to ache and burn with the hot unshed tears that were behind them; and her hands were very chill. The Canon took them again in his, and drew her gently to his side.

"Sit down, dear," he said with that gentle loftiness in his persuasive voice that none could hear and resist. "Sit down beside me, and let us speak of him—of your father. Let us think together of what he would say to us if he might come back for an hour. If, as it is thought, he fell asleep quite early this morning, this day will have been to him better than ten thousand days of such existence as ours. Think if he could come back ennobled in heart and brain, illumined, enrap in the atmosphere of that world where life is love; upraised far, far above all that bound, and warped, and narrowed his vision here; imagine him here by us, listening to us, replying to us. . . . Can you think what reply he would make to that bitter cry you uttered just now?"

No answer came. Genevieve's white lips were closed in pain. Only her eyes betrayed that she had heard, that she understood.

"Would he not remind us," the Canon went on, "of that last word uttered on the Cross eighteen hundred years ago, yet echoing across the world till now for our example:—

'Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!'

So your father might speak in large pity and comprehension of *your* weakness, of your excusable feeling. I cannot think that that feeling would be his. Had he not gone away, had he merely had an attack this morning similar to the one he had before, and then recovered, I cannot believe that he would for a moment have blamed any one. I think he knew himself to be less strong than others believed him to be; I think Dr. Armitage feared some such sudden-seeming event as this for him. It is more than probable that he had had a sleepless night; he went out without having tasted food of any kind; and he climbed to the last height of Langbarugh Moor. What so certain as exhaustion? What so likely as consequent sudden failure of vitality? . . . And what so painful to him now as to know that you are entertaining a wrong and unjust impression; to perceive, as he may indeed perceive, that the beauty, the stillness, the goodness that was about him on

that sunny hill-top to the last moment, is all unnoted by you; that you are not thankful that he had no pain or fear; that he was, and, in a moment, was not, for God took him? How can we know what angels came and ministered to him there, closing his eyes in peace, and filling his spirit with peace, and bearing him away to be for ever in that peace that passeth all understanding? And is all this nothing to you, my child? Can you turn from it and see only a dark, embittering consequence of human error and mistake? At the worst it has been mistake. And have you no pity for those who have made it? If they should, unfortunately and unhappily, take the same view that you are taking, does not your heart burn within you even now to go and comfort them? Do you not yearn to make them see how all their error and perversity and want of charity has been changed in the crucible—the *crux*—of God's loving-kindness till it has turned to peace, and rest and perfect spiritual beauty? . . . Do not think that I under-estimate the pain of parting. I, who have said so many farewells, am not likely to do that. But it is not all pain, dear; and it is none of it bitterness; even to you this should not, it must not, be bitterness."

Genevieve listened, still with that look of something that was almost stupor on her face: it seemed to be deepening there. She kissed the old man's hand when he had spoken, then she looked into his eyes again.

"I will try to be good," she said simply. "I will try to be very good; and I will remember all that you have said. . . . But you will not leave me, Canon Gabriel? You will not leave me here? . . . You will take me to Usselby? . . . You will let me see him—you will let me sit beside him to-night?"

"I will certainly not leave you here, my child," the Canon said. "And for the rest, I have arranged it all with Mr. Kirkoswald. I cannot take you to Usselby to-night; that would not be possible; but you shall go there to-morrow. You are to go home with me now, if you will be so good, so kind to an old man as to let him have the privilege of taking care of you for awhile. . . . I have left instructions about your room with my housekeeper, Mrs. Knottingley; and the cab that brought me here will be back again directly. I told the man to come in an hour. Can you be ready? And your little maid, she will come with you, she will be useful and helpful to you, and she will not be a stranger. It was Mrs. Knottingley who thought of that."

Fortunately Keturah came in whilst they were still speaking, and the Canon went to her and told her all that might be told, and gave her such instructions as were needful. Genevieve gave none. She did not move nor speak. When the Canon came back and sat down again she listened, sitting beside him, pale and placid and still. The little table was there with the tea-tray on it; the kettle was on the hearth; the fire was dying down sadly, as if it knew that it would be re-lighted no more. All about the room the household treasures were lying, the pictures, the books, the flowers, the music. Were they all stricken with some strange change that they looked so? Surely such things vary in expression, and respond to our own mood! It was no hardship to leave these now. Keturah came in with swollen, tearful face, bringing Genevieve's cloak and hat, and she stayed to put them on, wondering at her mistress's unstained face, and bright, tearless, expressionless eyes. "Did she see anything with those eyes?" the girl wondered. "Was she hearing anything, understanding anything?"

They went out all together into the blue starlit night, Genevieve leaning on Canon Gabriel's arm. He felt the shudder that shook her whole frame when Keturah locked the cottage door, turning the key with a loud click. That one shudder was the only sign.

As she went along the stubble-field her whole life there came back as in the flash that comes to the drowning man—her life and another life. . . . And this was the end, this sudden going forth in the darkness of the night with comparative strangers to seek a home in a strange house; whilst he—he was there, far off among the pine-woods—nay, beyond the pine-woods, beyond the stars above them, gone beyond all touch and reach of hers for evermore.

What wonder that deep down in her heart there should be the cry—

"All Thy waves and storms are gone over me. The waters compass me about, even to the soul: the depth is closed upon me: the weeds are wrapped about my head."

CHAPTER LXVII.—"LADY, YOU UTTER MADNESS AND NOT SORROW."

THERE is in this north country of ours a proverb which says that "A bad tale gangs faster afoot than a good tale gangs a-horse-back." The sorrowful news of Noel Bartholomew's death must have been conveyed by all swift means possible. By nine o'clock on Monday morning it was everywhere.

Now that he was gone where unkindness might pain him nevermore, nothing save kind words were said.

All that had been counted so inadequate in him was praised as the natural simplicity and humility of genius in all ages. His want of manner became genuine unaffectedness; his occasional brusqueness of speech was recognised as manful honesty; his unsociableness was admitted to be the natural love of exclusive ways of living common to all workers or thinkers to whom work and thought are realities of life. One-half of that sacred wine of charity and sympathy which was poured out to the memory of the dead man would have made his life dear to him—so dear that he had desired to live on, to work on.

"Not go to heaven, but linger here,
Here on my earth, earth's every man my friend."

Did he hear now? Did he know?

There were people who would have given much to see him back again, had it been but for one half-hour. Those pathetic eyes were not without power now that they were closed not to be opened again till the shadows flee away in the light of the Resurrection Morning.

This February day was, as the day before had been, bright, and sunny, and unusually mild. Not a twig stirred as George Kirkoswald rode down from Usselby to inquire how Genevieve was. He did not stay long at the Rectory. The Canon had not seen Genevieve since the previous evening. He could only say that he feared that the night had gone hard with her. She had not slept; and no tears had come to her relief.

"I promised to bring her to Usselby to-day," the old man went on to say. "I must keep my promise, and I think it may be well for her to see him. But I doubt—you will excuse my saying it—I doubt if she will be equal to seeing you."

"I should not dream of expecting it," George said. He was looking pale, and thin, and worn, and he was still very weak. The events of the previous day had shattered him, as they could not fail to have done.

Yet it was easy to see even now that his illness and his sorrow had not been all loss. There was surely gain in the clearer light that was in his dark, deep-set eyes; in the look of larger peacefulness that was upon his broad thought-lined forehead, in the finer sympathy that was written in the lines about his firm mouth. The Canon could not but wonder and be glad as he watched him riding away from the Rectory.

He rode back quietly, deciding as he went

that when he reached the moor he would take the bridle path to the right and go to Yarrell to ask how Miss Richmond was. He had left her last night with Jael when he went out, but she had gone almost immediately. He had heard nothing of her since, and her face had haunted him persistently, coming through and between all the other haunting sights and sounds that had shadowed his experience in the few hours that had intervened.

He would never forget. To the end of his life he would see that still, placid figure lying on the moorland, with the noble face upturned to the luminous sky where the young moon was gleaming with almost dazzling brilliance, and the silver stars shining in the clear radiant ether. And for him, as for another, the plover's cry would henceforth have one meaning: a meaning that no words and no other sounds might express with the same piercingly-cadenced exactness.

Was he surprised, or was he not surprised, when he rode over the brow of Langbarough Moor to find that Diana Richmond was there, not twenty yards away from the road that led across the ridge? She turned and stood still, waiting there with her black dress dropped upon the heather, and her white face uplifted as the face of one who pleads with a judge for mercy. George dismounted, and held out his hand.

"I was coming to Yarrell," he said, speaking gently and kindly. "I have been anxious to know how you were, very anxious. I was not able to come over last night."

The only answer was a half-uncomprehending stare from eyes that were heavy with long weeping. George could see now that the white face before him had a strangely stricken look. It was not difficult to understand. For a woman who had so seldom seen death in any form the shock of yesterday must have been very terrible—all the more terrible because of her connection with the events of the past few weeks. He remembered; yet he felt only pity, and only pity was in his look.

"I was coming to you," she said, speaking as if her voice had been pitched in some other key since he heard it last; changed to something natural, yet, in a sense unnatural, because sincere and true and tuned to accord with the realities of pain. "I was coming to you," she said; "not to your house—not there; but near it. I wanted to see you. I could not have slept again if I had not seen you."

"I need hardly say that if there is anything I can do, you may command me," George replied. One of his first and strongest in-

instincts was the instinct that prompted him always to help any woman who might be in need of help. It was as natural to him as to breathe. The fact that between Diana Richmond and himself there had been relations not of the pleasantest did but make him more consciously anxious to be of use to her if he might. Therefore it was that he said so sincerely, "You may command me. . . . Cecil, I know, is not at home."

"No, and if he were it would not matter," Diana replied. "Cecil cannot help me. . . . No one can help me."

"If you are in trouble, and I fear you are," George replied, turning to look into her face again, and speaking with that authoritative kindness that sits upon some men so naturally, "perhaps it would comfort you, do you some good, even to speak of it. . . . Don't think I am curious or inquisitive."

"I think nothing of that kind," interposed Diana. "I must speak of it. I must speak of it all, or go mad. This is no exaggeration. My brain has reeled, my consciousness has been shaken; more than once since last night I have been so near the borderland of madness that I have taken a book and tried to read to see if I could still understand the speech and meaning of sane men. . . . I know something of these things—of monomania. It has been in the family for generations—the tendency to dwell upon one idea till no other was possible. . . . I do not say this to excuse myself, to win your sympathy. I say it to explain myself, my reason for coming here. I do not wish to go mad, therefore I would not brood alone over things that may make me mad. . . . I want you to listen; that is all I want. I want you to be patient whilst I. . . . whilst I tell you how I came to murder the man I loved."

Miss Richmond paused. They had been walking onward slowly; now she stopped and turned, looking into George Kirkoswald's face with conscious, grief-filled, earnest eyes—eyes that had no madness in them, though he looked for some, hearing the thing she said. She understood. "No," she went on, "I am quite sane. I think I must be saner than I have ever been, since I see my life so clearly. It has always seemed a confused life. I have drifted on in the dark from one rock to another. Now it is as if daylight had come, and shown me all I had passed over; or as if some one had watched me, and then had written my life that I might see what it had been. I see it as clearly as that, and the sight is—I cannot tell you what it is. When I think of words that face

comes; it comes as I saw it yesterday, as I shall always see it—white, and cold, and grand, and dead. You will believe that then words have no meaning."

They were still standing there in the soft sunshine. George had his hand on his horse's bridle, and at moments Bevis was impatient.

"Would it not be better if I were to go back with you to Yarrell?" he asked. "You are looking tired. It would be wiser of you to go home. You shall tell me all there."

"Let me tell you here," Diana said wistfully, and turning as if to go toward the place where she had sat so long the day before. "Let me speak here where the end came—the end of my deed. It may be that he can hear: it may be that he will forgive. All night I have been asking him to forgive. I dare ask no other forgiveness till I feel his."

They had come to the edge of the valley on the moor at last, the place where her attention had been arrested only a few hours before. She could see the stone lying in the sun. There was the little grassy knoll from whence *he* had plucked the pink-tipped daisy. Miss Richmond kept the withered daisy.

She sat down at some distance from the stone, but she could see it as she sat, and her eyes were drawn there half against her will, while George led his horse a few yards away and fastened the bridle to the stump of a dead thorn-tree. Then he came back and sat down on the heather opposite to where Diana Richmond was sitting.

She sat silently for awhile. It was difficult to begin again, and George was half fearing, half hoping, that she might change her mind. The thing she had to say, whatever it might be, would undo nothing that had been done. Confession is not reparation. Yet there were things that Miss Richmond might make plain if she could do no more.

There was no smile on her face when she began speaking again; the same stricken look was there, the same intense earnestness, and in her words the same grave directness.

"You are very good," she said, looking into George's face. "I have always known that, always felt it; sometimes I have hated you for it. Now I am glad of it, since it makes you patient, and sympathetic, and forgiving. Just now you are dreading to hear what I have to say, and yet you are sitting there as if there were nothing you desired so much as to hear me begin at the beginning of my life, and tell you every trivial and hateful detail of it all on to the end. . . . The end was yesterday."

"I will only go back to the beginning of

that end, but that will take me back over one-and-twenty years, back to the time when I was a wilful, unthinking, yet intensely-loving woman of seventeen. I had never loved till then: I have never loved since. Plays and novels count it a virtue in a woman that she never loves but once, and is true to one love for her whole long lifetime. I may claim credit then for one virtue. But I was true against my will. I would have loved you if I could. But though Noel Bartholomew was married, and though I never saw him, I never forgot him, I never ceased to care for him, and to care passionately. And somehow I had always the feeling that my chance of winning him was not ended.

"He had never loved me, never cared for me, and I have thought sometimes that it was his indifference that drew me to love him so wildly, so madly. . . . Once, it was before I knew that he was engaged to Clarice Brook, I told him here, on this very moor, that if I could not have his love I should die. I had no shame when I said it, and for that I have had no shame since. . . . If I had been a weak woman instead of a strong one, I should assuredly have died.

"I need say no more of that time. I need not tell you that he was kind, and gentle, and honourable, and silent.

"When I heard of his wife's death I thanked heaven. Then it seemed to me that I might believe in a special Providence, a Providence that yet meant good towards me.

"And once again I thanked Heaven; it was when Noel Bartholomew came back to Murk-Marishes. I had been growing old, and my looks had begun to fade. In one week I grew young again, and, let me say it, more beautiful than I had ever been. A woman does not see when she is beautiful; she feels it. I felt myself growing beautiful again, and I felt myself capable of growing good.

"But the first time I met Noel Bartholomew—it was in his own house—my heart sank swiftly. He had loved, and his love was not dead. It would never die.

"And my love would never die.

"Instead of dying, it began to live as it had never lived before. It had always been a strong love; now it grew all at once to be a passionate love, or rather a passionate pain, a passionate suffering. . . . You will wonder why it was so. You will ask yourself what there was about Noel Bartholomew to win the affection of such a one as I am? If you asked me I could not answer you. If I said it was his goodness, you would smile. If

I said it was his kindness, you would not understand. No man ever does understand; and yet it is the one thing that a woman can never resist—simple, thoughtful, unwearied, and unfailing kindness.

"His kindness to me was only a suggestion of what it might have been if he had loved me. That was where the pain was; the suggestion was so sweet, so haunting, so discontenancing. . . . And yet I would rather have had his unkindness than the kindness of any man I have ever known.

"And every time I saw him afresh the pain grew, and the trouble grew, and my love grew; it grew to recklessness. More than once I all but told him of my love. I did tell him, only just not so directly that he had to refuse it in so many words. And yet he did refuse it, and he stung me, maddened me by his coldness, his calmness, his gentle, imperturbable apathy. Oh! how it stung me, when I was so willing to give up all for him! If he had asked me I would have gone to live under that thatched roof, and never once have hesitated to do it. And yet he would not even stoop to take anything I had to offer. He could not, and I saw that he could not, and I grew more utterly reckless with every week that went by.

"There are certain days that stand out above the other days. There was the day when the stone was laid in Soulsgrif Bight. I went down all gentleness and love and new humility, and filled with new yearnings. When I saw him there among the crowd my heart almost stood still. For a moment I was afraid of him coming to me, afraid to hear his voice, afraid to touch his hand. But he did not come; he remained standing aloof, talking to farm-folks and to fisher-folks, and for a long time he was as if I had not been there. Then he passed me, raising his hat as he passed, and sending me a cold glance that went through me like a shiver; and before I was aware of it all my love and gentleness was turned to a wild desire to be revenged, to give pain, to have satisfaction of some kind. It was his coldness, his aloofness, that changed me. I had borne so much; I was bearing so much then.

"When I first heard that his daughter had won your love—it was long before that day when I met her and you in Birkgrigg Gill—I was glad—glad to the bottom of my heart. Now, I thought, he will be alone and lonely, now he will turn to me. But that hope died as soon as it was born, and the thought that others were happy all round me while I was left so miserably unhappy, was a constant

goad, driving me on to do things I had never intended to do. It was in that mood I wrote that letter to you, and in that mood I answered you on that day in Soulsgrif Bight.

"I had another motive for doing some of the things I have done; it has influenced me all through. It arose out of the idea that if Noel Bartholomew knew me better, he could not but learn to care for me more. I wanted to bring him to me, to hear him ask me for something, some explanation, some decision. If I could but bring him oftener to my side, let the errand be what it might, I should know how to make the most of it. If he asked a favour I should know how to delay the granting of it; I should know how to yield at last; I should know how to make my yielding effective.

"Caring so much as he did care for his daughter, I felt certain that, for her sake, he would come, that he would desire to know all the truth as to that long-past engagement. I did not dream that you would keep silence, or that the stupid world would keep silence. But I have noted that the world's silences are often as malignant in their results as its wildest speech.

"All the summer I watched for his coming; but he never came. I learnt afterwards that he had even taken advantage of the few days I was absent to come over and take such sketches as were needful for the pictures Cecil had asked him to paint.

"From the first I was glad about those pictures.

"I am telling you all—I am telling you the worst; I am telling you that I am a woman capable of deliberate evil-will; I may even say that I believe there is in me an innate tendency to wrong-doing rather than to right; but am I *all* evil? . . . Say that I am not. I have known hours of inward strife, hours of relenting, hours when I have been afraid of myself, aghast at unexpected results. Tell me that I am not so evil all through, so utterly beyond hope, as I seem to myself to be!"

Miss Richmond paused, and she looked into George Kirkoswald's face; but her sudden question found him unprepared. He was dismayed and perplexed; and yet his dismay was half-pity, half-compassion. He did not speak; but Miss Richmond saw the look on his face, and went on again.

"Yes, I was glad from the first moment about those commissions," she said. "A whole series of suggestions hung about the idea that he was doing something that must bring us into contact of some kind; the kind might be made to depend on my will—or so

I thought. But I never decided on any particular course; I let matters drift—only giving them a little turn this way or that when the chance came. But nothing happened as I expected it would happen.

"You know that I destroyed Mr. Bartholomew's letters to Cecil? . . . No? . . . Well, I did. There were three of them. I had the same motive. It was not to keep Noel Bartholomew in suspense, but to bring him to Yarrell—to bring him there alone. He never came.

"The silence then was terrible. He was silent, and you were silent, and I did not know what was going on anywhere. I only believed that you were all together, all in sympathy, in felicity, and the thought made me feel as if the only end of my loneliness and misery would be fever and delirium.

"That was how I came to send the pictures back. Cecil did not know till afterwards, and he was furious; but his fury availed nothing. Let me say it now, Cecil has been blameless all through, and he will suffer when he knows all. But his suffering will be nothing to mine—nothing. Mine can never end.

"You know all the rest; you know that on that day when you came to Yarrell to plead for your friend your plea was unsuccessful. You did not know the madness, the weariness, the disappointment that was consuming me. Had he come . . . But I cannot think of it . . . I dare not think of it . . . He will come no more. That is all I know: he will come no more. I cannot realise it. I have to keep on saying it . . . I shall never see him any more.

"On that same day, when I was in that same mood, his daughter came. You know what happened then?"

"Yes," George said, speaking calmly. "Yes; I know. Do not let any thought of that distress you."

"No; that will not distress me—not now," Diana replied. "I can never now have but one distress. . . . I only mention it to tell you that then again my motive was the same—to bring him to Yarrell, to hear him speak, and question, and plead in his quiet way. Does it seem small, pitiful, inadequate? Then you do not know yet what love is, if aught seem small to you that can touch it in any way.

"It is pitiful, it is inadequate—it is worse than these in the light of yesterday. But remember that yesterday had not then dawned; remember that. I could not dream of yesterday.

"Can you even faintly understand now how I was driven on from point to point,

goaded into fighting a battle over two paintings that were precious to me because they were his work? Did you really think that I cared for the price? The price of the two of them was less than the price of the last new dress I had from Paris.

"I came at last to feel that if I might not have his love I would have his hate. Was I passing on to hatred myself? or is perverted love a worse thing than hatred? Indifference I could not know, nor forgetfulness.

"At any moment, from first to last, one word from him, and I had fallen at his feet in regret, in remorse, in passionate desire to atone for all I had done.

"And now all possibility of atonement is gone.

"Have you any pity left for me? Can you think of yesterday, of the fate that drew me, half against my will, from my own drawing-room to the top of Langbarough Moor, drew me there, face to face with the man I had loved so passionately, and who lay there with his death-warrant in his hand so peacefully—can you think of it, and not pity me, knowing that I know that it was my own hand that signed the deed?

"And yet I do not want your pity; I did not come here to ask for that. I came to disburden myself of all this, to see if I might breathe more freely when I had spoken. . . . No, I do not want your pity. . . . I want nothing you can give. . . . Yet you might forgive me—you might forgive me the harm I have done to you. . . . To feel that you forgave me would ease my mind a little—it would ease me from this pain, and wretchedness, and racking misery a little."

Miss Richmond had spoken with calmness, and yet her voice had betrayed more of the reality of her suffering than her words had done. She sat there now, twining her hands together with a grasp and movement that was almost convulsive. No doubt of the depth of her misery entered George's brain for a moment. His thought was otherwise engaged, as it could not fail to be; indeed, he was so greatly bewildered that he could hardly free himself to declare that forgiveness which was asked of him.

"Of course," he replied, "of course, if it is needful for me to say in so many words that I forgive you any pain you may have caused me, I will say it, and, I may add, that I can say it all the more readily and truly, because since you have spoken so plainly I cannot but understand. If you had not spoken, I confess that comprehension would have been difficult. All through I have been puzzled,

pained; and now I am pained for you; but what can I say to comfort you?"

"What do prison chaplains say to men condemned to die?"

"I cannot even imagine," George replied. "But it is certain that they must speak differently to different men, and it must be easier far to speak to such as acknowledge their wrong-doing, and are filled with sorrow for it. But the comparison was not mine, and I do not for a moment accept it. There is no analogy whatever. If we were to be punished for the *consequences* of all our errors, then were we indeed a miserable race. And as for this sad, final consequence we speak of, I can tell you, for your comfort, that he who is lying there in my house has known for some time past that the end might come even as suddenly as it has come. Dr. Armistage has told me that. I did not know it; would that I had! I would that I had but known it myself!"

"Supposing that to be so—I do not doubt it—supposing his life to have been one of those that hang on a thread, yet see how the thread holds together in cases where there is peace, and freedom from anxiety and from all harassing things! . . . And Noel Bartholomew's first attack happened on that morning when the pictures were returned."

"I believe that was the first."

"And he has had none since—not till yesterday?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Then to my dying hour I shall know that the snapping of the thread was my deed."

George Kirkoswald was silent a moment. With all possible desire to speak "large, divine, and comfortable words," he knew that there could be no divinity in words that were not truthful. On the face of it there seemed only too much probability that this self-accusation of Miss Richmond's did not arise from an exaggerated view of the matter. And yet who could say?

"It is *impossible* to say," he answered. "I know that even the uncertainty must be a most terrible thing to you, and I would that I might assure you that nothing that you have done could have had anything to do with the failure of his health; but you perceive I cannot do that. I can only say that no man or woman may foresee the result of the smallest and most trivial-seeming action. A spoken word, a sentence in a letter, may have consequences we cannot even dream of. Our own acts pass beyond our own control, and take on a separate existence, and how far our

responsibility may extend we cannot tell. We may blame ourselves for things of which the very angels hold us innocent. Where we know we are not innocent, we need not, thank Heaven! sink to despair. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit, and no spirit was ever yet broken by the weight of what was counted as but venial sin. A great fall, or what seems such to us, is very often the beginning of any real spiritual rising."

An almost imperceptible light moved like a flash across Miss Richmond's face as George Kirkoswald said the last sentence.

"You think that?" she said. "You can say that though you are thinking of me?"

"Yes," George replied, looking up with the consciousness of the weight of the moment in his eyes. "Yes, I can say that. Will you let me say more—will you let me say that I think your whole nature has needed some such powerful and determining influence as this? Hitherto there has been no crisis in your life, nothing to awaken, to test your powers, nothing to bring you face to face with the stern realities of existence. . . . Your experience has been all of one kind, and therefore it is all the more likely that this sudden and trying calamity will, in the end, make for your peace."

Miss Richmond sat in silence for another minute or two; then she rose to her feet, and stood looking out with eyes that were slowly filling with tears toward the spot where the dark figure had lain but yesterday.

"Thank you," she said at last, holding out her hand as she spoke. "Thank you. . . . If it all comes back again—if it is more than I can bear, will you let me write?"

"I shall be glad if you will write," George replied, remembering all the loneliness and desolateness of her life. "If you will let me, I shall be glad to be your friend so long as you may need my friendliness."

They parted then, Miss Richmond preferring to walk back over the moor alone. All the way the hot tears were dropping over her face, all the way the soothing words were ringing through her brain, all the way that seed-germ of higher hope was falling more deeply into the ground prepared for it. As yet it was no more than that, a tiny germ that might grow, and unfold, and make for good.

CHAPTER LXVIII.—THE DAY SO PLACID IN ITS GOING.

THEY had done all that might be done to make the stately yet shabby room seemly for the august Presence which had entered there.

Jael, and the women who helped her, were of such a hand on the old traditions, and nothing was neglected. The crimson draperies of the room were replaced by white; white coverlets were folded in conventional ways; the toilet-glass was shrouded in fine white linen. The flowers that George Kirkoswald had procured with such difficulty were disposed everywhere. He had arranged these himself; feeling a very agony of regret that this small service of love should be the last. . . . If he might only have known!

When he saw the carriage coming, bringing Canon Gabriel and Genevieve from the Rectory, George went out resolutely to the greenhouses at the bottom of the garden. No sight or sound of him should disturb her; and as he went he thanked God earnestly that she was not alone.

Canon Gabriel went into the room where Noel Bartholomew was lying; he went first, leaving Genevieve without the door for a moment or two; then he led her there to the side of the bed; and they knelt together for awhile. Genevieve was calm, but the strength to look on the dead face was not yet hers. She was alone when the strength came.

Though the white curtains were drawn the room was yet filled with light, a soft, reverent, pure white light that helped to beautify everything it fell upon.

The face of Noel Bartholomew needed no adventitious aid. It was as a sculptor's dream of all that might be grand or great in humanity.

It has been said that it is not till after death that the real character of a man is made visible in the countenance; not till that low strife which makes the mind little for the moment is over. All that has been best in a man is confirmed, attested; all that has been less than the best is done away.

When Death has laid "his sovereign, soothing hand" upon the features he leaves there a royal serenity of aspect. It is as if he said, "Though you knew it not, this man was noble, and had a noble power. All that life darkened, I, Death, make visible to your eyes."

Not yet had Genevieve Bartholomew shed any tear. In this first moment she shed none. This seemed no place for tears. Her first thought was, "Is this my father? Can he look so?"

For some time she stood there with clasped hands and bowed head, not thinking, not praying, only looking into that still, and calm, and noble face.

The scent of the white violets that were

strewn about the pillow, of the great rich spires of white hyacinth that were everywhere, came to her like part of that which filled the room, that grand, great presence that was yet beautiful, that was wholly peaceful.

Outside in the sunny air the birds were chirping and singing; that was the only sound, and it was the sound that the sleeping man had loved above all others; the sound that more than any had made him to be "in love with easeful Death." It was as if she could still hear him saying,

"Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain."

Even so he had ceased to be, not upon the dark midnight, but upon the still sunny Sunday morning; at a time, and in a place where one lower than he might have been moved to desire to cease to be.

It was not till the thought came to her that she might not remain there much longer that any chord of grief was struck. She knelt again then, kneeling so that she could see the face. "Must I leave you, my father?" she said, speaking with white, quivering lips. "Must I leave you, not to see you any more? . . . And you have not spoken to me. . . not once. . . I want to hear you speak again, my father, but once again." She spoke softly, and as she spoke, her voice changed; sobs broke it, the slow hot tears began to fall.

For a long time she knelt there; and the passion of weeping had its way, weeping which heals the heart's bruises in such mysterious ways, and with such effectiveness that the worst grief is never the same again as when it was dry and hard and tearless.

Genevieve's sorrow had never been hard, there was no hardness in her nature; and this loss was not of a kind to bring hardness. Neither was there fear of any kind; nor any dark dread of the silent land whither her father had gone.

He seemed very near to her as she knelt there. The knowledge that you can put out your hand and touch the face that is so close to yours if you will, is incompatible with the idea that he whom you may touch cannot hear you, or know of your existence.

Is there not always the idea that those who have but just gone cannot yet have gone very far?

Other thoughts came, other questions, other desires, such as may not be written; then at last the moment of parting came. It might have been terrible; but that yearning, aching sadness had no terror in it. The sting

of death had been taken away, the victorious grave was as the open gate of heaven.

The day when they laid him in his grave was a grey, quiet, sombre day. The sun did not shine upon it. Nature had no smile that morning; instead she dropped a few quiet tears, and her deep-drawn sighs came shivering downward from the moor, stirring the leafless boughs to a mournful movement that was like a gesture of sympathetic sadness.

Noel Bartholomew's grave had been made by the side of the one that had been made only a few short weeks before. "He will be glad to have it so," Genevieve said when the Canon told her. "And I shall be glad." The affectionate friendship that had been between the two who slept there came back to her with a new significance. Death, dark death, throws new light upon many things.

When all was over, when the dropping mould had fallen upon the coffin-lid, surely the most agonising sound this earth can have for human ears, then again sorrow would have her own wild will and way; and Canon Gabriel was too wise to try to stop the flowing of tears so natural, so certain to end in a more patient peacefulness. For awhile his guest did as she would. If she preferred to be alone he understood without a word; if she cared to go to him in his study, then she knew that he was glad to have her there. So two days went by in a quiet that was as precious as it was needful.

On the third day there came a sound to break the quiet. The big gates at the bottom of the avenue were thrown open; a carriage with a pair of horses dashed in rather grandly, and in a very few minutes Canon Gabriel came to prepare Genevieve for a visit.

"Can you see a friend, dear?" the old man asked. "A friend, who has come a long way to see you. . . . She only got my letter yesterday morning."

"It is Mrs. Winterford!" Genevieve said, speaking with more of life and eagerness than she had shown about anything yet; and the next moment a little shy, timid, white-haired lady was shown in, her black silk dress rustling, her black beads and fringes glittering and trembling as she rushed forward to be folded in Genevieve's fervid embrace.

"My child!" she exclaimed, "my own child whom God has given me twice over!" That was all that could be said in that first moment. Tears silenced the words that might have been.

Presently the carriage, which had been hired at Market-Studley, was sent round to

the Richmond Arms ; and rooms were taken there for Mrs. Winterford and her maid for one night. The little lady meant to do things very quickly, wisely thinking that since they must be painful things, the sooner the pain was overgot the better. She was not long in perceiving that Genevieve had had no plans, and thought of none ; so that her own did not meet with prepared opposition. She spoke from the beginning as if no opposition were possible, or likely ; and indeed what opposition could have been made ? If Genevieve had thought of the matter at all she would have said to herself, "I have no home, I have no money, and I have no talent that would bring me bread," and so thinking she might for her own convenience, or rather for her life's continuance, have been glad to accept such a home as that open to her at Havilands. Fortunately both for herself and Mrs. Winterford, these thoughts had not come yet. Genevieve only knew that her godmother, who had been very dear to her real mother, was the one friend to whom she could have yielded herself in this complete and passive way. No thought of dependence crossed her mind, because she knew that it could never cross the mind of Mrs. Winterford. True affection, true friendship, knows nothing of benefits conferred or received. The mutual give-and-take, where hearts are large enough for giving and taking, is not a thing to be counted up and entered in a note-book. You shall do a thousand kindnesses to your friend ; and every one of them he shall forget ; but he shall never forget the atmosphere of love for him that was about you and with you, making your material kindness so utterly a secondary thing. He saw that you could not help your lavish gifts ; and therefore the gifts themselves were not impressive. The impressive thing was the love that was all the while behind. If that love be wanting your kindest deed shall turn to gall and wormwood in your own heart and in his ; nay, it shall be worse than the wormwood and the gall—these are bitter, but not deadly.

As far as possible Mrs. Winterford made her arrangements with the Canon's aid alone. He was to see Miss Craven, to ask her to take Keturah until another place could be found for her ; to pay ought that might be owing ; to engage some one to pack up all that had belonged to Noel Bartholomew and to his daughter, and see that the packages were forwarded to Havilands. The pictures and the furniture of the studio were to be sent to Meyer and Calanson's. The dead

artist had mentioned to Canon Gabriel as well as to his daughter, his intention about the disposal of his works.

All this was arranged in that first evening ; and then the Canon disclosed to Mrs. Winterford, as gently as he could, all that he knew of George Kirkoswald's love for Genevieve. That was how he spoke of it ; the cause that was the side of the matter that he knew most about.

"You do not speak as if the engagement were a definite one?" Mrs. Winterford said, trying to hide the sudden sinking of heart that the news caused her. "And, indeed, if it had been, I think I should have heard of it."

"I am sure you would have heard of it," the Canon said. They were sitting together in his book-lined study. The little white-haired lady with her white cap and glistening fringes sat by the fire, looking into the Canon's worn, gentle, finely-furrowed face, listening to his pure musical voice with appreciation of its music. "I am sure you would have been told at once," he said. "And I think I should have been told too. But there has been pain, and some mistake, some mystery. I only guess its nature, and therefore I may not speak of it. I think it is at an end ; but events have come too quickly one after another to permit of any real and open clearing up of things. Now, of course, it is impossible that there can be anything definite said for some time to come."

"You think the affection is mutual?" the little lady asked.

"Of that I am certain," was the reply, and many thoughts were behind the old man's words as he spoke. "I am quite certain that it is mutual ; and I am quite certain that on both sides it is very great. Mr. Kirkoswald has been ill, but he is better now ; and since Genevieve has been here he has come down from Usselby each morning and each evening to make inquiries. He will come again to-night ; and I must see him for a moment. . . . It will be a painful moment if I must tell him that Genevieve is leaving us to-morrow."

"I think she would not wish to see him just now," Mrs. Winterford said, speaking timidly, as if not quite sure.

"Most certainly she would not," the Canon said decisively ; "she probably could not. I have not mentioned his name to her at all. . . . And he is very good, patient with a deep, strong patience that touches me greatly."

The events of the past few days had told more considerably upon George Kirkoswald's newly-recovered strength than he was ready to admit; but admission was forced upon him at last. Dr. Armitage, meeting him on his way down from Usselby to the Rectory that same evening, insisted upon his going back again; and the next morning found him, to say the least of it, willing to rest. He would go down to Thurkeld Abbas when evening came again.

It was a very wild evening, wild and cold and strange. All day the sky had been swept by great gloomy masses of cloud; the temperature had gone down rapidly; the wind had come in fitful gusts. Then it had ceased, and a thick, damp, chilling snow-fog had crept up from the north-east, covering all the land. It hung like a great yellow pall as George went down from Usselby in the late afternoon. He could not see the church tower: the tops of the houses disclosed themselves to him slowly, one by one, as he rode up the village street. He left his horse at the Richmond Arms this evening, which he had not done before. He hardly knew why he did it now. Was there any vague hope in him that Genevieve might see him for a minute or two? Surely she could trust him not to speak of aught that might not yet be spoken of! He had just destroyed that letter which he had written ten days ago; he had put it into the fire without breaking the seal, having the very general feeling that one's own letters are seldom pleasant reading. . . . What unpleasant things time can make of some of them!

So, with a little fluttering about his heart, he went up to the Rectory. If he might but just see her, but just hold her hand, and look into her eyes for one moment he would ask no more. There was something that was almost a smile about his mouth as he shook hands with Canon Gabriel; but the Canon did not respond to that buoyant and rather hopeful glance. Instead he said at once:—

"I have some news that will surprise you, and not agreeably I am afraid. But sit down. . . . There is nothing very sad about it in one sense."

"It concerns Miss Bartholomew? Is she ill?"

"No, I am thankful to say. She seemed better than I had hoped this morning. Fragile as she looks, she is very strong. But it will be better to tell you all at once. Mrs. Winterford, her friend and godmother, came yesterday; and this morning she went away

again, taking Genevieve with her. They have gone direct to Havilands."

For a considerable time George Kirkoswald made no reply. He sat looking into the fire; a quick dash of sleety snow came beating with a sudden spitefulness upon the window-pane. The study was growing dark.

"Havilands is near to Dorking, I think?" he remarked presently.

"Yes, somewhere between Dorking and Leatherhead. It is a very lovely place, I believe."

"And what is Mrs. Winterford like?"

"She is like a good, charming, motherly little lady, nearly sixty years of age, I should say," the Canon replied. "Her love for Genevieve is beautiful to see, it is so tender, so almost deferential, and yet so wise. To have seen her is to find a load gone from my heart. . . . I wish much that you might have seen her too!"

"I shall see her before long," said George resolutely, rising to his feet as he spoke, and smoothing out the contractions that had gathered about his forehead. He could perceive already that this thing that was causing him such great and unexpected disappointment was the best thing possible for her he loved. Love is worth nothing that cannot acquiesce in the good of the one beloved, even though that good lie outside of him and all his effort, all his cognisance.

Yet it was a lonely going back for him. He felt that he had never been glad enough that Genevieve had been so near. He could not picture her in that new and unknown home, with that new and unknown friend whose love and opportunities for showing love seemed to defraud him somewhat. He would have to live in the future while the slow days were passing now; but he could not look cheerfully into the days to be with that chill piercing gust coming round him in the darkness, dashing the snow into his face, and half-blinding him. That brief bright February spring which comes so often in this strange climate of ours was at an end. It had given place to that second winter which, as a rule, proves to be a worse winter than the first.

CHAPTER LXIX.—THE DRIFTING SNOW UPON LANGBAROUGH MOOR.

ALL the year that cry that was for ever upon old Joseph Craven's lips had no meaning—none but that tragic meaning which was connected with it when it first broke from his lips. Now once more it came mournfully and appositely,—

"The snaw's allus driftin' ower Lang-barugh Moor!"

For three days it had been drifting. The land lay white and still under a lowering, threatening snow-cloud of dark indigo blue. It is a sky that is indescribable in its effect, and that effect is heightened by the unbroken whiteness that lies everywhere underneath it. Has any artist ever given us its mysticity, its strange gloom, its ominousness?

It is, of course, only visible between the showers. When the snow is actually falling there is nothing but the thick whiteness, which is dusky yellow if you look upward, or towards nightfall dusky grey. There is hardly a more mournful time than the twilight that is darkened by thick, fast-falling snow.

It is mournful enough in towns and villages, but if you would know it at its worst you must seek out some lone house on the edge of a Yorkshire moor, accessible only by bad roads, and some miles distant from the necessities of life. To add to your appreciation of the moment, you should be responsible for the well-being of the household, and your means should be of the narrowest, so as to preclude your having had stores of anything in readiness for such a catastrophe as lies within the meaning of the simple words "snowed up."

Poor Dorothy Craven was feeling as if every flake was falling upon her heart with anything but snow-like lightness. The winter altogether had been a dark time for her. The bad harvest had proved in the event to be very bad. The downward trend of things had become more marked than ever since the thrashing out of the scant spoiled corn, which had been pronounced to be unfit for human food. Dorothy knew that it was unfit—the black, heavy, moist loaf on her own table was proof enough of that. Even when she had bought a sack of good foreign flour to mix with her own, the product was hardly eatable. Yet Miss Craven ate of it daily, with many a sad and secret wonder as to the ways of an inscrutable Providence.

This was not the worst. Black bread was bad, but unpaid rent was worse; and now a whole year's rent was owing; at May-day it would be a year and a-half. . . . It was very certain that the coming May would see the end of things at Hunsгарth Hagg's.

If a last straw had been needed surely it had come in the shape of this late snow-storm. The few sheep that were left were huddled together in the frozen stackyard, the cattle were housed, and were feeding on the black, worthless hay. It was no wonder

that the little milk that the cows gave was blue and thin, and that it had no cream to speak of. It was only in keeping with all the rest. The very fowls were not laying. For weeks past there had been no farm produce of any kind to be taken to Thurkeld Abbas, to exchange for groceries or for animal food. For over a week now the daily dinner for Miss Craven, her father and mother, and the one farm lad, had consisted mainly of a pigeon or two shot by Hanson as they clustered together on the snow-covered remains of the last haystack.

Mr. Crudas was not unaware of this state of things; he was mindful to keep himself as much alive to it as was possible. Dorothy told him nothing that she could help telling; but, as he was in the habit of saying to himself, "If I *is* a bit deaf, I isn't blind yet;" and, indeed, though love may blind the eyes, as it is said to do, assuredly it does but give double seeing power to the heart.

Ishmael Crudas saw a great deal more than he wished to see, and the sight made his heart ache more than Miss Craven imagined. And she had not permitted him to speak of his heartache of late. Some time ago she had forbidden all protestation. He might come to the house if he chose, or he might choose not to come; but if he came he must be silent about the one wish and desire that was left to him.

He had not been obedient. The thing was always present with him, and it could not be but that it should declare its continued existence in one way or another. If he might not plead openly, he could take care that no chance of inserting a hint was ever lost. He did not mind Dorothy's glances. Another man might have found them deterrent and forbidding, but Mr. Crudas knew her well enough and loved her well enough to dare to brave any number of them. To him they were but a proof that he was not indifferent to her.

He had not been up at Hunsгарth Hagg's since the snow-storm set in. The last time Miss Craven had seen him had been in the churchyard at Thurkeld Abbas on the day when Noel Bartholomew had been laid there to rest. Their eyes had met then through tears and sorrow; and it was but natural that each should see in the face of the other an expression of sympathetic kindness that was not too common there.

More than once during those days of dearth and darkness Miss Craven had remembered the look on Ishmael Crudas's face as he stood with his bared head in the churchyard

listening to the solemn yet grandly beautiful words that were being said. . . . If she had never really forgiven him for the sin of his youth until that moment, assuredly she forgave him then.

When she went home there was a new peace in her heart—that deep peace which comes when a long struggle is at an end. No thought of what “the country side” would say troubled her now, nor did she set herself to think how she should make known to Ishmael Crudas that there was change in her. He would perceive it quickly enough when he came. If he did not perceive it quickly, then let his perception awaken slowly; it would be all the same. For two or three days she was conscious only of this—the fight was over.

That was nearly a week ago, and he had not come. Miss Craven could hardly remember the time when a week had passed without a visit from Ishmael Crudas. She knew well enough that it was not the weather that prevented his coming. Was he ill—lying down there in that wide, lonely house by the sea-cliffs, with no one to tend or care for him? Had he gone from home? Had any accident happened to him?

This was the first time for many years that she had needed to have any anxiety about him, and anxiety seldom does aught toward lessening a woman's affection. Many a love has been first discovered to its possessor in a time of waiting and dread.

And still the dark, wild gusts swept over the moor, laden with the thick drifting snow. The hedges and the low stone walls that were about the farm were not to be discerned. The stillness grew more and more intense; it was almost appalling. The very blackbird upon the eaves seemed afraid of his own short, plaintive note, and only piped at rare intervals. A half-frozen robin and two starlings went in-doors boldly, and sat in panting silence wherever they were allowed to sit.

And all the while, day by day and hour by hour, old Joseph Craven, walking up and down over the sanded floor, uttered his melancholy burden, varying it, turning it, yet leaving it always the same:—

“For ever, for ever, for ever, the white snaw drifts upon Langbarugh Moor!”

Dorothy made no attempt to hinder the words that wearied her so. She sat by her mother's side knitting quickly, almost excitedly, as if the mere mechanical movement of her hands was a necessity of her existence. There was nothing else to be done. She

could not see to do anything else. The snow had frozen thickly upon the window-pane, filling the house with gloom; the wind was muttering heavily round the farm; the snow came down the wide chimney, hissing upon the fire as it fell. If there had been no poverty, no lack of aught, no sadness, no dread, that snowstorm would still have been a wearying and gloomy thing.

The twilight was adding its gloom to the other glooms now, yet Dorothy did not put her knitting away. The clock ticked slowly, the fire burned dimly; her father still walked up and down from the dresser to the door; still kept on uttering the words that seemed filled afresh with sad meanings.

At last, quite suddenly, the old man stopped. He was close to the window.

“Whisht!” he said, in a strange, awe-struck whisper. “Whisht, Dolly! . . . What's he singin' for? What's he singin' oot there for, where the snaw's driftin'? It's allus driftin' ower Langbarugh Moor!”

Dorothy Craven was not a weak woman, not impressionable, yet she felt that the colour fled from her face. It was her father's strange manner that moved her more than aught he said.

“Who's singing?” she said, putting her knitting down, and going up to her father as he stood there in the attitude of one who listens intently.

“Wheä's singin'?” the old man said, with a smile. “Whya lissen tiv her! She pretends she disn't know Ishmal Crudds's voice! . . . Hearken, then! hearken! Wheä is't 'at sings yon sang?—

‘It's oh, I'm sick, I'm very sick,
An' it's a' for Barbara Allan.’”

For a moment Dorothy felt faint, yet unconsciously she was impelled to listen herself. But she could hear no sound save the sound of the wuthering wind, and the driving snow, and the hissing rain that was upon the wide hearthstone.

Doubtless this was a new fancy of her father's weakened brain; yet she knew that he was not given to new fancies, and there was that in his manner that compelled more than her attention.

“He's oot yonder,” the old man went on, with a new keen sparkle in his faded eyes, and a small spot of burning colour coming into either cheek. “Ishmal's oot yonder, ower by Haverah Mere. . . . But what's he singin' for?—what sud he staa'y there singin' i' th' driftin' snaw for; the snaw that drifts for ever upon Langbarugh Moor?”

With a quiver on her lip Dorothy went

out to the door that opened upon the stack-yard. The snow was falling less heavily; there was a lurid gleam of light up over the edge of the white moorland. But the only sound she heard was the sound of the milk streaming into Hanson's pail in the cow-house close at hand, and the pitiful bleating of the sheep huddled together under the stable-wall. The wind was lulled for a moment.

Her father came out to her as she stood there. "Ya can hear him noo, Dorothy? ya can hear him noo?" the old man said excitedly. "He's up yonder, over by the mere. Ya can hear him singin'. Hearken, then! hearken!"—

"Oh, slowly, slowly, rase she up,
To the place where he was lyin';
And when she drew the curtain low,
'Young man, I think ye're dyin'.'"

Was she dreaming? Was it not impossible that the sound of a man's voice should reach from the road that crossed the moor to Hunsgarth Haggs? The distance was said to be nearer two miles than one. Surely it was impossible! And yet—yet, if she had ever heard Ishmael Crudas singing

"Be kind to Barbara Allan,"

then assuredly she heard him now.

She did not stop to think. There was an old plaided shawl lying folded on a chair which she threw round her as she went out. "Hanson!" she cried, as she rushed past the open door of the cow-house, "Hanson! follow me!"

And Hanson followed her, out through the stackyard-gate into the deep drift that was lying there in the upland-pathway. The snow was harder than it had been, yet they sank at almost every step. Fortunately, the wind was not just then in its gustiest mood, and the snow was only falling lightly, softly, in the gathering twilight. But though things were so favourable, it was a whole long hour before they stood by the edge of the tiny moorland lake known as Haverah Mere.

Dorothy had not spoken, nor had she heard any sound to guide her on her way. That one line of the song that she had heard before she left the house was ringing in her ears still; it had certainly come, as her father had said, from that quarter of the moor where the mere was; and though it must have come against the wind, the seeming absurdity of her proceeding never struck her.

She had said to herself in the beginning that she would go as far as the mere if that were possible, and now she stood by the edge of the basin that enclosed it on three sides. It was frozen; the snow was lying

smoothly upon it, higher at one end than the other apparently, but she could not see quite across to the other side. And yet it was not a dark night. Though it was long past the hour of sunset, and the moon had not yet risen, a light seemed to strike upward from the great unlevel plain of snow.

Hanson was by her side, wondering, breathless, half-angry, wholly chilled. What could be his mistress's motive for such a wild vagary as this? He could only hope from the bottom of his heart that compensation would be made to him in a supper that should not consist of "pigeon broth."

Miss Craven had stopped on the northern edge of the mere. There was no sound, no sign. If there had been any footmarks it was too dark to discern them.

Should she cry aloud? Should she make known her presence there, so that, if any wanderer were falling into that sleep which is the sleep of death he might be roused to effort? Her lips parted to make some sound, but none came. She was nerveless, powerless. If she had had any hope it had lost its spring.

So she stood on the wild, snow-covered moorland. The wind was beginning to rise again: her shawl fluttered past her face. She was growing cold and chill since her purpose had begun to fail.

Then suddenly, as she stood there, a shrill sound broke upon the night; it seemed close at hand in the darkness when it began. Dorothy turned, stifling a sob that arose lest it should prevent her hearing. Whence exactly did it come? It seemed farther away already. She clasped her hands passionately together as she stood with the snow-flakes drifting into her face. In her ears the words were shrilling:—

"She had a raiment a siller that twa
When she was young and fair and true;
And ever she sang the dowie dowie song,
Hearken, 'Wae to Barbara Allan'."

"Wae, indeed!" she said to herself, as she went flying over the frozen snow. There was no sound now to guide her. For some minutes she went wandering on in the gusty darkness, now stopping for a moment, now stumbling, and rising again and hurrying on. Then, again, there came a sign; again the shrill voice rose on the wind, crying only:—

"Wae to Barbara Allan!"

She reached the spot from whence the sound had come at last. It was no delusion, no false voice sent to lure her to her destruction, as she had imagined more than

once it might be. There, in the drifted, trackless snow a man had fallen by the side of a fallen horse, and the man was Ishmael Crudas.

The horse was dead; some seizure had come upon him; and the snows of Langbarugh Moor were making for him a grave.

His master was lying there with his head upon the flank of the dappled-grey that had been to him as a friend. It was doing him service still, being protection from both wind and snow. At the moment when Dorothy Craven reached the spot Ishmael Crudas slept, but his sleep was the sleep that comes between the delirious moments of high fever.

He awoke to her voice, to her touch, when she dashed away the snow that was gathering about him, but he had no power to rouse himself. If he opened his eyes she could not see, but when he spoke, or rather sang, faintly and out of tune, she heard all too plainly:—

"It's oh, I'm sick, I'm very, very sick,
An' it's a' for Barbara Allan."

"But 'Barbara Allan' is here," Dorothy said. "Or if it is not 'Barbara Allan,' it is Dorothy Craven, and I guess one will do as well as the other just now."

But the prostrate man did not understand. It was some time before he was able to rise to his feet and go. Miss Craven supported him on one side, Hanson on the other; and that weary way from Haverah Mere to Huns-garth Hags will never be forgotten by any one of those three who travelled over it that wild February night. The moon was up by the time they reached the brow of the moor. It hung like a golden lamp in a fast-changing world of grey and golden cloud. At times it was obscured altogether, and the three went on less bravely. The clock was striking ten when they entered the kitchen of that lone upland farm.

"Eh! but I was reeght then," the old man said, with a new and beautiful light spreading over his worn face as they went in. "Eh! but I was reeght. 'Twas you that was singin' upon Langbarugh Moor, then! I said you were singin' there, though the snaw was driftin'. . . . T' snaw's allus driftin' ower Langbarugh Moor!"

CHAPTER LXX.—"FRESH AS THE WILDING
HEDGE-ROSE CUP."

WILL it not be refreshing to find that the scene has changed with apparent rapidity—that Murk-Marishes with its barren and profitless farms, Langbarugh Moor with its drifting snows, Soulsgrif Bight with its homely

fisher-folk, have all had to give place to the summer sunshine of the south, to civilisation, to all the softness of a rich pastoral beauty?

The house at Havilands stands in a hollow between wood-crowned hills—round-topped gently-curving hills, disclosing no bare riven craggs, no masses of sterile sandstone. It is very truly one of those "places of nestling green for poets made." For a moment, looking down on a June day into the hollow, you see nothing but that soft, feathery, waving green that makes the beautiful distinctiveness of early summer. Presently you perceive some clusters of twisted Tudor chimneys, then a low red gable, and a little farther on an opening between the trees discloses to you a flower-filled garden, a mossy arbour or two, a great fish-pond where white and yellow water-lilies float, and where tall amber-tinted irises stand in thick clusters. The sloping banks of the pond are covered with flowers of every hue.

Already George Kirkoswald was beginning to think that he had done an unwise thing in presuming to enter this earthly paradise uninvited and unannounced. Yet the plan had had an irresistible attraction for him beforehand; and when all was said, he was but intending to make a call. Surely any friend of Miss Bartholomew's might venture to call to see her in the house where she had made her home.

Only a very few days before, Canon Gabriel had dropped a hint which had startled George not too pleasantly. The Canon had received a letter from Mrs. Winterford in which that lady had spoken of the possibility there was of her going to Switzerland for a few weeks, and taking Miss Bartholomew with her. The matter was not settled; but Genevieve was needing change, she said. The girl had begun to droop in unaccountable ways; and nothing would be so certain to revive her as the foreign travel for which she had always longed. Mrs. Winterford would write again when anything definite had been come to.

George had left Usselby the next day; and now he was wandering here, alone, in Mrs. Winterford's garden. He had found a wicket-gate at the farther end of the place; and an old woman, who was evidently supposed to be weeding, had directed him to make his way up to the house between the avenues of flowers that were standing tall, and still, and beautiful on every side. For a moment or two he had a sense of reminiscence; and then it occurred to him that it was Noel Bartholomew's lovely garden-scene that was behind

the momentary confusion of his brain. The white, graceful Madonna lilies seemed as if they whispered together of the dead artist; and the rose-sprays moved with little gestures of sadness—or so he fancied, as he stood there in that woven wilderness of emerald green bestarred with all the summer flowers of the land. Accustomed as he had been to the sight of beauty of all kinds, this beauty came to him like a new emotion.

No sound broke the perfect stillness of the place. It was the time of day when birds are mute. A hot sun was pouring down.

White fleecy cloudlets were floating up the sky; butterflies hovered by on silent wing.

George went on wandering slowly up toward the house. There was a little rustic arbour with wreaths of purple clematis dropping over it, and a table and two chairs inside of it. On the table there was a piece of embroidered satin, and a tiny work-basket that he knew. He felt his face grow hot as he stood there; and when he turned away his heart was beating. This nearness, this knowledge was almost enough for the moment.

He went on a little faster, nervously, uncon-



"By the side of the still waters."

sciously, and a sudden turn brought him to the side of the lakelet where the water-lilies were floating among the great, cool green leaves; and the flags standing straight, and still, and double, being reflected downward as clearly as they stood upward. He had not seen before that there was an islet in the middle of the water, all covered with flowering shrubs and trailing branches, and rosy dropping blossoms. What was that gleaming line of blue and white half-hidden among the scarlet honeysuckle? Surely it was a little boat. . . . He went onward. The

boat was drifting slowly; the oars dropped upon the rowlocks; the crimson cushions pil-
lowed a golden head half-hidden by a straw hat with a black ribbon on it; a white shawl was thrown over a heavy black dress. . . . It was Genevieve, and she slept. . . . The boat drifted onward toward an outlet that the water had at the farther end of the tiny lake. It was moving slowly, very slowly, brushing the yellow irises and the dropping woodbine. Still it moved: still Genevieve slept.

George had time to think a thousand things as he sauntered as noiselessly as might be

over the turf-covered pathway ; turning now and then that he might keep near the drifting boat. There was a hedge of flowers between him and the lakelet, sometimes a tall hedge, sometimes a low one ; but he never lost sight of the golden head that lay sleeping upon the crimson cushions.

He remembered distinctly the moment when that fair, pure, impressive face had first struck upon his sight. The storm-wind of Soulsgrif Bight was playing rudely with the yellow rippling tresses ; the deep violet-grey eyes were lifted to his in anxious pain, the curved coral lips were parted to ask for any word of hope that he might have to give. . . Surely it was but yesterday !

All that storm scene came back upon him—the dragging of the life-boat overland, through the snow ; the difficulty of launching it from the sands of Soulsgrif ; the disabling stroke, the return, the second and successful attempt to save the lives of the crew of *The Viking*. But the one scene that came more vividly than all the rest, was the tall, white figure standing out against the black rock, just above the wild, mad rushing of the yeasty waves. And as he thought of it, he felt the thrill that went through him as he held Genevieve Bartholomew for one perilous moment in his arms—perilous and precious, and to be remembered for evermore.

And as he walked on there came to him the memory of that second time when his arm had enfolded her. Then also there had been peril, and pain, and dark fear below the rapture of the moment.

Surely if there had been aught ominous about those days the omen had spent itself now. Love's way had never run smoothly since. But this was no time for looking back, and looking sadly. The very air about him, the stir and scent of the flowers, the sparkling of the glassy water ; all were against one thought of doubt, or fear, or sadness.

And still the enchanted boat went on over the enchanted lake. It was near the lower end now, where a great elm-tree overshadowed the water : and where the white chalices of the lilies were more thickly clustered together. The little craft went on ; there was a slight shudder when the keel caught a great tangled root, and then the golden head was raised ; the face that was as a wild June rose was lifted in wonder. . . . Surely she had not been sleeping !

Genevieve stooped for her hat which had fallen to the bottom of the boat, and the next moment she turned suddenly. There

was something moving among the rose-bushes—some one was there !

"Can I help you to land?" asked a clear, penetrating voice that seemed as if it were subdued by the softness of the beauty that was everywhere. A tall, dark figure stood by the elm-tree bole ; a little cry answered him ; quick, hot blushes poured like a tide over the face that was so near to his. George's hand was already on the bow of the boat, drawing it into a tiny green and golden creek. There was no doubt about anything, no hesitation. Genevieve gave him both her hands with a look of unutterable tenderness, and sweetness, and rapture. Then she stepped from the boat, and only knew that once more she was folded close to a heart that was beating as wildly and as warmly as her own. No words were said—there was no need of aught so poor and inadequate as words.

That one supreme hour of life, the hour to which the poet turns in his fullest ecstasy of mystic singing was theirs ; though it passed by, it would be theirs for evermore.

Such hours are typical ; and attest the higher element in man—his capacity for exaltation above himself. To have attained to this height and dignity of loving, is to have known the glory of human transfiguration.

You may step down from that height into the every-day life of humanity on earth, but you shall take with you as an abiding possession, the insight and the gain of that hour of measureless grace.

* * * *

Mrs. Winterford was in London that day ; she had gone there on business, and declined to take Genevieve into the heat and dust of the crowded city on a hot day in June.

The little lady was too well-bred to show the surprise she felt when she returned in the evening, and met her daughter in the chestnut avenue leaning on the arm of a tall, dark, distinguished-looking stranger.

"Mr. Kirkoswald, I am sure," she said, accepting his assistance as she stepped from her carriage. Then she gave him her hand, looking into his face with a look that he could not but feel to be critical. Happy as he was that was a nervous moment.

Mrs. Winterford was not a woman to permit the stranger within her gates to feel strange for any length of time if she could help it ; and she usually did help it. She had a quiet way of settling things, or rather of seeming to accept them as already settled. The great news of the day was all understood without a word.

"I cannot talk of it," she said, sitting down

in her pretty drawing-room to have a cup of tea before she went to dress for dinner. She was speaking more particularly to George Kirkoswald. "You will understand that though I am so glad, it is half a pain. I mean to be very good, but you will let me be good in my own way; and I fear my way will be a very silent way so far as this is concerned. I am glad from the bottom of my heart, but I cannot hide the fact that I am also very sorrowful."

George had already arranged to stay for a few days at the station hotel half-a-mile distant, where he had left his luggage. He would have gone back to dress for dinner; but this, Mrs. Winterford would not permit. There was no one but Genevieve and herself; and though the little lady was somewhat ceremonious she knew how to excuse ceremony with perfect grace at the right moment.

That evening, and many subsequent evenings, George dined at Havilands, and it hardly need be said that he found his way to the garden that nestled in the green hollow at hours when there was no question of dinner. Those days went by in such a passionate peace as he had never known, such as Genevieve had never dreamed.

If the memory of him who was not came there at times, making "one and one with a shadowy third," the remembrance had no pain save the pain of separation. "I have learnt," Genevieve said, "to feel almost glad for him, that he is at rest. Everything beautiful and peaceful speaks to me of him; and I seem to know that he is near. It is only at times now that I have that terrible aching because I cannot see him, nor hear him speak as he used to speak. He was so brave, so patient, and it made me feel patient only to be with him."

"And now you will have to help to make me brave," George said. They were walking down by the side of the still waters. The flowers were sleeping in the late twilight, the tops of the tall trees stirred against the deep blue of the summer evening sky. "I believe that is the secret of half my love for you," he said, raising the white hand he held to his lips as he spoke. "The yearning I have always had to live a higher life seemed to become more than a mere yearning from the day I met you. I suppose one ought to be capable of living up to one's best alone; but there are minds that need the warmth of human contact, and mine is one of them. Since I have known you, such good as may be in me has been a different thing—a more vital thing, with more practical desires, and keener insight into

human needs. I see more clearly now how certainly, and how pitifully—

"The world is full
For help. Beloved, let us love no more!
Our work shall still be better for our love;
And still our love be sweeter for our work,
And both commended, for the sake of love,
By all true workers and true lovers born!"

EPICURE.

"No cloud comes from the sky,
But passion of the heart, and passion of the
The heart of the world."
CHARLES KENNEDY: *The Secret of the Secret*.

Not that summer, but the summer that came after, when the heather of Langbarugh Moor was just turning to purple, the master and mistress of Usselby came back from sunnier lands to their own home by the North Sea. All the neighbourhood was glad to know of their coming.

Is it forgotten, all that ethical and æsthetic discussion of long ago? Mrs. Kirkoswald had not forgotten; she took it up where Genevieve Bartholomew had left it off, being moved to new remonstrance by the beauty of the home that her husband had prepared for her during the previous spring while she was abroad with Mrs. Winterford. He had to point out to her how simple its charms were; to lament over the many things he might have done but for that wholesome fear which had been laid upon him.

"Here are chintz curtains, where silk or plush should have been," he said; "and English carpets where I would have preferred carpets from Turkey or Persia; and there is not an inch of gilding about the place."

"Because you know that gilding has gone out of fashion," said Genevieve, not disposed to allow her husband to be too triumphant over such self-denials as were visible here. But not even for the sake of keeping up the pleasantries of disapproval would she refuse to admit her complete delight with the true taste which had been displayed. The wide drawing-room with windows looking out over the sea had been entirely refurnished. Soft pale tints were blended together so that no colour seemed to prevail, but yielded a general harmony of tones that was as pleasant as a piece of good subdued music. There was a new grand piano of exquisite touch and tone. The walls were half-covered with her father's water-colour drawings beautifully framed.

"How did you get these?" Genevieve asked, laying her hand gently on her husband's arm, and speaking in a voice that was not free from tremulousness.

"I bought them at the sale, little one."

"You were there, at that sale? . . . And you have never told me?"

"I thought it better not to tell you, not till now," George said, putting his arm round her tenderly as if to shield her from any pain there might be in going back over the past.

And in a sense it was certainly painful. As soon as Bartholomew's death had become known there had gathered instantly about his name and work that buzz and babel of idle praise which, when it has been denied while the life was being lived and the work done, is almost as much a disgrace to the living as it is an insult to the dead. This had been Bartholomew's own view of a state of things which he had anticipated for himself. "It will be with me as it was with Millet and Méryon and scores of others," he said, and his prophecy had been fulfilled to the letter.

He would hardly have been surprised if he could have known that his beautiful Ænone, for which in his more sanguine moments he had expected to get five hundred pounds, had risen in value by his death till it was considered to be worth three thousand. That was the sum paid down for it at Messrs. Meyer and Calanson's.

It was the same with the Judas. Genevieve did not know what price her father had expected to get for this picture; but he had certainly not expected to receive the sum of two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds.

Everything else that had been sent to the sale, the merest sketches, nay, the very sweepings of the studio, had been bought in the same reckless and uncomprehending manner. The sketch for the Good Samaritan, done in the two days preceding Bartholomew's death, sold for a sum that would have done more than cover the expenses of the household at Netherbank during all those days of hardship, and distress of mind, and actual want. It could not be that Genevieve should hear of this, and not weep as she heard it.

"Tell me of those other pictures, the two?" she asked presently.

"They also were sold at the sale. . . I thought it better that it should be so," George answered.

Genevieve was silent till they had passed on into another room; then she looked up, and her husband saw that she was smiling through her tears.

"Then I have some money of my own now?" she asked.

"You have a very respectable sum of your own," replied George. "What is it your instant intention to do with it?"

"I shall give a grand entertainment in Soulsgrif Bight the day after to-morrow."

"Very well, dear; then I will leave you to make out your list of guests, and compose a programme."

"You must certainly not leave me; I shall want all the help you can give."

The feast was not made that week, but it was made at the end of the week following; and the poor and the rich were called together in a way which had become quite fashionable in the neighbourhood of Murk-Marishes since the building of the music-room. Mrs. Winterford, who was staying at the Hall, went down with Mr. and Mrs. Kirkoswald, the latter dressed in a pretty white dress and a straw hat with white wild roses on it. Canon Gabriel came, the beautiful smile playing more sweetly than ever about his fine worn face, and lighting up the patient, pathetic, spiritual eyes. Mr. Summerhayes, the curate who had taken Mr. Severne's place, was still at Thurkeld Abbas. He was an oldish young man with red hair, a stout figure, and that general air of humble gratitude for the small courtesies of life which always seems to insure a man's social unsuccess in the quickest manner possible. The society of Thurkeld Abbas looked down upon Mr. Summerhayes, but the poor of Soulsgrif Bight looked up to him; having proved him as a friend.

It need hardly be said that Mr. and Mrs. Crudas had received a special invitation. They came over from Swarthcliff Top in the newest and neatest little dogcart that was ever driven down a steep cliff-side. Dorothy was looking radiant in her wedding-dress of lilac silk; and a pretty bonnet to match.

"She didn't leuk a daäy mair nor five-and-thirty," said Mr. Crudas, speaking to Mrs. Kirkoswald. "Ah declare there's times when Ah feel shamed o' goin' aboot wiv a young-lookin' wife like that at my aäge. Never mind. Ah's a good bit off sixty yet; an' they tell me Jacob was seventy when he began to wait them fourteen years for Rachel."

Mr. Crudas was not an uncommunicative man, but he never told the world what wild errand had led him over Langbarugh Moor in the middle of a heavy snowstorm. Three days before, when the storm was only just beginning, he had ridden over the moor to Gorthwaite station and had left his horse there while he took the train and went on to York. He had no business at York save the transfer of a cheque for the sum of £200. The cheque was made out in the name of a

friendly banker's clerk, and it was enclosed in a letter addressed by the same obliging young man to Miss Dorothy Craven, and left to be posted five days later, so that there might be no suspicion. A little note was enclosed intimating that the cheque was "conscience money."

Returning to Gorthwaite, he had stayed there two of the five days, fearing much that his continued absence would reach the ears of Miss Craven. On the third day he set out, choosing to run some risk of being lost in the snow rather than run the risk of failing to help the woman he loved in a strait so desperate as hers was then.

But though he has never disclosed his errand, he is to this day fond of telling the story of how he was lost and how he was found in a snow-storm on the heights of Langbarugh Moor. His experience had certainly been peculiar. After the stage of suffering, and misery, and darkness was over, a whole world of pleasant dreams and hallucinations had taken possession of his brain. He had seemed to enter into warm, brilliantly lighted, and richly furnished houses; to see the tables loaded with glittering glass and silver, and tempting food and wine. He had seemed to himself to be hot and thirsty, and rich fruits of all colours and all kinds had been placed before him, piled in profusion on dishes of sparkling crystal; but he had not been allowed to touch the fruit. When he put out his hand it was drawn away. It was the same with the other food and the wines; he might only see them there. He had no recollection of any face or voice, nor had he any remembrance of having raised his own voice to sing "Barbara Allan." . . . Now Mr. Crudas sings "Barbara Allan" no more, and he says he is looking out for a song to take the place of it.

Poor Ailsie Drewe was there when the people gathered that they might be glad together, and so the better remember their gladness. Ailsie went about smiling gently, uncomprehendingly. Of late she had displayed a strong liking for Mrs. Gordon, and she had no greater pleasure now than to knit fine woollen stockings for her and for her son. Wilfrid Stuart was charged long ago to see that the poor woman had no care nor any pain that could be averted. . . . She still walks up and down over the rocks in the Bight, still looks out for her little Davy, expecting to see him as she saw him in her dream, far out upon the waters of a wide and shining sea.

Most of the people there were known to

Mr. and Mrs. Kirkoswald, but a few new faces were in the crowd. There were the new people who had come to Hunsgarth Haggis, and the carpenter who had taken the cottage at Netherbank, and had restored the studio to its original use. He has a young wife, and a wee girl who can trot along the corn-fields and stand at the stile to watch for the pretty lady who rides by with her husband, and who manages somehow to hide a pocket for sweets in the folds of her habit.

Mrs. Caton, Mrs. Damer, the Pencefolds, Miss Standen, indeed the *élite* of Thurkeld Abbas generally, went down to Soulsgrif Bight on the day of rejoicing. The entertainment was very much of the nature of a picnic, and luncheon was served out of doors in a green sheltered spot between the cliffs beyond the music-room. The local band played its loudest, ladies fluttered about in dresses of the gayest fashion, the blue sea was at its bluest, and a soft cool wind came off the water, tempering the heat of the August sun. Perhaps there was no greener, fresher, happier spot that day in England than the bight under the tall cliffs of Soulsgrif.

Keturah was there—proud of being under-housemaid at Usselby, and Jael and old Charlock were among the guests. These two had just retired to a cottage at Thurkeld Abbas, and were not sorry to retire. They were old now, both of them, and it was not to be expected of them that they should put up with the new-fangled ways of the new servants who had come to Usselby. They live rent-free in a cottage with a garden large enough to require all the thought and strength that old Ben can give.

More than once as the day went Genevieve found herself looking out toward the turn of the road where once before she had so unexpectedly seen Miss Richmond's carriage descending. It was just possible that Diana might come down to-day, and Mrs. Kirkoswald half hoped that she might. They had met once—one day when there was quite a little crowd in the drawing-room at Usselby, and Genevieve had seen at a glance the change that had come over the face and the ways of the proud, imperious, changeful woman who had always been so puzzling and so bewildering, and who yet had had power to compel at least a strong interest in herself. The thing she had compelled she was able to win now. The wistful and pathetic sadness on her face lent to it an altogether new beauty. It was hardly possible to see that look of intense loneliness, of hidden pain and regret, and not desire to

pass beyond the conventionalities that condemn people to the superficial intercourse which has value neither for him who gives nor for him who receives.

In answer to Genevieve's invitation for today Miss Richmond had written a brief note, asking if she might leave the matter undecided. She would have been glad to go, yet she dreaded going; and when the day came her dread was greater than her desire. "They may forgive," she said to herself; "they may even forget, but I cannot—I would not if I could forget. . . . If, as George Kirkoswald says, there is any hope for me, it can only come by ceaselessly remembering."

Genevieve was sorry, the first time she went to Yarell, to find that Miss Richmond was not at home. "She had gone up to the moor," Kendle said; and George Kirkoswald and his wife went home by another way.

But now at this later day the shadow is beginning to move slowly from Miss Richmond's shadowed life. Changes are happening, breaking up the old associations. Cecil is intending to be married, and Sir John Burland comes and goes, urging the fact that for Yarell Croft to have two mistresses while Burland Brooms has none is not in accordance with his views of what should be. Sir John is a kind-hearted man, and Diana Richmond is a woman to be impressed by tender and persistent kindness. He knows all that lies behind her reluctance, and the knowledge does but lend a depth to his tenderness.

Is this the end of any history touched upon here? All lives have a history, and it does not need effective incident to make a true human story interesting. How very interesting any tale is that is told simply and openly, and not by parables! But it is expedient that the truth should be veiled at times. We throw a veil over the very life we are living, as over a statue or a picture that is not completed. It is Death who comes and gives the finishing touches, and leaves the completed work all rounded, and seemly, and intelligible.

At Usselby Hall it is well understood that life has only just begun. The time to understand this fully is acknowledged always to be the present time, and just now that is the month of May. The very birds comprehend it—the thrush and the blackbird, the chaffinch, and the warbling willow wren. And the trees attest it, the golden sycamore that shines in the morning sun like the burning bush on Mount Horeb, the fringed

and tasselled larches, the alder with its soft display of tiny flowers and downward-dropping leaves. The fruit trees flush to crimson for the coming gladness of the land, and yet again the wild flowers dance in the green meadows where the lark drops suddenly down to a restful hidden silence, like a poet seeking seclusion while the world praises his latest song.

"This is the kind of morning to feel one's life in all its fulness," George Kirkoswald says. He is walking up and down the terrace in front of the house, and he is speaking to his wife who is by his side. She is wearing a white morning dress, her golden hair catches the sunshine, her dark beautiful eyes are full of life's gladness and holiness.

"Yes," she replies; "I have just been wondering over the fulness of life, wondering if the next two-and-twenty years could possibly be so full of experience as the two-and-twenty that are gone. I feel rather like the philosopher who grieved lest it should some day be discovered that there could be no new combinations of musical sound."

"I do not know enough of music to be able to set a philosopher's fears to rest on that point," George answers, "but I do know something of human life; and I know that life, if it be lived with any truth and earnestness, can never fail to present to him who lives it, enough of freshness and vitality to make it worth living. If a man would live fully, he must live deeply. It seems to me that the fault of the day is the fear of going below the surface. The upheaval will come from below, and it will come before long if oil be not poured upon the troubled waters presently. Even in these remote districts the consciousness of dissatisfaction, I may almost say outraged, humanity, is awakening. And we are altogether blind, blind and deaf. It is neither our money nor our lands that the people desire. The majority of the suffering poor would recoil from the idea of taking by violence the things that justly belong to others. It is not our possessions that they crave: it is our due sympathy, our thought for their welfare, our good-will, our care for their lives, our human and Christian loving-kindness. Had we but ever so faintly apprehended that Sermon on the Mount, there had not been that dread among Christian nations which is rising and gathering now. . . . If we can bring but a stone to repair the ancient pathways in God's name let us bring it. So, we shall find our life here, and even so we may trust its Hereafter."

THE NOONDAY REST.

AT rest amid the flush of golden corn,
When rest is short and sweet ;
At rest from toil begun at early morn
By willing hands and feet.

Above, the sky, in all its wide expanse,
Laughs with its deepest blue,
And stray winds waking upward from their
trance,
Scarce stir a stalk or two.

How sweet such rest is to each working one !
That mother sitting there
Suckles a tender babe but late begun
• This life so strange and fair.

And he, the father, looking down
feel
A new strength in his arm,
And life and toil in softer tones reveal
A deeper sacred charm.

O weary ones that rise at labour's call !
Toil on in hope and pain ;
A sure rest cometh when at evenfall
Death stoops to reap his grain.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

JOHN TENNIEL AND CARICATURE ART.

By R. WALKER.

"**S**OUS aucune forme littéraire, plastique ou pittoresque, dans aucun art, le caractère d'une race ne s'accuse d'une façon plus ouverte, ne se manifeste en traits plus lisibles, que dans la caricature." These are the opening words of the chapter on Caricature in England in "La Peinture Anglaise," by the accomplished art-critic and historian, Monsieur Ernest Chesneau, and they embody a truth, the force of which does not occur to the ordinary reader, who, during a railway journey, glances at *Punch* in the odd intervals when he is tired of trying to see the scenery. From the very nature of the purposes he has in view, the caricaturist must appeal to the knowledge, the beliefs, the prejudices of the majority of his contemporaries. In order to be understood by them and to influence them, he must reflect and interpret their manners and their temperament. He must enter into the spirit of his age and be sensitive to all its tendencies and teachings. If he is worthy of his calling, he is a very mirror held up to the nature among which he moves and has his being. In the works of the great caricaturists, we see reproduced the features of the world's show that was being enacted around the artists; we can read its character, its ruling principles, its lighter influences, as well as its more serious interests. To the student of social manners and to the historian endowed with the modern historian's largeness of view, the records and examples of caricature art supply hints and information, give the lights and

shadows and vivifying touches of actual life, that will in vain be looked for in graver chronicles.

The history of caricature in all ages and all the world over is deeply interesting, whether we study on Egyptian monuments, on Greek and Roman pottery, and on the walls of Pompeii, the earliest known attempts of men to express pictorially the incongruous and fantastic elements in life and manners, or whether we follow the development of the art from its rude utterances in the Middle Ages, through the resurrection stir of the Renaissance, the hurly-burly of the Reformation, and the confused and turbulent politics of the eighteenth century, until we reach the more refined and thoughtful form it assumes in the best burlesque literature of the present day. There has been a gradual progress onwards as the thoughts of men have widened, but through all the progress, one purpose runs, and Hogarth and Leech, Gillray and Tenniel, Daumier and Cham of modern times are the artistic descendants and heirs of the early sculptors of grotesque church ornaments and of the monks who introduced into their illuminations the myriad nightmares of mediæval demonology.

I cannot do more, here, than touch on one or two points in the history of caricature art in England. Those who wish for full information on the subject in general cannot do better than read the works of the Frenchman Champfleury, an acute critic and a scholar, and of the English author, Thos. Wright, an

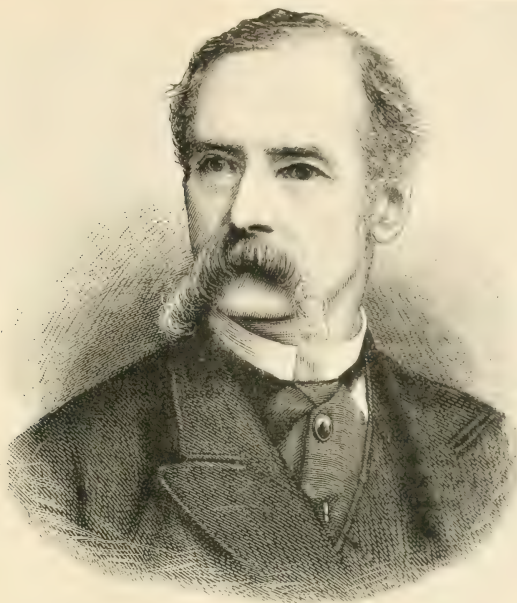
interesting and animated, although a less learned writer. On the beginnings of caricature in this country, much light has been thrown by the indefatigable and well-directed labours of Mr. F. G. Stephens in compiling the "Catalogue of the Satirical Prints and Drawings in the British Museum," now in process of issue.

Pictorial caricature was later in becoming a power in this country than on the Continent. The political and theological disputes of the age of Charles I. and the Commonwealth, and the animosities following the Revolution of 1688, gave it vitality, and laid a foundation for its vigorous after progress. It was hardly, at the outset, of native growth. According to Mr. Wright, "Modern political caricature, born in France, may be said to have had its cradle in Holland," and, for long, most of the satirical prints that circulated in England were either drawn by Dutchmen or based on their designs. Under the Georges, English caricature became in every sense distinctly national. The Sacheverell episode, the South-Sea Bubble, the warfare between Whigs and Tories, the intrigues of rival parliamentary leaders, the clamour of "Wilkes and Liberty," the wild riot of elections, called forth a school of political caricaturists, whose versatility and rough wit must not be overlooked because of their unscrupulous party spirit, and almost entire lack of true artistic feeling. Social caricature grew up alongside of political, and the manners of the eighteenth century have been portrayed for us by shrewd and outspoken observers. It is a coarse life they reflect; coarse in its pleasures and its vices, coarse even in its virtues and its graver purposes. It was, however, let us bear in mind, the life of the past that has made possible the life of the present, and has therefore its lessons for all time. The genius of Hogarth ("le premier roi de caricature," declares Champfleury, "fut un Anglais—Hogarth") could, from its hotch-potch of incident, draw stories of comedy and tragedy that will never lose their interest so long as men's hearts throb with passion, or wrestle with temptation. The English school of caricature grew rapidly in importance, and early in this century its activity reached, for a time, a culminating point. The great war with France gave rise to floods of satirical drawings, directed against "frog-eating Mossoos," and their leader, Buonaparte; the peculiarities of our kings and their courts and the ever-varying vagaries of fashion supplied endless themes on which artists of more or less ability

exercised their wits. Out of the cloud of oblivion that has fallen on most of those caricaturists, a few names stand clear and distinct, and one or two are among the immortals of English art. Hogarth, the greatest of them all; Sandby, Sayer, Bunbury, Gillray, Rowlandson, Isaac Cruikshank, George Cruikshank, Seymour, and "Phiz," have secured for themselves abiding places, of more or less honour, in our remembrance and respect.

On 17th July, 1841, appeared the first number of an illustrated weekly paper that has had down to this day a career so honourable that Englishmen may justly feel pride in its success. *Punch, or the London Charivari*, has made itself a necessity to the people of these islands. Our mental life would be poorer, wanting *Punch*; the innocent gaiety of the nation would be eclipsed, if *Punch* ceased to laugh with us, and to make us laugh. The position of *Punch* is unique in the world. The best comic papers of the Continent, those of Paris, for example, are poor beside it. Champfleury admits that the true principles of caricature are better understood in England than in France; and *Punch* is a witness on his side. The satire of the French journals is, for the most part, either ferocious or indecent; they gibbet their adversaries to eternal infamy, or they grin with a double meaning that suggests all things that are unholy and impure. *Punch* is, and always has been, healthy, manly, and honest. Mistaken, we may think it sometimes; it looks at life, perhaps, too much through cockney spectacles; it does not, except at rare and very happy moments of inspiration, quite understand a Scotchman; but it has never been mean or vindictive. It is a standing proof that gaiety and innocence go gladly hand in hand. Grown men find amusement in its pages, and it never brought a blush to the cheek of an innocent girl. Think of the abuses it has exposed, the absurdities it has ridiculed, the reforms it has advocated, of the merry laughter it has caused, of the kindly feelings it has promoted! "The Song of the Shirt" appeared in its columns, "The Snobs of England," "The Caudle Lectures," and "Happy Thoughts;" and these with their wit, philosophy, satire, fun, and pathos, are typical of the contents of *Punch* every week.

Punch, the establishment of which was suggested by Mr. J. W. Last, an enterprising London printer, had, at its start, its own vicissitudes; but it soon took firm hold of public favour. The galaxy of literary talent employed



*Yours very truly,
John Tenniel.*

on it, and the strong individuality of each contributor, were enough to attract attention, and in the long run to insure success. As every one knows, Mark Lemon, the Mayhews, the à-Becketts, Douglas Jerrold, Tom Hood, Thackeray, Shirley Brooks, Tom Taylor, and many others of the brightest wits and blithest spirits in English literature, have spoken through its columns, and helped to build up its prosperity. The pictorial element in *Punch* is what mainly concerns us here. Going over the old volumes (and I know of no pleasanter or more profitable companions than the whole "series" of the merry and wise old jester) we are struck, as we proceed, with the growing improvement in the illustrations. When *Punch* started it was rather a dead time for English caricature, and the new journal gave new impetus and a new tone to burlesque art. The little black silhouettes, with punning titles, of the earlier volumes are clever certainly, but they become monotonous, while the larger illustrations are comparatively thin, forced,

and mannered. The demand for the work, however, produced ere long the men who

were ready and able to supply it. The contrast is great between the drawings in *Punch* and those of the caricaturists a century ago. They show us a different life, almost a different national temperament, or at least a temperament modified very much in its manifestations. The old ferocity, the old rough-and-ready horseplay have given place to the grace of life, and to dignity and purity of manners. We have much yet in our ways for which we may well bow our heads in shame; but we may at least hope that we are progressing to a higher type of character; only we must beware lest we should, as a nation, fritter strength away in over-refinement. Among those who have drawn for *Punch* are Barker Foster, "Crownhill," Sir John Gilbert, and Kenny Meadows; but the artists who have made its fame in the past are pre-eminently John Leech and Richard Doyle.

The artists of to-day on the staff of *Punch*

sustain splendidly the reputation of the paper. Du Maurier, Keene, Sambourne, are household names among us, and we are their debtors for many a pleasant moment. One of the most illustrious of the band is John Tenniel, who is to-day the foremost living political caricaturist, not of this country only, but of the world. The steady purpose, the conscientious industry, and the enlightened common sense shown in all his works and ways, make his career an instructive one to artists.

John Tenniel was born in London in 1823. He received his general education in Kensington, but did not pass through any regular course of art-training. Like almost all true artists, however, he had art instincts from his youth, and his dexterity and precision of touch to-day show how laboriously he must, in his young years, have disciplined his eye and his hand. He was for a time a pupil in the Academy school, attended life classes elsewhere, studied anatomy, and, full of delight in his art, grudged no trouble that led him to increased facility and knowledge. He understood his own capabilities, and he trained them thoroughly, although his method of training may have been in its details a little desultory. At the age of sixteen he exhibited his first picture in the Suffolk Street Galleries, and it was bought, and we are told in *Truth* (September, 1883), by Tyrone Power, the actor. He was one of the successful competitors in the great Cartoon competition, and a fresco in the Poets' Chamber is by his brush. To this day he continues to practise both oil and water-colour painting, especially the latter, and is a member of the Royal Institute, to whose exhibitions he is a regular contributor. His fame, however, has been won altogether as a draughtsman in "black and white." He began this description of work at an early age, and his admirable drawing, the result of the severe drilling he had given his natural powers, soon secured for him employment as an illustrator of books and periodicals. I have before me the number of *Sharpe's London Magazine* for 7th February, 1846, in which the principal illustration (to a story called "St. Michael's Eve") is by Tenniel. In it his style is already clearly marked; he had evidently found where his true strength lay. Since then he has worked for many journals, and drawn designs, humorous and serious, for several books. The most noted, perhaps, are his illustrations to the "Arabian Nights," and to "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass." The pictures in the last two, and especially in "Through the

Looking-Glass," are about as happy examples as we could wish of pure, unadulterated fun, utterly free from all taint of vulgarity.

The great event in Mr. Tenniel's life, his connection with *Punch*, began about 1851, and, at the present day, only one other member of the staff, Mr. Percival Leigh, Leech's friend, and "an original literary contributor," can count more years of service. It is said that Douglas Jerrold admired greatly some illustrations by Tenniel in a new edition of "Æsop's Fables," and suggested him as a "likely" man, to Mark Lemon, then editor of *Punch*. Tenniel fortunately accepted Lemon's invitation to join the staff. We can trace his hand from the first design he drew. For some time his principal work was initial letters and small vignettes, and in these, the graces of his largest cartoons of later years are plainly seen in miniature. He is always classical, correct, and careful, even when his humour is most exuberant, and life and character most strongly indicated. His smallest figures are full of action, and the severity of his drawing never passes into stiffness. Certain subjects appear to have a fascination for him. He displays from the first his ability to draw animals, and delights in costume bits, in fully armed knights, in prancing steeds caparisoned for the tourney, in ultra-theatrically ferocious bandits, in gallant tars, wide-trousered and broad-sworded, in ancient Romans, more Roman-nosed than ever Latins were, in parodies of old dress and old manners. All these excellencies are present in drawings that are frequently not much larger than a thumb-nail. But Mr. Tenniel, in his earlier efforts as in his later, is not only humorous and witty, he can be tragic and pathetic as well, and many good judges hold him to be greater in tragedy than he is in comedy. Witness his "Mortmain" in vol. xxi., where "the shadow feared of man" is rendered with as much dramatic force as it ever was in any old symbolic "Dance of Death," and with more suggestive dignity and self-restraint. In the number for August 1, 1863, we have another masterly drawing of a kindred subject, a ballet girl on a high tight rope, and death's grim hand stealthily dividing the strands with a knife, a powerful protest against the sin of needlessly dangerous acrobatic performances. Among the other earlier examples of Tenniel's work that may be specially noted, are "The Virginian Slave" in vol. xx.; "May Day," 1851; "*Punch's* Illustrations to Shakespeare," 1855-56, and "*Punch's* Book of British Costumes," 1860. The list might be greatly



Alice and the Fawn.

extended, but the drawings I have mentioned are eminently characteristic of the artist.

It is as the designer and draughtsman of the weekly cartoon in *Punch* that Tenniel is most widely known. His predecessor, Richard Doyle, had a strong dash of genius. The present cover of *Punch* is his work, and his contributions were considered almost indispensable to the success of the paper. Doyle closed his connection with *Punch* from conscientious motives. He was a Roman Catholic, and when, about 1851, we felt alarmed at Catholic progress in this country, and *Punch* ridiculed the Pope and his claims, Doyle decided that he could no longer remain a member of the staff. Leech then took up the cartoons: Tenniel, who had only recently joined, doing one occasionally. The latter gradually came to design them more frequently, and after January, 1863, when Tenniel's now familiar initials began to be affixed regularly to his pictures, Leech's appearances as a cartoonist are few and far between. John Leech died

on October 29, 1864, and Tenniel had then, of course, the field entirely to himself. Leech, great as his genius was as a social satirist—and we have had no better in England—was not equal as a political cartoonist to Tenniel. His drawing is rougher and fuzzier, and his composition and his lines lack the stateliness and sweep of Tenniel's. Since 1864, with the exception of during a short interval some years ago, and on another single occasion in July of this year, Mr. Tenniel has every week executed the principal drawing in *Punch*.

The subject of the political cartoon is fixed by, or suggested to, Mr. Tenniel at the weekly *Punch* dinner on Wednesday. On Thursday he puts into definite shape his thoughts on the matter, and on the Friday, without using models, he draws and finishes his design completely on the wood, ready for the engraver. This is no light task, and involves a very great mental strain. Mr. Tenniel must be abreast of the topics of the day, and keenly alive to the ever-varying currents of public opinion, and he must always work at high pressure, with the absolute necessity upon him of having his block finished by a certain hour. The blocks are generally admirably cut, but it sometimes happens that the engraver makes mistakes. Mr. Tenniel says, however, that he has grown used to such accidents, and can bear them philosophically. That he has been able, through so many years, to produce with undeviating punctuality and with practically no intermis-



Tweedledum and Tweedledee.

sion, his weekly contribution, is a high testimony to his readiness, industry, and determination. We must also take into account Mr. Tenniel's labours on the frontispieces of *Punch*, and his important drawings in the "Almanacks" and "Pocket Books." Few men have so honourable a record of work to show.

The excellencies of Tenniel's cartoons are known to all the world. It has been truly said that "it has been his mission through life to purify parody and ennoble caricature."

The brutality, the coarseness, the unscrupulous personalities that mar the ablest productions of such as Gillray are all gone; gone too are the loose draughtsmanship, the indecent allusions, the buffooneries, the confused composition that were the features of pictorial burlesque in the days gone by. Tenniel's satire is severe, but it is not malicious. He smites, but not as Daumier smote, vindictively or viciously. His unfailing humour takes all needless cruelty from the blow he gives. His cartoons are pictures,



The Discovery of the Nile. (From *Punch*.)

invested with the graces of true art. Good taste directs his pencil, and he never allows his fancy to run away with his judgment. In his seemingly most spontaneous designs, in his most exuberantly comic as well as in his most solemn moods, he is self-restrained and self-respecting. His effects are produced not by wild comicalities, absurd contortions, or unearthly exaggerations, but by good composition, correct and easy drawing, and an acute insight into and appreciation of the varieties of character with which he deals.

Whether we agree with Mr. Tenniel's poli-

tical predilections or not—and it is not difficult to see to which side his sympathies lean—we can do nothing but admire the skill with which, allowing himself exaggeration sufficient to reveal and emphasize individualities, he has reproduced the salient characteristics of our greatest statesmen. Palmerston, Disraeli, Bright, Gladstone, and a host of other luminaries, will through him remain familiar to all succeeding generations of Englishmen. His versatility is wonderful. He ranges from grave to gay; he is witty and he is tender; he draws with equal facility cads and ruffians,



The Order of the Day. (From Punch.)

soldiers and divines, "Punch" and "Britannia;" his female figures, allegorical and real, are graceful and dignified, his animals spirited and life-like. He hits off neatly the peculiarities of political parties and their leaders, and with unsparing satire exposes social shams and abuses. As examples of his animal drawing, no one will readily forget the British Lion springing on the crouching Tiger, during the Indian mutiny; the same

Lion and the Bear meeting on the rocky ledge, at the time of the Afghan difficulty; and the sleigh horses in the Reform Bill cartoon, "They're saved!" Among the many successes of Tenniel's, it is a difficult matter to single out individual cartoons. I have space to mention particularly only the following: his Indian Mutiny cartoons; his parody of a famous picture, "The Order of Release" (September, 1857); "The American Juggernaut" (September, 1864); and, indeed, all the designs bearing on the American Civil War; "The Brummagem Frankenstein" (September, 1866); some of his Fenian satires; "The Two Augurs;" and, above all, his magnificent series of drawings connected with the Franco-German war. I think it would be difficult for Mr. Tenniel himself to surpass the last I have named. In them we see his genius in one of its highest and best-sustained flights. Their mingled strength,

tenderness, and breadth of view reveal their author's well-trained hand, sympathetic heart, and cultured intellect.

With the kind consent of Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew, we reproduce from *Punch* two cartoons—one humorous, "The Discovery of the Nile;" and the other, "The Order of the Day," full of tragic force and salutary lessons. To Messrs. Macmillan we are indebted for permission to reproduce the cuts from "Through the Looking-Glass."

Our portrait is from a photograph recently taken by the London Stereoscopic Company. Mr. Tenniel is too true an artist to have about him any "professional" affectations or conceits. In his erect, agile figure, grey moustache, and keen face, there is a stronger suggestion of a *beau sabreur* than of one of the best draughtsmen in Europe. Long may he be with us to brighten our lives with his pleasant fancies and his genial humour!

THE RELIEVING-OFFICE.

BY THE RIVERSIDE VISITOR.

THE relieving-office stands as the dreary toll-house that marks the entry to the last stage upon the downward journey of poverty. From this point, the road of life lies through the gloomy regions of pauperdom. It may end in the workhouse, or it may be in that "paupers' drive," in connection with which the poor are given to make small but bitter jests turning upon the point of paupers being in their carriage.

To the poor, and those working among them, the relieving-office is a highly important institution, and we have thought that, having regard to the nature of the public duties discharged through its agency, some account of its work will not be without interest even for the general reader.

The office of our district is a new one, and is very completely fitted up after its fashion. It is plainly and stoutly built, with its gates and doors noticeably strong, and furnished on the inside with sliding reconnoitring gratings, presents rather a fortress-like appearance. The situation strengthens this impression. The structure has, so to speak, been dropped down into the very heart of a network of narrow streets and alleys, by two of the narrowest of which it can alone be approached. It is strong, could be easily defended, and would be hard to operate against, for in its gorge-like approaches "a thousand might well be stopped by three." To the uninitiated this may

seem a curious rather than a practical point, but it is of material importance nevertheless. In specially hard times, such times as, by driving the less patient of the honest poor to desperation, and affording the more ruffianly of the no-visible-means-of-support classes an excuse for violence, lead to bread riots—in such times as these the relieving-office is always in danger of attack. Nor is this danger one that affects property only. Bread or blood is the war-cry of the rioters on these occasions; but there are generally those amongst them whose desire is for bread *and* blood, and rather more for blood than bread. It is one of the functions of the relieving-officer to thwart the designs of idle and habitual charity-hunters when they attempt to prey upon the forms of charitable relief by law provided. For this he is held in hatred by them, and a bread riot, in which members of this class are always leading performers, is looked upon as an excellent opportunity for executing vengeance.

The interior of the office is a large, lofty-roofed oblong, with boarded floors, white-washed walls, and abundance of window light and ventilation. It is divided into two unequal compartments by a passage running across its width. The larger compartment is the general waiting-room, where applicants wait their turn, and those on the books for out-door relief assemble each Friday to receive their weekly doles. It has

a large fireplace, and is liberally furnished with seats in the shape of long forms. Its floor is at all times kept well scrubbed, and in periods of epidemic diseases, which are very frequent in the neighbourhood, is plentifully bestrewn with disinfectants. In one corner of it stands a weighing-machine, used for verifying quantities of goods delivered. In another corner are piled up sundry little lots of furniture and bedding belonging to aged couples or "lone lorn" women, who, though at present in the workhouse or its infirmary, have hopes of coming out again and once more having a home of their own. The smaller compartment is the office proper, the place wherein the routine work of the practical administration of the Poor Laws is carried on. It is a good-sized office, and occasionally serves as a board-room for the guardians, though their regular board-room is at the workhouse, a mile and a half away. In the centre of the apartment is a large double desk, at one side of which works the relieving officer, and at the other his assistant. One wall of the office is entirely occupied from floor to ceiling by a range of bread-shelves, on which are stored the hundreds of loaves distributed each week as part of the out-door relief. Opposite the bread-shelves are the capacious drawers in which are stored the made-up packages of tea, sugar, sago, oat-meal, and other the like light "nourishments" of the non-perishable kinds, which are served out direct from the office, instead of by orders on tradesmen, as is the case with meat and milk. Under the windows opening into the passage which separates the office from the waiting-room are counters supplied with a number of good-sized money-tills, and the windows are also counter-ledged, for it is through these windows that relief, whether in money or kind, or both, is paid out. A specially constructed case holds the numerous books and forms required in the business of the office.

But the thing that would be most likely to attract the first notice of a stranger visiting the office is the strait-waistcoat hanging from the wall. The conveyance of pauper lunatics to the asylums to which they are assigned is one of the duties of the relieving-officer, and hence the presence of the strait-waistcoat as part of the equipment of his office. It is made of canvas, and fastened with stout tapes; and is a much more humane contrivance than was the horse-harness-like arrangement of padded straps and iron buckles which formerly did duty as a strait-waistcoat.

A notice board on the outer wall of the

office announces to all whom it may concern that the hours during which application can be made are from nine to one, and three to six; and to this is added an intimation to the effect that on no account are children to be sent to the office. This latter is a wise and salutary regulation. The relieving-office is the rubicon between independence and pauperisation. The self-respecting poor will make the bitterest struggles to avoid crossing it, but those who do once cross it rarely fail to cross it more than the once, even if they do not remain permanently on the pauper side. The atmosphere of the relieving-office seems to have a morally enervating effect. It is highly desirable, alike in the interests of the children and of society at large, that the offspring of those receiving public relief should be kept clear of the relieving-office. One of the most unfortunate aspects of the pauper question is that so many of the class are *bred and born* in it.

Though, having regard to its nature, the work of the relieving-office is always painfully large, it is not a fixed quantity. The law of its fluctuation is that of an inverse proportion to the fluctuations of work generally; its busiest periods being those of unusual trade depression. Large numbers of the working classes are constantly upon the verge of pauperdom, and any lengthened "spell" of dull trade is certain to bring a considerable percentage of them "upon the parish" in some phase, for the forms of relief are many.

The first daily proceeding of the relieving-officer is to get out his pile of order books—orders for medical attendance, a separate one for each of the several doctors who divide the district between them; orders for milk, for wine, for brandy; orders for meat alone, and combination orders for bread, meat, tea and sugar; orders for admission to the workhouse and to the workhouse infirmary; orders for the fever or small-pox ambulance, and orders for the cabs for the removal of cases of non-contagious diseases; labour orders for the stone-yard; and orders for a variety of other things, including the last orders that will ever be required on behalf of those for whom they are made—orders for coffins and funerals.

As soon as the doors are open applicants begin to arrive at the office. The first-comers—among the habitués, at any rate—are those seeking orders for medical attendance for themselves or friends. This class of order is only issued between the hours of nine and ten, not with any view to limiting

the output, so to speak, but because the doctors must be informed in time of the cases they are called upon to visit. In cases that are represented as urgent, however, the regulations as to medical orders are relaxed. In ordinary cases the orders are given almost without question, no relieving officer caring to risk the consequences that *might* arise from any delay in giving or from a refusal to give an order. The position on this point is quite understood by the regular pauper classes, and they, as a body, make the most of it. They freely call in medical attendance where the struggling but unpauperised poor would "doctor themselves," or be entitled to the assistance of the provident dispensary, or some other form of sick benefit society. One chief reason for the run upon medical orders is the hope that they may lead to nourishment orders—a hope that is often enough realised, as at all times a large percentage of the very poor are unmistakably underfed and "low," even when not suffering from any specific disease.

After the first hours the more miscellaneous applications begin to come in. Most of them are to "go before the board," on the ensuing weekly board-day. These are entered in the Application Book—a bulky volume, with a formidable array of tabulated columns. In many instances the applications are merely for renewal or continuance of relief, the periods for which it had previously been granted having expired. These are entered up off-hand; but in new cases the applicants are pretty closely put to the question, chiefly with the view of ascertaining, firstly, whether they are really in destitute circumstances, and, secondly, whether they have relatives who, if in a position to assist them, are legally bound to do so. If the applicant is a deserted wife the questioning is particularly stringent. Genuine cases of wife desertion are of daily occurrence, but cases in which the alleged desertion is a plot between husband and wife are by no means unknown in relieving-office experience; and even where there is no suspicion of collusion it is generally found that the women are very reluctant to give any information that may lead to the apprehension of their runaway husbands.

The bulk of the applicants for regular out-door relief are widows with two or more children dependent upon them. Women under sixty years of age, and having no child, or only one, under fourteen years of age, are classed as "Able-bodied," and are not entitled to out-door relief. The only

form in which they can *claim* relief is in the shape of an order for *The House*. Men under sixty are also accounted able-bodied; but with them there is an alternative to accepting the House, namely, to accept an order to labour in the parish stoneyard. Beside the callers for the various orders, and applicants wishing to be "took down" for the board, all manner of odd and incidental visitors put in an appearance at the relieving-office. One woman comes to complain that there is an unfair proportion of bone in the two pounds of beef supplied to her under a meat order; and the beef, which she produces, bearing out her complaint, a letter is at once dispatched to the offending butcher. Another comes to ask what she is to do with a nurse child, on whose account she has received no payment for two months past, and whose mother has moved away and gone she knows not where. A third, who has heard that the relieving-officer had been taking a case to the county asylum on the previous day, and knows that it is his practice on such occasions to make special inquiries about all inmates of the institution coming from his district, calls to ask for news of her husband, who is a patient there. A fourth woman wishes to know on what day she may be allowed to visit two of her children who are in the district school. And then, by way of variety, comes a man who desires to be officially informed if it is not "the law of England that you can place a drunken wife in the workhouse if you are prepared to pay five shillings per week for her keep." Occasionally an indignant ratepayer or a spiteful neighbour turns up at the office to denounce, as an impostor or something worse, some individual who is receiving out-door relief. But as a rule this kind of denunciation is accomplished by means of anonymous letters. There is probably no other public official who receives so many or such ill-written and ill-composed communications of the anonymous order as the relieving-officer. To the relieving-office also come, to gain or give information, or compare notes, Charity Organisation officers, Vaccination officers, School-Board officers, and others. By working in combination such officers are enabled to do a good deal in the way of checkmating the professional charity hunters, whose weak point generally lies in variation of their story.

We have here but briefly described the machinery of the relieving-office. With how much of misery, how much of suffering, of sorrow, of sin, its working is associated, may we think be easily imagined.



Lutterworth Church.

THE STORY OF JOHN WYCLIF.

By PROFESSOR A. F. MITCHELL, D.D., ST. ANDREWS.

IV.—THE TRIALS OF HIS LATER YEARS.

HITHERTO Wyclif's career had been singularly prosperous. He had succeeded in carrying with him the sympathies of the friends of learning and religion in the university and in exercising a mighty influence for good among the more talented and thoughtful of its alumni. He had faithfully maintained its honour and independence, and had been at once "its pride and terror." He had also won the confidence of the English nation. On various occasions he had been summoned to their aid by its leading statesmen who had experience of his sagacity, integrity, and cour-

age. Whoever flinched or temporised, he had stood firm as the advocate of its rights and liberties against the persistent encroachments of popes and cardinals abroad, and half-hearted, worldly-minded churchmen at home. His bold and resolute antagonism to these last, and his unremitting efforts to rouse the nobles and people to provide an effectual remedy for the abuses the higher clergy had long tolerated or fostered, evoked those retaliatory measures which embittered the remainder of his life and arrested for a century and a half the progress of that practical reformation in Church and State which he had so hopefully begun. Now certainly

evil days came on him and years wherein he was painfully to feel how fickle was the applause of the populace, how fleeting the favour of princes and politicians, and how little to be relied on were even many who had intellectually grasped his principles. But by the grace of God he was enabled to hold fast his integrity, to stay himself on Him who is a sure refuge and support in sorest need, and to witness a good confession before many witnesses. No doubt the opponents who now combined to assail him were largely influenced by political considerations, and mainly anxious to discredit the ablest and most popular man in the ranks of their opponents. But there were others whose views went farther, who dragged on their more tolerant associates. Chief among these was William Courtney, at this date Bishop of London. Descended from the noble family of Devon, of good abilities and popular manners, and "better skilled in the arts of the courtier, the statesman, and the demagogue," than in the work of a Christian divine or pastor, he rapidly attained to high position in the University, the Church, and the State. Clearly perceiving that there was no chance of permanent victory for the party opposed to the Duke of Lancaster till Wyclif was discredited, he gave his brethren no rest till he had got them to cite the Reformer, and to begin the reaction which was to put back for so long the cause of reform in England. The following was the first act in this veritable drama. On Thursday, February 19, 1377, the convocation met betimes in the Lady Chapel of Old St. Paul's. Early as was the hour, the lay peers of the party were already there to lend their countenance to the ecclesiastical dignitaries in the questionable work they had in hand. The nave of the cathedral was filled with the retainers of the prelates and nobility and citizens of London who were friendly to their cause. When the Reformer came, attended by the Duke of Lancaster and Percy, Earl Marshal of England, difficulty was experienced by the Marshal's men in clearing a way for them through the crowd. The haughty prelate, perhaps not over-pleased that the culprit should come into court attended by such powerful protectors, and indignant that a high officer of State should have taken on him by his apparitors to clear the way in his cathedral church where his exclusive right of control should have been recognised, as the party came up broke out at once in the following strain: "Lord Percy, if I had known what maisteries you would keep in my church, I would have

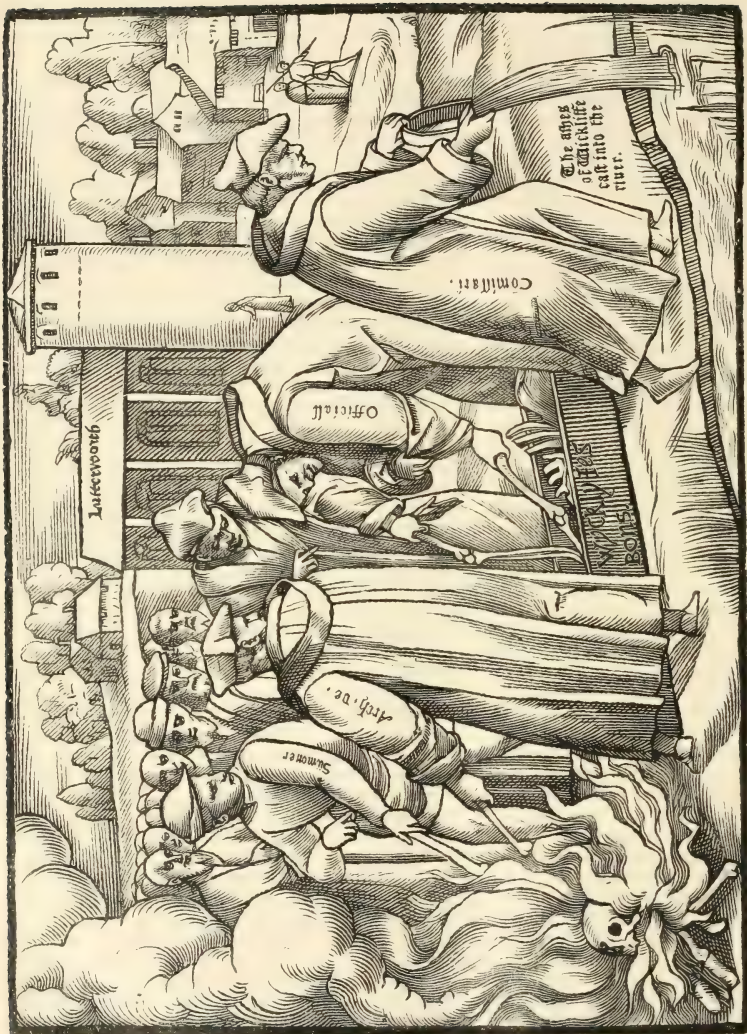
estopped you out from coming thither." The Duke immediately retorted that Lord Percy should keep maisteries there, even if the bishop said nay. Notwithstanding this ominous beginning, it is said seats were offered to the Duke and Earl Marshal; whereupon the latter requested Wyclif to sit down, adding that he had many things to answer to, and had need of a soft seat to repose on. This provoked the Bishop anew, or, to use the words of Fox, "eftsoons cast him into a fumish chafe." He declared that Lord Percy's proposal was altogether unreasonable, and that the culprit must stand in the presence of his judges. The Duke rejoined that Lord Percy's proposal was only reasonable, and added, "As for you, my Lord Bishop, who are grown so proud and arrogant, I will bring down the pride not of you alone, but of all the prelaty of England." The Bishop thereupon dared the Duke to do his worst, and much angry altercation ensued. In fine, the Duke having remarked aside that he would rather drag the Bishop out by the hair of the head than suffer such treatment at his hands, the citizens present declared they would sooner lose their lives than see their bishop treated so. A tumult forthwith arose, and the convocation was dissolved or adjourned. Comments very unfavourable to Wyclif and his friends have been made in connection with this scene. His friends may be left to the tender mercies of their critics, though their conduct was only such as was to be expected of the aristocrats of the age, chafed by such a speech as the Bishop had made, and brought face to face with their political opponents, met in circumstances which meant not only defiance of them, but of the English crown and laws of which they were the guardians. As for the Reformer himself, even Dr. Hook has suggested that his silence may be regarded as a tacit censure on his friends.

The second act in this drama is supposed to have opened in the following year. It was now too clear that there was no power in England strong enough to cope with the veteran champion of the national independence and aspirations while shielded by the safeguards of English law and still favoured by a large part of the nobility and people. So help was sought and got from abroad. On the 22nd of May, 1377, Gregory XI, who shortly before had abandoned Avignon for Rome, signalled his return to the old capital of Christendom by issuing five documents bearing on this memorable case. Four of them were termed *bulls*, having attached to

them the well-known leaden *bull*, bearing on one side the heads of Sts. Peter and Paul, and on the other the title of the reigning pope. Three of these (along with a schedule of the errors charged against him) were addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, authorising and requiring them to investigate the charges which they had too long overlooked, and report on them to his Holiness, and if they could, to seize and imprison the culprit, and if they could not, to cite him to appear at Rome. The fourth was addressed to the University of Oxford, blaming them for their long tolerance of this "master of errors," and charging them to see that he gave obedience to the citation of the delegates. The fifth was a missive or apostolic letter addressed to the King, urging and requiring him, as he valued the peace of his kingdom, as well as the honour of the Church, to aid the delegates in every possible way in the work intrusted to them. "Retain the said John in sure custody and *in chains*." Such was the treatment the Pope designed for the bold Reformer, and such the treatment to which some of the English clerical party would have yielded him had English law then been what under their leading it was soon after made to be, or had it been safe for them to set that law at defiance in so far as it conflicted with the regulations of the canon law and the injunctions of the Pope. But the nation was not yet so far left to itself as basely to abandon to such a fate its old champion. Even the University hesitated for a time whether it should not assert its independence and reject the bull, but in the end it agreed to make the required citation. If the monkish chronicler is to be trusted, the delegates talked big of their determination to carry out the behests of the Pope. But when they actually met they did so, not as before, in great state in St. Paul's, but privately in the Archbishop's chapel at Lambeth. And even so they were not long left in doubt how their proceedings were regarded both by the Court and the people. As Dr. Vaughan has it, "The people, alarmed for the safety of the accused, surrounded the place of meeting and forced their way . . . into the chapel where the papal commissioners were sitting. . . ." The dismay was augmented when Sir Lewis Clifford, an officer of the Court, appeared and in the name of the Dowager-Princess of Wales—the head of the Regency—"forbade the delegates to proceed to any definitive sentence in regard to the doctrine and conduct of Wyclif." Whereupon, as Walsingham remarks, "though vested with all the

authority of the apostolic see, shaken with fear as a reed with the wind, they became softer than oil in their speech, to the public forfeiture of their own dignity and the injury of the whole Church." Something, however, had apparently been done before the delegates separated. The answer or protestation drawn up by the Reformer had probably been lodged, and an injunction to silence on the points in dispute been imposed on him. The death of the Pope in that very month put an end to the process.

The schism in the papacy which broke out soon after the death of Gregory seems to have roused anew all the energy of Wyclif. He fervidly appealed to the Christian laity to seize the occasion to rid themselves of evils and burdens under which they had long groaned. He himself improved it by devoting himself more than ever to Church reform. He began now to speak more definitely on several important doctrines which had long occupied his thoughts. In his treatise on "The Truth of Holy Scripture" he takes up a distinctively Protestant position, contending resolutely for the authority and sufficiency of Scripture as the divine rule of faith; and while allowing due weight to the testimony of antiquity and the interpretations of the great doctors, he maintains firmly the right of private judgment and the right of the laity to have the Bible in a language which they can understand. He deduces from it the great doctrines of grace which were so dear to Augustine and Bradwardine, and if he had not attained full insight into the doctrine of justification by faith, he shows no lack of knowledge of faith and of the Justifier, "divine in His nature and work, yet the centre and head of humanity," from whom all good comes. But the doctrine which above all others engaged his thoughts at this time was that relating to the nature of Christ's presence in the sacrament. He now ventured to teach that the substance of the bread and wine remains after consecration, and that the body and blood of Christ are not substantially or corporeally, but only spiritually and sacramentally, present. This in early times was the generally-received doctrine of the Church and had been maintained down to a comparatively late period by the Anglo-Saxon theologians, but the Norman prelates held and enforced the later Romish doctrine. This teaching of the Reformer occasioned great alarm and dissension in the University, and the twelve theses in which he embodied his views were examined and condemned by the vice-chancellor and the divines he called



Burning Wyclif's Bones. (From Fox's "Book of Martyrs," first edition.)

to his assistance. The condemned propositions were prohibited to be taught or listened to in the schools. The Reformer, when the prohibition was intimated, expressed his unswerving adherence to the doctrine he had taught and sorrowfully withdrew from the scene of his long labours and triumphs. With him went not a little of the life and light of Oxford.

The closing scene in the sad drama soon followed. Courtney, who after the Peasant rebellion was advanced to the see of Canterbury, determined without delay to resume consideration of the heretical and erroneous opinions of the Reformer. He submitted a schedule of them to certain divines, who after examination pronounced ten of them heretical and fourteen erroneous. The Archbishop decided accordingly, and had the decision publicly announced, first in London and then in Oxford. He dealt individually with Wyclif's chief adherents and with a solitary exception got them all to recant. He then, it is supposed, cited the Reformer himself before a convocation at Oxford in November, 1382. Whether he excused himself from appearing because of the paralytic stroke with which he had been visited, or actually appeared and once more expressed his adherence to the doctrines he had taught, is not clearly ascertained. But if he did go he was allowed to depart unharmed. Lutterworth was henceforth the only sphere of his activities, and earnestly and faithfully did he do his duty to his humble parishioners. Some will have it Chaucer had *him* in view when he drew his portrait of the good parson. Besides his work among his parishioners, these last years of his life were fruitful in labours more valuable than any that had gone before. It was then that several of his English and Latin works were put into final shape. It was then that with the assistance of the few friends who yet remained faithful to him, he completed his translation of the Holy Scripture, beyond all question the greatest of all the great services he rendered to his nation, and one for which he deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance by the whole Anglo-Saxon race.*

Once more ere life closed was his retire-

ment broken in on, by a summons from Urban VI., and the half-serious, half-sarcastic reply he sent was worthy of his palmiest days.

The end was now near at hand. On the 28th December, 1384, while attending service in the church of Lutterworth, he had another and more severe paralytic seizure, under which he rapidly sank. On the 31st of the same month his heroic and saintly spirit returned to God who gave it; but by the memory of his consistent and self-sacrificing Christian life, and by the multiplication and diffusion of copies of his translation of the Scriptures, and of his expository discourses, he still lived and exercised a mighty influence for good on the destinies of that English nation in whose independence and training, intellectual, moral, and religious, he had ever taken so deep an interest. Times of reaction and peril were first to come, and the heavens to be clothed with blackness till the night should seem darker than before, yet was it but the darkness which precedes the dawn—

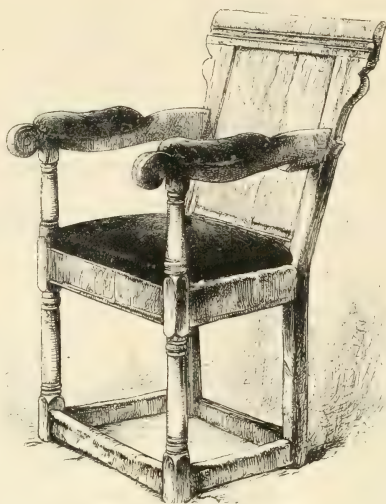
"Off the book that had been a sealed-up book
He tore the clasps, that the nation
With eyes unbandaged might the book
And learn to read salvation."

That unclasped Book was to many of the meek and quiet in the land a light shining in the darkness to guide their tottering steps and cheer their fainting spirits under the fiery trials through which they had to pass on their way to the better land whither he had gone. The vengeance wreaked on them would not spare even the deceased master. His doctrine was condemned at the Council of Constance, and his bones were ordered to be burned. They were left undisturbed, however, in the chancel of his much-loved church till 1427, when, in fulfilment of the order of the Council, they were exhumed and consigned to the flames on the old bridge over the Swift, which he had so often passed on errands of mercy and goodwill. The ashes were collected with care and cast into the brook that they might no more pollute God's earth. That brook, as Fuller has quaintly said, "did convey his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, and they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wyclif became an emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over." There came a time even in England when the sanguinary laws against his adherents fell dead in their places, and liberty and religion revived and throve. "Then," as one has said, "his quickening thought, which had so long brooded silent in

* And on this ground especially it is to be hoped that all will combine to make the present Quincentenary Celebration worthy of him, and to roll away the reproach that has so long lain on us for leaving many of his more important works unpublished. Surely nothing could be more appropriate than that the occasion should be used to provide the means of accomplishing this too long neglected work, as the Lord Mayor of London and the Wyclif Society plead with us to do. A single shilling from every Protestant congregation in Britain would go far to secure it, and surely there are many that would gladly give much more than that.

the air, burst into voice as if touching a thousand souls at once." This country had no Luther in the sixteenth century because it had its Wyclif in the fourteenth, and its Reformation was cast so much into the mould he had shaped for it that no name can yet be named which has a right to eclipse his. Still earlier on the Continent, "John Huss, Jerome of Prague, Savonarola of Florence, but repeated the onset his dauntless spirit had begun, and not one of them repeated it in

vain. In a copy of a Missal containing the Hussite Liturgy—richly illuminated by loving hands—Wyclif is pictured at the top lighting a spark, Huss below him blowing it to a flame, Luther still lower waving on high the lighted torch. It is a true picture of that succession in which one after another they followed with brightening lustre this morning star of the Reformation, till the sky glowed through all its arch with the radiance of the upspringing light."



Wyclif's Chair at Lutterworth.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A Modern Romance.

By SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JAQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—A FLAG OF TRUCE.

IRIS hung her head, and gave a piteous sigh at the lamentable coincidence, but before she could say a word she heard a voice she ought to know, and looking round she saw Marianne Dugdale hurrying down the "loaning" to the bleaching green. In a moment the swollen burn, the spread-out clothes, and the peasant figure of Jeannie, with her sleeves rolled up to her shoulders, and her linen apron, seemed to whirl round with Iris and vanish out of her sight; and the folly of last evening, and the abandonment and fright of this morning, to dwindle into the faintest confused dream.

"I have come back for you, Iris, as soon as I could," Marianne kept saying; "we must start immediately and join granny."

"But I thought she had gone by the first train," said Iris, in bewilderment.

"No, she missed it, by the greatest good

luck. Oh! I've been so vexed; but we can't stay to talk about it now. We'll have plenty of time afterwards. It was a horrid shame: but she has heard from Sir William, and she has been forced to give in, stubborn as she is. Come along, like a duck. I've ordered out your trunk, which was left behind, too. I tell you Lady Fernor is half dead already, lying on a sofa in the waiting-room. We can't keep her there all day, and propose to travel by night. It would be the death of a woman at her age, and I'm sure we don't wish to have her death at our doors, whatever she may have done to us. The stableman is giving us fresh horses, and if we don't lose a moment we shall still be in time for the mid-day train."

"The mid-day train!" cried Iris excitedly; "but Sir William Thwaite is going by the mid-day train!"

"What although he is?" protested Marianne impatiently. "He won't take a bite of

as. We've travelled long enough with him to know he's perfectly inoffensive. Besides, he's not at our station. I told you he wrote to granny; and though she did not show me the note I believe he must have driven to the next station. Oh! don't be a goose, Iris. Let us get away instantly."

There was little power of resistance left in Iris, even if she had not seen, so far as she was able to see, that Marianne's presence was protection; and that to rejoin Lady Fermor at once, however disagreeable it might be for both, would probably serve as the best refutation to any attempt to maintain an outrageous story. But Iris did not go without bidding good-bye to Jeannie, thanking her for her sympathy, and pressing on her a little gift by way of remembrance. "You see my friends have come back for me, Jeannie. It was all as I said."

"Aweel, miss, I hope it may end as you wuss," said Jeannie doubtfully, as if she were taking one of her grand far outlooks, and seeing rocks and shoals ahead. "I'm sure I trust so for your sake," much more cordially, in answer to the wistful look in Iris's eyes. "I think the maister wanted a word wi' you, but he's awfu' thrang wi' a pairty o' strangers seeking rooms for the fishing, and canna be spoken to the noo, while the young leddy winna wait a blink. Since yer ain folk hae turned up again and are takin' you awa' wi' them maybe it doesna matter. I'll keep your braw broochie and wear it, to mind me o' the young leddy who didna think hersel' aboon makin' a frien' o' me. Gude gang wi' you, mem, an'—"

"May you live happy and dee happy,
And never drink out o' a dry cappie."

Jeannie inadvertently wound up her farewell with one of the commonest couplets in use among her class for the benefit of a bride and bridegroom. It bore a startling resemblance to what it really was—a verse from a people's epithalamium.

Marianne would hardly wait for the leave-taking. She dragged Iris away to the chaise, and Iris did not look back—she felt there was no need. The steep-roofed white house with the red roses and the honeysuckle about its windows, standing in the paddock among the old trees, which she had greeted at first sight with so light a heart, seemed as if it were branded on her memory.

When the girls were in the chaise, the door shut, and the horses started, neither the rapid motion nor any amount of jolts on the country road could keep Marianne's mouth shut or take away her breath. "What a

dreadful affair it has been! Could you have believed it possible for so old a woman to be possessed by such an evil spirit? I don't mean evil in a general way, to which one has got accustomed, I mean daring, defiant wrong-doing! But I must tell you about my share in it. Of course, when I was awakened in the middle of the night, and told we were going to the station, to breakfast at the railway inn and start with the early train—after I had got over the impression that King Lud had come back—and the alarm that the house had gone on fire—and the fear that granny was taking leave of her senses, I was so cold, and sleepy, and stupid, that I might have been standing on my head all the time. Soames ran up every five minutes to beg me to make haste; and as I was getting so much attention I thought you were in good time and were with Lady Fermor. I never missed you till we were in the chaise, and even then I imagined that it was by a blunder you were being left behind, just as I concluded Sir William was on the box. I cried out to granny that you were not there, and I called you by name, but she had the strength to pull me down on the seat, and put her hand on my mouth. I was so taken by surprise that I could not free myself. Besides, all the time she was chuckling and laughing so as to put me off my guard, and persuade me the whole manoeuvre was some good joke, of which I should presently see the point, and then I might laugh with my neighbours. But when the explanation came it was a string of cock-and-bull nonsense, of which I did not believe one word. She said Sir William Thwaite and you had been lovers years ago. What a story, Iris! She told me that you had not behaved well to him—another story!—but had trifled with him, and pretended to put him off. Then he went away in a pet and made a low marriage. But all that was over, and now you wanted to make it up with him; and you would have done so a great deal sooner if I had not stood in the way—she had the coolness to say so. She assured me that your coming in as the bride last evening was not to serve me, or anybody save yourself, though I had been so silly as to be taken in. You intended the step as a piece of encouragement to Sir William to come on again. I might be sure he understood it perfectly and accepted it, so now you both understood each other; and it would be the kindest service your friends could render you—it would be doing by one's neighbour

as one would be done by one's self, to go away and leave you to each other. You were really married in the Scotch fashion, and if you cared to be married over again in church with flying colours, you could be so any day, though it was not at all necessary. Everybody knew that Border marriages were perfectly good in the eyes of the law. Now, Iris, did you ever hear such a rigmarole? Would you not have thought that granny, however full of malice, had too much brains to concoct such sensational trash?"

Iris sat dumb for a moment, then she asked desperately, "And what did you say, and do?"

"Oh! I was so disgusted and enraged on my own account that I behaved beautifully; yes, I did, Iris. I was perfectly quiet and polite. I said it was an entire mistake; I knew it to be so; and that the moment I got to the station I would look out for a curicle and go back and fetch you. I would explain everything to the station-master, and if he refused to attend to me I would demand to be taken before a magistrate and tell my story. She and Soames might go on if they pleased; you and I would follow after. We were old enough to take care of ourselves; indeed, I was not sure that we should not manage it better than some of our elders could do it for us. Anyway, I would be torn to pieces by wild horses before I entered the train without you. She gave an ugly grin, and asked if I wanted Sir William for myself. But I was her match for once. I said she was at liberty to think so if she chose. I had made up my mind she meant to give me up as a raging lunatic before I could open my mouth to the station-master; but the train steamed out of the station just as we drove up. Then she was so stiff, and had such difficulty in getting out of the chaise, that I could not leave her to Soames, who looked frightened out of her wits. I had to help and see poor, miserable old granny laid on a sofa, and order brandy and tea for her. She was nearly two hours in coming round. I think now it was a trick, but at the time I got as frightened as Soames, and dared not turn my back. What brought her to herself at last was a man on horseback, with a letter from Sir William Thwaite to her. Then, sure enough, she looked like herself in a second, sat up, and read the letter. I think she said something about a weak fool, who did not know his own mind, and could not play his game, though the cards were put into his hands. At last she turned round and told me, 'Girl, do as you

will; you are a deluded idiot for your pains. Do you think Sir William has been making up to *you* all these weeks? He may have given you reason to think so, to serve his own purpose; but he has been sighing and dying for that saint and fool of a cousin of yours since first he set eyes on her. There is no accounting for tastes. But if he is not man enough to grasp his prey when it is within his reach he is not worth my help. Take your own way, and much good may it do you. But remember, if you are not back before the next train, I shall start with Soames, and my dutiful grand-children may find their way back to me as they can.' As if we could not, Iris! Never mind her, darling; don't look so horribly cast down. Why should we care? Don't we know granny by this time? And though she is a great misfortune to everybody connected with her—nobody can deny that—still don't you think it is worst of all for herself? And you have me; I have not failed you."

"I cannot help caring, Marianne," said Iris, with a wan wavering smile. "It was so cruel."

"But it is not as if there had been anything in it, as if Sir William had cared for you, or you for him, that you should take it so to heart and not laugh at it now that it is over, as at any other passing annoyance. Iris, was there ever anything in it, any foundation for what she said? Have you been hiding the truth from me all this time?" cried Marianne, dropping the rare caressing touches she had been indulging in, drawing back into her corner of the chaise and staring at her cousin suspiciously and jealously.

"There was nothing to conceal," said Iris faintly, "except that long ago as it seems to me now, when Sir William first came to Whitehills, we were thrown a good deal together. Grandmamma encouraged it and wished to make a match between us, until he fancied he cared for me, and asked me to marry him and I refused him—that is all, Marianne."

"And enough too," said Marianne sarcastically, "and I suppose you also refused Ludovic Acton."

"Oh no!" declared Iris with a weary little laugh, "for the very good reason that I never had the opportunity—King Lud to my knowledge never cared for any girl save one."

"I don't know," said Marianne discontentedly, "I feel as if I had lost my faith in mankind, and womankind to boot. Why, I



"Do you remember ever seeing such roses?"

might have fallen in love with Sir William!" she exclaimed naïvely.

"When he would doubtless have returned the compliment."

"No, not if he had begun by sighing and dying for you, as granny said. I am not an utter fool, Iris," protested Marianne hotly, "though I may be a simpleton in believing in those I thought my friends. You are not a girl likely to be forgotten by a man like Sir William Thwaite. I should never have dreamed of putting you out, any more than of your keeping all this back from me, when I believed I knew everything about you, even when I told you—what I told last evening."

"My dear little cousin, be reasonable,"

Iris exerted herself to entreat. "The story was an old one, dead and buried for years. Was it for me to dig it up, out of its grave, to go and boast that an unlucky man had once put himself into my power, and I had abused his confidence after many days? Would you have had me do that? You could see for yourself that there was nothing between Sir William Thwaite and me, that we were no more than friends."

Marianne was silent for a long time, with her dark eyes cast down and a lowering brow. She suddenly looked up and it darted into her head that Iris's little face had grown colourless in the course of twelve hours, that there were dark rings under her

eyes, and that her hands trembled as they lay loosely in her lap. She had been insulted and persecuted almost more than she could bear, and here was the girl in whose favour Iris had interposed, proceeding to persecute the victim, in turn, out of sheer unworthy vanity and exacting pride. "I am a heartless creature, worse than I could have thought possible," Marianne cried. "I beg your pardon, my pet, if you will let me call you so, you who were so good to me, and it must have cost you much more than I guessed."

"Yes, it cost me something," said Iris simply, "because I did not like the play in itself and it was inevitable that there should be some awkwardness. But neither of us knew what we were doing, or had any notion what it might lead to. Don't speak of it," said Iris with a shiver, "I cannot talk of it yet."

"Just let me say one thing: if I had been in your place and she had done it to me, and if I had quarrelled with King Lud and he had come to hear the garbled story, oh, Iris, Iris, I should have been lost. My dear, my dear, I ought to go down on my knees to thank you, and I do thank you with all my heart."

"I know it, and it is some comfort to have served you."

"At your own expense! Oh! I must do something for you—not that I can ever repay you, but to prevent your being a scapegoat for me. If not, I shall break my heart for having brought you into such trouble, and he will never forgive me after all, for he is as fond of you as if you were one of his sisters."

"Don't speak of it," Iris repeated imploringly.

"It drives me wild when I think I have been deceived," confessed Marianne ingenuously, after another pause, "not that you deceived me—at least you could not help it. But I wonder if it was all a piece of imagination on my part that Sir William liked me a little?"

"I am sure he liked you very much," said Iris promptly; "you were so bright, you made him chaff you and laugh with you as I never saw him do with any one else. You know he is rather silent and serious for a young man."

"Yes," said Marianne, doubtfully, "but I thought he sometimes looked at me sadly, as well as kindly, as if he would like to take care of me. He knew granny of old and he thought I was not in very good hands, and he might be a better protector;

but that would have been a great mistake," shaking her head, "and I believe he was thinking of his old love, his true love yesterday when I brought you to him." A great glow came into his face—I was looking more at King Lud, naturally, but I saw it; and don't you remember he said 'I will,' as if his heart was in his mouth? Could he have fancied for an instant that the scene was real? Then what a temptation to him granny's behaviour must have been! Dearest Iris, can the jest not become earnest, and you two friends be as happy as King Lud and I shall be some day?" cried Marianne, clasping her hands on her knees and leaning over to her cousin.

"For shame's sake, don't talk such nonsense, Marianne!" said Iris with asperity at last. "You ought to know that there is no foundation for your suggestion," and Marianne was silenced for once.

The girls arrived in time for the train, and Lady Fermor had so far recovered that she was on the platform. She looked them over, then spoke to Iris with an effrontery which was almost without parallel. "So you have taken us in, Iris," she said lightly and airily, with a double meaning in her words, and yet as if nothing had happened.

It gave her grand-daughter strength to assert herself, "You have not kept your promise to me, Lady Fermor," Iris said. "You might have told me that you wished to get rid of me and I should have gone away honourably, as I did before. I shall go away again as soon as I can."

"Without asking my leave, no doubt?" exclaimed her ladyship, raising her eyebrows.

"I did ask your leave, and now I may take it for granted."

"As you will, Miss Compton. I am too old to parley with you."

It was a silent party that travelled across the grey Border moors, through the more fertile portion of Dumfriesshire up to the heathery hills of Annandale.

When the train drew up in the Moffat Station, long shadows were falling across the platform, but Iris, who sat by the nearest door, distinguished a well-known figure in the shadow and drew back aghast. Sir William Thwaite had come on from Dumfries, and was standing like a sentinel on duty—with only a heightened colour to indicate any trace of discomposure—prepared to hand the party out.

"You here, Thwaite?" cried Lady Fermor in loud challenge. "Well, we've been playing at cross-purposes, it seems; but it is

lucky that we have shaken ourselves right, come together, and all turned up at our destination. Have you made any inquiry about the moor—whether the birds are shy or not?"

He had no reply for her, beyond helping her carefully out of the carriage and leading her away. By that time Iris understood what his change of plans meant. His presence there as well as hers was best for making everything be as it had been, and for putting out of mind the *mauvais quart d'heure* which had intervened. If he had not come immediately, and the two had not met again without delay, she felt as if their re-encountering each other would have been intolerable. Now it was still so much a matter of course, and the true gloss was so impressed on an idle farce, that before he parted from them in the lobby of the hotel Iris could go up to him in the presence of Lady Fermor, Marianne, and Soames, and gently return to him his little packet, saying, "Thank you very much, Sir William; you see I have not needed your loan."

CHAPTER XL.—A SUITOR.

FOR the next few days the party returned to their former habits. The sole evidence that there had been any disturbance of the company's tranquillity remained in a certain constraint which clung about their intercourse, a disinclination to allude to their halt on the Borders, and an utter avoidance of a topic which had been much discussed before.

Yet the forbidden topic cropped up occasionally, even without Lady Fermor's instrumentality. When the ladies and their squire were strolling about the streets of the little town, and had come back to the street in which their comfortable old inn was situated, some conjecture was hesitated about its age. Marianne Dugdale insisted they would not find an old inn in Scotland of a later creation than Prince Charlie's time. A respectable tradesman passing by, and catching the tenor of the conversation, took it upon him to supply the date and oblige the party with a gratuitous piece of information. "Auld Lord Dundonald, the great sailor, came on here with his bride after their runawa' marriage. Ye may mind the marriage was disputed in a court of law after Tam Cochrane had bidden a long fareweel baith to his honours and his disgrace, and my leddy was a bitter-tongued, weedow woman, driven, puir sowl, to fecht baith for and against her ain sons."

"The folly is in the air," said Lady Fermor sarcastically; "shall we consult your safety, Thwaite, and flee back to England?"

"I do not know myself in any danger, my lady," said the person addressed, stiffly and sternly, while Marianne talked fast to Iris of climbing the hill behind the town, which was somehow connected with hanging and the gallows. The younger members of the party continued as indefatigable as ever in their business of sight-seeing. They walked, rode, and drove to the pretty mineral well in its nook among the hills, to "lone St. Mary's Loch," with its silver strand, where the images of Scott and Hogg and Wordsworth for the moment effaced all private phantoms, to the spot where Tweed, Clyde, and Annan are near akin in their origin, to the weird lichen-covered oaks of Lochwood, like trees of another world, to the colossal, green hollow known as "the Devil's Beef-tub," to "fair Kirkconnel Lea," the scene of the most wildly tragic and deeply pathetic of Scotch ballads, which greatly took the young people's fancy.

On the little company's return from one of their excursions they were amazed to find the big body, big face, and sandy moustache of King Lud in the man who was standing smoking and looking out for them at the inn-door. He had done more than keep his word. He had spoken of seeing them again before he sailed; but that was comparatively a vague prospect; he had said nothing of returning so soon to make up their party and finish their excursion. He looked solemn in answer to the gay banter which Marianne Dugdale, after an instant of silent delight, was able to rain upon him. "Were all your friends from home, Mr. Acton? Has your ship sailed without you? Did you think we should be robbed and murdered without the protection of your doughty arm in the old land of Border reivers? I could do better than that, if I tried—like the duchess in Wonderland, I could make myself picturesquely charming, and come-over the Scotch loons with my soft English tongue."

Iris, whose nerves had been thoroughly shaken, was divided between two sources of apprehension. Had Ludovic Acton taken it into his head to read up information, and somehow discovered for himself the dangerous nature of their late entertainment, and had he come all the way from the Rectory, during the small amount of leave that was likely to remain to him, to put her on her guard, to volunteer his evidence, and to save everybody from sorrow and

injury, or was his mother worse; and, if so, why had he quitted her?

The first time the old friends were alone for a few minutes, King Lud cleared up the mystery, his manner presenting a nice blending of sheepishness and burning anxiety. He had got his promotion; he was now a captain in her Majesty's navy, with his appointment to a ship a matter of days. But before these days were ended he must avail himself of his promotion to bring to a close the suspense which, he maintained, was worse than sharks, icebergs, and torpedoes all taken together. Of course he could not run away with Marianne Dugdale, though they were in Scotland. He was so bent on his narrative that he did not notice how Iris winced at the dry joke. Neither could the most sanguine man in his profession have hoped to marry her before sailing. But if Miss Dugdale, and her friends for her, would condescend to have anything to say to him, would consent to an engagement, he did not think, unless she was less freshly simple and modest in her tastes, less nobly and gloriously unworldly, than he believed her to be, that the engagement need be very long. He could show flattering letters from some of the swells of the Admiralty and good-natured commendations from his old commanders, which he had never so much as given to the family at home to read and exult over, because, naturally, his people would think a great deal too much of such bosh, and he hated bounce and palaver. It would be the first time that he had counted on them as any good, if they would satisfy Marianne Dugdale and her friends that a fair, steady rise in his profession lay before him. He had not let the grass grow beneath his feet. Modest, retiring King Lud, under the influence of the great passion of his young manhood, had already rushed down to Devonshire, introduced himself to Mr. Dugdale, and interviewed him. The spick-and-span captain had explained his not too elevated but hopeful position, and requested the father's permission to address his eldest daughter. The poor gentleman was neither propitious nor unpropitious. He was engrossed with his own affairs, to which the marriage of one of his daughters belonged certainly, but only in a subsidiary degree. Young Acton might end by becoming a rear-admiral, when Marianne would have done very well for herself. Even if he stopped short with being a commodore he was not to be despised. Nay, a naval captain's pittance did not mean such starva-

tion to a small family as a country gentleman's reduced rents, from an estate groaning under a burden of mortgages, threatened ruin to the head of the house with his helpless wife and daughters. The officer and his wife would begin housekeeping with only a couple of mouths to fill, while Mr. Dugdale had nearly half-a-dozen to satisfy.

On the other hand, what had the dowager Lady Fermor to say on the matter? By making a marriage displeasing to the late Lord Fermor's testatrix she might be lost—not only to Marianne, but to the whole family of Dugdale.

Mr. Dugdale had a natural affection for his daughter; but he could not afford the sacrifice. In the end the eager suitor was referred to his father's prodigal parishioner.

The sentence filled King Lud with chagrin—well-nigh hopelessness. "I know she has other views for her grand-daughter," he groaned in Iris's ear. "Do you think there is the slightest chance for me in applying to the old lady?"

Iris could not in sincerity say she had an exalted opinion of his chances in that quarter; but she managed to remark with some ambiguity she did not think Lady Fermor had any definite designs at present for the disposal of Marianne.

"There is Thwaite," alleged King Lud gloomily, "almost a member of the family. He has been its cavalier ever since Lady Fermor and Miss Dugdale came up to town."

It was clear that he had heard nothing of the sequel to the Border play in which he had taken part—nor was he likely to hear, Iris was thankful to think, unless his relations to the family became very intimate.

"There would be disgusting advantages in that match," King Lud bemoaned himself.

"But Marianne is not mercenary," Iris reminded him.

"Of course not; her dear vagaries, her sweet waywardness and irresistible originality are all utterly destitute of mercenariness."

Iris laughed and nodded; it was comical to her to hear King Lud, who had been wont to take things easy, by his own confession violently in love.

"But Thwaite himself is a good fellow, for all that has come and gone. I always liked him. If he made a great mistake, went wrong and smarted for it, he has come honourably through a lengthened probation since then. She is just the generous girl to long to make up to him for what he has suffered, to glory in overlooking his small deficiencies and be willing to risk herself to

keep him straight. No," said Ludovic Acton in dolefully magnanimous self-depreciation, "I cannot pretend to Thwaite's advantages in any respect. Why, even in the matter of looks he has it all on his side. He is a comely, well-drilled lout, while I'm a whey-faced, moon-faced clumsy sea-lubber."

Iris laughed till the tears came into her eyes, she wanted so much to comfort and encourage him without breaking faith, and without buoying him up with false hopes where Lady Fermor was concerned. "I think I may say if grandmamma has not entirely given up contemplating Whitehills as a possible establishment for Marianne, she has not been looking at it in that light very lately."

"Oh, thank you, Iris, you are a good soul. I don't wonder that Marianne adores you," said Ludovic as gratefully as if Iris had gone far to secure to him the passionately coveted boon. "Only Marianne might spare a little common civility to a fellow who adores her."

*'Although she is forced to dissemble her love,
Why need she kick him down-stairs?'*

"Have patience," Iris told him. "Do they know at the Rectory? What does Lucy think? What does the Rector say? Is the mother pleased?"

"Oh, my people are as good as gold as usual. They say, if my happiness is concerned that is everything. They are only longing to make her better acquaintance. What a fool I am to speak of her as if she were certainly mine! I can depend upon them doing everything they can to befriend her when I am away."

"Happy man! at least you have acted on the most manly straightforward principles, and whatever comes of it you will have the comfort of that reflection," said Iris warmly.

But the newly-made captain did not see what else he could have done. The reward was more and more according to his heart than Iris or any one else would have dared to hope. Strange to say, Lady Fermor did not oppose the engagement, beyond saying that she thought it as foolish as such contracts usually were. But if the young pair chose to enter into this one she would not interfere. She craved leave to inform Captain Acton, in case of awkward mistakes, that her grand-daughter Marianne Dugdale would have no more money from her than a couple of hundred pounds to buy her trousseau if she ever needed one, and perhaps another couple of hundreds to buy her mourning on the death of the speaker. She had never intended to give Marianne more,

unless on a contingency of which there had ceased to be any possibility. She would write to Mr. Dugdale to this effect.

The truth was that Lady Fermor did not believe in engagements, short or long, and never had cared a straw for Marianne Dugdale except as a living toy to amuse the old lady, and an instrument of vengeance upon Iris Compton.

King Lud was free to address his mistress, yet even the freedom might have had a disastrous issue but for recent events, and the knowledge that the suitor would sail and very likely be in another hemisphere within the month. Marianne was taken unawares. She laughed and pouted and even cried a little as if she were a very ill-used little person, then suddenly threw down her arms and surrendered at discretion, making no terms, beyond the right of teasing King Lud, which the infatuated fellow was only too content, according to ancient example, to let her do. Even this remnant of power was in danger of being wrested from her grasp, every time his approaching departure crossed her mind and clouded over the whole universe to her.

It was something to see a good fellow and an innocent child so radiantly happy as those two, though his lapsing leave was to subdue their happiness long before the summer had ended. Lady Fermor called the pair a couple of lunatics; but Iris caught herself and Sir William regarding the two with the mild, patient benignity of true guardians and sponsors.

There was no evidence of resentment on Sir William's part on account of his faintly and fitfully foreshadowed office of "guide, philosopher, and friend" to Marianne Dugdale being filched from him. If a kind of wistful look came into his blue eyes at times it did not interfere with the perfect cordiality of his congratulations to King Lud and the young lady, and she received such demonstrations better from him than from any one else, Iris not excepted.

It seemed as if nothing were to be wanting to the happiness of the lovers. King Lud had been proudly and affectionately desirous that if it could be managed, Marianne should go on a visit to the Rectory before he got his sailing orders. Included in the desire was the natural longing to take leave of her in his father's house, and to consign her under the ordeal to the tender keeping of those who would be sharing her sorrow with her. Even this wish was granted. Lady Fermor became complacent to an almost alarming

extent; Marianne might go since she had got her father's permission. The old lady even volunteered to render the project more feasible by sending Soames to chaperon the lovers, and bring back some articles of dress which Soames's mistress wished her maid to get from Lady Fermor's wardrobe at Lambford.

So this idyl disappeared from the contemplation of the edified spectators at Moffat, and anything more they were to learn of it, in the meantime, must be from letters—Marianne's hurried but highly appreciative announcement of her safe arrival and good reception; Lucy Acton's kind if more composed and modified reports. Yes, Marianne was a dear girl, and it was delightful to see King Lud so exultant; who could resist it? Marianne was original and a little wilful. She had found a broken mouse-trap which had exercised her spirit a good deal. She had sent the children to fetch all the mouse-traps in the house to be inspected by her, and had set about mending them on the spot, so that Gerald was her chum from that moment. Marianne had got round the Rector by looking out his sermons for him, and practising the hymns he liked best in order to help the choir in church. She had won all the hearts of the children—of the boys especially—at the school feast. As for the curates she saved her, Lucy, an immense amount of trouble, for Marianne could twist them round her finger, and did so without once provoking King Lud to jealousy. Yes, they all liked dear Ludovic's future wife very much, and Lucy was convinced that though there might be a little hitch here and there—as where was there not in human relations?—still the family circle into which the stranger had entered, instead of being divided into hostile factions with the members set against each other by her means, would continue as united and attached as ever.

It was plain the Actons were behaving well, as might have been expected from them. They were making the best of their son and brother's engagement to Marianne Dugdale, and so taking the wisest course to preserve his and their dignity and happiness.

CHAPTER XLI.—FALSE SEEMING.

DATING as nearly as possible contemporaneously with the departure of Ludovic Acton and his promised wife under the staid wing of Soames, there began for Iris one of the strangest experiences of her tried life. She was alone with Lady Fermor and Sir William Thwaite. Lady Fermor continued

in the blandest mood. Whether she were seeking to atone for her late outrage, or whether she were "fey," according to the old Norse superstition, and her last days had come, there could be no question of her indulgence to her grand-daughter and her kindness to Sir William, even when they crossed her will and thwarted her plans.

But along with the old lady's bluff good-humour there commenced to peep out an inference drawn by Lady Fermor which was almost intangible in its expression at first. Yet it was a subtle, entangling, bewildering implication, leading to a spirit of perturbation and confusion on the part of those who could not deny what was not charged against them. They feared so much as to admit the hint, lest the faintest whisper of its existence should lend tangibility to the light material and afford a basis for a whole towering edifice of doubt and suspicion.

She treated the two young people as if they were a couple of children, or the nearest relations. She would have sent them out, in the intervals of Sir William's sport, on the longest tête-à-tête rambles and riding excursions without so much as a groom to bear them company. When, because of the unaccustomed nature of the liberty extended to them, they were instinctively shy of it and of each other, she chid them gaily for not availing themselves of their privileges, as if they abstained from them entirely on her account.

"You two"—she had got to coupling them together continually—"are a great deal too considerate. It ain't in me to be a kill-joy, but you make me ashamed, though I must confess that it is a failing I am not given to indulging in. Why should you not have your good time as well as others? Don't let me interfere with you."

Lady Fermor had naturally her special seat in her own window of the drawing-room, and she took to barricading herself in with screens, cushions, foot-stools, and little tables for her various refreshments—biscuits, fruit, wine, tea, as her habits and the hour required. She had always been sufficient for herself, but she appeared to be becoming impatient even of the company of a young man of her own choosing, and to be contracting a passion for solitude.

"You can keep to your own window. You must have a great deal to talk about—young couples always have. Old people have done with everything save thinking, and that, too, goes, I suppose, so that there is only sensation left, poor creatures that we are! But say your say while you have it to do, and

want to be out with it; never mind me, I shan't hear a syllable at this distance."

While the party had been travelling Lady Fermor had resigned the head of the table to one of her grand-daughters, but she had left the foot vacant. Now she elected that Sir William should play the host opposite Iris as the hostess. And Lady Fermor told them to their faces, in the most innocent manner possible, so that they felt themselves behaving foolishly to blush, that they became their relative positions and discharged their respective duties admirably.

Iris did her best to supply Soames's place in the maid's temporary absence, and was often alone with her grandmother in her bedroom. On these occasions Lady Fermor was even ostentatious in professing her entire satisfaction with Iris's efforts to serve her, which grew bungling, from sheer astonishment and trepidation at the gracious forbearance with which the girl's worst blunders were borne, and the praise indiscriminately awarded to the whole performance.

"I am very much obliged to you, child, you are too attentive; but I ought not to keep you from other duties."

"Grandmamma, you are laughing at me," cried Iris in desperation. "What duties have I in comparison with the obligation to wait upon you, if you will let me? I know I do it very badly, but I hope to improve, and become a proficient abigail by the time Soames comes back."

"You undervalue yourself far too much. There are plenty of forward, encroaching persons to be met with everywhere; more than that, excessive humility, which is often affectation, does not suit your station in life. There now," said Lady Fermor, after Iris had enveloped her grandmother in her dressing-gown and removed her wig, replacing it by one of the exploded night-caps, which are only in vogue to shelter the bald pates of octogenarians, "go down and entertain William."

Lately Lady Fermor had taken to dropping the "Thwaite" and the "Sir" before the Christian name, in speaking apart with Iris of the Squire of Whitehills. The new habit smote upon Iris's ears with a peculiarly familiar home-like effect; when the name was coupled with a dogmatic recommendation to "entertain" its bearer, Iris's breath was taken away. She was not even fit to meet the cool command with the calm assurance that Sir William could entertain himself. She did not say it, but she retired to her own room, and put her hands before her face.

At the same time neither Iris nor Sir William could resent mere insinuations, which after all might owe the most of their significance to what might have become their morbid self-consciousness and troubled fancies. She knew as well as if she had heard it what would have been her grandmother's answer if she, Iris, had protested against the inference cunningly drawn. Lady Fermor would have cried in the height of incredulous astonishment, "Child, what did I say? What could you think was my meaning?" and an explanation of what Iris might have thought, as it appeared unjustifiably reviving all the horrible mischief that had been set at rest, was too dreadful for a delicate-minded girl to face without the utmost necessity for the encounter.

Iris seriously revolved the alarming doubt if her grandmother's mind were giving way at last, when one day, on two occasions, both when the ladies were sitting by themselves and when Sir William was with them, Lady Fermor did what she had once done before on paper, addressed Iris as "Lady Thwaite," "What is your opinion of the weather, Lady Thwaite?" "Lady Thwaite, have you seen the birds in Sir William's bag?"

Iris did not answer. She only looked down with startled dismay and shifting colour. She could not have raised her eyes to meet Sir William's for the world.

The incorrectly applied title might have proceeded from a lapse of memory in an old woman, though Lady Fermor hitherto had not been liable to such lapses. Anyhow she did not show that she had observed her mistake by calling herself back or apologising for it. Her sole comment on Iris's dead silence on both occasions was by repeating her inquiries with a little impatience, without again naming the person spoken to. "Did you hear me? What is your opinion of the weather?" "Have you seen Sir William's grouse?"

If the misapplications of the name were not a slip of the tongue, if they formed an index that Lady Fermor's once acute and powerful, though neither fine nor cultivated intellect, and clear steady brains, were, as she had predicted, losing their edge, even reeling on their throne, the shape which the disorder of her faculties had taken would not be at all wonderful. It would be almost natural that the first of a throng of coming delusions should point to her conviction of the accomplishment of a scheme on which she had so set her imperious will that five of her last acts had been to seek to establish an

unpardonable fraud by coercing the victims to submit to it, and ratify it, out of shame and terror for a woman's good name.

It was a new vague danger to be dreaded, along with the constant miserable embarrassment to be endured.

Iris could hardly say how much Sir William Thwaite was struck or what he felt. It was impossible to consult him on the point. Once he had betrayed every emotion of his soul in his face as in a mirror. Further experience of life had taught him to wear a mask to some extent; but in the course of the last few days the mask had fallen occasionally, though only with the effect of electrifying and baffling the beholder more completely. For the shifting expression was, after all, more perplexing than any steadiness of impenetrability.

The very material world around Iris; the old-fashioned inn to which Thomas Cochrane and his young wife had come after their runaway marriage; the braes over which the old moss-troopers had sped in many a moonlight foray, which had sometimes included a disconsolate bride snatched along with her living dowry of lowing kine and bleating sheep from the English side of the Border; the holiday watering-place among the hills, with the holiday company in which were various specimens of lovers, and no lack of newly-wedded pairs come to spend their simple honeymoons—all began to assume an unreal, sympathetic, or mocking aspect to Iris. The strain was becoming too hard for her. She said to herself with despairing deliberation she could not bear it much longer. Her grandmother if she had been in her right mind had been very wicked to bring such trouble upon two people who had never wronged her, one of whom was her own flesh and blood. So soon as Soames returned, the girl would go away as she had gone before, to return no more to Lady Fermor or to Lambford. King Lud would be gone, and Marianne Dugdale ought to come back.

She would tell no one of her departure this time. She was to be a runaway twice over, but never a runaway bride. She felt she would rather die than tempt Sir William Thwaite to believe she had been willing to appropriate her share of the rôle which had been imposed upon them both. She would go to Mrs. Haigh, and if she could not receive her, she might find a place for Iris, safe, however humble. She would work her fingers to the bone and her eyes till they were blind in their sockets, to maintain herself in honest, honourable independence; beyond that nothing signified.

Iris's purpose was deferred by Soames's protracted absence. Lady Fermor did not grudge it; in fact she was at the bottom of the delay. She had caused a journey which might have been accomplished in less than twenty-four hours, to be broken by a halt of half as many days. She was lengthening the halt by keeping Soames at Lambford executing commission after commission for her mistress at Knotley, Birkett, and Cavesham, commissions sent to Soames at the rate of half-a-dozen fresh orders every morning. Iris gave the woman credit for fretting over the length of her holiday. But Iris could wait—all the more easily in the end, that Sir William had gone away on an unexplained errand which was to last a day, but detained him for a couple of days. Lady Fermor extended her afternoon drive on both days, so that she might finish by taking the station on her way home and there await her friend's return. Iris told herself that she wished he might not return at all during her stay at Moffat, and she thought the wish must have looked out at him from her eyes when he did appear, and Lady Fermor was calling to him—careless who might hear her, that he was a naughty man to put her to the trouble of bringing Iris twice to the station to fetch him back to the inn; for after he had driven home with them, assisted Lady Fermor to alight, and handed her over to the landlady and her subordinates, he detained Iris for a moment behind her grandmother, to say, with an undercurrent of vexation and reproach in his voice, "I will go abroad and stay there, Miss Compton, if you wish it—you need fear no annoyance from me; you have but to say the word; I should be gone already, were it not that you are alone with Lady Fermor."

That was her own motive for delay, she reflected with an undefined, unreasonable sense of bitterness. Well, perhaps it was better they should understand each other thoroughly. But she only said, "Don't let any consideration with regard to grandmamma or me interfere with your arrangements, Sir William; we shall do very well. You can see we have managed perfectly for ourselves during these two days; besides, Soames will turn up presently."

CHAPTER XLII.—THE WRONG ROOM.

THE mail from the south had come in and Iris had left Sir William reading the newspapers to her grandmother and gone out for a solitary walk. She wanted to walk far and fast till she was wholesomely tired from bodily

fatigue, to be braced by the strong north country air, and to have the moorland wind blow away the cobwebs which had lodged in her brain, stifling her common-sense and torturing her nerves. She had climbed the hill Marianne had spoken of—one of those hills which are appendages to various towns in Scotland, being memorials of the last gruesome scene which followed the exercise of the jurisdiction of a baron's court.

Iris did not anticipate much seclusion in her walk, for the hill was not only frequented by visitors in the season, it was haunted from late spring to late autumn, as she could guess, by children seeking in succession birds' nests, blaeberrys, and blackberries; still she could find a quiet spot where she might sit down and rest and look at the wide, free view of hill and hollow and river, just broken here and there by patches of yellow corn-land, stretches of green pasture grass, bits of wood. She could realise that she was in a pastoral country where, whatever human discord broke the stillness, there was always a harmonious undertone made up of the bleating of sheep and the humming of bees among the heather, the occasional bark of a shepherd's dog, the constant trickle far and near of innumerable threads of water which rose and were fed among the hills, to feed in turn the bigger burns and the rivers rushing on to the sea. Overhead was the solemn grey sky of the north country, in which, though there was no sign of rain, the blue was not left long uninvaded, and the white of the fleecy clouds was brushed with a silvery grey, passing here and there to deeper, darker, though still clear tints of slate colour.

Iris would fain have let the simplicity and peace of the landscape sink into her harassed mind, from which a fantastic nightmare could not be driven out. But she was not left alone to reason with herself, re-assure and calm herself by recovering mental balance and spiritual faith, for almost the first thing she saw was Sir William's glengarry rising above the bracken as he pushed his way, regardless of the obstacles on a wrong track, to reach her. She was not safe even on the hill of ancient hangings. In despair, she sat quite still and let him come up and speak to her.

"I beg your pardon for intruding upon you, Miss Compton," he said humbly enough, panting a little from his reckless exertions to gain her side. "But I have something to say which I am taking the first opportunity to tell you by yourself. It is what you ought to know at once; I have no doubt you will be glad to hear it."

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Iris turned upon him a questioning, apprehensive, half-indignant glance. Then she bethought herself that he was not knowingly to blame for all the misery he had caused, that he was himself involved in the last misfortune. A rush of remorse amounting to tender friendliness came over her for the manner in which she was beginning to treat him, so that she spoke to him quite kindly. "In place of requiring you to apologise for interrupting my important meditations," she said, with rather a forlorn attempt at gaiety, "I ought to thank you heartily, Sir William, for taking so much trouble about something in which you think I have an interest," and she made room for him to sit down by her.

He threw himself down where she indicated and was silent for a moment, plucking the heather and looking, not at her, but straight before him with a far-away expression in his eyes. Perhaps he felt what he had already experienced more than once during this year, he was realising the literal circumstances of a bygone dream, in which, however, all the premises had undergone a variation. Not least of all, though that was not in his count, his personal appearance and general air were changed since Iris had first known him. His manliness was more matured, much that had sat constrainedly and uneasily on him he now carried lightly and unthinkingly. He had the look of a plain, brusque, but not undignified country gentleman of the class into which his first sanguine backers had argued he would merge. The chestnut beard covered the somewhat dogged squareness of the jaw and the weakness of the chin, while the lines from the nose to the corners of the mouth were so defined as to give the leonine cast to the face. The fulness of forehead beneath the waves of hair had already a furrow or two, and the slight contraction of the brow seemed to set the blue eyes more deeply, and to cast a shadow over them. The face was still massive, tending to ruggedness as it grew older, with more of thoughtfulness and of calm repression and patient pain at the present moment than of its old stern tension or passionate impulse.

To Iris's surprise Sir William drew out his pocket-book and unfolded a written paper.

"I must first tell you where I have been, Miss Compton," he said, and his colour deepened like a girl's while he spoke. "I've been back to —," and he mentioned the inn at which the party had made their last momentous halt.

She would have said, "What took you

there?" but her lips would not utter the words.

He went on hurriedly, "I wished to see the landlord, who, so far from seeming a regular blackguard, appeared a respectable enough man. My object was to seek an explanation from him—if an explanation were needed—to ascertain what he had to say of the farce which Lady Fermor insists on keeping up."

"I dare say you were right," Iris forced herself to say, half inaudibly, with her eyes turned away, and falling by chance on the little bare hand, without the bridegroom's gift of a ring, lying languidly on her gown.

"I did not see him at first. By a curious coincidence Lady Fermor had written for him to come here; but he had to attend some sale. I waited for his return and had a conversation with him. He told me the whole truth, and I made him write it down, and have it witnessed. I took a copy for Lady Fermor, and gave it to her within the last half-hour. This is for you; all you have to do is to keep it, and it will save you from further anxiety and vexation."

Iris took the sheet of ruled blue paper in bewilderment. The writing was the round clerical hand of the best old Scotch parish schools. The diction was not so unexceptionable; but though the intelligence it conveyed threw a new light on everything, the style ought not to have been incomprehensible, if it had not been that the letters and the sense of the words danced before Iris's eyes and understanding. She could not take them in for some moments. It was only by a supreme effort at self-control that she at last mastered the contents of the paper.

"This is to certify that my house of entertainment at —, being built on the very boundary-line between the two countries—as there are plenty of records to prove what the 'Marches' are—some of its rooms are in England and some in Scotland. The sitting-rooms which were lately occupied by Lady Fermor and party are both in England. No marriage ceremony performed according to Scotch law within the bounds of either of them would be legal, or could stand. This would be the case even though the contract had been entered into in good faith, with the full knowledge and concurrence of all concerned—whereas I am assured by Sir William Thwaite, who acted as the bridegroom in a performance of which I got a glimpse, that the whole thing was a mere play or frolic, never intended by

the principal persons engaged in it to go any farther.

"I wish to say for myself that I believe the fact of part of the house being in England and part in Scotland did not exist without abuse lang syne. Sometimes, to extort rewards and bribes, the couples who had whiles betrayed others were themselves betrayed, and were handed over unwed, when they had thought otherwise, to the friends at their heels. Or, what was baser still, bride and bridegroom had to cower their whole life lang before the auld innkeepers and the mock minister, and pay sweetly for their silence on what, in point of law, was no better than a mock marriage. Or, if the bridegroom were a villain, he could cast off his bride through the villainy of his helpers.

"I had no suspicion of what was going on the other night till I was warned by one of the servant lasses, who mistook jest for earnest. I came up, as fast as my feet would carry me, to shift the party into the opposite room, which had first to be cleared of its company. By the time that had been done the business was all but finished, while it looked to me more like a foolish joke than a serious weddin'. In that case, with no harm intended or done, I appeal to any innkeeper in his senses if it was for me to come forward and affront and displease titled customers. If I had got any proof that the marriage was really meant for a wedding which was to be carried out, I hereby solemnly declare that I would have come forward and telled the truth at any cost.

"I admit when the old ledly started at break-of-day, leaving the couple behind, I misdoubted the joke and tried to get speech of her, but she would not hear me. Maybe she has minded that though, and so has sent for me to go all the way to Moffat to speak with her. And when the gentleman that stood for the bridegroom, who has now come back to clear up the story, left next, that same morning, I thought like the lave that he would be back again in no time, and that it would be soon enough then to warn him. It was rather a ticklish thing, if so be he thought he was wad, to tell him he was mistaken, and bear the wyte of the English rooms which belonged to the building of the house on the very Border a good ween years before I was born.

"I meant also to speak to the young ledly, though she had sustained no wrong that I know of, but before I had word of her intended departure she too had gone off with a friend that was sent back for her just at the moment when I was engaged with some press-

ing customers; and I could not think she would suffer harm in her friend's hands. However, the affair has been on my mind, and I have not been without fear that, jest or earnest, me, and more than me, might get into trouble about it yet. And I was on the eve of travelling as far as Moffat at my own ill convenience to obey the auld leddy's orders and make a clean breast of it to her, when the gentleman calling himself Sir William Thwaite, who is, according to his own account, bidding at the same inn in Moffat, came express to me, and saved me the journey. He has caused me to write this paper, which he is to show to the leddies. He'll certify that I have been ready to answer all his questions and to communicate to him the local disqualification, which attests beyond dispute that no legal marriage was, or could have been, celebrated in the front or in the back-parlour on the second floor of my house of—— on the evening of the 7th of August, 187—.

“(Signed) ANDREW PEEBLES.

“(Witnessed) James Musgrave.
“Catharine Preston.”

Iris was free; no further glamour could be thrown over an idle incident, and the finger of scandal would never point to her, even in her grave. But the result was something altogether different from what she had been brought to dread, and the man who had freed her, who thus voluntarily renounced the far-fetched ghost of a claim to her, was the same who in the hay-field at Whitehills had persisted against every remonstrance in declaring his desperate love for her, and maintained it was no light fancy, but a lifelong passion and sorrow. This was the man who dissolved the masquerade that yet seemed to bind them strangely together. But while it somehow smote her to the heart that he could do it, she cried out against herself for her disloyalty to herself and him, and told herself the truth, that if he had acted otherwise he must have degraded himself in her eyes, and she would have had the double anguish of learning to despise him at this date. She must not let him see what she thought; she must give him his due. She turned to him with her hands clasped tightly, and brilliant roses in the cheeks that were growing thin. “How shall I ever thank you, Sir William? If you had failed me and made me suffer for a piece of folly, what would have become of me, and of you also? But you have behaved like the perfect gentleman and true friend that I have long known you to be.”

“Come,” he said, catching his breath and speaking with something of the old roughness, “don't make it too hard for a fellow. But I must speak out just this once, since we shall never allude to the subject again.”

“You might have paid me back for what must have struck you as a girl's intolerable arrogance,” she said, half under her breath.

“No, no,” he corrected her quickly; “you are talking nonsense now. You could never be arrogant. It was I who was a presumptuous, deluded idiot.”

“You have shielded and delivered me,” she said sadly, “while I—I believe I have done nothing save injure you since the first time we met.”

“How can you say so?” he cried impatiently—almost indignantly. “You made a man of me—by causing me to look up to what was far above my reach certainly—but when I fell back into the beast again have you forgotten how you came and saved both me and poor Honor?”

“Poor Honor!” echoed Iris, and the tears began to trickle down her cheeks in spite of herself, for she had been much tried lately, and the strain on her was becoming more than she could bear.

“Don't cry, Miss Compton, for mercy's sake,” he implored. “I could not stand it. I could not answer for myself, though at my worst I would not have taken advantage of you in the way you seem to think I might have done. To make out, after one mad moment, that you had married me truly according to the Scotch law, or any law, and to call Lady Fermor to bear me out in the assertion, would have been to act like a rascal as well as a brute, to have lost your friendship, and I have been proud to possess that at least.”

“And now we shall be friends always,” she said wistfully.

“I don't know,” he answered restlessly. “Yes, friends in heart I hope, if you will do me the honour. But it ain't as if I were another woman or a better man. I think I shall go abroad as I proposed.”

“All the same, you will come back to Whitehills one day,” she ventured with a faint smile.

“What, to find you——” he began vehemently, then stopped for an instant, and went on more quietly. “If I cared for you as you deserve to be cared for, I should not regret finding you in a happier and safer home than where I first saw you, and shall always remember you, at Lambford. But I am a selfish dog.”

She was silent now, breathing with soft quickness.

"I need not say Lady Fermor, though she has tried to be my friend," he remarked with rather a grim smile, "is no protector for you, any more than she was for your cousin, Miss Dugdale. But you are another sort of girl—so much wiser and stronger in your gentleness. It is exactly as I said the other night at the station; forgive me for the liberty, but I cannot, as I am a man, endure to leave you with her."

She continued dumb. She did not say, as she had implied before, that whatever risk she ran it could be nothing to him; she did not upbraid him with hurting her by reminding her of her friendlessness; she did not bid him go again.

He looked at her with the keenest, most earnest scrutiny, flushing high while he looked. "I am sure you would not trifle with me, Miss Compton. You did not do it before, when I was a foolhardy ass. Perhaps you think it is impossible one man can twice err in the same indefensible way. You know I was such a blockhead as not to see through your cousin's merry fencing, and guess on which side her deliverance lay. I was tempted to feel that, if she would let me, I ought to come to the rescue, and not see her sacrificed as I had seen another bright, kind woman perish. It seemed all that was left for me to do. It was not giving up much, for I had not a grain of hope besides. But I could not venture to approach you, and propose to be your protector, not even after what has come and gone—you are too far above me."

She made a hasty deprecating movement to interrupt him, but he did not heed it.

"And it would be too great a mockery, I may as well say it, since I am in for it, though I may affront you again. You have said enough to show you will not mistake me—I love you as I love my life. I have done so from the first moment I saw you, I shall do it to my last gasp though you mayn't like it. I can't help it any more than you can. And I might have been content with your tolerance—like a scrap thrown to a dog—in the past; but though I've been down in the depths since then, things are different somehow with me, I could not be satisfied to-day with what I should perhaps have caught at years ago. I am wiser, or I am prouder, though I have little enough to be proud of. I should not ask much, but I must have a grain—a living seed fit to sprout and grow. I know only too well what I have been, and how unworthy I am still, but if you could ever look over it, like the generous, gentle soul you are and were to poor Honor,

why then I should be the proudest, gladdest fellow on earth. I would keep you as far as my life could save you, from care and sorrow. I would serve you with my best, and ask only a crumb of kindness, and that you yourself should be happy."

She spoke at last, "Not for Honor's sake," she faltered, "though I did care for her, but for your own—not a crumb, but all. Has it not been well won?" She laid her hand in his as she spoke, and her pure lips were there for his reverent awed lips to press, her sweet eyes to return shyly his blissful glances.

After the two had talked long together, Sir William suddenly announced, with a laugh which spoke volumes for the terms to which they had attained, "I have forgotten to tell you that Lady Fermor was so put out by the paper I brought her, she said she would set off for Lambford to-morrow, she would not wait for Soames."

"Well, it won't matter—will it? She did not forbid you to accompany her, I hope. I shall be very glad to see home again, to see them all at the Rectory, and hear what they will say. Perhaps we may be in time to catch up King Lud, before he sails. Poor, dear Marianne, I am sorry for her now."

"Why in the world should you be sorry?"

"Because you are not going to sail, Sir William—ought I to tell you that?"

"If it does not hurt you to say it, it is very agreeable for me to hear it."

"But it will spoil you, and as it was only the other day that I refused to entertain you, I think you may have some notion how far I was from contemplating spoiling you then. We must not get on quite so fast. But I will say this, that I doubt if King Lud and Marianne are quite so happy as we are."

"I doubt it too, though I have only one reason to give for the doubt."

"I don't wish to hear that reason again to-day, I think I have heard it already. I mean because they have not been tried."

"Perhaps he would not agree with you, poor chap."

"Oh! but that was all a man's stupidity not to see through her flattering opposition. They have come together without one real tribulation to test them. They strike me at this moment as two quite inexperienced, light-hearted young persons, so that one fears—though one hopes not—that the cares and trials may all lie before them. Now we, though doubtless we have troubles by the score in store for us, have passed through fire

and water, we know and can trust ourselves and each other."

There was trouble in his eyes at that very minute. "Trusted and tried, and never found wanting, I can say that of you, my sweetheart, but can you ever trust me?"

"Yes, William," she said with simple sincerity, and so earnestly that there was a little solemnity in her tones; "with all my heart. You have fought a good fight, and He who strengthened you for the battle will never suffer you to be vanquished. I shall be glad to be home again," she added more lightly, "I have been very unhappy there sometimes, but I feel as if that were all to be forgotten now, and only the peaceful, happy days to be remembered. I was never so long away from home before. Now that I have time to think of it, I want very much to see what changes have taken place in my corner of Eastwich during my absence."

"And you want to see Whitehills again, for Lambford cannot long be your home, you will begin to look on Whitehills very differently. We may go abroad and see the world, but we must settle at Whitehills; that will always be the most important place to us."

"You cannot tell how long ago I was told to give my most serious consideration to Whitehills. Your cousin, Lady Thwaite, will think I have taken her advice."

"Never mind what she thinks. I suppose she will be pleased, and she will forgive me. Well, she has forgiven me long ago. But I shall take to her now, for I cannot forget that it was by her means I saw my lady first."

"It was after that meeting I called you 'a good sort of young man' to grand-mamma."

"I am afraid I did not deserve the character. But, Iris, Lady Thwaite is the only pretence to a friend I can give you."

"And how many can I give you?" she said with an answering sigh.

"I think if you had known my sister Jen, you would have loved her, though she had to work to earn bread for her and me, and was a washerwoman to the last day that I left her in peace."

"I am sure I should," said Iris with conviction. "Nobody, not you yourself could have been so much obliged to her, and we should have had one chief source of interest in common."

"There is a good fellow who has been, next to you, since I lost Jen, the best friend I had in the world, though he would never call himself anything save my servant. He

will be as proud as a peacock, as pleased as a pike-staff to hear the great news."

"I know," said Iris, with a bright smile, "Bill Rogers. Tell him from me to wish us both joy. His sister has sometimes said that if I ever had a house of my own she would like to go with me. She may if grandmamma consents, mayn't she? Why we have loads of faithful friends, William."

When the couple returned to the inn, they had tarried so long that Lady Fermor, in great dudgeon from another cause, had eaten her luncheon without them, and set out on her afternoon drive alone.

Sir William and Iris strolled into the inn-garden. She found an old-fashioned rose-bush still covered with roses, the same as some she had seen at the last halting-place. A few hours ago she would have tried not to see those roses; she would not have spoken of them—least of all to Sir William Thwaite; she would have wished to forget that they were there. But a single morning had brought such a change to the depressing, distracting conditions of her life, that she hailed the flowers. She caused him to gather clusters of them, shared them with him, put some of them as before in her jacket. "Do you remember ever seeing such roses?" she asked him mischievously.

"You are out if you expect to find my memory in fault here," he told her. "It ain't the best of memories, but there are some things I don't forget. I could show you the marrow of these in my pocket-book."

"Then keep them carefully, for they were my single ornament at the rehearsal of the greatest event in our lives."

The girl was laughing and jesting already, girl-like, at the nightmare of the last two or three weeks. And he was a proud and happy man to note the change in her—proud and happy to have her speaking to him in this fashion.

The whole party dined that day for the first time, by Lady Fermor's choice, at the table d'hôte of the inn. There were some inquisitive people present who had seen the titles of two of the party in the visitors' book, and were attracted by the aristocratic old mummy who asserted her importance, and the handsome young couple under her charge. The girl had a head like a cherub, and her companion looked a comely young fellow in the heyday of his life. Clusters of the same rose were in her fichu and in his button-hole; and the eyes of the wearers had a trick of straying to each other, even in an august presence. It was remarked

if my Lady Fermor did not approve of that match, she had brought the pair into a dangerous neighbourhood.

The truth was that at the close of Iris's grandmother's afternoon nap, she had heard of the accomplishment of the marriage, for which she had so long planned, schemed, and striven by fair means and foul, of which that very morning she had received cause to despair. She had got her will; but the question was how far it had lost its charm and become embittered to her by the circumstance that her instrumentality had little or nothing to do with the attainment of her end. She had even been foiled in her last daring, heartless, shameless move; and it was only by their own choice, which they might have exerted any day, that Sir William and Iris were about to marry. Lady Fermor had heard Sir William with little snorts and something not far from a scowl. She had said, "You have plenty of cheek, Thwaite, to come to me with such a proposal after the paper you showed me this morning. You two have taken your own time and mode to make up your minds, and have been rather long about it. What if I decide to have my objections now; to say I am sick—which is a fact—of the tiresome affair, and to forbid the alliance to go any farther?"

But though Lady Fermor had been astoundingly ungracious and unreasonable in eyes which might have read her better by this time, she was a woman of the world. She did not dismiss Sir William; she accepted, however grumblingly, his escort back to England; and she proceeded to announce the marriage, as if it had been from beginning to end of her making.

Before Iris was far across the Border she sent back a letter to Jeannie, the maid at the inn. "I have taken your advice, Jeannie—not because a happy accident has enabled your master, with James Musgrave and Catharine Preston, whoever they may be, to testify to my deliverance from an unknown danger, not because I fear any scandal in the future, but because I now know certainly what I just guessed before, that Sir William Thwaite is one of the best of men, and that I shall be one of the happiest of women if I marry him in sober earnest. I owe it to your kindness to let you know the happy end of the story; and remember, Jeannie, if I can ever serve you in return count upon me. I enclose Sir William's address for this purpose."

Lady Thwaite was profuse and tolerably sincere in her congratulations. "I am glad

you have thought better of it, my love. You are a lucky girl; not everybody gets the opportunity of changing her mind to some purpose. I shall be charmed to have you reigning in my place in dear old Whitehills. We will shut our eyes and forget that there was an infatuated, miserable interregnum, with another dreadful Lady Thwaite, between. He will only think the more of you, if he should ever look back and contrast the two. I speak as a relation of the family, my dear Iris."

"But you are mistaken, Lady Thwaite," said Iris, with the old involuntary drawing up of her figure and rearing of her little head; "neither Sir William nor I will ever forget poor Honor. There can be no invidious comparison or contrast between us two. We were brought up very differently, yet we were friends, in spite of every obstacle, when we were children and girls. Do you know the last thing she did before she left Whitehills was to come across to Lambford to bid me farewell? I am glad to think of it."

"Oh! Well, just as you like, my dear. You and Sir William are two very remarkable people—about the most remarkable in my circle; and if it please you to recollect what most persons would prefer to forget, it is only a matter of taste; it does not necessarily signify."

Marianne Dugdale first stared, then said, a little drily, "I was led to suppose the *penchant* was all on one side; that is, after I had got the faintest hint of a *penchant*. In short, there have been so many different accounts that, upon my word, one is puzzled which to believe." Then she added, while she struggled between a frown and a smile, "So you two will be married long before we shall." But presently the smile gained the supremacy and grew wondrous sweet, and Marianne cried, "All right!" and kissed Iris with effusion, before the whole company, looking as much affronted the next moment as if King Lud had been the object of the caress. His congratulations were frank and hearty, the Rector and his wife and all the others were complaisant, but Lucy held back a little.

Lucy had been much exercised lately on the subject of her brother's engagement. She had been affectionately impressed by the prize Marianne Dugdale had won. King Lud's virtue from childhood, his unblemished character in every respect, had been the frequent theme of Lucy's laudations. She had dwelt with justice on these lustrous jewels in King Lud's crown, until she felt

truly, that for any man to be without them or to have tarnished their lustre was a flaw indeed. Thus the very girl who had given in her early adherence to Iris's accepting the fate assigned to her, and complying with her grandmother's wishes, now sought anxiously to hold the willing bride back, and to remonstrate with her on concluding the contract.

"Yes, darling," said Lucy, hesitating a good deal, "it is delightful to have you settled so near us after all. It is very pleasant to think that you can bring yourself to do what Lady Fermor has so long wished. But oh! Iris, so many things have happened since we talked of this before. You will not be angry with me for alluding to Sir William's origin, which is the same as it ever was, of course, but then we had not the enlightenment of his low marriage and of his terrible unsteadiness for a time. I would not vex you for the world, Iris, but we are such old friends! Is it not too great a risk? Are you not frightened?"

"No," said Iris, without anger, though with a heightened colour; "and I am glad that you have spoken out this once to me, Lucy, for I know you mean it kindly, and I can tell you everything. Love casts out fear, and I love him! I have long loved him. Would you turn from the creature you loved, because he had been subject to some deadly disease, which, in spite of all his brave desperate struggles to throw it off and regain perfect health, it was just possible might return and prostrate him again? Would you not rather cling to him and help him to meet the enemy? You know there can be no defeat in the end, because the very soul of evil was vanquished long centuries ago; and I have no thought that there will be a partial defeat. Oh, Lucy, think what his trials and disadvantages have been and how he has risen above them, and then measure him, if you dare, with those who were never really called upon to bear the burden and heat of the day, never thrown and trampled in the mire—down in the place of dragons—or faint with the deadly weakness of ignorance, evil habits, and undisciplined passions."

And he was made a conqueror. Is it so strange a thing to believe that a man who has been once caught in the toils, may yet again go free, with God's own heaven above him, a loving, faithful woman by his side, and little children clasping his knees?

Iris's screen with the working out of the great artist's idea of the contest between

Arachne and Minerva, found a place in the Whitehills drawing-room among some relics of poor Honor's finery, tenderly dealt with for her sake. Sir William had an immense admiration for his wife's screen, which the embroideress tried in vain to lower to a reasonable moderation. Rumour darkly whispered that the master of Whitehills preferred that comparatively stilted piece of embroidery—begging the great artist's pardon—not only to all the old tapestry, but to one of the glories of the house, the semblance of his ancestress with the toy rake, designed and executed by the king of English portrait-painters.

Mrs. Haigh and Ju-ju came and saw the screen in its place of honour, and the former on her return to her boarders exalted Lady Thwaite still more than she had exalted "the honourable Miss Compton."

Marianne Dugdale was a great deal with her cousins, even after she had changed her name, before she had a settled home with its nursery, when the least gust of wind at night among the old trees in the park sent her down to breakfast next morning with her temper in a particularly rasping condition. Then she would rail at the Admiralty for parting husbands and wives, and not letting her sail with King Lud, when she would have lent efficient aid in setting every bolt and spar of her Majesty's ship to rights.

Whitehills was a great rendezvous of the Actons, from the Rector with his flowery but honest compliments to the youngest of his offspring. Indeed, the place became established in the records of the neighbourhood as a most pleasant and hospitable country house, in which the dowager Lady Thwaite was fain to claim a vested interest.

Lady Fermor having established her granddaughter very creditably, behaved as if she had done enough, and concerned herself very little with young Lady Thwaite and her doings. The old woman did not grow fonder of the young one, even after Lady Fermor's infirmities increased until she was forced to admit some of Iris's gentle good offices. But to the last Lady Fermor much preferred the attentions of Sir William, to whom she had long ago been entirely reconciled, and any softening of her stout-hearted looks and cynical words was always for him.

So completely were Iris's bugbears dispersed by the genial influence of a good husband and a happy home, that in walking down the main street of Knotley one day, and meeting the wreck of a broken-down old man dragging himself along by

the help of a servant's arm and a stick, she crossed over, stopped and inquired kindly for him, listening with commiserating interest to his mumbled complaints. Her first words when she next saw her husband were, "I met poor grandmamma's friend, whom she used to call 'old Pollock,' in

Knotley to-day, the first time for many months. I don't think he was ever very likeable, but how silly I must have been to feel such a horror of him! and now he looks so wretched, feeble, and friendless, poor man! William, is there nothing we can do for him?"

THE END.

A GOSSIP ABOUT LONDON.

THE attractions of London are inexhaustible. Not only is it the largest city in the world, but, if we except Rome—and perhaps this exception is doubtful—it contains more things of fame, more that claims the attention of the antiquary and historian, more even that is fitted to inspire the imagination of the poet, than any European capital.

The Englishman who has once learnt what may be called the secret of London, which is not an "open sesame," will feel that, despite its fogs and soot, there is no city like it in the world. He can sympathize with Johnson's exclamation that there is in London all that life can afford, and with the tears shed by Charles Lamb in the Strand from fulness of joy at so much life. The fact that it cannot be wholly understood adds to its impressiveness. We can never know London as we can know Edinburgh or Munich, Brussels or Antwerp. Even if the pedestrian can traverse a city which covers an area of nearly 100,000 acres—a feat said to have been accomplished by Macaulay, when it covered less space, some fifty years ago—the mind cannot grasp it, and thus ample play is always left for the imagination.

The boundless wealth of this "province covered with houses" would yield to an enemy the most splendid prize in the world, and our means of defence, in the judgment of military authorities, would be wholly inadequate were it not for the protection afforded by the sea. It is due to the Channel that England has been saved from the conscription, and it is due, under God, to the same cause that modern London, unlike most European capitals, has never been in possession of a foreign foe. More than once, especially in the early years of this century, it has been in danger, but the power of the English fleet frustrated all the designs of the first Napoleon.*

The immensity of London almost forces

* "The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley."

London looks chiefly to her Navy for protection from the latter; to save her from the incursions of her smaller fellow-mortals she is said to be blessed with an army of 700,000 cats.

us to use big words in writing of what Carlyle termed this "tuberosity of civilisation," and it is difficult to carry back the mind to a time when a city, now nearly twice the size of Paris, was confined to the hill above the Wallbrook, when an estuary filled what is now St. James's Park, and when Camberwell and Peckham, if on dry ground at all, were on the margin of a vast shallow lake interspersed with marshes and dotted with islets. In a recent history of London, which is at once popular and learned,* the author carries us back for a moment to pre-historic times, when elephants roamed on the banks of the Thames, when Westminster was the haunt of stags, and "when the men who slew them slew them with weapons of stone."

Of Roman London and of Saxon London little is comparatively known beyond the fact that the first great fire of 1136 consumed whatever may have been left of them; and it is not until some time after the Conquest that we can gather up a few scattered threads of information. It is interesting, for example, to know that for seven centuries there has been a Lord Mayor of London, and about the time the first was elected, in 1189, a citizen named Fitzstephen, in writing a life of St. Thomas of Canterbury, gives a slight account of London, which was his hero's birthplace. He describes the city as most charming, "at least, when it has the happiness to be well governed;" but he complains, as so many have complained since, of the drinking habits of the people. He mentions the city wall with its seven double gates, and observes that there were one hundred and twenty-six parochial churches, which shows, as Mr. Loftie observes, that the parishes as defined at present were already in existence. In those days the shops appear to have been booths, which could be removed when space was wanted for tournaments or processions. The wares were exhibited separately, and the names of several of our streets still recall the markets of those far-off days.

* "A History of London," by W. J. Loftie. With Map and Illustrations. In two Volumes. (Stanford.)

"Thus the Poultry was the poultry market. Adjoining it was the Stock Market, so called from a pair of stocks for disorderly people on a site now covered by the Mansion House. In Friday Street leading to Old Fish Street were to be found provisions suitable for fast days; the bakers had their sheds in Bread Street; there was a Honey Lane, a Milk Street, a Wood Street, a Soaper's Lane, and so on."

As late as the thirteenth century an open field existed, called Crown Field, in the middle of Cheap, which was a vast permanent market or fair. Fitzstephen thought the air of London wholesome, and so it probably was when compared with towns less favourably situated, but it must be remembered that in those days plagues of the most virulent kind sometimes visited the inhabitants. There are no tables to tell the number of London citizens who died from the Black Death in the fourteenth century; but, according to calculations which appear to be based on sound data, that pestilence in two years swept away at least one half of the population of the kingdom. Indeed, the most unhealthy conditions of life prevailed for centuries. Erasmus states that in his time the houses of the lower classes were filthy beyond description, and when the disease now known as the Great Plague—it was the second bearing that name—broke out in 1664, London was probably saved in large measure from further epidemics on a scale so gigantic by the fire that succeeded it. "A consuming pestilence, and a more consuming fire," to quote a phrase of Dryden's, served to purify the city, and then followed the construction of the New River by Sir Hugh Myddelton, one of the principal benefits, in Mr. Loftie's judgment, which the City ever received from a private individual.

"When the old wells," he writes, "were filled by the ruins after the fire the New River water became universal. In the city as rebuilt it was everywhere laid on, and London must acknowledge Sir Hugh Myddelton to have been its greatest modern benefactor. He changed it from having been as unhealthy as Naples or even Calcutta to be one of the safest places of abode in the world."

Thanks to Defoe's picture, which is more faithful than many histories, to Pepys's fascinating Diary, and to other reminiscences of the period, the plague and fire which destroyed the metropolis in the reign of the second Charles are among the most familiar incidents of history. It was fortunate for London that she possessed, in Christopher Wren, an architect capable of rebuilding the city; and it would have been still more fortunate had free scope been allowed to his art. No doubt he made mistakes, but the blunders of genius are often more tolerable than the merits of mediocrity. What a vision it would

be, were it possible to bring the city clearly before the mind's eye during the many centuries of its existence! What lessons might be learnt from the stormy and brilliant scenes our London streets have witnessed! So wide a subject is far beyond the range of a brief paper like this, but it may be observed, in passing, that the more we know of English literature the more clearly shall we see the mighty influence exercised by London from the days of Chaucer to our own. It might be said, perhaps without much exaggeration, that the poets and essayists have told us more about the metropolis than the historians, more, that is to say, which is likely to fix itself in the memory. To all we are indebted, and from each we gain fresh aspects of the teeming life which is at all times, especially to foreigners, London's most impressive feature.

Nathaniel Hawthorne relates how he wandered through the streets and alleys of London—the dream-city of his youth—with insatiable curiosity, and found it better than his dream. "The result was," he adds, "that I acquired a home-feeling there, as nowhere else in the world." And this feeling, although stronger in degree, is shared by the Englishman who knows how much of the history of England is written in the thoroughfares and lanes of the city that he loves. The pleasure of his walks, however, is not wholly unmingled with pain. Within the last thirty years, if much has been done to adorn the city with fine architecture, the convenience of railway companies and the growth of traffic have led to the destruction of buildings that possessed the charm of age as well as of historical associations. The feeling with which Mr. Ruskin regards modern Venice will be understood by many who watch, with a jealous eye, the so-called improvements of the metropolis. Yet there can be no doubt that the London of to-day, in its sanitary, moral, and social condition, as well as from the æsthetic stand-point, is infinitely in advance of the London so dear to Dr. Johnson. The grumbler at changes will do well to remember this, and to place himself as far as possible in the position of a citizen under Queen Anne or the Georges when inclined to denounce the "Vandals" who have endeavoured to improve the London of Queen Victoria. In those "good old times," for which some people pretend to sigh, the state of the gaols throughout England, and especially in London, was so intolerably bad that it is scarcely possible to exaggerate their vileness. And when the law declared a prisoner free, the gaoler had power to in-

carcerate him again until he obtained his fees. "A man," it has been truly said, "might be left to die of starvation or fever in a gaol for *not* being guilty of any crime; and he might be hanged for breaking a hop-band in a garden in Kent, or stealing an old coat of the value of five shillings in Middlesex." Thanks to John Howard and others equally earnest in the good cause, our gaols are no longer a shame to England; and the cruelty due to ignorance which made asylums for the insane so terrible, belongs also to what may be called "ancient history." Strange to say, a visit to Bedlam was, in the last century, one of the regular amusements of London. In the *World*, edited by Edward Moore, we read:—

"To gratify the curiosity of a country friend I accompanied him a few weeks ago to Bedlam. It was in the Easter week, where, to my great surprise, I found a hundred people at least, who having paid their twopence a piece were suffered untended to run rioting up and down the wards, making sport and diversion of the miserable inhabitants."

Miserable, indeed, they must have been, the more violent of the patients being chained like dogs, and like dogs sleeping upon straw.

And if we go back to other pictures of what was then called "the Town," ample proofs will be found that the law was as weak as it was cruel. Citizens, indeed, were forced to defend themselves from violence, since there was no efficient protection of life or property. We read in the *Spectator* how when Sir Roger de Coverley went to the play at four o'clock in the afternoon, his servants were provided with good oaken plants to guard the knight; who asked if there would not be some danger in coming home late in case the Mohocks should be abroad, a set of so-called gentlemen, who inflicted the most infamous cruelties on defenceless wanderers. In Gay's remarkable poem, "Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London," the poet exclaims:—

"Who has not trembled at the Mohock's name?"

And he warns the citizen after nightfall to keep in the oil-lighted streets, and to avoid all dark paths—

"Where Lincoln's Inn's wide space is railed around
Cross not with venturous step."

The bad state of the streets added to the perils of London travel. Lord Harvey, writing from Kensington in the winter of 1736, says there was a "great impassable gulf of mud between that suburb and London;" and that highwaymen sometimes pursued their calling even in the metropolis itself is testified by Horace Walpole, who writes in 1750 that

a highwayman attacked a post-chaise in Piccadilly, not fifty yards from his house. Knightsbridge, some years later, was said to be infested with highwaymen; and in 1744 two men were hanged at Tyburn for robbing the Knightsbridge stage coach. At that time or a little earlier in the century people of fashion lived in Covent Garden, and another fashionable resort was Soho Square.

That which Charles Lamb called "the sweet security of streets" was unknown in London during the last century; and had there been the personal liberty and regard for law with which we are now familiar, the plots of Richardson's novels, invented in the days of Hogarth and Sir Joshua Reynolds, would have been too incredible to be tolerated. We may add that Hogarth and Fielding, the coarse but faithful representatives of the time, have painted in undying colours the London they knew so well.

In a map of London Bridge in the possession of the writer, dated 1616, one of the towers of the bridge bristles with the decapitated heads of traitors, but this barbaric vindication of law was in vogue also during the days of Sheridan and Burke. It was the sight of heads upon Temple Bar, as most readers will remember, which led Goldsmith, while looking up at them with Johnson, to utter one of his wittiest sayings.

Then and still later, the criminal law of England sanctioned punishments which appear to us infinitely more atrocious than the crimes committed. Not until 1736 were the laws against witchcraft repealed, and it was more than fifty years later when a Bill for the abolition of burning alive for high treason passed both Houses. Not only men and women, but even young children, were conveyed through the streets to execution for trifling or doubtful offences, without exciting the fury, or even the pity, of the populace:—

"When I was a lad," said Samuel Rogers (he was born in 1763), "I recollect seeing a whole cartful of young girls in dresses of various colours on their way to be executed at Tyburn. They had all been condemned on mere indictment, for having been concerned in (that is perhaps for having been spectators of) the burning of some houses during Lord George Gordon's riots. It was quite horrible. Greville was present at one of the trials consequent on those riots and heard several boys sentenced, to their own excessive amazement, to be hanged. 'Never,' said Greville with great naïveté, 'did I see boys cry so.'"

These "No Popery" riots took place in 1780, when Newgate was destroyed by the mob. King George III. was on the throne; and London under that highly respectable king, and with Dr. Johnson as its moralist, was far removed, one might have thought,

from the barbarisms of an earlier age. Yet, as we have observed, the law was still terribly severe, although probably it did not appear so to men who might have seen women burnt to ashes at the stake not fifty years before.

The subject is a tempting one, but we must not linger. Absorbing as is the interest of old London, which presents to the eye and the imagination a vivid history of the past, living London, when once we feel its impressiveness, draws us with a more powerful attraction. The pulsations of its mighty heart are felt by all of us; and who is there so dull in thought as to be insensible to its glory and its shame? We do well to be proud of the London that spreads forth so many beneficent influences at home and abroad. Its cosmopolitan charity, its scientific and literary acquisitions, the unwearied efforts made in it by Christian philanthropists, the liberty which is the life-blood of its citizens, the stupendous magnitude of the affairs settled within its precincts, may well make Londoners feel that they belong to no mean city. Nay, more, the congregations that crowd our churches, and the large incomes obtained by societies formed for charitable purposes, might lead us to think that the religion which has been fighting for nineteen centuries against the world, the flesh, and the devil, had its firmest stronghold and widest sway in the capital of the British Isles. It may be so; but no one can walk through our West-End streets, or witness the vice and degradation which seem in possession of the East of London, without feeling how little, after all, has been done by Christian men and women in comparison with what remains for them to do. It is well

known that we have in our midst men, women, and children living, or rather starving, on a pittance which forbids all thoughts, not of comfort merely, but of common decency, and who know no respite from the most grinding toil; that we have also whole herds, for such they must be called, who live in open vice and on the proceeds of crime, for whom morality has no meaning and punishment is no penalty; that in this, the greatest city in Christendom, there are streets and courts which no honest man will venture to enter after nightfall, and where even a policeman dares not walk alone; that in these pestilent haunts of physical and moral filth children, born to crime, are dragged up to deprave and degenerate the coming generation, and that against this mighty torrent of misery and iniquity our many agencies for good seem to wage a desperate strife. It may be said that without State aid in this stupendous work private labour and charity are comparatively vain. The question is too large a one to be discussed here. But it may be asked whether much of the failure we deplore is not due to causes over which we have a distinct control. We waste our strength in futile controversies; we object to join with men who do not wear our badges and utter our shibboleths instead of remembering "the one touch of nature;" we divide class from class, not by law, indeed, but by custom; and thus it comes to pass that there exist in London at this day some of the worst vices of heathendom, and the desperate social miseries of a civilisation which, despite much that is noble and of good report, has not yet learnt how to humanize the great mass of the people.

JOHN DENNIS.

DUTY.

SURELY the happiest life for man
Is not the fevered life that brings
A storm of stubborn questionings,
And baffled ends where all began;

But his who neither looks behind,
Nor on the shadowy space before,

Nor swerving sideways to explore
Life's darkness learns that he is blind:

Who, heedless of all vain dispute,
And weary voices of the night,
Seeks only to observe aright
The bit of path before his foot. J. DOW.

SUNDAY READINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

DECEMBER 7TH.

Read Isaiah xli. 1-10, and St. John xvii.

IN the long history of humanity there has lived only One who could say with truth, "Father, I have glorified Thee on the

earth: I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do." And that there should ever have been such a life, at once without sin and perfectly glorifying God, is the most precious treasure which humanity can possess. There

have been perfect works of genius which have proved priceless heritages. The perfect painting fixed on the canvas of Raffaele or Leonardo; the perfect building crowning the Acropolis with its matchless proportions; the perfect poem which has interpreted man's deepest secrets—these have been for countless generations exhaustless sources of elevating thought. But a perfect character presents a more precious ideal than ought we can conceive. Nothing, therefore, should so arrest our attention as the life of Him who alone was without sin, and who could say with truth to God Himself, "I have glorified Thee on the earth."

We can do no more than suggest some thoughts in reference to the manner in which Christ glorified God.

The glorifying of God cannot mean any increase of His majesty. He cannot be made holier, wiser, better than He has been, is now, and ever will be. To glorify Him signifies rather the making manifest of what He is. The sun would shine with the same intensity were the heavens emptied of all objects which, catching his rays, reveal the light that is everywhere present. A heaven without such objects would be utter blackness. And so, if God were alone in an empty universe, without angel, or seraph, man, or thing, He would yet be the all-wise, all-holy, all-glorious One. But He would not be God glorified, because manifested and reflected. It is in this sense that the heavens are said to glorify God, because they show His power and wisdom. The earth also is full of His glory, for every form and colour of land and sea; every season, the wealth of summer and the snows of winter; every clime, from where the icebergs grind through the long Arctic night, to the lustrous heat of the tropics: all speak of Him. Verily, "All the works of the Lord bless the Lord, they praise and magnify Him for ever."

But we do not require to show how different is the plastic obedience of mere things, from the intelligent appreciation which belongs to those beings who can have fellowship with God, and glorify His will by reflecting it in loving obedience. Thus to glorify God in the least measure must be the highest aim of the creature. But that any being should regard himself and his actings as an actual embodiment of the divine glory, adequately and without a flaw setting forth what God is, seems to our mind to claim an equal divinity. The realisation of such a work is far above any human effort—nay, even to conceive

beforehand the elements necessary for its accomplishment is beyond the power of human imagination. For how vain would be the effort to picture the kind of life which should faultlessly represent Deity to man! Nevertheless, there has lived One in the flesh who professed to have lived such a life, and after nineteen centuries of closest scrutiny the verdict remains fresh as ever, that nothing worthier of God can be imagined than the life and character of Him, who said long ago in the upper room in Jerusalem, "Father, I have glorified Thee on the earth."

And yet He Who thus spoke was a young man, and His public ministry had lasted only three brief years. He was not only young but very poor. He had lived as a wanderer among the homes of the common people. The scenes which He consecrated belonged to the every-day life of man. And looking back upon it all, He could say, with calm consciousness of the truth of His claim, "I have glorified Thee on earth."

Wherein did He thus make manifest the glory of God? We might reply by pointing to the works of healing and mercy which were signs of the merciful order that underlies the confusions of our miseries and sinful life. He also glorified God in His teaching, in which, through words pure and luminous, falling like a sun-lit shower whose every transparent drop is charged with light from heaven, He unfolded the mind of God. Yet more than by word or work did He glorify God by His own life in its perfect response to the will of the Father. He was in a world regarding which He said: "O righteous Father, the world doth not know Thee," and it became His joy at all times and under all circumstances to show how worthy that Father was to be loved and obeyed supremely. The disobedience of the first Adam had been ever repeated in human life. Men were trying each one to be a God to himself. Into this scene of rebellion Christ came and glorified the Father by His perfect Sonship. Every trial but revealed the rooted strength and immovable fixedness of His life as a Son towards God, and of His brotherhood towards man. The essence of all religion was there incarnated. His Sonship perfectly reflected the Father's will. He finished the work given Him to do in loving obedience.

And this way of Sonship betokens the One way to the Father. What He was, becomes for us the truth of God and man. His life is eternally the life which is right

for us as men and children of the Highest. To be saved is to possess, in some measure, at least, the kind of life which dwelt in Christ. His righteousness as a Son must become vitally ours. The old man that shared the rebellion of self-will must perish, and the new man which shares the Spirit of Christ's Sonship must be found in us. And this requires no change of outward circumstances, for there are none wherein we may not glorify the Father by living as sons of God. Christ has shown that there is no duty too simple, no position too humble, to be elevated by the grandeur of love and holy obedience. Even a cup of cold water can be so given as to be an act of worship. And whenever God sees a man or a child trying to do the right because it is His will; trying to subdue selfishness and to become loving, pure, and helpful; He can there behold the blessed fruit of Christ's life and death, and recognise the glorifying of His name. For that life so far reflects the glory of Christ. It is one with the life of that great family in heaven and earth of which God is the Father and Jesus the elder Brother.

DECEMBER 14TH.

Read Psalm cxlv., and St. Matthew v. 38 to end.

Few things do greater injury to character than to hold a low estimate of our brother men. If we wish to be noble ourselves we must cultivate noble and generous ideals. When we lose faith in mankind we soon lose faith in any possible attainment of excellence. When we think meanly of others we are on the road towards acting meanly. And yet those who decry others frequently do so on the assumption of their own superior virtue. And some too—beardless youths perhaps—would gain credit for knowledge of the world by an affected cynicism. They look big with importance as they tell you that they know what the world is, and sneer at faith in humanity. Such assertions may be ludicrous in their pretentiousness, but they often betoken something worse than folly.

In contrast to these tendencies we are commanded in Scripture to "honour all men." This is a remarkable injunction in a book which presents the sinfulness of man in its darkest colours. And yet it is not so remarkable when we remember that it is also the book which has presented the highest ideal of humanity, and which calls upon all men to reach that ideal. There is no book which so "honours all men," even while it lays bare the corruptions which universally affect mankind.

The command applies to the spirit in which we ought to regard so called inferior races of mankind. It was originally addressed to Jews accustomed to despise the Gentile world, and it enjoins them to honour Greek and Roman, Persian and Egyptian. And the pride of race is perhaps nearly as characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon now as it was of the Jew then. Our vast empire brings us into close contact with men of every type, from the lowest grade of savage up to the polished representatives of ancient culture. Wherever we go among these races we are supposed as Christians to carry the spirit of Christ with us and to manifest its influence. And yet the old pride of the Jew against which our Lord combated, and with which St. Paul dealt as being the antithesis of religion, finds a vivid antitype in the attitude which we British frequently assume towards the Negro or the Asiatic. We, forsooth, cannot understand why it took so long to teach the children of Abraham that the men of Italy or Gaul were to be treated as brethren in Christ. But when it becomes a question between the white man and the black, between the British settler and the Maori or Kaffir, then the command, "Honour all men," or the statement that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men," are found to be as great stumbling-blocks as ever. It is when the vital and essential demands of Christianity are pressed home in matters like this that we see how little national life has been really Christianised. There may not be much difficulty in getting support for any effort to promote certain opinions or some ecclesiasticism among these subject races; but when we are called on to give them the honour which St. Peter claimed from the Jew for the Gentile, then we can measure the strength of that pride of race which still dwells in us.

But the injunction, "Honour all men," applies equally to our dealing with individuals in the society which surrounds us. When thus viewed, obedience to the command is still more difficult. For how is it possible to honour men who are dishonourable? Is it right to honour the liar, the selfish debauchee, the swindler, or the hypocrite? Nay, is it possible to honour merely disagreeable people, who without positive wickedness have yet the unhappy art of wounding our susceptibilities, and who are wearisome, if not offensive?

Now we must remember that it was just as difficult to obey the command when St. Peter wrote, as it is now. The society with which

Christians then came in contact was that of the time of Nero, when the basest men were in power. It was not easy then to preserve faith in human nature.

It may, however, assist us to obey the precept if we keep in memory certain general truths.

(1) Let us remember that there is some good, some unquenchable spark of a higher nature even in the worst. We see when men fail, but we do not see how terrible may have been their struggles. There is in every one some spot which, if it could be reached by us, would show that there is a true man beneath the evil one. There is ever some memory or affection that remains undefiled. Could we follow the history of character step by step, marking the terrible reactions and the agonies that have been endured, we might find in the meanest wretch some trace of a higher nature which we can still honour. There is even in the lowest degradation some cherished recollection; some face that gazes in upon it from a bitter past and entreating yet to trust and love. We should honour the humanity that belongs to the very worst, for it is a light from heaven yet unextinguished and remains a pledge of what yet may be.

(2) We may also remember what this sinful humanity was and is to Christ. He came to the very worst and died for them, because He saw in the worst something which was capable of being redeemed. And the sinners and outcasts knew the saving power of that honouring of their humanity by One Who did not despair of them, but by the love with which He hoped the best things as possible for them, inspired them with hopefulness and with an undreamt of courage against evil. When we think thus of Him, one may well feel ashamed of our Pharisaic pride, and learn to pay honour to the fallen humanity for which Christ died.

(3) We may be helped to honour all men when we think of what even the very worst may yet become. It was difficult for the Christians, whom Saul the persecutor dragged to prison, to give any credit to the false zeal which thought it was doing God service at the expense of their own sufferings. And yet this same enemy became Paul the Apostle. The comfortable Pharisee may, in his pride, think, "If this man had been a Prophet, He would have known what manner of woman this is that toucheth Him, for she is a sinner." But he knew not the capacity for good that was in her "who loved much." And when we remember who those are that shall one day surround the throne of God and

of the Lamb, and how the brother or sister against whom we now raise the barrier of pride and contempt may become one of God's sweet saints in light, we may learn a lesson at least of patient forbearance.

We can in this way honour all men without any sacrifice of truth. We can try to follow in the footsteps of the Master, and by tenderness instead of harshness, by caring for them instead of repelling them, by hoping the best for them instead of crushing them, and by seeking out the good that is in them instead of the evil, we, in this spirit of meekness, may perhaps even restore the brother overtaken in a fault, and so "fulfil the law of Christ."

DECEMBER 21ST.

Read Isaiah ix. 1-7, and St. Luke ii. 1-17.

What unlimited joy there is in the message of the angel to the shepherds of Bethlehem! To him who had just fled from the presence of God, nothing could exceed the rapture of the thought that men and women were to be called sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty and heirs of the life eternal. This is in painful contrast to the darkened thoughts of religion which men often entertain.

And the angel knew no measure in his annunciation of universal gladness. It was a message of "great joy to all people." We could not imagine that the heavenly host, which were ready to burst forth in the song "Glory to God in the highest," would have been touched with such rapture, had there been any exception to the all-embracing fulness of the glad tidings. And let us take heed lest we ever speak or think as if there was something less intended than what is here declared. There is no stint or shadow in the broad stream of heavenly sunshine which is poured here over the whole earth. It is wide as mankind and glorious as God.

And the reason of the gladness of the angel is the very gospel of grace. "Unto you there is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Let us briefly glance at the simple but exhaustless truths here unfolded:—

There are two facts here, which, when conjoined, are of vital importance. One is the personality of the Saviour—He is Christ the Lord; and the other is that this "Christ the Lord" is born our Saviour. The expression, "Christ the Lord," is unique. It occurs nowhere else in the New Testament, and could have conveyed to those faithful Jewish shepherds nothing less than the loftiest conceptions of the Child of Mary. It must have

recalled the great prophecies of how from the little Bethlehem there would go out Him that was to be ruler in Israel, "Whose goings forth are from everlasting." "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given, and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." When we lay a firm hold on the truth of Christ as the Eternal Son, how grand becomes that other one, which tells that Christ the Lord is born into the race of man, and has taken our humanity to Himself! Remembering His glory, let us "go even to Bethlehem and see this thing which has come to pass." There is a woman, meek and pure and motherly, most highly favoured among women, yet no more than woman. What makes the Nativity so sublime is just that this mother is one of ourselves, and that this child is completely a human child. Every doctrine like that of the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary, which aims at separating Christ from the common condition of our humanity, arises from unbelief in the magnificence of the incarnation, and instead of springing from true reverence, rather implies distrust of the Eternal Son having so humbled Himself. But that same "sign" which evoked "the sudden blaze of song" from the choir of angels is what ought to stir our hearts into praise; for the attending angels were silent till they heard how Christ the Lord was to be found as a weak babe, a human child, "wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger." At this sign of His actual entrance into our humanity, having emptied Himself of the glory He had before the world was, then in an instant the whole heaven became lit with the song, "Glory to God in the highest."

As He thus became "born" our Saviour, He entered into a relationship with every child of man, which we may deny, but remains, nevertheless, for each and all of us. As He "is born" our brother and our Saviour, a relationship is already established, and we have but to recognise it. There is a glorious answer here to all those questions sometimes put in great anxiety, "How am I to know that Christ loves me, or is a Saviour for me?" Surely, if He is born your brother, the relationship already exists, and your sin is that you have not confessed it by treating Him as a brother and Saviour. The act of faith cannot make Him more truly yours than He now is. It is but the act of self-surrender to what has been always true in spite of your unbelief.

And so is it that when the sands of the old

year are fast running out, and when memory is perhaps busy in recalling past days, and fancy is engaged in forecasting a future as yet unknown—it is well for us to come back to thoughts which have a far more real significance than any which belong to the brief interests of our transitory life. For "the world and the lust thereof" may be allowed calmly to pass away for ever, when we know that we belong to a humanity that is redeemed, and to which God is reconciled, and dropping the rebellion and unbelief which have so often shut out the grace of Christ from our own souls, we confess Him who has been born our Saviour and is now exalted in our humanity to the right hand of God on high.

DECEMBER 28TH.

Read Psalm xc., and 1 John ii. 1-17.

Whoever wrote the ninetieth Psalm—whether Moses, as tradition asserts, or another—there are moments when we can all understand the sentiment it expresses, when the sense of the mystery and transitoriness of life drives us back on the living God; when all human glory dwindles into insignificance; and when the all-encompassing Deity appears the only sure dwelling-place for our being.

But there is a healthy and an unhealthy form which such sentiments may assume. There is that of the cynic, who gathers bitterness from reflecting on the vanity of a life which looks baseless "as a dream when one awaketh," and there is the elevating lesson expressed in the prayer with which the Psalmist concludes his half-sad musings, "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

Let us, on the evening of the last Sunday of the year, try to number our days for the same blessed end of receiving lessons of wisdom to help us to the right use of life.

(1) Consider how much is involved in the fact of existence. Because each one of us is a human being, we possess the gift of a life that is as imperishable as that of God. We may wish it were otherwise, but that does not alter the fact. When millions of years shall have passed, each one of us will be able to say "I am" with as distinct a consciousness of our personality as now. But there are other possibilities involved in endless existence. For endless existence must be endless misery except it brings us that kind of life, with the sympathies and affections, as well as the objects which are highest and most satisfying. It is not enough to say, "I exist now, and I will exist for ever."

This is too negative a statement. Our life is more than a throbbing pulse. We must not merely say, "I am," but complete the description by adding "I am" good or evil, godly or ungodly, hopeful or despairing, loving or hating, satisfied or miserable. A consideration of existence ought therefore to lead to a consideration of character and of the sympathies and tastes we are now forming.

(2) The numbering of our days may teach us the brevity of life; and that impression will be affected by the point of view from which we regard it. There are facts which may make all human history appear as less than a handbreadth. How strange it is, for example, to see the unearthing of an Egyptian tomb, to unswathe the mummy, and to gaze upon the long hair which was so carefully plaited before the days of the Ptolemies, and to realise all that has taken place since that last sad toilet was finished! Or how suggestive of the brevity of life is it to examine the spoil taken from the graves of Homeric heroes, and to handle bracelets which had clasped the arms of men and women who lived between two and three thousand years ago, and which were antiquities when Christ was born! Human history seems very short when we can thus look at so remote an age in the very face.

But there is another point from which we may view this life of man and vindicate it from the sneer of the cynic. For the life of the feeblest infant, when we regard it in the light of its immortality, rises into a magnitude before which sun, moon, and stars are as nothing. Time may write its satire upon the kingly splendour which no costly tomb can preserve from ignominy, yet of the weakest babe whose birthright is immortality it can be said, as truly as of God Himself, "The heavens shall perish but thou remainest; yea, all of them shall wax old as doth a garment, but thy years shall never fail."

(3) But this numbering of our days is in-

tended to teach us wisdom. Now there are two mistakes into which men fall according as they exaggerate the present to the neglect of the future, or the future to the neglect of the present, and which a wise consideration of existences should prevent. There are those who are absorbed in the present. Their aims, pleasures, hopes, or fears are girdled by the horizon of things seen and temporary; the life immortal, which is their inalienable destiny, has as little effect upon them as speculations on the politics of the moon. Such are all those whose life consists only in the abundance of the things they possess, be they great or little. But death has the terrible power of divesting all men of what they have and of leaving them only what they are. And this is a distinction which makes a vast difference in our calculations of what a man is worth.

But there is almost as great folly in exaggerating the future to the neglect of the present, as has sometimes been done by ascetics and fanatics of various kinds. The present is the only sphere of duty that is within our power; and the best use we can make of a belief in our immortality is so to walk every day under the influence of that belief that the commonest duties may be consecrated by the spirit in which we fulfil them. If the brevity of human life sometimes almost appals us, we may remember that there is a kingdom which cannot be moved, and that we are called to recognise ourselves as being now members of it. This is the kingdom in which Christ reigns, for it is at once the truth of man and of God.

As the old year closes it is well, therefore, thus to number our days, that we may gain wisdom to choose the things that shall abide when the world and the lust thereof shall have passed away, and which shall remain with us in that solemn moment when our whole life shall be as much a thing of retrospect as are the days and months whose course is now ended.

MEN AND MOUNTAINS.

Short Chapters of Swiss History.

NO. III.

I SAID, last month, that it was the men of the lower lands, not of the highest, who made Switzerland independent. I am the more convinced of this, as with Oswald Schön's splendid pictorial history before me, I sit here a prisoner, on the Lucerne Lake, close by the very cradle of that independence. This Gersau has no glacier, it

is even relaxing in summer; yet its men (a fair sample of their kind) fought in all the great battles—one of them brought home the banner of the Hohenzollern who was killed at Sempach—and they were (and are) infinitely fuller of "the Swiss spirit" than the beggars of the Oberland.

Somehow, after Nancy, the Swiss League

was more and more drawn to France and alienated from Germany. They found the French first-rate paymasters, while from the Empire they got nothing but attempts at taxation. Maximilian, who, like Louis XI., had profited by the downfall of the House of Burgundy, showed the Swiss no gratitude. Very anxious to bring the Empire back to something like its old unity, he founded a new Imperial Court of Justice, and laid a tax on all his dominions; but the Swiss would neither pay his tax nor admit his jurisdiction. The burgomaster of Zurich said this at Innsbruck: "I'd advise your highness not to try to bring us to obedience; for, verily, if needs be, the *groben Schweitzer* won't spare even your imperial crown." Maximilian got the Pope to threaten them with excommunication; but they defied even that threat, and when the Archbishop of Mainz, Chancellor of the Empire, showed the Ammann of Zurich and the other deputies the pen with which he was going to sign the decree against them, one of them said: "They used to attack us with halberts; do you think to frighten us with your goose-quill?" Hostilities did not break out at once, for Maximilian had plenty to do in the Low Countries; but in 1499, angered beyond measure at another "League" in Upper Rhetia, which meant the severance of another slice of his pet province the Tyrol, the Emperor took the field, and the so-called Swabian war began. In this the Swiss won six victories. Dornach, the scene of their last triumph, is only four miles from St. Jacob (their Thermopylæ), in the romantic Münsterthal, by the little river Birs. Here a handful of Swiss defeated 15,000 Imperialists. The latter had been carelessly plundering, replying to some who urged caution: "No, no, it's not going to snow Swiss this July weather." The Swiss fell upon them, driving in corps after corps; but the enemy took courage, seeing the small number of those opposed to them, and would have won the day after all, had not the mountain *jödel* and the well-known Forest horn sounded all of a sudden, followed by the fierce charge of the men of Zug and Lucerne. This band of deliverers had been met by some runaways, who cried: "All is lost; it's no use going on." But on they went, nevertheless, and the "Swabians" found that it snowed Swiss from two quarters at once. After the battle came the monks of Basel, humbly praying that the bodies of the nobles might be given to them. "No," replied the victors; "nobles and peasants shall all rest together." They refused even

to give Maximilian the corpse of his general, Fürstenberg. And there, in a big mound, with a little chapel beside it, knight and herdsman, count and common soldier, are all buried together.

The Swiss are vastly proud of Dornach; it was won, not over mere princes like the Austrian Archduke or the Duke of Burgundy, but over the German Emperor himself. It opened Maximilian's eyes; he made peace, the peace of Basel, and, without opposition from him, Basel, Schaffhausen, and Appenzell joined the League, and within a few years the Swiss wrested from Milan the oft-contested district which now forms the canton of Ticino, and in fighting for which, some eighty years before, 600 Swiss had actually defeated 15,000 Milanese, by acting on the advice of Stanga, the head-man of the Leverano Valley, and flooding the country. It was mid-winter, and by morning the whole was a sheet of thick ice. On this the mountaineers moved about nimbly enough, while their enemies slipped, stumbled, and fell into such irretrievable confusion that, though more than twenty to one, they were utterly defeated—"the blood running down as far as Bellinzona." This was bravery, but it was certainly not patriotism.

Nor can I praise the conduct of the Swiss in Louis XII.'s Italian wars. Louis was attacking the Milanese and Venice. The republic of the Adriatic appealed to her sister republic across the Alps to help her, or at any rate to stand neutral. But with the Swiss it was a question of pay, and Louis bid highest. So, with Swiss aid, the Venetians were crushed. But there were Swiss and Swiss; and while some fought for France, others joined Pope Julius II.'s Holy League (urged thereto by Matthias Schinner, Bishop of Sion, in the Valais), and helped to defeat the French at Novara. Novara was perhaps the culminating point of Swiss military glory; they had beaten the most warlike king in Europe. The Pope called them "liberators of Italy and defenders of the freedom of the Church," and presented the lordships of Domo, Lugano, and Locarno to the League.

Soon after a turn came. Francis I. burst upon Italy; and though Schinner, by preaching a crusade in the Valais and elsewhere, had got together 30,000 Swiss, they were badly beaten at Marignano. Patriotism being stronger than creed, Cardinal Schinner and Zwingli were fighting on the same side. The Swiss deserved what they got, for they had just made a treaty with France, when

the Papal envoys came up and persuaded them to break it.

Marignano (1515), according to Swiss accounts, was a battle of giants. The Swiss began, as usual, with prayer; and then the Ammann of Zug flung over their heads three handfull of earth, crying: "In the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, Confederates, forget your homes; here shall be our churchyard or victory. Think on your forefathers. Onward fearlessly." Then they marched on with their pikes eighteen feet long, the French trying *thirty times* to break their columns. Even Bayard lost his helmet, and fled for the first time in his life. The Swiss forlorn hope, a band of wild young fellows from every canton, actually took a French battery and turned the guns on Francis's troops. The fight went on by moonlight till almost midnight, and then the armies lay down side by side. During the hours of rest the Swiss leaders held a council; Schinner advised falling back on Milan, and awaiting the Papal reinforcements; but he was overruled, and at dawn the Forest horns rang out and the fight began again. At last the French began to give way on all points; one of the Guises fell, the Prince of Talmont was down, and all Francis's efforts could not keep his men from wavering, when, about mid-day, in the rear of the Confederates was heard the Venetian war-cry, "St. Mark! St. Mark!" For now, in the strange and rapid changes of Italian politics, the Venetians had got round to the French side, or rather against the Pope's; and their coming decided the day.

The Swiss formed in square, taking their wounded and their guns into the middle, and slowly made their way towards Milan. The French were too exhausted to march in pursuit. But the banner of Basel was taken, that of Appenzell the standard-bearer tore off and tied round his body, the great silver-mounted horn of Uri was lost, and 6,000 Confederates (with at least as many French) had fallen. "I've been in eighteen battles," said Trivulzio, one of Francis's generals, "but I never saw a battle like this."

From that time till the Revolution the French and Swiss never lifted sword against each other. Indeed, very soon an arrangement was made by which the League allowed the King of France to take 16,000 Swiss ("the Swiss Guards") permanently into his pay.

Then came the troubles of the Reformation. Zurich (Zwingli's home), Schaffhausen, Basel, Berne, held with the new faith. The rest—partly, no doubt, frightened by the excesses of

the Anabaptists—clung fiercely to Romanism. I am sorry to say that Zwingli was for war, which he looked on as the only means of setting Switzerland at one again; and under his influence Zurich, in 1529, took up arms "to spread the knowledge of the truth." Zwingli was among the troops, mounted on a charger with a halbert in his hand. The Protestants made three bands; one marched on Rapperswyl, another into the Aargau, the third along the Albis towards Zug. This last was met near Kappel by 6,000 Romanists from Zug and Lucerne. Before the fight there were great attempts at reconciliation. Berne sent a strong message to Zurich, saying: "It's not by halberts that the Reformation can be spread," and adding that 10,000 Bernese were on their march, ready to fall on whichever party began the unholy strife. Landmann Æbli, of Glarus, was equally earnest in another way; he ran from party to party, beseeching the chiefs with tears in his eyes, not to suffer the shedding of brothers' blood. What most incensed the Zurichers was that the Romanist cantons had just concluded a close alliance with that persecutor of all Protestants, Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria and King of Hungary. They demanded that this alliance should be dissolved; the others refused. Æbli got possession of the treaty-paper, tore it up before their eyes, and threw it into the fire. "Kill me, if you like," said he, "but don't bring in the Austrian between us." This speech shamed both parties into a peace, which unhappily only lasted two years. In 1531 they met again at Kappel, the Zurichers were put to the rout, and Zwingli was killed. An Unterwalden man came upon him as he was lying wounded, and when he refused to call on the Virgin and saints, gave him his death wound; "You can kill my body, but not my soul," were his last words. I am sorry to say that the Romanist fanatics shamefully ill-treated his body, and that (in spite of the remonstrances of priest Schönbrunner of Zug, who said: "No matter what was his faith, I know he was a true Confedrate") the victorious party adjudged his corpse to be burnt by the public hangman.

Zurich had to make peace; she was allowed to hold her own religious opinions, but was forbidden to proselytize in the direction of the Confederates, and, of course, had to pay the cost of the war.

Even in religious wars there are now and then deeds which make us proud of our common humanity. Such was the way in which Nicholas Wengi, *Schultheiss* of Soleure,

the year after Kappel, prevented bloodshed in his native town. The Soleure Protestants were but a few, and had all taken refuge in a big house by the river. The other party, headed by some monks, brought up a cannon to batter them into submission. The match was almost on the touch-hole, when Wengi dashed in among the crowd, and, putting his breast close to the cannon's mouth, said: "If our fellow-townsmen's blood is to be shed, you shall begin by shedding mine. Think that you are Christian men, and restrain yourselves. Let them go, I say, in God's name." And, in spite of the cry, "Down with the heretics!" he persuaded his citizens to let the Reformers go safely off to Berne.

Geneva had its share in these politico-religious troubles; just at the time when our Elizabeth lay a-dying the Duke of Savoy's soldiers were trying to climb its walls. They all but succeeded; they had opened the terrace postern, and were actually in the town, when Syndic John Chanal made such a heroic resistance that the guard had time to come up in force. Chanal fell, but the Savoyards were driven out. There is shown in the Geneva Museum, as a precious relic, one of their dark-lanterns, picked up next day in the town ditch.

Worse troubles by far befell the Valteline. Here, as very generally in Italy, the Reformation was spreading far too fast to please those of the old faith. In some places it has lasted; if you ever go over the Bernina Pass, notice the two churches of Puschio. You will see that the Protestants had to make theirs into a strong fortress, so great was the danger of sudden attacks during service. Lower down the Adda the Protestants were got rid of altogether—on patriotic rather than on religious grounds. The country had for some time been restless. The "Grey League" had long ago wrested it from Milan; but, like the Swiss elsewhere, they were harsh masters. The Italians hated them; Spain (which then held Milan) encouraged their discontent; France took, of course, the opposite side; and when the "Grey League" proclaimed full religious freedom throughout its dominions, a fresh element of bitterness was introduced. Just then Monte Conto came down bodily (September, 1618), burying the thriving village of Piuro with 2,500 people, of whom not a soul escaped. But man determined to add to the horrors wrought by nature. Robustelli, an outlaw, well furnished with Spanish gold, got together a band of ruffians and fanatics, and,

raising the cry of "Two Swiss; no Zwinglians," broke into Tirano one July night in 1620, and began massacring the Protestants, without distinction of sex or age. The same was done at Teglio, Brusio, and elsewhere. And so Protestantism was stamped out; the wretched few who survived wandering away northward. Robustelli was hailed as "a second Maccabeus," and made Captain-General of the Valteline. The other side had its victories too; the valley of Prättigau was seized by an Austrian "converting party;" but, patriotism here working in the opposite way, the Prättigauers took to the woods, turned their knives into daggers, made "morning stars" of their clubs by driving big nails into them, gathered heaps of stones, and then (wives and daughters helping) rushed down upon the enemy, driving him clean out as far as Chur, and actually taking the fort of Castels. If you go into Prättigau now you'll find they all talk German, though they are of Romance stock, and spoke Romance certainly till the sixteenth century. I suppose it was the German Bible, and the gradual drawing towards the great mass of German Protestantism, which brought about the change. Nothing is gloomier than the history of these politico-religious wars in the Engadine, and all along that side of Switzerland. The Federation would not help; Oswald Schön hints that the Romanist cantons preferred seeing Popery brought in by foreign arms rather than not brought in at all. Berne and Zurich sent down volunteers, who did little. Austria (Spain with her) had it pretty much her own way till France took the matter up; and her claims were so plainly personal that the dalesmen would have been better without her. They were simply a bone of contention between the rival armies, one of which had no sooner gone than the other came sweeping through the land. How glad they must have been of the Peace of Westphalia (1648), which definitively joined them, and also the Valais, on to Switzerland, and so made the religious question no longer a matter of foreign politics.

Religious troubles being over, social difficulties began. You have heard of the peasants' war in Germany soon after the beginning of the Reformation. Well, nearly two centuries later, Switzerland had her little peasants' war. Her republics were, as I have said, very exclusive, and exceedingly hard masters to their subject States. In the Forest cantons every man was as good as his neighbour; however they might treat others, no Uri or Schwyz or Unterwalden man

thought of setting himself up above any other man belonging to those three communities. But with Berne, Lucerne, Zurich, and other big towns, it was quite different; they were "aristocratic republics," and the peasants found that burghers could be quite as hard masters as nobles.

At the end of the Thirty-years' War they began to cry out for more freedom. The Entlebuch-Valley men (they who had risen upon and destroyed the English "Güglers") sent to Lucerne a list of grievances; but the burghers told them to go back and mind their cheese-making, or they would pretty soon hire a foreign army and be down upon them. The Entlebuchers rose, their clergy at their head, and Lucerne, in alarm, sent deputies to offer terms. There was a grand meeting at Schüpfheim; three huge mountaineers, in the old Swiss garb, personated "the three men of Grütli," and Alp-horns were blown and speeches made; but the deputies insisted that the peasants should, as a first step, lay down their arms and submit. "We've got Scripture on our side," said the *Schultheiss*. "It is written, 'He that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God.'" "True," cried a sturdy peasant, "if your power is just, it is of God; if it's unjust, it is of the devil."

So the conference came to nothing (1653); the Bernese peasants rose too, and the burghers of the two towns sought help on all sides—from the Low Countries, from Zurich and Freiburg and Basel, and (strangely enough) from the Forest cantons, who, thoroughly democratic themselves, yet scrupled not to help in putting down a democratic rising outside. The peasants, under Leuenberger (one of themselves) and an old soldier, Christian Schibi, found themselves threatened on all sides. Most of them dropped off, leaving the Entlebuchers almost single-handed. Leuenberger, however, gave the invaders the slip, and suddenly appeared before Berne, which he attacked so furiously that the Government came to terms; the peasants were to lay down their arms, and Berne was to move Lucerne to redress grievances. The peasants were in high glee; but no sooner had troops come from Neuchâtel and Vaud than the Bernese broke the treaty, and Leuenberger found himself between two fires. The peasants fought desperately. Erlach with the Vaudois on one side, Werdmüller with the Zurichers on the other, rained shot and shell on them; but night came before the battle was decided. Then, as usual, when things go wrong, divided counsels

ruined the peasants' cause. Schibi was for a sudden attack that very night on the Zurichers; but the others preferred treating with Werdmüller, and while negotiations were going on a great many stole off to their homes. The negotiations failed, and the Lucerners began firing on the peasants before the flag of truce was down. So cruel were they that the Forest canton men cried shame, saying: "We came here to help Lucerne, not to see peasants murdered." Schibi made a desperate stand at the bridge of Gislikon; but he was taken, and the whole body of peasants dispersed. Then the hanging began, and it was done wholesale, Schibi being first cruelly racked. So ended the Swiss peasants' war. If it had succeeded its leaders would have been put in the same rank as Stauffacher and the rest, for their aims were just the same—only they sought to gain them from Swiss burghers, instead of from Austrian nobles.

From this time to the French Revolution Swiss history is an absolute blank, with the exception of Major Davel's bold attempt (1723) to free Lausanne and the Vaud country from the hard sovereignty of Berne. He was a well-meaning patriot, protesting against undoubted oppression, for the Bernese were hard masters; but his countrymen were afraid to rise. He died on the scaffold, and it was left to the French *sans culottes* to deprive Berne of its ill-treated dependency.

Harsher even than the burghers of Berne were the cowherds of Uri. Their oppression forced on a revolt in 1755 in the Val Leventina, of which they had been masters since the sixteenth century. It was crushed, and the heads of the ringleaders were nailed to chestnut-trees in the presence of the whole of the Leventina folks, whom the Federation forced to go down on their knees and beg for mercy while their chiefs were being killed. So much for republican readiness to do to others as you would be done by.

Of Switzerland in the French Revolution I shall say nothing. It was unfortunately divided. At Geneva there were republican excesses rivalling those of Paris. In the Valais and towards Lucerne (notably in Stanz—Brother Klaus's Stanz) deeds were done which recall the memories of Morgarten and Sempach. But Switzerland was forced to become "the Helvetic Republic one and indivisible;" then Napoleon remodelled it, giving Neuchâtel as a little kingdom to his Marshal Berthier; and, lastly, it was put pretty nearly into its present state by "the Holy Alliance" after 1814.



